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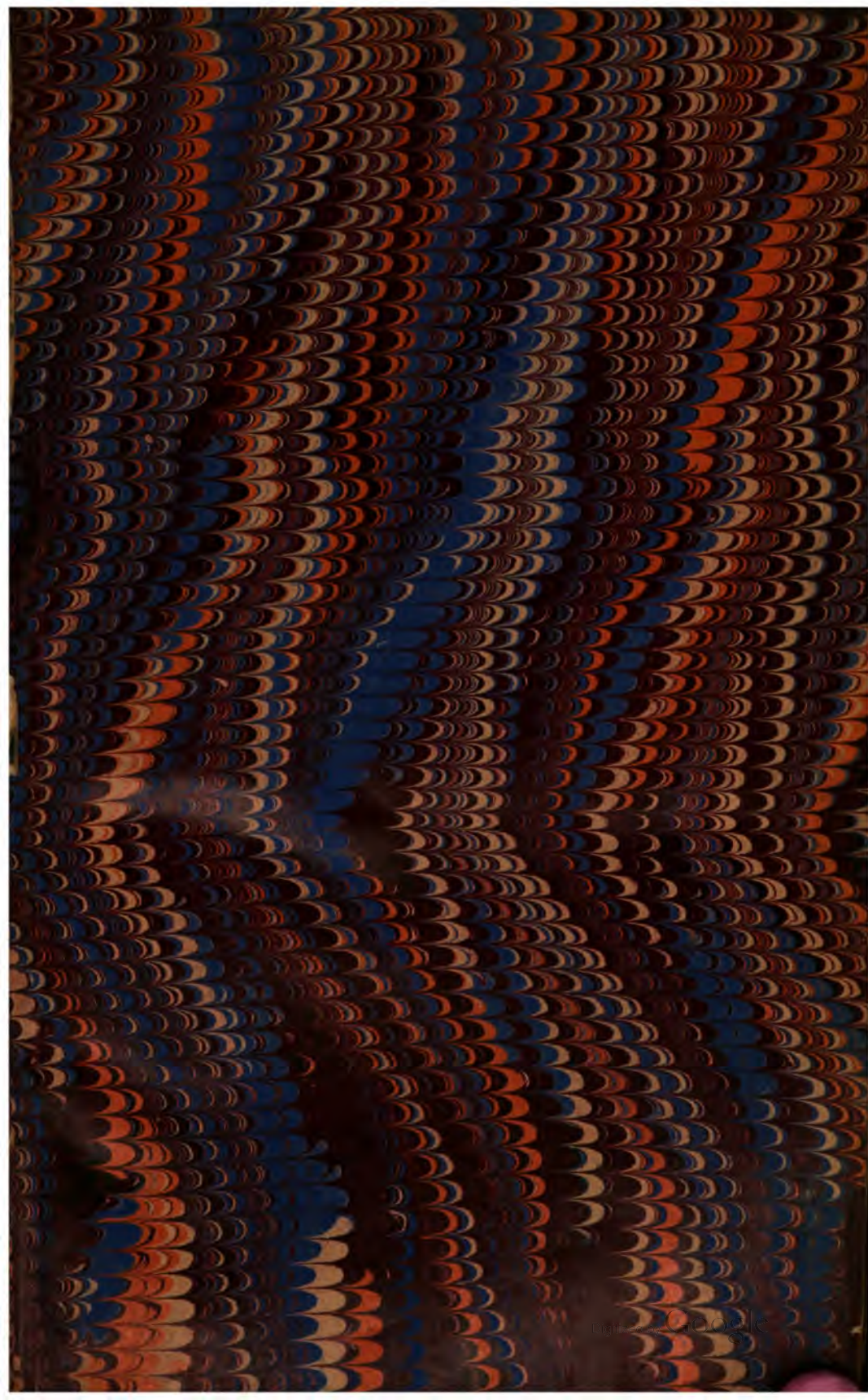
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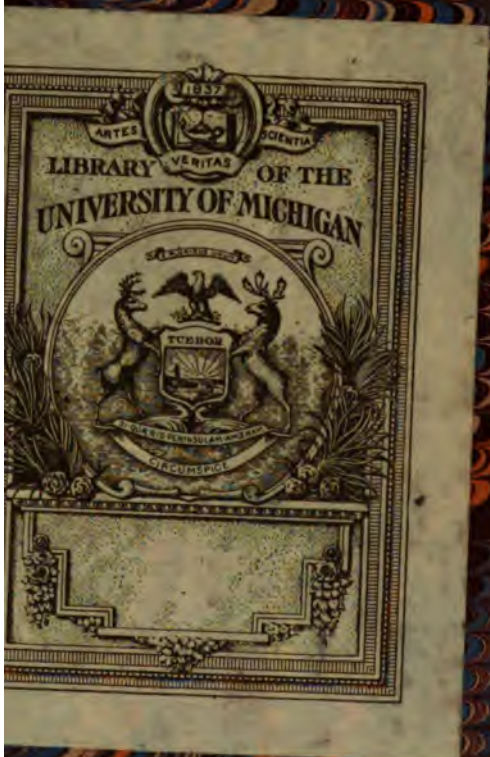
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ALFRED ALLURED TO READ BY HIS MOTHER.

THE  
YEAR BOOK,  
OF  
DAILY RECREATION AND INFORMATION:  
CONCERNING  
REMARKABLE MEN, MANNERS,  
TIMES, SEASONS,  
SOLEMNITIES, MERRY-MAKINGS,  
Antiquities and Nobelties,  
FORMING A  
COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE YEAR;  
AND A  
PERPETUAL KEY TO THE ALMANAC.

BY WILLIAM HONE,

*WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN ENGRAVINGS.*

LONDON: WILLIAM TEGG.



21

THE  
**YEAR BOOK**  
OF  
DAILY RECREATION AND INFORMATION,  
CONCERNING  
REMARKABLE MEN AND MANNERS,  
TIMES AND SEASONS,  
SOLEMNITIES AND MERRY-MAKINGS,  
ANTIQUITIES AND NOVELTIES,  
ON THE PLAN OF THE  
EVERY-DAY BOOK AND TABLE BOOK;  
OR  
EVERLASTING CALENDAR OF POPULAR AMUSEMENTS, SPORTS, PASTIMES, CEREMONIES,  
CUSTOMS, AND EVENTS, INCIDENT TO EACH OF THE THREE HUNDRED  
AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS, IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES :  
FORMING A  
COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE YEAR,  
AND A  
PERPETUAL KEY TO THE ALMANAC.

---

BY WILLIAM HONE.

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

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*With One Hundred and Fourteen Engravings.*

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1832.



## PREFACE.

Alfred the Great was twelve years old before he could read. He had admired a beautifully illuminated book of Saxon poetry in his mother's hands, and she allured him to learn by promising him the splendid volume as a reward. From that hour he diligently improved himself; and, in the end, built up his mind so strongly, and so high, and applied its powers so beneficially to his kingdom, that no monarch of the thousand years since his rule attained to be reputed, and called, like Alfred, the *great*. He always carried a book in his bosom, and amidst the great business and hurries of government, snatched moments of leisure to read. In the early part of his reign, he was

Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks,  
Which Nature gently gave, in woods and fields.

Invaded, overwhelmed, and vanquished by foreign enemies, he was compelled to fly for personal safety, and to retreat alone, into remote wastes and forests:—"learning policy from adversity, and gathering courage from misery,"

Where living things, and things inanimate,  
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,  
And speak to social reason's inner sense,  
With inarticulate language.

—For the man

Who, in this spirit, communes with the forms  
Of Nature, who, with understanding heart,  
Doth know and love such objects as excite  
No morbid passions, no disquietude,  
No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel  
The joy of the pure principle of Love  
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught  
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose  
But seek for objects of a kindred love  
In fellow nature, and a kindred joy.—

—Contemplating these forms,

In the relation which they bear to man,  
He shall discern, how, through the various means  
Which silently they yield, are multiplied  
The spiritual presences of absent things.  
Convoked by knowledge; and for his delight  
Still ready to obey the gentle call.—  
Thus deeply drinking in the Soul of Things  
We shall be wise perforce; and while inspired  
By choice, and conscious that the will is free,  
Unswerving shall we move, as if impelled  
By strict necessity, along the path  
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,  
Whate'er we feel, by agency direct  
Or indirect shall tend to feed and nurse  
Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats  
Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights  
Of Love Divine, our Intellectual Soul.

*Wordsworth.*

Alfred became our greatest legislator, and pre-eminently our patriot king for when he had secured the independence of the nation, he rigidly enforced an impartial administration of justice; renovated the energies of his subjects by popular institutions for the preservation of life, property and order; secured public liberty upon the basis of law; lived to see the prosperity of the people, and to experience their affection for the commonwealth of the

1800. 9. 2. 30

kingdom ; and died so convinced of their loyalty, that he wrote in his last will, "The English have an undoubted right to remain free as their own thoughts." It was one of his laws that freemen should train their sons "to know God, to be men of understanding, and to live happily." The whole policy of his government was founded upon "the beginning of Wisdom." The age was simple, and the nation poor ; but the people were happy. Little was known of the arts, and of science less. A monarch's state-carriage was like a farmer's waggon, and his majesty sat in it holding in his hand a long stick, having a bit of pointed iron at the top, with which he goaded a team of oxen yoked to the vehicle.

Ours is an age of civilization and refinement, in which art has arrived to excellence, and science has erected England into a great work-house for the whole world. The nation is richer than all the other nations of Europe, and distinguished from them by Mammon-worship, and abject subserviency to Mammon-worshippers, the enormous heaps of wealth accumulated by unblest means ; the enlarging radius of indigence around every Upas-heap ; the sudden and fierce outbreakings of the hungry and ignorant ; and, more than all, a simultaneous growth of selfishness with knowledge ; are awful signs of an amalgamation of depravity with the national character. Luxury prevails in all classes : private gentlemen live "like lords," tradesmen and farmers like gentlemen, and there is a universal desire to "keep up appearances," which situations in life do not require, and means cannot afford. The getters and keepers of money want more and get more ; want more of more, and want and get, and get and want, and live and die—wanting happiness. Thoughtless alike of their uses as human beings, and their final destiny, many of them exhibit a cultivated intellect of a high order, eagerly and heartlessly engaged in a misery-making craft. Are these "the English" contemplated by Alfred ?

Life's Autumn past, I stand on Winter's verge,  
And daily lose what I desire to keep ;  
Yet rather would I instantly decline  
To the traditionary sympathies  
Of a most rustic ignorance ———

———— than see and hear  
The repetitions wearisome of sense,  
Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place ;  
Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark  
On outward things, with formal inference ends  
Or if the mind turns inward 'tis perplexed,  
Lost in a gloom of uninspired research ;  
Meanwhile, the Heart within the Heart, the seat  
Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell,  
On its own axis restlessly revolves,  
Yet no where finds the cheering light of truth.

Wordsworth.

Most of us may find, that we have much to *unlearn* : yet evil indeed must we be, if we do not desire that our children may not be worse for what they learn from us, and what they gather from their miscellaneous reading. In selecting materials for the *Every-Day Book*, and *Table Book*, I aimed to avoid what might injure the youthful mind ; and in the *Year Book* there is something more, than in those works, of what seemed suitable to ingenuous thought. For the rest, I have endeavoured to supply omissions upon subjects which the *Every-Day Book* and the *Table Book* were designed to include ; and, in that, I have been greatly assisted by very kind correspondents.

W. HONE.

18, Gracechurch-street, January, 1832

THE  
YEAR BOOK.

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JANUARY.

Now, musing o'er the changing scene  
Farmers behind the tavern-screen  
Collect;—with elbow idly press'd  
On hob, reclines the corner's guest,  
Reading the news, to mark again  
The bankrupt lists, or price of grain.  
Puffing the while his red-tipt pipe,  
He dreams o'er troubles nearly ripe;  
Yet, winter's leisure to regale,  
Hopes better times, and sips his ale.

*CLARE'S Shepherd's Calendar.*

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY.

With an abundance of freshly accumulated materials, and my power not lessened, for adventuring in the track pursued in the *Every-Day Book*, I find, gentle reader, since we discoursed in that work, that the world, and all that is therein, have changed—I know not how much, nor whether to the disadvantage of my present purpose. It is my intention, however, to persevere in my endeavours to complete a popular and full record of the customs, the seasons, and the ancient usages of our country.

Each new year has increased my early likings, and my love for that quiet without which research cannot be made either into

antiquity, or a man's self. The most bustling are not the busiest. The "fool in the forest" was not the melancholy Jaques: he bestowed the betrothed couples, recommended them to pastime, and withdrew before the sports began. My present doings are not with the great business that bestirs the world, yet I calculate on many who are actors in passing events finding leisure to recreate with the coming pages, where will be found many things for use, several things worth thinking over, various articles of much amusement, nothing that I have brought together before, and a prevailing feeling which is well described in these verses—

### POWER AND GENTLENESS.

I've thought, in gentle and ungentle hour,  
Of many an act and giant shape of power;  
Of the old kings with high exacting looks,  
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks  
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,  
Answering the strain with downward drag austere;  
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,  
All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;  
Then of cathedral, with its priestly height,  
Seen from below at superstitious sight;  
Of ghastly castle, that eternally  
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;  
And of all sunless subterranean deeps  
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,  
Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones  
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;  
And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors  
Look like low dens under precipitous shores;  
And him great Memnon, that long sitting by  
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,  
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;  
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit  
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot;—  
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men;  
And virtue wasting heav'nwards from a den;  
Brute force and fury; and the devilish drouth  
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;  
And the bride widowing sword; and the harsh bray  
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;  
And all which lights the people-thinning star  
That selfishness invokes,—the horsed war  
Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I've thought of all this pride and all this pam.  
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,  
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,  
Which holds, in different tasks, by the fire-light,  
Me and my friends here this delightful night,  
That Power itself has not one half the might  
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth,  
The uneasy madman's force to the wise health;  
Blind downward heating, to the eyes that see;  
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY.

The consciousness of strength in enemies,  
Who must be strained upon, or else they rise .  
The battle to the moon, who all the while  
High out of hearing passes with her smile ;  
The Tempest, trampling in his scanty run,  
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun ;  
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,  
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,  
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps  
Throughout her million starried deeps,  
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,  
Which tells a tale of peace, beyond whate'er was spoken.

❖. *Literary Pocket Book*. 1819.

Certain Festival Days were believed, formerly, to prognosticate the weather of the coming year; and, although the alteration of the style, by removing each festival about twelve days forward in the calendar, created great confusion in the application of these prognostications, yet many an ignorant husbandman and astrologer still consults the "critical days."

It is not however the particular day, but the particular time of year, which justifies an expectation of particular weather.

There are weather prognostics derived from St. Vincent's Day, January 22d; St. Paul's, January 25th; Candlemas, February 2d; St. John, June 24th; St. Swithin, July 15th; and St. Simon and Jude, October 28th. But, to render the prognostics concerning these or any other days valid and consistent, a constant relation should subsist between the phenomena of each in every year. This is not the case, and therefore, if there were no other reason, the fallacy of relying on the weather of any particular day is obvious.

It is true that certain critical changes of the weather usually take place, and certain well known plants begin to flower in abundance, about the time of certain festival days; yet these marks of the year are connected only, because the festivals were appointed to be celebrated at the weather-changing and plant-blowing seasons.

The fragrant coltsfoot in mild seasons has the greatest quantity of its flowers at Christmas.

The dead nettle is generally in flower on St. Vincent's Day, January 22d.

The winter hellebore usually flowers, in mild weather, about the conversion of St. Paul, January 25th.

The snowdrop is almost proverbially constant to Candlemas Day, or the Purification, February 2d. The mildness or severity of the weather seems to make but little difference in the time of its appearance; it comes up blossoming through the snow, and appears to evolve its white and pendant flowers, as if by the most determined periodical laws.

The yellow spring crocus generally flowers about St. Valentine's Day, February 14th; the white and blue species come rather later.

The favorite daisy usually graces the meadows with its small yellow and white blossoms about February 22d, the festival day of St. Margaret of Cortona, whence it is still called in France La Belle Marguerite, and in England Herb Margaret.

The early daffodil blows about St. David's Day, March 1st, and soon covers the fields with its pendant yellow cups.

The pilewort usually bespangles the banks and shaded sides of fields with its golden stars about St. Perpetua, March 7th.

About March 18th, the Day of St. Edward, the magnificent crown imperial blows.

The cardamine first flowers about March 25th, the festival of the Annunciation, commonly called Lady Day. Like the snowdrop it is regarded as the emblem of virgin purity, from its whiteness.

The Marygold is so called from a fancied resemblance of the florets of its disk to the rays of glory diffused by artists from the Virgin's head.

The violets, heartseases, and primroses, continual companions of spring, observe less regular periods, and blow much longer.

About April 23d, St. George's Day, the blue bell or field hyacinth, covers the



## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY.

fields and upland pastures with its brilliant blue—an emblem of the patron saint of England—which poets feigned to braid the bluehaired Oceanides of our seagirt isle.

The whitethorn used, in the old style, to flower about St. Philip and St. James, May 1st, and thence was called May; but now the blackthorn is hardly out by the first of that month.

At the Invention of the Cross, May 3d, the poetic Narcissus, as well as the primrose peerless, are usually abundant in the southern counties of England; and about this season Flora begins to be so lavish of her beauties, that the holiday wardrobe of her more periodical handmaids is lost amidst the dazzle of a thousand "quaint and enamelled eyes," which sparkle on her gorgeous frontlet. Plants of surpassing beauty are blowing every hour,

And on the green turf suck the hoisted showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

The whole race of tulips come to perfection about the commemoration of St. John the Evangelist ante portum, May 6th, and the fields are yellow with the crow-foots. The brilliant light red monkey poppy, the glowing crimson peony, the purple of the German iris, and a thousand others are added daily. A different tribe of plants begin to succeed, which may be denominated solstitial.

The yellow flag is hoisted by the sides of ponds and ditches, about St. Nicomede, June 1st.

The peopies cast a red mantle over the fields and corn lands about St. Barnabas, June 11th.

The brightscarlet lychnis flowers about June 24th, and hence a poet calls this plant *Candelabrum ingens*, lighted up for St. John the Baptist: it is one of the most regular tokens of the summer solstice.

The white lily expands its candied bells about the festival of the Visitation, July 2d.

The roses of midsummer remain in perfection until they fade about the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, July 22d.

Many similar coincidences might be instituted between remarkable days in the calendar and the host of summer and autumnal flowers down to the michaelmas daisy, and various ancient documents might be adduced to show a former prevailing belief in the influence of almost every festival on the periodical blowing

of plants. For, in the middle or dark ages, the mind fancied numberless signs and emblems, which increase the list of curious antiquities and popular superstitions in "the short and simple annals of the poor." The persuasion which occupied and deluded men's minds in the past days are still familiarly interwoven with the tales and legends of infancy—that fairy time of life, when we wonder at all we see, and our curiosity is most gratified by that which is most marvellous.\*

### THE MONTHS

#### JANUARY.

Lo, my fair! the morning lazy  
Peeps abroad from yonder hill;  
Phœbus rises, red and hazy;  
Frost has stopp'd the village mill.

#### FEBRUARY.

All around looks sad and dreary,  
Fast the flaky snow descends:  
Yet the red-breast chirrup cheerly,  
While the mitten'd lass attends.

#### MARCH.

Rise the winds and rock the cottage,  
Thaws the roof, and wets the path;  
Dorcas cooks the savory pottage;  
Smokes the cake upon the hearth.

#### APRIL.

Sunshine intermits with ardor,  
Shades fly swiftly o'er the fields;  
Showers revive the drooping verdure,  
Sweets the sunny upland yields.

#### MAY.

Pearly beams the eye of morning;  
Child, forbear the deed unblest!  
Hawthorn every hedge adorning,  
Pluck the flowers—but spare the nest.

#### JUNE.

Schoolboys, in the brook disporting,  
Spend the sultry hour of play:  
While the nymphs and swains are courting,  
Seated on the new-made hay.

#### JULY.

Maids, with each a guardian lover,  
While the vivid lightning flies,  
Hastening to the nearest cover,  
Clasp their hands before their eyes.

\* Dr T. Foster's Perennial Calendar.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY.

AUGUST.

See the reapers, gleaners, dining,  
Seated on the shady grass ;  
O'er the gate the squire reclining,  
Stilly eyes each ruddy lass.

SEPTEMBER.

Hark ! a sound like distant thunder,  
Murderer, may thy malice fail !  
Torn from all they love asunder,  
Widow'd birds around us wail.

OCTOBER.

Now Pomona pours her treasure,  
Leaves autumnal strew the ground ;  
Plenty crowns the market measure,  
While the mill runs briskly round.

NOVEMBER.

Now the giddy rites of Comus  
Crown the hunter's dear delight ;  
Ah ! the year is fleeing from us :  
Bleak the day, and drear the night

DECEMBER.

Bring more wood, and set the glasses,  
Join, my friends, our Christmas cheer,  
Come, a catch !—and kiss the lasses—  
Christmas comes but once a year.

CHARACTERS IN ALMANACS.

PLANETS.

☉ The Sun.	♁ The Earth.
☾ The Moon.	♂ Mars.
☿ Mercury.	♃ Jupiter.
♀ Venus.	♃ Saturn.

Discovered since 1780.

♃ Uranus.	♀ Pallas.	♁ Ceres.
♃ Juno.	♃ Vesta.	

Concerning the old planets there is sufficient information: of those newly discovered a brief notice may be acceptable.

*Uranus* was called the *Georgium Sidus* by its discoverer Dr. Herschell, and, in compliment to his discovery, some astronomers call it *Herschell*. Before him Dr. Flamstead, Bayer, and others had seen and mistaken it for a fixed star, and so placed it in their catalogues. It is computed to be 1,800,000,000 of miles from the sun; yet it can be seen without a glass, on clear nights, like a small star of the fifth magnitude, of a bluish-white color, and considerably brilliant. To obtain a good view of its disk, a telescopic power of nearly 200 is requisite.

*Pallas* was first seen on the 28th of March, 1802, at Bremen in Lower

Saxony, by Dr. Olbers. It is situated between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; is nearly of the same magnitude with Ceres, but less ruddy in color; is surrounded with a nebulosity of almost the same extent; and revolves annually in about the same period. But *Pallas* is remarkably distinguished from Ceres, and the other primary planets, by the immense inclination of its orbit; for while they revolve around the sun in paths nearly circular, and rise only a few degrees above the plane of the ecliptic, *Pallas* ascends above this plane at an angle of about thirty-five degrees. From this eccentricity of *Pallas* being greater than that of Ceres, while their mean distances are nearly equal, the orbits of these two planets mutually intersect each other, which is a phenomenon without a parallel in the solar system.

*Ceres* was re-discovered by Dr. Olbers, after she had been lost to M. Piazzi and other astronomers. She is of a ruddy color, and appears, through a proper telescope, about the size of a star of the eighth magnitude, surrounded with a large dense atmosphere. She is situated between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and revolves around the sun in four years, seven months, and ten days; her mean distance from it is nearly 260,000,000 of miles. The eccentricity of her orbit is not great, but its inclination to the ecliptic exceeds that of all the old planets.

*Juno*. On the 1st of September, 1804, Professor Harding at Libiensthal, near Bremen, saw a star in Pisces, not inserted in any catalogue, which proved to be this planet.

*Vesta* is of the fifth apparent magnitude, of an intense, pure, white color, and without any visible atmosphere. To account for certain facts connected with the discovery of *Pallas*, *Ceres*, and *Juno*, Dr. Olbers imagined the existence of another planet in the constellations of Aries and the Whale, and carefully examined them thrice every year until the 29th of March, 1807, when his anticipation was realised by finding in the constellation of Virgo this new planet.\*

ASPECTS.

♃ A planet's ascending node.  
♁ Descending node.  
♃ Conjunction, or planets situated in the same longitude.

\* Forste

## THE YEAR BOOK.--JANUARY.

☾ Quadrature, or planets situated in longitudes differing three signs from each other.

Trine.

♁ Opposition, or planets situated in opposite longitudes, or differing six signs from each other.

\* Sextile.

### PHASES OF THE MOON.

- ☾ First Quarter
- ◯ Full Moon
- ☾ Last quarter.
- New Moon.

### SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

#### *The Sun enters*

♈	Aries, or the Ram . . .	Mar. 20.
♉	Taurus, or the Bull . . .	April 19
♊	Gemini, or the Twins . . .	May 21
♋	Cancer, or the Crab . . .	June 22.
♌	Leo, or the Lion . . .	July 23.
♍	Virgo, or the Virgin . . .	Aug. 23.
♎	Libra, or the Balance . . .	Sept. 23.
♏	Scorpio, or the Scorpion . . .	Oct. 23.
♐	Sagittarius, or the Archer . . .	Nov. 22.
♑	Capricornus, or the Wild Goat, Dec. 22.	
♒	Aquarius, or the Water Bearer, Jan. 19.	
♓	Pisces, or the Fishes . . .	Feb. 18.

Behold our orbit as through twice six signs  
 Our central Sun apparently inclines :  
 The Golden Fleece his pale ray first adorns,  
 Then tow'rd's the Bull he winds and gilds his horns ;  
 Castor and Pollux then receive his ray ;  
 On burning Cancer then he seems to stay ;  
 On flaming Leo pours the liquid shower ;  
 Then faints beneath the Virgin's conquering power :  
 Now the just Scales weigh well both day and night ;  
 The Scorpion then receives the solar light ;  
 Then quivered Chiron clouds his wintry face,  
 And the tempestuous Sea-Goat mends his pace ;  
 Now in the water Sol's warm beams are quench'd,  
 Till with the Fishes he is fairly drench'd.  
 These twice six signs successively appear,  
 And mark the twelve months of the circling year.

### THE OLDEST CUSTOM.

Old customs ! Oh ! I love the sound,  
 However simple they may be :  
 Whate'er with time hath sanction found  
 Is welcome, and is dear to me.

Unquestionably the most ancient and universal usage that exists is that of eating ; and therefore it is presumed that correct information, which tends to keep up the custom, will be esteemed by those who are enabled to indulge in the practice. An old Epicure's Almanac happily affords the means of supplying an Alimentary Calendar, month by month, beginning with the year.

#### ALIMENTARY CALENDAR

*January.*—The present month commences in the joyous season of Christmas festivity, which, as Sir Roger de Coverley good-naturedly observes, could not have been contrived to take place at a better time.

At this important juncture a brisk interchange of presents is kept up between the residents in London and their friends

in the country, from whom profuse supplies of turkeys, geese, hares, pheasants, and partridges, are received in return for barrels of oysters and baskets of Billingsgate fish. So plenteous and diversified are the arrivals of poultry and game, in the metropolis, that, for a repast of that kind, an epicure could scarcely imagine a more satisfactory bill of fare than the way-bill of one of the Norwich coaches.

The meats in season are beef veal mutton, pork, and house-lamb ; with Westphalia and north-country hams, Canterbury and Oxfordshire brawn, salted chines and tongues.

Besides fowls and turkeys, there are capons, guinea-fowls, pea-hens, wild-ducks, widgeons, teal, plovers, and a great variety of wild water-fowl, as well as woodcocks snipes, and larks.

The skill and industry of the horticulturist enliven the sterility of winter with the verdure of spring. Potatoes, savory cabbages, sprouts, broccoli, kale, turnips, onions, carrots, and forced small sallads, are in season ; and some epicures boast of having so far anticipated the course of ve-

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY.

getable nature as to regale their friends at Christmas with asparagus and green peas.

There is also an infinite variety of puddings and pastry, among which the plum-pudding holds, by national preference, the first rank, as the inseparable companion or follower of roast beef: puddings also of semolina, millet, and rice; tarts of preserved fruit, apple-pies, and that delicious medley the mince-pie.

The appetite may be further amused by a succession of custards and jellies.

A dessert may be easily made up of Portugal grapes, oranges, apples, pears, walnuts, and other fruits, indigenous or exotic, crude or candied.

These supplies comprehend a great proportion of the alimentary productions of the year; and, indeed, many of the main articles of solid fare are in season either perennially, or for several months in succession.

Beef, mutton, veal, and house-lamb; sea-salmon, turbot, flounders, soles, whittings, Dutch herrings, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, eels, and anchovies; fowls, chickens, pullets, tame pigeons, and tame rabbits, are perennials.

Grass-lamb is in season in April, May, June, July, August, September, and October; pork in the first three months and four last months of the year; buck-venison in June, July, August, and September; and doe-venison in October, November, December, and January.

There is scarcely an article of diet, animal or vegetable, the appearance of which, at table, is limited to a single month.

The fish in season during January are sea-salmon, turbot, thornback, skate, soles, flounders, plaice, haddock, cod, whiting, eels, sprats, lobsters, crabs, crayfish, oysters, muscles, cockles, Dutch herrings, and anchovies. There is also a small supply of mackarel in this and the preceding month.

The poultry and game are turkeys, capons, fowls, pullets, geese, ducklings, wild ducks, widgeons, teal, plovers, woodcocks, snipes, larks, tame pigeons, hares, herons, partridges, pheasants, wild and tame rabbits, and grouse.

Of fowls the game breed is most esteemed for flavor. The Poland breed is the largest. Dorking in Surrey, and Epping in Essex, are alike famed for good poultry. In the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green and Mile End are large establishments for fattening all kinds of domestic

fowls, for the supply of Leadenhall market, and the shipping in the port of London; these repositories have every convenience, such as large barns, enclosed paddocks, ponds, &c.; but, however well contrived and managed, every person of taste will prefer a real barn-door-fed fowl.

Norfolk has the reputation of breeding the finest turkeys; they are in season from November to March, when they are succeeded by turkey-poults.

The various birds of passage, such as wild-ducks, widgeons, teal, plovers, &c., which arrive in the cold season, are to be found in most parts of England; but London is chiefly supplied from the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire. There are said to be more than a hundred varieties of the duck tribe alone; those with red legs are accounted the best.

Plover's eggs, which are abundant in the poulterers' shops, and esteemed a great delicacy, are generally picked up by shepherds and cottagers on the moors and commons, where they have been dropped by the birds during their annual sojournment.

### VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

In frosty weather wheel manure to the plots or quarterings which require it.

Protect vegetables, such as celery young peas, beans, lettuces, small cabbage plants, cauliflowers, endive, &c., from severe cold, by temporary coverings of fern-leaves, long litter, or matting stretched over hoops: remove these coverings in mild intervals, but not till the ground is thoroughly thawed, or the sudden action of the sun will kill them.

During fine intervals, when the surface is nearly dry, draw a little fine earth around the stems of peas, beans, brocoli.

Attend to neatness. Remove dead leaves into a pit or separate space to form mould; also carry litter of every kind to the compost heap.

Destroy slugs, and the eggs of insects.

Dig and trench vacant spaces when the weather is mild and open, and the earth is dry enough to pulverize freely

If the weather be favorable,

### SoW

Peas; early frame and charlton about the first or second week: Prussian and dwarf imperial about the last week.

Beans; early mazagan and long pods about the first and last week

Lettuce; in a warm sheltered spot, not before the last week: choose the hardy sorts, as the cos and brown Dutch.

Radishes; short top, and early dwarf, in the second and fourth week.

*Transplant*

Cabbages; early York, and sugar loaf, about the close of the month.

*Earth up*

The stems of brocoli and savoys; also rows of celery, to blanch and preserve.

In sowing or planting mark every row with a cutting of gooseberry, currant, china rose, or some plant that strikes root quickly. By this you distinguish your rows, and gain a useful or ornamental shrub for transplantation at leisure.\*

Gardens do singularly delight, when in them a man doth behold a flourishing show of summer beauties in the midst of winter's force, and a goodly spring of flowers, when abroad a leaf is not to be seen. *Gerard.*

**January I.**

CIRCUMCISION.—*Church Calendar.*

**NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.**

To further exemplify the old custom of New Year's Gifts, of which there are statements at large elsewhere,† a few curious facts are subjoined.

In the year 1604, upon New Year's Day, Prince Henry, then in his tenth year, sent to his father, king James I., a short poem in hexameter Latin verses, being his first offering of that kind.

Books were not only sent as presents on this day, but the practice occasioned numerous publications bearing the title, as a popular denomination, without their contents at all referring to the day. For example, the following are titles of some in the library of the British Museum:—

"A New-Year's-Gift, dedicated to the Pope's Holiness 1579." 4to.

"A New-Year's-Gift to be presented to the King's most excellent Majesty: with a petition from his loyale Subjects, 1646." 4to.

"The complete New-Year's Gift, or Religious Meditations, 1725." 12mo.

"The Young Gentleman's New-Year's Gift, or Advice to a Nephew, 1729." 12mo.

Among the works published under this title, the most curious is a very diminutive and extremely rare volume called "The New-Year's Gift, presented at court from the Lady Parvula, to the Lord Minimus (commonly called little Jeffery), her majesty's servant—with a letter penned in short hand, wherein is proved that little things are better than great. Written by Microphilus, 1636." This very singular publication was written in defence of Jeffery Hudson, who, in the reign of Charles I., was a celebrated dwarf, and had been ridiculed by Sir William Davenant, in a poem called *Jeffreidos*, concerning a supposed battle between Jeffery and a turkey-cock. Sir Walter Scott has revived the popularity of the little hero by introducing him into "*Peverel of the Peak*"

*Jeffery Hudson*

was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire. At about seven or eight years old, being then only eighteen inches high, he was retained in the service of the duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh-on-the-hill. On a visit from king Charles I. and his queen, Henrietta Maria, the duke caused little Jeffery to be served up to table in a cold pie, which the duchess presented to her majesty. From that time her majesty kept him as her dwarf; and in that capacity he afforded much entertainment at court. Though insignificant in stature, his royal mistress employed him on a mission of delicacy and importance; for in 1630 her majesty sent him to France to bring over a midwife, on returning with whom he was taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers, and despoiled of many rich presents to the queen from her mother Mary de Medicis: he lost to the value or £2500 belonging to himself, which he had received as gifts from that princess and ladies of the French court. It was in reference to this embassy that Davenant wrote his mortifying poem, in which he laid the scene at Dunkirk, and represented Jeffery to have been rescued from the enraged turkey-cock by the courage of the gentlewoman he escorted. Jeffery is said to have assumed much consequence after his embassy, and to have been impatient under the teasing of the courtiers, and the insolent provocations of the domestics of the palace. One of his tormentors was

\* Domestic Gardener's Manual.  
† In the Every-Day Book.



THE DOMESTIC DWARF.

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN WIERIX'S BIBLE, 1594.

the king's porter, a man of gigantic height, who, in a masque at court, drew Jeffery out of his pocket, to the surprise and merriment of all the spectators. This porter and dwarf are commemorated by a representation of them in a well-known bas-relief, on a stone affixed, and still remaining, in the front of a house on the north side of Newgate Street, near Bagnio Court. Besides his misadventure with the Dunkirkers, he was captured by a Turkish rover, and sold for a slave into Barbary, whence he was redeemed. On the breaking out of the troubles in England, he was made a captain in the royal army, and in 1644 attended the queen to France, where he received a provocation from Mr. Crofts, a young man of family, which he took so deeply to heart, that a challenge ensued. Mr. Crofts appeared on the ground armed with a syringe. This ludicrous weapon was an additional and deadly insult to the poor creature's feelings. There ensued a real duel, in which the antagonists were mounted on horseback, and Jeffery, with the first fire of his pistol, killed Mr. Crofts on the spot. He remained in France till the restoration, when he returned to England. In 1682 he was arrested upon suspicion of connivance in the Popish Plot, and committed to the gate-house in Westminster, where he died at the age of sixty-three.

As a phenomenon more remarkable of Jeffery Hudson than his stature, it is said that he remained at the height of eighteen inches till he was thirty, when he shot up to three feet nine inches and there fixed.

His waistcoat of blue satin, slashed, and ornamented with pinked white silk, and his breeches and stockings, in one piece of blue satin, are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.\*

*Dwarfs.*

The Romans kept dwarfs, as we do monkies, for diversion; and some persons even carried on the cruel trade of stopping the growth of children by confining them in chests: most dwarfs came from Syria and Egypt. Father Kircher published an engraving of an ancient bronze, representing one of these dwarfs; and Count Caylers another print of a similar bronze. Dwarfs commonly went unclothed, and decked with jewels. One of our queens carried a dwarf about for the admiration of spectators.† Dwarfs and deformed persons were retained to ornament the tables of princes.‡

Wierix's Bible contains a plate by John Wierix, representing the feast of Dives, with Lazarus at his door. In the rich man's banquetting room there is a dwarf to contribute to the merriment of the company, according to the custom among people of rank in the sixteenth century. This little fellow, at play with a monkey, is the subject of the engraving at the head of this page.

*Pigmies.*

Among vulgar errors is set down this, that there is a nation of pigmies, not above

\* Granger. Walpole's Painters.  
Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities  
‡ M'ntaigne.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 1.

two or three feet high, and that they solemnly set themselves in battle to fight against the cranes. "Strabo thought this a fiction; and our age, which has fully discovered all the wonders of the world as fully declares it to be one."\* This refers to accounts of the Pechinians of Ethiopia, who are represented of small stature, and as being accustomed every year to drive away the cranes which flocked to their country in the winter. They are portrayed on ancient gems mounted on cocks or partridges, to fight the cranes; or carrying grasshoppers, and leaning on staves to support the burthen: also, in a shell, playing with two flutes, or fishing with a line.†

### Cranes.

A crane was a sumptuous dish at the tables of the great in ancient times.

William the Conqueror was remarkable for an immense paunch, and withal was so exact, so nice and curious in his repasts, that when his prime favorite, William Fitz Osborne, who, as dapifer or steward of the household, had the charge of the curey, served him with the flesh of a crane scarcely half roasted, the king was so highly exasperated that he lifted up his fist, and would have struck him, had not Eudo, who was appointed dapifer immediately after, warded off the blow. †

Tame cranes, kept in the middle ages, are said to have stood before the table at dinner, and kneeled, and bowed the head, when a bishop gave the benediction.§ But how they knelt is as fairly open to enquiry, as how Dives could take his seat in torment, as he did, according to an old carol, "all on a serpent's knee."

### ROYAL NEW YEAR GIFTS.

In 1605, the year after prince Henry presented his verses to James I., Sir Dudley Carleton writes:—"New year's day passed without any solemnity, and the exorbitant gifts that were wont to be used at that time are so far laid by, that the accustomed present of the purse of gold was hard to be had without asking." It appears, however, that in this year the Earl of Huntingdon presented and received a new year's gift. His own words record the method of presenting and receiving it.

*"The manner of presenting a New-year's gift to his Majesty from the Earle of Huntingdon.*

"You must buy a new purse of about vs. price, and put therinto xx pieces of new gold of xxs. a-piece, and go to the presence-chamber, where the court is, upon new-year's day, in the morning about 8 o'clocke, and deliver the purse and the gold unto my Lord Chamberlain then you must go down to the Jewell-house for a ticket to receive xviiiis. vid. as a gift to your pains, and give vid. there to the boy for your ticket; then go to Sir William Veall's office, and shew your ticket, and receive your xviiiis. vid. Then go to the Jewell-house again, and make a piece of plate of xxx ounces weight, and marke it, and then in the afternoone you may go and fetch it away, and then give the gentleman who delivers it you xls. in gold, and give to the boy iis. and to the porter vid."\*

### PEERS' NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

From the household book of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, in 1511, it appears, that, when the earl was at home, he was accustomed to give on new-year's day as follows,—

To the king's servant bringing a new-year's gift from the king, if a special friend of his lordship, £6. 13s. 4d.; if only a servant to the king, £5.

To the servant bringing the queen's new-year's gift £3. 6s. 8d.

To the servant of his son-in-law, bringing a new-year's gift, 13s. 4d.

To the servant bringing a new-year's gift from his lordship's son and heir, the lord Percy, 12d.

To the daily minstrels of the household, as his tabret, lute, and rebeck, upon new-year's day in the morning, when they play at my lord's chaumber door, 20s. viz. 13s. 4d. for my lord and 6s. 8d. for my lady, if she be at my lord's finding, and not at her own. And for playing at my lord Percy's chamber door 2s., and 8d. a piece for playing at each of my lord's younger sons.

To each of my lord's three benchmen, when they give his lordship gloves, 6s. 8d.

To the grooms of his lordship's chamber, to put in their box, 20s.

\* Brand. † Fosbroke.

† Pegges' Form of Curey, vi. § Fosbroke

\* Nichols's Progresses

My lord useth and accustometh to give yearly, when his lordship is at home, and hath an Abbot of misrule in Christmas, in his lordship's house, upon new-year's day, in reward, 20s.

To his lordship's officer of arms, herald, or pursuivant, for crying "Largess" before his lordship on new-year's day, as upon the twelfth day following, for each day, 10s.

To his lordship's six trumpets, when they play at my lord's chamber door, on new-year's day in the morning, 13s. 4d. for my lord, and 6s. 8d. for my lady, if she be at my lord's finding.

To his lordship's footmen, when they do give his lordship gloves in the morning, each of them 3s. 4d.\*

REMARKABLE NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Sir John Harrington, of Bath, sent to James I. (then James VI. of Scotland only) at Christmas, 1602, for a New-year's gift, a curious "dark lantern." The top was a crown of pure gold, serving also to cover a perfume pan; within it was a shield of silver embossed, to reflect the light; on one side of which were the sun, moon, and planets, and on the other side the story of the birth and passion of Christ "as it is found graved by a king of Scots [David II.] that was prisoner in Nottingham." Sir John caused to be inscribed in Latin, on this present, the following passage for his majesty's perusal, "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Mr. Park well observes of this New-year's lantern, that "it was evidently fabricated at a moment when the lamp of life grew dim in the frame of queen Elizabeth: it is curious as a relique of court-craft, but it displays a 'darkness visible' in the character of our politic knight, and proves that he was an early worshipper of the regal sun which rose in the north, though his own 'notes and private remembrances' would seem to indicate a different disposition." In truth the "regal sun" of the north had not yet appeared above the horizon; for Elizabeth was still living, and the suppliant to her expected successor was actually writing of her, in these terms: "I find some less mindful of what they are soon to lose, than of what perchance they may hereafter get. Now, on my own part, I cannot blot from my memory's table the goodness of our sovereign lady to me, even (I will

say) before born. Her affection to my mother, who waited in her privy chamber, her bettering the state of my father's fortune, her watchings over my youth, her liking to my free speech, &c., have rooted such love, such dutiful remembrance of her princely virtues, that to turn askant from her condition with tearless eyes would stain and foul the spring and fount of gratitude." The grieving knight wrote thus of his "sovereign lady," to his own wife, whom he calls "sweet Mall," two days after he had dispatched the dark lantern to James, with "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."\*

*Dark Lantern.*

It is a persuasion among the illiterate that it is not lawful to go about with a dark lantern. This groundless notion is presumed to have been derived either from Guy Fawkes having used a dark lantern as a conspirator in the Gunpowder Plot, or from the regulation of the curfew which required all fires to be extinguished by a certain hour.

*Lanterns.*

Lanterns were in use among the ancients. One was discovered in the subterranean ruins of Herculaneum. Some lanterns were of horn, and others of bladder resembling horn. One of Stosch's gems represents Love enveloped in drapery, walking softly, and carrying a lantern in his hand. The dark lantern of the Roman sentinels was square, covered on three sides with black skin, and on the other side white skin, which permitted the light to pass. On the Trojan column is a great ship-lantern hanging before the poop of the vessel. With us, lanterns were in common use very early. That horn-lanterns were invented by Alfred is a common, but apparently an erroneous statement; for Mr. Fosbroke shows that not only horn, but glass lanterns were mentioned as in use among the Anglo-Saxons, many years before Alfred lived. That gentleman cites from Aldhelm, who wrote in the seventh century, a passage to this effect, "Let not the glass lantern be despised, or that made of a shorn hide and osier-twigs; or of a thin skin, although a brass lamp may excel it." Our ancient hand-lantern was an oblong square, carried the narrow end uppermost, with an arched aperture for the light, and a square handle.†

\* Antiquarian Repository.

\* Nugs Antiques i. 321, 325.

† Barrington's Obs. on Anc. Statutes. Brand



*Lantern and Candle-light.*

This was the usual cry of the old London bellman. It is mentioned as such by Heywood in the "Rape of Lucrece."

Lantern and candle light-here,  
Maids ha' light there,  
Thus go the cries

The same writer, in "Edward IV., 1626," speaks of "no more calling of lantern and candle light." Hence two tracts by Dekker bear the title of "Lanthern and candle-light: or the bellman's night-walk." Two other tracts, also by Dekker, are entitled "English villanies, &c., discovered by lanthorne and candle-light, and the help of a new cryer, called O-Per-Se-O, 1648," &c.

LANDLORDS' AND TENANTS' NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

In a MS. book of disbursements of sir John Francklyn, bart., at his house at Wilsden in Middlesex, is an account of New-year's gifts in 1625.

	<i>s. d.</i>
To the musicians in the morning	1 6
To the woman who brought an apple stuck with nuts . . .	1 0
To a boy who brought two capons . . . . .	1 0
Paid for the cup . . . . .	1 6

The last item is supposed to have been for a drink from the wassail-cup, which girls were accustomed to offer at new-year's tide, in expectation of a gift. The apple stuck with nuts may have been a rustic imitation of the common new-year's gift of "an orange stuck with cloves," mentioned by Ben Jonson in his Christmas Masque. The new-year's gift of capons from tenants to their landlords appears from Cowley to have been customary

Ye used in the former days to fall  
Prostrate unto your landlord in his hall,  
When with low legs, and in an humble guise,

Ye offered up a capon sacrifice  
Unto his worship at a New-year's tide.

This custom of capon-giving is also mentioned by Bishop Hall, in one of his satires.

Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall  
With often presents at each festival ;

With crammed capons every New-year's morn,  
Or with green cheeses when his sheep are shorn."

A manuscript of ceremonies and services at court, in the time of king Henry VII., entitled a "Royalle Book," formerly belonging to the distinguished antiquary Peter Le Neve, Norroy king at arms, and supposed by him to have been written by an esquire or gentleman-usher of that sovereign, contains the order of regal ceremony to this effect:—

On New-year's Day the king ought to wear his surcoat, and his kirtle, and his pane of ermine; and, if his pane be five ermine deep, a duke shall be but four; an earl three. And the king must have on his head his hat of estate, and his sword before him; the chamberlain, the steward, the treasurer, the comptroller, and the ushers, before the sword; and before them all other lords, save only them that wear robes; and they must follow the king: and the greatest estate to lead the queen. This array belongs to the feasts of New-year's Day, Candlemas Day, Midsummer Day, the Assumption of our Lady, and the Nativity of our Lady, as it pleaseth the king. And, if two of the king's brethren be there, one is to lead the queen, and another to go with her that beareth the train of the king; and else no man in England, save the prince.

Also, the king going in a day of estate in procession, crowned, the queen ought not to go in that procession without the queen be crowned; but to abide in her closet or travers, or else where it pleaseth the king that she shall abide.

On New-year's Day in the morning, the king, when he cometh to his footschete, an usher of the chamber to be ready at the chamber door, and say, "Sire, here is a year's-gift coming from the queen." And then he shall say, "Let it come in, sire." And then the usher shall let in the messenger with the gift, and then, after that, the greatest estate's servant that is come, each one after the other according to their estate; and, after that done, all other lords and ladies after their estate. And all this while the king must sit at his footschete. This done, the chamberlain shall send for the treasurer of the chamber, and charge the treasurer to give the messenger that bringeth the queen's

\* *Nare's Glossary.*

\* *Archæologia.*

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 1.

gift, if he be a knight, ten marks; and if he be an esquire eight marks, or at the least one hundred shillings: and the king's mother one hundred shillings; and those that come from the king's brothers and sisters, each of them, six marks: and to every duke and duchess, each of them, five marks; and every earl and countess forty shillings. These be the rewards of them that bring year's gifts. Whether the king will do more or less, this hath been done. And this done the king goeth to make him ready, and go to his service in what array he liketh.

The queen, in likewise, to sit at her foot-schete, and her chamberlain and ushers to do as the king's did. Her rewards to them that bring her gifts shall not be so good as the king's.\*

The receiving and giving of New-year's gifts by the king is discontinued. The only remains of this ancient custom at court now is, that the two chaplains in waiting on New-year's Day have each a crown-piece laid under their plates at dinner.†

### PLAY AT THE GROOM PORTER'S.

On New-year's Day, 1668, Mr. Pepys, in his diary, says that after dinner he went to the Duke's Theatre, and "Thence to Whitehall, and then walked up and down the house awhile. By-and-by I met with Mr. Brisland, and having it in my mind this Christmas to do, what I never can remember that I did, go to see the gaming at the Groom-Porter's, he did lead me thither; where, after staying an hour, they began to play at about eight at night. And to see the formality of the groom-porter, who is the judge of all disputes in play, and all quarrels that may arise therein, and how his under-officers are there to observe true play at each table, and to give new dice, is a consideration I never could have thought had been in the world, had I not now seen it."

Mr. Evelyn saw Charles II. play at the groom-porter's on Twelfth Night, 1662. He speaks of the excess with reprobation. For his observations, and an account of the office of groom-porter, see further on, in this month.

### PRINCE OF MISRULE.

1662, January 1, Mr. Evelyn says, in his Diary, "I went to London, invited to

\* Antiq. Rep.

† Mr. Nichols, *Progresses Q. Eliz.* pref.

the solemn foolerie of the Prince de la Grange, at Lincoln's Inn, where came the king (Charles II.), the duke, &c. It began with a grand masque, and a formal pleading before the mock princes, grandees, nobles, and knights of the sun. He had his lord chancellor, chamberlain, treasurer, and other royal officers, gloriously clad and attended. It ended in a magnificent banquet. One Mr. Lort was the young spark who maintained the pageantry."

### NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.

As early in the morning as people can possibly dress themselves in proper attire, they set out on a round of visits to relations and friends, to wish them a happy new year and to present them with bon-bons. The relations are first visited, beginning with those nearest in affinity, then those that are further removed, and lastly come the friends and acquaintances. It is a contest of politeness on this occasion who shall start first, and anticipate the call of a relation or friend.

The shops of the confectioners are dressed up on the day before with looking-glasses, intermixed with festoons of silk or muslin, and bunches of ribands or flowers. The counters are covered with clean table-cloths, and set out with cakes, sweetmeats, dried fruits, and bon-bons, constructed into pyramids, castles, columns, or any form which the taste of the decorator may suggest; and in the evening the shops are illuminated for the reception of company, who come to buy bon-bons for the next day. Endless are the devices for things in which they are to be enclosed; there are little boxes or baskets made of satin ornamented with gold, silver, or foil; balloons, books, fruit, such as apples, pears, oranges; or vegetables, such as a cauliflower, a root of celery, an onion; any thing, in short, which can be made of confectionary, with a hollow within, to hold the bon-bons. The most prevailing device is called a cornet, which is a small cone ornamented in different ways with a bag, to draw over and close the large end. In these contrivances, the prices of which vary from one livre to fifty, the bon-bons are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them; by those who do not they are only wrapped in a piece of paper; but it is indispensable that bon-bons in some way or other be presented. In the sa visits to friends, and in gossiping at the

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 1.

confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge for the occasion, the morning of New-year's day is passed. A dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes with cards, dancing, or any other amusement that may be preferred.

The decorations of the confectioners' shops remain till twelfth-day; when there is a ceremony of drawing twelfth-cake, differing from the mode in England. The cake is very plain in its composition, being not better than a common bun, but large, so as to cut into slices. In one part a bean is introduced; and the person who draws the slice with the bean is king or queen, according to the sex of the drawer. Every one then drinks to the health of the new sovereign, who receives the general homage of the company for the evening. The rest of the company have no name or title of distinction.

Two remarkable lawsuits between a confectioner and a poet arose out of the celebration of New-year's Day. The poet had been employed by the confectioner to write some mottoes in verse for his New-year's Day bon-bons; and the agreement was, that he was to have six livres for five hundred couplets. The poet delivered his couplets in manuscript, according to the agreement as he understood it; to this the confectioner objected, because he understood they were to be printed, and ready for enclosing within his bon-bons. The poet answered that not a word had passed on the subject of printing, and that he should not have agreed to furnish the mottoes at so low a price if he had understood the printing was to be included. Thereupon the parties joined issue, and a verdict was found for the poet; because, as no mention of printing was made, the confectioner had no claim to expect it; and because six livres was as little as could possibly be given for such a number of lines in manuscript. After this action against the confectioner was settled, the man of bon-bons brought an action against the son of Apollo, for that the poet had sold a copy of the same mottoes to another confectioner, whereas the plaintiff had understood that they were to be exclusively his. The defendant answered that not a word had passed indicating a transfer of exclusive right; and he maintained that he was at liberty to sell

a copy to as many confectioners as chose to purchase one. Issue hereupon was again joined, and the verdict in favor of the poet established his right of selling and reselling his mottoes for bon-bons to all the confectioners in the universe.

MEMORY GARLANDS.

[For the Year Book.]

Years may roll on, and manhood's brow grow cold,  
And life's dull winter spread its dark'ning pall  
O'er cheriah'd hopes; yet time cannot withhold  
A precious boon which mem'ry gives to all:—  
Fond recollection, when the tale is told  
Which forms the record of life's festival,  
Recals the pleasures of youth's opening scene,  
And age seems young—rememb'ring what hath been.

Even as children in their happiest hours,  
Gath'ring the blossoms which around them grow,  
Will sometimes turn and strew the early flowers  
Over the grave of one—there lying low—  
Who watched their infancy—so we; for ours  
Are kindred feelings: we as gently throw  
Our mem'ry garlands on the closing grave  
Of joys we lov'd—yet, loving, could not save.

NOTE.

Annexed to this, and every day throughout the year, will be found the time of day-break, sun-rise and sun-set, and the end of twilight, derived from a series of tables purposely compiled for the present work.

To these daily notices are frequently added the flowering of plants, the arrival and departure of birds, and other indications of the time of the year, according to the average time of their appearance, as stated in Dr. Forster's "Encyclopædia of Natural Phenomena," upon the authority of a private manuscript journal kept for fifty years.

	ho. m.
January 1.—Day breaks . . .	1 6
Sun rises . . .	8 4
— sets . . .	3 56
Twilight ends . . .	5 59

The black nellebore, and sweet colts-foot, are in full flower, if the weather be open.

## January 2.

On the 2d of January, 1756, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at Tuam in Ireland, appeared an unusual light, far beyond that of the brightest day. It faded away by sensible degrees, and about seven o'clock a sun of streamers crossed the sky, which undulated like the surface of a rippling water, and caused great alarm. In about eighteen minutes the streamers became discolored. The edges were first tintured with a bright cerulean, then with a fine azure, and lastly with a flame color. The phenomenon discharged itself in a blaze towards the north. It is stated that a very uncommon shock immediately succeeded, but no danger ensued. Some of the terrified inhabitants of Tuam left the city, and the frightened villagers flocked into it. The account adds that about the same time seven acres of ground were laid under water at Ballimore, and two hundred head of cattle were drowned by the deluge.\* From the description it is presumable that this remarkable appearance was merely the aurora borealis, or northern lights.

Of in this season, silent from the north,  
A blaze of meteors starts; ensweeping first  
The lower skies, they all at once converge  
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,  
And mix, and thwart, extinguish and renew,  
All other coursing in a maze of light.

Thomson.

## LINCOLN'S INN PRINCE OF MISRULE.

On the 2nd of January, 1662, king Charles II. took his pleasure in seeing the holiday pastimes of the lawyers. Mr. Pepys says of himself, in his diary, that while he was at Farthorne's the fine engraver of old English portraits, whither he had gone to buy some pictures, "comes by the king's life-guard, he being gone to Lincoln's Inn this afternoon, to see the revels there; there being, according to an old custom, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and change." This prince whom the king visited at Lincoln's Inn was a prince of misrule, respecting which mock-sovereign, and his merry court at Gray's Inn, there is a full and diverting account hereafter.

## EARL OF DORSET'S SEA SONG.

On the 2nd of January, 1665, Mr. Pepys went by appointment to dine with

Lord Brouncker at his house in the piazza Covent garden. He says, "I received much mirth with a ballet I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea, to their ladies in town, saying Sir. W. Pen, Sir G. Ascue, and Sir G. Lawson made it." It was a production of the witty Earl of Dorset, then a volunteer in the fleet against Holland. The sparkling verses of this pleasant song float into a tune in the reading. Here it is:—

## SONG.

*Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665,  
the night before an engagement.*

To all you ladies now at land,  
We men, at sea, indite;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write;  
The muses now, and Neptune too,  
We must implore to write to you,  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain;  
Yet if rough Neptune raise the wind,  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,  
Roll up and down our ships at sea.  
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,  
Think not we are unkind;  
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,  
By Dutchmen, or by wind:  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.  
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,  
Will swear the seas grow bold;  
Because the tides will higher rise  
Than e'er they used of old:  
But let him know it is our tears  
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.  
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story;  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
And quit their fort at Goree:  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind  
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind;  
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find:  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe  
With a fa, &c.

\* Genls. Mag. xxvi

January 3.

To pass our tedious hours away,  
 We throw a merry main ;  
 Or else at serious ombre play ;  
 But why should we in vain  
 Each other's ruin thus pursue ?  
 We were undone when we left you.  
 With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestous grow,  
 And cast our hopes away ;  
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
 Sit careless at a play ;  
 Perhaps permit some happier man  
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.  
 With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
 That dies in every note ;  
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,  
 For being so remote ;  
 Think how often love we've made  
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd,  
 With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse  
 To think of our distress ;  
 When we for hopes of honor lose  
 Our certain happiness ;  
 All those designs are but to prove  
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.  
 With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,  
 And likewise all our fears ;  
 In hopes this declaration moves  
 Some pity from your tears ;  
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
 We have too much of that at sea.  
 With a fa, &c.

*Tenth wave.*

There is a common affirmation that the tenth wave is the greatest and most dangerous. This is noticed by Sir Thomas Browne, as averred by many writers, and plainly described by Ovid ; " which notwithstanding is evidently false," adds Sir Thomas, " nor can it be made out by observation, either upon the shore, or the ocean ; as we have with diligence explored both."

*Tenth Egg.*

Of affinity to the notion of the tenth wave is another, that the tenth egg is bigger than the rest. " For the honor we bear the clergy, we cannot but wish this true," says Sir Thomas, " but herein will be found no more verity than the other."

	ho.	m.
January 2.—Day breaks . . .	5	59
Sun rises . . .	8	4
— sets . . .	3	56
Twilight ends . . .	6	1

The rising of Gemini, achronically, takes place.

Jan. 3, 1805, Charles Townley, Esq., of Townley, in Lancashire, died at the age of 67. He had formed a valuable collection of ancient statuary bronzes, medals, and manuscripts, and coins, which, by a parliamentary grant of £20,000, were purchased and deposited in the British Museum, and form that portion of the national property in the British Museum usually called the Townley collection. The Etruscan antiquities had been described some years before, in two vols. 4to., by M. D'Anzarville.\*

ALCHEMY.

On the 3rd of January, 1652, Mr Evelyn, being at Paris, visited a certain Marc Antonio, an ingenious enameler. " He told us great stories," says Evelyn, " of a Genoese jeweller who had the great arcanum, and had made projection before him several times. He met him at Cyprus travelling into Egypt, on his return from whence he died at sea, and the secret with him—all his effects were seized on, and dissipated by the Greeks in the vessel, to an immense value. He also affirmed that, being in a goldsmith's shop at Amsterdam, a person of very low stature came in and desired the goldsmith to melt him a pound of lead, which done, he unscrewed the pommel of his sword, and taking out of a little box a small quantity of powder, and casting it into the crucible, poured an ingot out, which, when cold, he took up, saying, Sir, you will be paid for your lead in the crucible, and so went out immediately. When he was gone, the goldsmith found four ounces of good gold in it, but could never set eye again on the little man, though he sought all the city for him. This Antonio assented with great obstestation; nor know I what to think of it, there are so many impostors, and people who love to tell strange stories, as this artist did, who had been a great rover, and spake ten different languages."

The most celebrated history of transmutation is that given by Helvetius in his " Brief of the golden calf ; discovering the rarest Miracle in Nature, how, by the smallest portion of the Philosopher's Stone, a great piece of common lead was totally transmuted into the purest transplendent gold, at the Hague in 1666." The marvellous account of Helvetius is thus rendered by Mr. Brande.

\* Gents. Mag. lxxv.



## ALCHEMIST.

"The 27th day of December, 1666, in the afternoon, came a stranger to my house at the Hague, in a plebeian habit, of honest gravity, and serious authority, of a mean stature, and a little long face, black hair, not at all curled, a beardless chin, and about forty years (as I guess) of age, and born in North Holland. After salutation he beseeched me, with great reverence, to pardon his rude accesses, for he was a lover of the Pyrotechnician art, and having read my treatise against the Sympathetic powder of Sir Kensulm Digby, and observed my doubt about the philosophic mystery, induced him to ask me if I was really a disbeliever as to the existence of a universal medicine which would cure all diseases, unless the principal parts were perished, or the predestinated time of death come. I replied, I never met with an adept, or saw such a medicine, though I had fervently prayed for it. Then I said, surely you are a learned physician. No, said he, I am a brass-founder and a lover of chemistry. He then took from his bosom-pouch a neat ivory box, and out of it three ponderous lumps of stone, each about the bigness of a walnut. I greedily saw and handled, for a quarter of an hour, this

most noble substance, the value of which might be somewhat about twenty tons of gold; and, having drawn from the owner many rare secrets of its admirable effects, I returned him this treasure of treasures, with most sorrowful mind, humbly beseeching him to bestow a fragment of it upon me, in perpetual memory of him, though but the size of a coriander seed. No, no, said he, that is not lawful, though thou wouldst give me as many golden ducats as would fill this room; for it would have particular consequences; and, if fire could be burned of fire, I would at this instant rather cast it into the fiercest flame. He then asked if I had a private chamber whose prospect was from the public street; so I presently conducted him to my best room, furnished, backwards, which he entered," says Helvetius, in the true spirit of Dutch cleanliness, "without wiping his shoes, which were full of snow and dirt. I now expected he would bestow some great secret upon me, but in vain. He asked for a piece of gold, and opening his doublet showed me five pieces of that precious metal, which he wore upon a green riband, and which very much excelled mine in flexibility and color, each being the size of a small

trencher. I now earnestly again craved a crumb of this stone; and, at last, out of his philosophical commiseration, he gave me a morsel as large as a rape-seed; but, I said, this scanty portion will scarcely transmute four grains of gold. Then, said he, deliver it me back; which I did, in hopes of a greater parcel; but he, cutting off half with his nail, said, even this is sufficient for thee. Sir, said I, with a dejected countenance, what means this? And he said, even that will transmute half an ounce of lead. So I gave him great thanks, and said I would try it, and reveal it to no one. He then took his leave, and said he would call again next morning at nine.—I then confessed that while the mass of his medicine was in my hand, the day before, I had secretly scraped off a bit with my nail, which I projected on lead, but it caused no transmutation, for the whole flew away in fumes. Friend, said he, thou art more dexterous in committing theft than in applying medicine; hadst thou wrapt up thy stolen prey in yellow wax, it would have penetrated, and transmuted the lead into gold. I then asked if the philosophic work cost much, or required long time; for philosophers say that nine or ten months are required for it. He answered, their writings are only to be understood by the adepts, without whom no student can prepare this magistry; fling not away, therefore, thy money and goods in hunting out this art, for thou shalt never find it. To which I replied, as thy master showed it to thee, so mayest thou, perchance, discover something thereof to me, who know the rudiments, and therefore it may be easier to add to a foundation than begin anew. In this art, said he, it is quite otherwise; for, unless thou knowest the thing from head to heel, thou canst not break open the glassy seal of Hermes. But enough,—to-morrow, at the ninth hour, I will show thee the manner of projection. But Elias never came again; so my wife, who was curious in the art whereof the worthy man had discoursed, teased me to make the experiment with the little spark of bounty the artist had left me; so I melted half an ounce of lead, upon which my wife put in the said medicine; it hissed and bubbled, and in a quarter of an hour the mass of lead was transmuted into fine gold, at which we were exceedingly amazed. I took it to the goldsmith, who judged it most excellent, and willingly offered fifty florins for each ounce.”

<i>January 3.</i> —Day breaks	. . .	h. m.
Sun rises	. . .	5 59
— sets	. . .	3 5
Twilight ends	. . .	3 57
		8 1

The laurentinus flowers, if mild.  
The Persian fleur de lis flowers in the house.

## January 4.

### Tennis, &c.

On the 4th of January 1664, Mr. Pepyr went “to the tennis-court, and there saw the king (Charles II.) play at tennis. But,” says Pepys, “to see how the king’s play was extolled, without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight; though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well, and deserved to be commended; but such open flattery is beastly.” Afterwards to St. James’s park, seeing people play at pall mall.”

### Pall-Mall.

The most common memorial of this diversion is the street of that name, once appropriated to its use, as was likewise the Mall, which runs parallel with it, in St. James’s park. From the following quotations, Mr. Nares believes that the place for playing was called the Mall, and the stick employed, the pall-mall. “If one had a paille-maile, it were good to play in this ally; for it is of a reasonable good length, straight, and even.”† Again, “a stroke with a pall-mail bettle upon a bowl makes it fly from it.”‡ Yet, Evelyn speaks twice of Pall-mall, as a place for playing in; although he calls such a place at Tom’s a mall only.§

On the 4th of January, 1667, Mr. Pepys had company to dinner; and “at night to sup, and then to cards, and last of all, to have a flaggon of ale and apples, drunk out of a wood cup, as a Christmas draught, which made all merry.”

### Cups.

About thirty years before Mr. Secretary Pepys took his Christmas draught “out

\* For Tennis, &c., see Strutt’s Sports and Pastimes of the People of England, by W. Hone, 8vo., p. 93.

† French Garden for English Ladies, 1621.

‡ Digby on the Soul.

§ Concerning the Sport called Pall-Mall, see Strutt’s Sports, 8vo. p. 103.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 4

of a wood cup," a writer says, "Of drinking cups divers and sundry sorts we have; some of elme, some of box, some of maple, some of holly, &c.; mazers, broad-mouthed dishes, noggins, whiskins, piggins, crinzes, ale-bowls, wassell-bowls, court-dishes, tankards, kannes, from a pottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill. Other bottles we have of leather, but they are most used amongst the shepherds and harvest-people of the countrey: small jacks we have in many ale-houses of the citie and suburbs, tip't with silver, besides the great black jacks and bombards at the court, which, when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported, at their returne into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drinke out of their bootes: we have, besides, cups made out of hornes of beasts, of cocker-nuts, of goords, of the eggs of ostriches; others made of the shells of divers fishes, brought from the Indies and other places, and shining like mother of pearls. Come to plate; every taverne can afford you flat bowles, French bowles, prounet cups, beare bowles, beakers: and private householders in the citie, when they make a feast to entertaine their friends, can furnish their cupboards with flagons, tankards, beere-cups, wine-bowles, some white, some percell gilt, some gilt all over, some with covers, others without, of sundry shapes and qualities." From this it appears that our ancestors had as great a variety of drinking vessels as of liquors, in some of which they were wont to infuse rosemary.

Rosemary.

In a popular account of the manners of an old country squire, he is represented as stirring his cool-tankard with a sprig of rosemary. Likewise, at weddings, it was usual to dip this grateful plant in the cup, and drink to the health of the new-married couple. † Thus, a character in an old play, ‡ says,

Before we divide  
Our army, let us dip our rosemaries  
In one rich bowl of sack, to this brave girl,  
And to the gentleman.

Rosemary was borne in the hand at marriages. Its virtues are enhanced in a curious wedding sermon. § "The rose-

mary is for married men, the which, by name, nature, and continued use, man challengeth as properly belonging to himself. It overtoppeth all the flowers in the garden, boasting man's rule: it helpeth the brain, strengtheneth the memory, and is very medicinal for the head. Another property is, it affects the heart. Let this *ros marinus*, this flower of man, ensign of your wisdom, love, and loyalty, be carried, not only in your hands, but in your heads and hearts."

At a wedding of three sisters together, in 1560, we read of "fine flowers and rosemary strewed for them, coming home; and so, to the father's house, where was a great dinner prepared for his said three bride-daughters, with their bridegrooms and company." ¶ Old plays † frequently mention the use of rosemary on these occasions. In a scene immediately before a wedding, we have

*Lew.* Pray take a piece of rosemary.

*Mir.* I'll wear it.

But, for the lady's sake, and none of yours. ‡

In another we find "the parties enter with rosemary, as from a wedding." § Again, a character speaking of an intended bridegroom's first arrival, says, "look, an the wenches ha' not found un out, and do present un with a van of rosemary, and bays enough to vill a bow-pot, or trim the head of my best vore-horse." || It was an old country custom to deck the bridal-bed with sprigs of rosemary. ¶

Rosemary denoted rejoicing. Hence in an account of a joyful entry of queen Elizabeth into the city of London, on the 14th of January, 1558, there is this passage: "How many nose-gays did her grace receive at poor women's hands? How often-times stayed she her chariot, when she saw any simple body offer to speak to her grace? A branch of rosemary, given to her grace, with a supplication by a poor woman, about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till her grace came to Westminster."

It is a jocular saying, among country people, that, where the rosemary-bush flou-

\* Heywood's Philothonista, 1635, Brand.

† Na-

‡ The Ci

§ A Marriage Present D.  
1607 4to.,

\* Stow's Survey, by Strype.

† Cited by Brand.

‡ Elder Brother, a Play, 1637, 4to.

§ Woman's Pride, by Fletcher.

|| Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub.

¶ Brand.



THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 4.

rishes in the cottage garden, "the grey mare is the better horse;" that is, the wife manages the husband.

Shakspeare intimates the old popular applications of this herb. It was esteemed as strengthening to the memory; and to that end Ophelia presents it to Laertes. "There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember." In allusion to its bridal use, Juliet's nurse asks Romeo, "Doth not rosemary and Romeo both begin with a letter?" And she intimates Juliet's fondness for him, by saying, "she hath the prettiest sensations of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it." The same play denotes its use at funerals. When friar Laurence and Paris, with musicians, on Juliet's intended bridal, enter her chamber, and find her on the bed, surrounded by the Capulet family, mourning for her death, he sympathises with their affliction, and concludes by directing the rosemary prepared for the wedding to be used in the offices of the burial:—

Stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array, bear her to church.

Of a bride who died of the plague on her wedding-night it is said, "Here is a strange alteration; for the rosemary that was washed in sweet water, to set out the bridal, is now wet in tears to furnish her burial."<sup>\*</sup>

It was usual at weddings to dip the rosemary in scented waters. Respecting a bridal, it is asked in an old play, "Were the rosemary branches dipped?"<sup>†</sup> Some of Herrick's verses show that rosemary at weddings was sometimes gilt.

The two-fold use of this fragrant herb is declared in the Hesperides by an apostrophe.

*To the Rosemary Branch.*

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,  
Be 't for my bridal or my burial

One of a well-known set of engravings, by Hogarth, represents the company assembled for a funeral, with sprigs of rosemary in their hands. A French traveller, in England, in the reign of William III., describing our burial solemnities and the preparation of the mourners, says, "when they are ready to set out, they nail up the coffin, and a

servant presents the company with sprigs of rosemary: every one takes a sprig, and carries it in his hand till the body is put into the grave, at which time they all throw their sprigs in after it."<sup>\*</sup> A character in an old play,<sup>†</sup> requests

If there be

Any so kind as to accompany  
My body to the earth, let there not want  
For entertainment. Prithee, see they have  
A sprig of rosemary, dipt in common water,  
To smell at as they walk along the streets.

In 1649, at the funeral of Robert Lockier, who was shot for mutiny, the corpse was adorned with bundles of rosemary on each side, one half of each was stained with blood. At the funeral of a country girl, it is said, that,

To show their love, the neighbours far and  
near  
Follow'd with wistful looks the damsel's bier;  
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,  
While dismally the parson walk'd before;  
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw—<sup>‡</sup>

The funeral use of this herb, and its budding in the present month, are the subject of a poem, transcribed from a fugitive copy, without the author's name.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

1.

Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom  
On January's front severe,  
And o'er the wintry desert drear  
To waft thy waste perfume!  
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,  
And I will bind thee round my brow;  
And, as I twine the mournful wreath,  
I'll weave a melancholy song;  
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,  
The melody of death.

2.

Come, funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell  
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,  
And throw across the desert gloom  
A sweet decaying smell.  
Come, pressing lips, and lie with me  
Beneath the lonely alder tree,  
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,  
And not a care shall dare intrude,  
To break the marble solitude,  
So peaceful and so deep.

3.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,  
Moans hollow in the forest trees,  
And, sailing on the gusty breeze,  
Mysterious music dies.

\* Dekker's Wonderful Year, 1603, 4to.

† Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, 1616, 4to.

\* Misson, p. 91. † Cartwrights' Ordinary.  
‡ Gay's *Shepherd's Week*.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 5.

Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,  
It warns me to the lonely shrine,  
The cold turf altar of the dead;  
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,  
Where as I lie, by all forgot,  
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes  
shed.

	h.	m.
January 4.—Day breaks . . .	5	58
Sun rises . . .	8	3
— sets . . .	3	57
Twilight ends . . .	6	2

The screw moss fructifies.

January 5.

Paul Van Somer, an artist of great merit, born at Antwerp in 1576, died in London, and was buried at St. Martins in the fields on the 5th of January 1621. His pencil was chiefly employed on portraits of royal, noble, and eminent personages. He painted James I. at Windsor, and Hampton Court; the lord chancellor Bacon, and his brother Nicholas, at Gorhambury; Thomas Howard earl of Arundel, and his lady Alatheia Talbot, at Worksop; William earl of Pembroke, at St. James's; and the fine whole-length of the first earl of Devonshire in his robes, "equal," says Walpole "to the pencil of Vandyke, and one of the finest single figures I have seen."

Van Somer seems to have been the first of those artists who, after the accession of James I., arrived and established themselves in England and practised a skilful management of the chiaro-scuro. His portraits were admired for great elegance of attitude, and remarkable resemblance.

It was fortunate for the arts that king James had no liking towards them and let them take their own course; for he would probably have meddled to introduce as bad a taste in art as he did in literature.\* Hayley says,

James, both for empire and for arts unfit,  
His sense a quibble, and a pun his wit,  
Whatever works he patronised debased;  
But happy left the pencil undiagraced.

Zeuxis, the renowned painter of antiquity, flourished 400 years before the birth of Christ, and raised to great perfection the art which the labours of Apol-

lodus had obtained to be esteemed. Zeuxis invented the disposition of light and shadow, and was distinguished for coloring. He excelled in painting females; his most celebrated production was a picture of Helen, for which five of the loveliest virgins of Crotona in Italy sat to him by order of the council of the city. Yet he is said to have lost the prize for painting in a contest with Parrhasius. The story runs, that Zeuxis's picture represented grapes so naturally that the birds flew down to peck at them; and that Parrhasius's picture represented a curtain, which Zeuxis taking to be a real one desired to be drawn aside to exhibit what his adversary had done: On finding his mistake, he said that he had only deceived birds, whereas Parrhasius had deceived a master of the art. To some who blamed his slowness in working, he answered, that it was true he was long in painting his designs, but they were designed for posterity. One of his best pieces was Hercules in his cradle strangling serpents in the sight of his affrighted mother; but he himself preferred his picture of a wrestler, under which he wrote, "It is more easy to blame than to imitate this picture." He is the first painter we read of who exhibited the productions of his pencil for money.

Zeuxis was succeeded by Apelles, who never passed a day without handling his pencil, and painted such admirable likenesses, that they were studied by the physiognomists.

We speak of the Romans as ancients; the Romans spoke of the Greeks as ancients; and the Greeks of the Egyptians as their ancients. It is certain that from them they derived most of their knowledge in art and science. If the learning of Egypt were now in the world, our attainments would dwindle into nothingness. The tombs and mummies of the Egyptians show their skill in the preparation of colors and that they practised the arts of design and painting. Vast monuments of their mighty powers in architecture and sculpture still remain. We derive from them, through the Greeks, the signs of the zodiac.

The Greeks painted on canvas or linen, placed their pictures in frames, and decorated their walls with designs in fresco. Their sculpture contained portraits of dis-

\* Walpole's Painters.

\* Bayle.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 6.

tinguished personages, in which they were imitated by the Romans. The frieze of the Parthenon is supposed to represent portraits of Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, and Alcibiades. Nero caused to be exhibited a portrait of himself on a canvas 120 feet high.

fection of the apothecaries can equal their excellent virtue. But these delights are in the outward senses; the principal delight is in the mind, singularly enriched with the knowledge of these visible things, setting forth to us the invisible wisdom and admirable workmanship of Almighty God."

The Anglo-Saxons illuminated their manuscripts with miniatures; from this practice of illuminating we derive the word limning, for painting. The term illuminator was corrupted to limner. The Anglo-Normans decorated our churches with pictures. In the cathedral of Canterbury, built in the eleventh century, their pictures were esteemed very beautiful. The art of painting in oil is ascribed in many works to Van Eyck of Bruges, who died in 1442, but oil was used in the art long before he lived. Our Henry III. in 1236 issued a precept for a wainscoted room in Windsor Castle to be "re-painted, with the same stories as before," which order Walpole parallels with the caution of the Roman Mummius, to the shipmasters who transported the master-pieces of Corinthian sculpture to Rome—"If you break or spoil them," he said, "you shall find others in their room."\*

Our old herbalist John Gerard, in dedicating his "Historie of Plants" to the great Secretary Cecil, Lord Burleigh, thus eloquently begins: "Among the manifold creatures of God, that have in all ages diversely entertained many excellent wits, and drawn them to the contemplation of the divine wisdom, none have provoked men's studies more, or satisfied their desires so much, as plants have done; and that upon just and worthy causes. For, if delight may provoke men's labor, what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered work, set with orient pearls, and garnished with great diversity of rare and costly jewels? If variety and perfection of colors may affect the eye, it is such in herbs and flowers, that no Apelles, no Zeuxis, ever could by any art express the like: if odors or if taste may work satisfaction, they are both so sovereign in plants, and so comfortable, that no con-

\* Andrews Forbroke.

	h. m.
January 5.—Day breaks . . .	5 58
Sun rises . . .	8 2
— sets . . .	3 58
Twilight ends . . .	6

The bearsfoot, *Helleborus fetidus*, flowers.

January 6.

EPIPHANY—TWELFTH DAY.

In addition to the usage, still continued, of drawing king and queen on Twelfth night, Barnaby Googe's versification describes a disused custom among the people, of censuring a loaf and themselves as a preservative against sickness and witchcraft throughout the year.

Twice sixe nightes then from Christmasse,  
they do count with dilligence,  
Wherein eche maister in his house  
doth burne by frankensence :  
And on the table settes a loafe,  
when night approacheth nere,  
Before the coles and frankensence  
to be perfumed there :  
First bowing downe his heade he standes,  
and nose and eares, and eyes  
He smokes, and with his mouth receyves  
the fume that doth arise :  
Whom followeth streight his wife, and doth  
the same full solemnly,  
And of their children every one,  
and all their family :  
Which doth preserue they say their teeth,  
and nose, and eyes, and eare,  
From every kind of maladie,  
and sickness all the yeare.  
When every one receyved hath  
this odour great and small,  
Then one takes up the pan with coales,  
and frankensence and all,  
An other takes the loafe, whom all  
the rest do follow here,  
And round about the house they go,  
with torch or taper clere,  
That neither bread nor meat do want  
nor witch with dreadful charmes,  
Have power to hurt their children, or  
to do their cattell harme.

There are that three nightes onely do  
performe this foolish geare,  
To this intent, sad thinke themselves  
in safetie all the yeare\*

It appears that in the reign of Alfred a law was made relative to holidays which ordained the twelve days after the nativity to be kept as festivals.†

The grand state of the Sovereign, on Twelfth day, and the manner of keeping festival at court, in the reign of king Henry VII., are set forth in Le Neve's MS. called the *Royalle Book*, "to the following effect:—

As for Twelfth Day the king must go crowned in his royal robes, kirtle, surcoat, his furred hood about his neck, his mantle with a long train, and his cutlas before him; his armills upon his arms, of gold set full of rich stones; and no temporal man to touch it, but the king himself; and the squire for the body must bring it to the king in a fair kercheif, and the king must put them on himself; and he must have his sceptre in his right hand, and the ball with the cross in the left hand, and the crown upon his head. And he must offer that day gold, myrrh, and sense; then must the dean of the chapel send unto the archbishop of Canterbury by clerk or priest the king's offering that day; and then must the archbishop give the next benefice that falleth in his gift to the same messenger. And then the king must change his mantle when he goeth to swat, and take off his hood and lay it about his neck, and clasp it before with a great rich ouche; and this must be of the same color that he offered in. And the queen in the same form when she is crowned.

The same day that he goeth crowned he ought to go to matins; to which array belongeth his kirtle, surcoat, tabard, and his furred hood slyved over his head, and rolled about his neck; and on his head his cap of estate, and his sword before him.

At even-song he must go in his kirtle, and surcoat, and hood laid about his shoulders, and clasp the tippet and hood together before his breast with a great rich ouche, and his hat of estate upon his head.

As for the *Void* on the Twelfth night the king and the queen ought to have it in the hall. And as for the wassail, the steward, the treasurer and the controller,

shall come for it with their staves in their hands; the king's sewer and the queen's having fair towels about their necks, and dishes in their hands, such as the king and the queen shall eat of: the king's carvers and the queen's shall come after with chargers or dishes, such as the king or the queen shall eat of, and with towels about their necks. And no man shall bear any thing unless sworn for three months. And the steward, treasurer, comptroller, and marshal of the hall shall ordain for all the hall. And, if it be in the great chamber, then shall the chamberlain and ushers ordain after the above form; And if there be a Bishop, his own squire, or else the king's, such as the officers choose to assign, shall serve him: And so of all the other estates, if they be dukes or earls; and so of duchesses and countesses. And then there must come in the ushers of the chamber with the pile of cups, the king's cups and the queen's, and the bishop's, with the butlers and wine to the cupboard, and then a squire for the body to bear the cup, and another for the queen's cup, such as is sworn for hire.

The [singers of the chapel] may stand at the one side of the hall: and when the steward cometh in at the hall door, with the wassail, he must cry thrice "Wassaile," &c., and then shall the chapel answer it anon with a good song: and thus in like wise if it please the king to keep the great chamber. And then when the king and queen have done they will go in to the chamber. And there belongeth, for the king, two lights with the void, and two lights with the cup; and for the queen as many.\*

Few are unmoved by either agreeable or painful feelings, on account of ancient customs coming to their notice. We are in general similarly, and more affected by recollections of sports familiar and dear to our childhood, which man, more than time, has changed, sometimes really, and always to our thinking, for the worse. In this place it is convenient to arrange for an engraving on the next page, and there not being a subject appropriate to a design for the day under notice, I presume, under favor, upon introducing a brief notice, with an engraving of an old place which I knew when a child, and which when I see or think of it, associates with some of my fondest remembrances.

\* Naogeorgus, *Popish Kingdome*.

† Collier's *Eccles. Hist.*

\* *Antiq. Rep.*



THE ADAM AND EVE, HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

These premises are at the corner of the Hampstead Road, and the New Road to Paddington, which is the site of the old manor house of Toten Hall. This was a lordship belonging to the deans of St. Paul's Cathedral at the time of the Norman conquest. In 1560 it demised to the crown, and has always since been held on lease. In 1768 the manor vested in Lord Southampton, whose heirs pay an annuity, in lieu of a reserved rent, to the prebendary of Tottenham. Contiguous to the Adam and Eve, and near the reservoir of the New River Company, in the Hampstead road, there was lately standing an ancient house, called, in various old records, King John's Palace.

The Adam and Eve is now denominated a coffee-house, and that part which has been built of late years, and fronts the Paddington New road, with the sign-board at the top corner, is used for tavern purposes, and connects with the older part of the building; the entrance to which is through the gateway with the lamp over it, in the Hampstead road. Within my recollection it was a house standing

alone, with spacious gardens in the rear and at the sides, and a fore-court with large timber trees, and tables and benches for out-of-door customers. In the gardens were fruit-trees, and bowers, and arbours, for tea-drinking parties. In the rear there were not any houses; now there is a town.

At that time the "Adam and Eve Tea Gardens" were resorted to by thousands as the end of a short walk into the country; and the trees were allowed to grow and expand naturally, unrestricted by art or fashion, which then were unknown to many such places as this, and others in the vicinage of London. At that time, too, there was only one Paddington stage. It was driven by the proprietor, or, rather, tediously dragged, along the clayey road from Paddington to the city, in the morning, and performed its journey in about two hours and a-half, "quick time." It returned to Paddington in the evening, within three hours from its leaving the city; this was deemed "fair time," considering the necessity for precaution against the accidents of "night travelling!"

*Twelfth Day resumed.*

Some notion may be formed of the great revelries in all ranks of society, on Twelfth night, from this fact that in 1622 the gentlemen of Grays Inn, to make an end of Christmas, shot off all the chambers they had borrowed from the tower, being as many as filled four carts. The king (James I.) awakened with the noise started out of bed and cried "Treason! Treason!" The court was raised and almost in arms, the earl of Arundel with his sword drawn ran to the bed chamber to rescue the king's person, and the city was in an uproar.\*

On January 6th, 1662, being Twelfth night, Mr. Evelyn records in his diary as follows:—This evening, according to custom, his majesty (Charles II.) opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100 (the year before he won £1500). The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the duke of Ormond had won about £1000 and left them still at *passage*, cards, &c., at other tables: both there and at the groom porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry I am that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example to the rest of the kingdom."

*Passage.*

This game, called in French *Passe air*, was played with dice, is still a military game, and mentioned by the late Capt. Grose as "A camp game with three dice: and doublets making up ten or more, to *pass* or win; any other chances lose." It is more largely described, in the "Complete Gamester, 1680," thus:—"Passage is a game at dice to be played at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The caster throws continually till he hath thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth, or doublets above ten, and then he *passeth* and wins." The stock or fund, as also the place where the game is played, is called the *Pass-bank*. †

On Twelfth Day the Carnival at Rome begins, and generally continues until the ensuing Lent. This celebrated amusement is described by Lady Morgan, in "Italy," as follows:—

\* Nichols's Progresses, James I. iv. 751.

† Nares

The Carnival commences on Twelfth-day; but its public festivities are reserved for the last week or ten days. Formerly, they commenced with an execution, a criminal being reserved for the purpose. But this custom Cardinal Gonsalvi, to his great honour, abolished. The Carnival holds out some most favorable traits of the actual condition of the Italians; for, if the young and profligate abuse its days of indulgence, a large portion of the middle and inferior classes are exhibited to public observation in the touching and respectable aspect of domestic alliance and family enjoyment; which under all laws, all religions, and all governments, those classes best preserve. A group of three generations frequently presents itself, crowded into an open carriage, or ranged on hired chairs along the Corso, or towering emulously one above the other in galleries erected near the starting-post of the course; taking no other part in the brilliant tumult than as the delighted spectators of a most singular and amusing scene. For several days before the beginning of these festivities, "the city of the dead" exhibits the agitation, bustle, and hurry of the living. The shops are converted into wardrobes; whole streets are lined with masks and dominos, the robes of sultans and jackets of pantaloons; canopies are suspended, balconies and windows festooned with hangings and tapestry; and scaffolds are erected for the accommodation of those who have not the interest to obtain admission to the houses and palaces along the whole line of the Corso.

At the sound of the cannon, which, fired from the Piazza di Venezia, each day announce the commencement of the amusements, shops are closed, palaces deserted, and the Corso's long and narrow defile teems with nearly the whole of the Roman population. The scene then exhibited is truly singular, and, for the first day or two, infinitely amusing. The whole length of the street, from the Porta del Popolo to the foot of the Capitol, a distance of considerably more than a mile, is patrolled by troops of cavalry; the windows and balconies are crowded from the first to the sixth story by spectators and actors, who from time to time descend and take their place and parts in the procession of carriages, or among the maskers on foot. Here and there the monk's crown, and cardinal's red skull-cap, are seen peeping among heads not more fantastic than their own. The chairs and

scaffolding along the sides of the streets are filled to crushing, with maskers, and country folk in their gala dresses (by far the most grotesque that the carnival produces). The centre of the Corso is occupied by the carriages of princes, potentates, the ambassadors of all nations, and the municipality of Rome; and the two lines of carriages, moving in opposite directions on each side, are filled by English peers, Irish commoners, Polish counts, Spanish Grandees, German barons, Scotch lairds, and French marquises; but, above all, by the hired jobs of the *badauds* and *pizziccaroli* of Rome. These form not the least curious and interesting part of the procession, and best represent the carnival, as it existed a century back. In an open carriage sits, bolt upright, la signora padrona, or mistress of the family, her neck covered with rows of coral, pearl, or false gems; her white satin robe, and gaudy head-dress, left to "the pitiless pelting of the storm," showered indiscriminately from all the houses, and by the pedestrians, on the occupants of carriages, in the form of sugar-plums, but in substance of plaster of Paris, or lime. Opposite to her sits her *caro sposo*, or husband, dressed as a grand sultan, or Muscovite czar: while all the little *signorini* of the family, male and female, habited as harlequins, columbines, and kings and queens, are crammed into the carriage: even the coachman is supplied with a dress, and appears in the character of an elderly lady, or an Arcadian shepherdess; and the footman takes the guise of an English miss, or a French court lady, and figures in a spencer and short petticoat, or, accoutred with a hoop and a fan, salutes the passers-by with "buon giour, messieurs."

At the ave maria, or fall of day, the cannon again fire, as a signal to clear the street for the horse course. All noise then ceases; the carriages file off by the nearest avenue; their owners scramble to their windows, balconies, chairs, or scaffolds; while the pedestrians that have no such resources, driven by the soldiery from the open street, are crowded on the footways, to suffocation. But no terror, no discipline, can restrain their ardor to see the first starting of the horses.

A temporary barrier, erected near the Porta del Popolo, is the point from which the race commences; another, on the Piazza di Venezia, is the termination of the course. The horses are small and of

little value. They have no rider, but are placed each in a stall behind a rope, which is dropped as soon as the moment for starting arrives, when the animals seldom require to be put in motion by force. A number of tinfoil and paper flags are stuck over their haunches; small pointed bodies are placed to operate as a spur; and the noise and the pain of these decorations serve to put the horse on its full speed, to which it is further urged by the shouting of the populace. At the sound of the trumpet (the signal for starting), even at the approach of the officer who gives the order, the animals exhibit their impatience to be off, and they continue their race, or rather their fight, amidst the screams, plaudits, and vivats of the people of all ranks. This scene forms the last act of each day's spectacle, when every one is obliged to quit his carnival habit; for it is only on one or two particular evenings that there is a masked carnival at the aliberte.

#### *Twelfth Day Table Diversion.*

John Nott, editor of the *Cook and Confectioners' Dictionary*, 1726, describing himself as late cook to the dukes of Somerset, Ormond, and Batton, and the lords Lansdown and Ashburnham, preserves in that work, "some divertisements" which were used in old times, on twelfth day and other festivals. His account is to this effect:—

Ancient artists in cookery inform us that, in former days, when good house-keeping was in fashion amongst the English nobility, they used either to begin or conclude their entertainments, and divert their guests, with such pretty devices as these following, viz.:

A castle made of paste-board, with gates, draw-bridges, battlements, and portcullises, all done over with paste, was set upon the table in a large charger, with salt laid round about it, as if it were the ground, in which were stuck egg-shells full of rose, or other sweet waters, the meat of the egg having been taken out by a great pin. Upon the battlements of the castle were planted kexes, covered over with paste, in the form of cannons, and made to look like brass, by covering them with dutch leaf-gold. These cannons being charged with gunpowder, and trains laid, so that you might fire as many of them as you pleased, at one touch; this castle was set at one end of the table.

Then, in the middle of the table, they

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 6.

would set a stag, made of paste, but hollow, and filled with claret wine, and a broad arrow stuck in his side; this was also set in a large charger, with a ground made of salt, having egg-shells of perfumed waters stuck in it, as before.

Then, at the other end of the table, they would have a ship made of pasteboard, and covered all over with paste, with masts, sails, flags, and streamers; and guns made of kexes, covered with paste and charged with gunpowder, with a train, as in the castle. This, being placed in a large charger, was set upright in, as it were, a sea of salt, in which were also stuck egg-shells full of perfumed waters.

Then, betwixt the stag and castle, and the stag and ship, were placed two pies made of coarse paste, filled with bran, and washed over with saffron and the yolks of eggs: when these were baked, the bran was taken out, a hole was cut in the bottom of each, and live birds put into one and frogs into the other; then the holes were closed up with paste, and the lids neatly cut up, so that they might be easily taken off by the funnels, and adorned with gilded laurels.

These being thus prepared, and placed in order on the table, one of the ladies was persuaded to draw the arrow out of the body of the stag, which being done, the claret wine issued forth like blood from a wound, and caused admiration in the spectators; which being over, after a little pause, all the guns on one side of the castle were, by a train, discharged against the ship; and afterwards, the guns of one side of the ship were discharged against the castle; then, having turned the chargers, the other sides were fired off, as in a battle: this causing a great smell of powder, the ladies or gentlemen took up the egg-shells of perfumed water and threw them at one another. This pleasant disorder being pretty well laughed over, and the two great pies still remaining untouched, some one or other would have the curiosity to see what was in them, and, on lifting up the lid of one pie, out would jump the frogs, which would make the ladies skip and scamper; and, on lifting up the lid of the other, out would fly the birds, which would naturally fly at the light, and so put out the candles. And so, with the leaping of the frogs below, and the flying of the birds above, would cause a surprising and diverting hurly-burly amongst the guests, in the dark. After which, the candles being lighted, the

banquet would be brought in, the music sound, and the particulars of each person's surprise and adventures furnish matter for diverting discourse.

### *Subtilties.*

The art of confectionery was anciently employed in all solemn feasts, with the most profuse delicacy. After each course was a "subtilty." Subtilties were representations of castles, giants, saints, knights, ladies and beasts, all raised in pastry; upon which legends and coat armor were painted in their proper colors. At the festival, on the coronation of Henry VI., in 1429, there was "a subtilty of St. Edward, and St. Louis, armed, and upon either, his coat armor; holding between them a figure of king Henry, standing also in his coat armor; and an inscription passing from both, saying, 'Beholde twee perfecte kynges vnder one coate armoure.'"<sup>\*</sup>

WALSALL DOLE.

[Communicated by S. D.]

The following account of a penny dole, given formerly on twelfth day, at Walsall, in Staffordshire, is derived from "An abstract of the title of the town of Walsall, in Stafford, to valuable estates at Bascott, &c., in the county of Warwick, with remarks by James Cottrell, 1818."

In 1453 Thomas Moseley made a feoffment of certain estates, to William Lyle and William Maggot, and their heirs, in trust, for the use of the town of Walsall; but John Lyle, son of William Lyle, to whom these estates would have descended, instead of applying the produce of the estates for the use of the town, kept them, and denied that the property was in trust, pretending it to be his own inheritance; but the inhabitants of Walsall not choosing to be so cheated, some of them went to Moxhal, and drove away Lyle's cattle, which unjustifiable act he did not resent, because he was liable to be brought to account for the trust estate in his hands. At length a suit was commenced by the town against Lyle, and the estates in question were adjudged for the use of the town of Walsall. Accordingly, in 1515, John Lyle of Moxhal, near Coleshill, Warwickshire, suffered a recovery, whereby these estates passed to Richard Hunt, and John Ford, and they, in 1516, made a feoffment of the land, to

<sup>\*</sup> Fabyan—Dallaway's *Heraldic Inq.* 182.



THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 6.

divers inhabitants of the town of Walsall, in trust, and so it continues in the hand of trustees to this day. In 1539 the first mention appears to have been made of the penny dole. On the twelfth eve, being the anniversary for the souls of Thomas Moseley, and Margaret his wife, the bellman went about with his bell, exciting all to kneel down and pray for the souls of Thomas Moseley, and Margaret, his wife; Thomas Moseley never gave this dole, either by feoffment or will; but, because he had been so good a benefactor, in giving his lands, &c., in Warwickshire, the town, by way of gratitude, yearly distributed a general dole of one penny each, to young and old, rich and poor; strangers, as well as townspeople; and this was the origin of the dole.

"It would be a good thing," says Mr. Cottrell, the author of the Abstract, "if this dole was given up, and the rents of these valuable estates, which are now considerable, were all applied to charitable purposes. The masters of the guild of St. John the Baptist, in Walsall, a religious fraternity, with laws and orders made among themselves, by royal licence, appear at this time to have been the trustees; for they received the rents of these estates, and kept court at Barcott. King John granted to every arch-deacon in

England a power of gathering from every 'fyer householder,' in every parish, one penny, which were called Peter pence; therefore I am inclined to think this religious fraternity were the beginners of this penny dole, which would enable them immediately to pay their Peter Pence or, perhaps they might stop it in the same manner as the bellman does the lord of the manor's penny."

The dole is now discontinued; and twelve alms-houses, were built with the money in the hands of the corporation.

The current tradition is, that Thomas Moseley, passing through Walsall, on twelfth eve, saw a child crying for bread, where others were feasting, and, struck by the circumstance, made over the estates at Barcott, &c., to the town of Walsall, on condition that every year one penny should be given each person on that day, so that no one might witness a like sadness.

	h. m.
January 6.—Day breaks . . .	5 57
Sun rises. . . . .	8 1
—sets . . . . .	3 59
Twilight ends . . .	6 3

The weather either very cold or very wet.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWNE.

For many a winter in Billiter Lane  
 My wife, Mrs. Brown, was ne'er heard to complain:  
 At Christmas the family met there to dine  
 On beef and plum-pudding, and turkey, and chine;  
 Our bark has now taken a contrary heel,  
 My wife has found out that the sea is genteel;  
 To Brighton we duly go scampering down  
 For nobody now spends his Christmas in town.

In Billiter Lane, at this mirth-moving time,  
 The lamp-lighter brought us his annual rhyme;  
 The tricks of Grimaldi were sure to be seen;  
 We carved a twelfth-cake, and we drew king and queen:  
 Now we lodge on the Steine, in a bow-windowed box,  
 That beckons up stairs every zephyr that knocks;  
 The Sun hides his head, and the elements frown—  
 Still, nobody now spends his Christmas in town.

At Brighton I'm stuck up in Lucombe's Loo-shop,  
 Or walk upon bricks, till I'm ready to drop;  
 Throw stones at an anchor,—look out for a skiff,  
 Or view the chain pier from the top of the cliff;  
 Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,  
 With sand in my eyes, and my mouth full of salt:  
 Yet, still, I am suffering with folks of renown—  
 For nobody now spends his Christmas in town.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 7.

The wind gallops in at the full of the moon,  
And puffs up the carpet like Sadler's balloon :  
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,  
And there is not a lock in the house that will shut.  
At Mahomet's steam bath I lean on my cane,  
And mutter in secret,—“ Ah, Billiter Lane ! ”

But would not express what I think for a crown—  
For nobody now spends his Christmas in town.

The duke and the earl are not cronies of mine ;  
His majesty never invites me to dine ;  
The marquess don't speak when we meet on the pier ;  
Which makes me suspect that I'm nobody here :  
If that be the case,—why then welcome again  
Twelfth-cake and snap-dragon in Billiter Lane ;  
Next winter I'll prove to my dear Mrs. Brown  
That Nobody now spends his Christmas in town.

### January 7.

#### ST. DISTAFF'S DAY.

The day after Epiphany or Twelfth day was called St. Distaff's day by country people, because, the Christmas holidays having ended, good housewives resumed the distaff and their other industrious employments

#### PLOUGH MONDAY

Is the first Monday after Twelfth Day, when agricultural laborers were accustomed to draw about a plough and solicit money with guisings, and dancing with swords, preparatory to beginning to plough after the Christmas holidays. In a very few places they still drag the plough, but without the sword dance, or any mumming.

From “ A Briefe Relation of the Gleanings of the Idiotismes and Absurdities of Miles Corbet esquire, Councillor at Law, Recorder and Burgess for Great Yarmouth,”\* it appears, that the Monday after Twelfth Day is called “ Plowlick Monday by the Husbandmen in Norfolk, because on that day they doe first begin to plough.” Among the Ancients the “ Compitalia were Feasts instituted, some say, by Tarquinius Priscus, in the month of January, and celebrated by servants alone, when their ploughing was over.” †

#### Sword Dance.

There is a curious account of the Sword Dance in Olaus Magnus's History of the Northern Nations. He says that the Northern Goths and Swedes have a sport

wherein they exercise their youth, consisting of a Dance with Swords in the following manner. First, with swords sheathed and erect in their hands, they dance in a triple round : then with their drawn swords held erect as before : afterwards, extending them from hand to hand, they lay hold of each other's hilts and points, and, while they are wheeling more moderately round and changing their order, throw themselves into the figure of a hexagon, which they call a rose : but, presently raising and drawing back their swords, they undo that figure, in order to form with them a four-square rose, that they may rebound over the head of each other. Lastly, they dance rapidly backwards, and, vehemently rattling the sides of their swords together, conclude their sport. Pipes, or songs (sometimes both), direct the measure, which, at first, is slow, but, increasing afterwards, becomes a very quick one towards the conclusion.\* Olaus Magnus adds of this dance that “ It is scarcely to be understood, but by those that look on, how gamely and decent it is, when at one word, or one commanding, the whole armed multitude is directed to fall to fight : and clergymen may exercise themselves, and mingle themselves amongst others at this sport, because it is all guided by most wise reason.” †

Olaus Magnus calls this a kind of Gymnastic rite, in which the ignorant were successively instructed by those who were skilled in it : and thus it must have been preserved and handed down to us. “ I have

\* By Anth. Roiley 1646. 4to.

† Sheridan's Persius, 1739, p. 67.

\* Brand.

† See also Strutt's Sports 8 vo. p. 214.

been" says Mr. Brand "a frequent spectator of this dance, which is now, or was very lately, performed with few or no alterations in Northumberland and the adjoining counties: one difference however is observable in our Northern sword dancers, that, when the Swords are formed into a figure, they lay them down upon the ground and dance round them.'

A YORKSHIRE PLOUGH-DAY.

It is the custom in the North Riding of Yorkshire, when a new tenant enters on a farm, for his neighbours to give him what is called a plough-day; that is the use of all their ploughs, and the labor of all their ploughmen and plough horses, on a fixed day, to prepare the ground for sowing the grain. The following provision for a plough-day was actually made for such an occasion by a farmer's wife near Guesborough in 1808.

Twelve bushels of wheat were ground, and made into seventeen white loaves and fifty-one dumplings. In the dumplings were forty-two pounds of currants, and fourteen pounds of raisins. Seven pounds of sugar, with a proportionate quantity of vinegar and melted butter, composed the sauce for the dumplings.

One hundred and ninety-six pounds of beef, with a farther quantity which the farmer's wife had not received the account of when she related the circumstance, succeeded the dumplings, and to this was added two large hams, and fourteen pounds of peas, made into puddings.

Three large Cheshire cheeses, and two home-made ones weighing twenty eight pounds each, concluded this mighty repast, which was washed down with ninety-nine gallons of ale, and two of rum.

At this ploughing there were about eighty ploughs.\*

H. N.

	h.	m.
<i>January 7.</i> —Day breaks . . .	5	57
Sun rises . . .	8	0
— sets . . .	4	0
Twilight ends . . .	6	3
Groundsel in flower, and more or less, daily, throughout the year.		

\* This account, extracted from Miss Hutton's "Oakward Hall" is obligingly communicated by a known and greatly respected correspondent who authenticates the fact.

January 8.

On the 8th of January, 1668, Mr. Evelyn says, in his diary, "I saw deep and prodigious gaming at the groom porter's; vast heaps of gold squandered away in a vain and profuse manner. This I looked on as a horrid vice, and unsuitable in a Christian court." To what has been stated previously, concerning this play at the groom-porter's, may be added, that the groom-porter is still an officer of the court, and that lady Mary Wortley Montague, in one of her Town Eclogues (Thursday) thus mentions the practice:—

At the groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,  
Some dukes at Mary-bone bowl'time away.

*The Groom Porter.*

Chamberlayne says, "The office of groom-porter is to see the king's lodging furnished with tables, chairs, stools, firing; to provide cards, dice, &c.; to decide disputes arising at cards, dice, bowlings, &c.\*

Henry Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain to Henry VIII. from 1526 to 1530, compiled a book of directions for the service of the king's chambers, and the duties of the officers, in which is set forth "the roome and service belonging to a groome-porter to do," to the following effect:— First, a groom-porter ought to bring ladders for the hanging of the king's chambers [with tapestry, &c.] To bring in tables, forms, tressels, and stools, strand for beds, rushes [for strewing the floors], and all other such necessaries belonging to the chambers, as the gentleman-usher shall command: he is also to bring to the chamber door, and have ready there, all manner of fuel, as wood and coals; and to have always ready, torches, sises, and other lights for the king's chambers; he is further to see that the keeper sweep and clean the floors, walls, windows, and roofs of all dirt and cobwebs, before any of the king's staff come within the said chambers: wherefore he hath his fee.†

The groom-porter's is referred to as a place of excessive play, in the statutes of Eltham, for the government of the privy-chamber of Henry VIII., in the seventeenth year of his reign, 1525, or 6. One of these ordinances directs that the privy-chamber shall be "kept honestly" in the

\* Present state of G. Britain, 1736.  
† Antiq. Rep. iii. 201.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 9.

king's absence, by such as are appointed to be there, "without using immoderate or continual play of dice, cards, or tables therein: howbeit, the king can be contented that for some pastime, in the absence of his grace, they shall and may use honest and moderate play;" but "that the said chamber be not used by frequent and intemperate play, as the groom-porter's house."<sup>a</sup>

	h. m.
January 8.—Day breaks . . .	5 56
Sun rises . . .	7 59
— sets . . .	4 1
Twilight ends . . .	6 4

The yellow tremella found on old palings.

January 9.

"OXFORD NIGHT CAPS."

In the evenings of this cold and dreary season, "the dead of winter," a comfortable potation strengthens the heart of the healthy and cheers the spirits of the feeble. This is a book of good intent and purpose, and therefore in its columns will be found occasional directions for compounding agreeable drinks,—a few extracted from manuscript memoranda, and others from publications which are not usually in the collections of notable house-keepers, to whom, however, it is presumed hints of this sort will be acceptable. And, to begin, resort is now made to "Oxford Night Caps,—a collection of receipts for making various beverages used in the university."† From this university tract we are acquainted with the method of making

*Egg-posset, alias Egg-flip,*

otherwise, in college language, "rum booze."—Beat up well the yolks of eight eggs, with refined sugar pulverized, and a nutmeg grated. Then extract the juice from the rind of a lemon, by rubbing loaf sugar upon it, and put the sugar, with a piece of cinnamon and a bottle of wine, into a saucepan; place it on the fire, and, when it boils, take it off; then add a single glass of cold white wine; put the liquor into a spouted jug, and pour it gradually among the yolks of eggs, &c.

<sup>a</sup> Antiq. Rep. ii. 144.

† Published in Oxford, by Mr. Slatter, and in London, by Messrs Longman, and Co 42 pages, royal 18mo.

All must be kept well stirred with a spoon, while the liquor is pouring in. If it be not sweet enough, add loaf sugar; and, lastly, pour the mixture as swiftly as possible from one vessel to another, until it yields a fine froth. Half-a-pint of rum is sometimes added, but it is then very intoxicating, and consequently pernicious. Port wine is sometimes used instead of white, but is not generally so palatable. This beverage should be drank about bed-time, out of wine glasses, and while it is quite hot.—Observe, that if the wine be poured boiling hot among the eggs, the mixture will curdle, and the posset be spoiled.

*Rum Fustian*

is a "night-cap" made precisely in the same way as the preceding, with the yolks of twelve eggs, a quart of strong home-brewed beer, a bottle of white wine, half-a-pint of gin, a grated nutmeg, the juice from the peel of a lemon, a small quantity of cinnamon, and sugar sufficient to sweeten it.

*Beer Flip.*

This "night-cap" is prepared in the same way, and with the same materials, as "egg-flip," excepting that a quart of strong home-brewed beer is substituted for the wine; a glass of gin is sometimes added, but it is better omitted. In the university this beverage is frequently given to servants at Christmas, and other high festivals, during winter.

The idle fellow is an animal who thinks nothing, acts nothing, and knows nothing; who like Solomon's fool hates instruction, and has no delight in understanding; who eats only to live, and lives for nothing but to die, which may happen some time or other, he neither concerns himself how nor when. He rises in the morning with no other prospect or design but of going to bed at night; has neither wish nor desire, hope nor fear, envy nor love, passion nor affection, but to the weightier affair of—doing nothing.<sup>a</sup>

	h. m.
January 9.—Day breaks . . .	5 56
Sun rises . . .	7 59
— sets . . .	4 1
Twilight ends . . .	6 4

The redbreast sings.

<sup>a</sup> De Foe, Wilson's Life, iii, 116.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

The beautiful and brave little Robin, whistler of the choir of song-birds, advances first, and alone, to give the earliest greeting to the new year, with notes clear and brilliant as his eyes—bold and abrupt as his resolute hoppings and determined stand. He might be called the winter nightingale, only that he never sings after the bright twilight.

From a comfortable room, at this dead season, it is delicious to look out upon a Robin, as he perches on a near tree, among "naked shoots, barren as lances," jerking his sweet tones upon the stillness. In a walk before the grey of evening it is a still higher gratification to find him "far from the haunts of care-worn men," upon a slender spray of some high bank, seemingly unconscious of other living things; pouring upon the dreariness of the dell short liquid carols, with long intervals between; converting the frozen waste and frowning steep into a solemn place of devotion:—winning the child-like passenger to contemplation and thanksgiving—

"And now another day is gone  
I'll sing my Maker's praise."

In infancy the Robin was our favorite and familiar, and through life every remembrance of him is pleasurable. Some of our recollections of him are historical. We had in our hands, before we knew how to use a book, the fabled "Death and Funeral of Cock Robin," and learned it by heart before we could read. Then followed the important ballad story, "The Children in the Wood;" showing—how their parents died, and left them to the care of a cruel uncle, who hired two ruffians to slay them in a wood—how the ruffians quarrelled and fought "about the children's life"—how "he that was of mildest mood" slew the other, and then led them further into the wood and left them, saying, he would bring them food when he came back—and how

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and down  
But never more they saw the man  
Approaching from the town;  
Their pretty lips with black-berries  
Were all besmeared and dy'd,  
And, when they saw the darksome night,  
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,  
Till death did end their grief;  
In one another's arms they died,  
As babes wanting relief:  
No burial these pretty babes  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin-red-breast painfully,  
Did cover them with leaves.

No one that knew this ditty in childhood can forget the vernal burial of the infants by "Robin-red-breast."

Whatever affection we may have for the old common brown paper "garland" of "The Children in the Wood," with a rude cut of the ruffians in doublets and trunk-hose, fighting in the wood, we must infallibly be delighted with the appearance of this story of infancy in the recent edition. It is more richly embellished than any other "trivial fond record." Its engravings are executed in a masterly manner by Branston and Wright, and other first-rate artists, from delicious drawings by Mr. Harvey. It is the most charming, and must inevitably be the most popular little publication which an indulgent press has yielded to the constant coaxing of lovers of elegant decoration. There is a vignette which might be coveted for a place in this column:—a lone Robin, upon the lowest branch of a leafless oak, in a snowy solitude, keeping company with silence.

January 10.

1645. At the age of seventy-one, William Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, was beheaded on Tower-hill, four years before Charles I. met the same fate at Whitehall. The circumstances which led to the archbishop's death are related by the writers of our national history, upon the authority of impartial annalists, and collectors of facts relating to the troublesome times in which he lived and died. Hume sums up his character impartially, and adds, "It is to be regretted that a man of such spirit, who conducted his enterprises with so much warmth and industry, had not entertained more enlarged views, and embraced principles more favorable to the general happiness of society." He acquired, says Hume, so great an ascendancy over Charles as to lead him, by the facility of his temper, into a conduct which proved fatal to that prince and to his kingdom.



A FOOL-DWARF, MOCKING.

This is another dwarf from Wierix's Bible, 1594. The figure occurs in a design illustrating a passage in the parable of the Prodigal Son, who "took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."<sup>9</sup> The original engraving, by C. de Malery, represents the Prodigal running away from a woman who beats him down the steps of a tavern with her shoes, and is assisted in the assault by two men. A dog upon the steps barks at the flying spendthrift, and the dwarfish fool drops his bauble to mock him, which he effects by placing the thumb of his left hand at the end of his nose, the tip of the little finger of the same hand on the top of his right thumb, and spreading out the fingers of both hands, forfex-like, to their utmost extent. Here, then, we see a print, executed two centuries and a half ago, exhibiting a ludicrous practice of that period, which suddenly arose as a novelty within the last twenty years among the boys of the metropolis.

In this respect alone the print is curious; but it is further remarkable as exemplifying the fact, that formerly fools were kept at taverns to amuse the customers, before whom they exhibited with a Jews-harp and joint-stool, and sometimes sang in the Italian manner. Respecting tavern-fools, and every other class of fools, Mr. Douce affords the

largest information in his "Illustration of Shakspeare, and of ancient manner, 1807," 2 vols. 8vo; which is becoming a work of rarity, and is to a literary antiquarian, an indispensable acquisition.

LAUD AND PRYNNE.

There was a memorable prosecution in the star chamber, in which Laud bore a part, against a book called "Histriomastix, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedie," written by William Prynne, professedly against the stage plays, interludes, music, dancing, hunting, Christmas-keeping, May-poles, festivals, and bonfires, but in which he blamed the hierarchy, and reviled the ceremonies and superstitious innovations introduced by Laud into the public worship. The church music he affirmed not to be the noise of men, but a bleating of brute beasts; "choristers bellow the tenor, as it were oxen; bark a counterpart, as it were a kennel of dogs; roar out a treble, as it were a sort of bulls; and grunt out a base, as it were a number of hogs:" and yet this book appeared in the age of licensing, with the licenser's imprimatur. How this happened is not very clear. It appears, from the proceedings in the star chamber, that the book was seven years in writing, and almost four in passing through the press. It is a closely printed quarto volume, of nearly 1100 pages; though, originally, it consisted of only a

<sup>9</sup> Luke xv. 13.

quire of paper, which Prynne took to Dr. Goode, a licenser, who deposed on the trial that he refused to sanction it. It seems that, about a year afterwards, when it had probably increased in size, Prynne applied to another licenser, Dr. Harris, who also refused the allowance sought, and deposed that "this man did deliver this book when it was young and tender, and would have had it then printed; but it was since grown seven times bigger, and seven times worse." Disappointed by two licensers, but not despairing, Prynne resorted to a third licenser, one Buckner, chaplain to archbishop Abbot, Laud's predecessor in the see of Canterbury. Buckner was either tampered with, or so confused by the multifariousness of the contents, and the tedious progress in the printing of the enormous volume, that his vigilance slackened, and he deposed that he only licensed part of it. Be that as it may, the work came out with the license of the archbishop's chaplain prefixed, and involved the author, and all that were concerned in it, in a fearful prosecution in the court of the star chamber. Prynne was a barrister: he was condemned to be disbarred, to be pilloried in Westminster and Chiepside, to have an ear cut off at each place, to pay a fine of £5000 to the king, and to be imprisoned for life.

The sentence was carried into effect, but in vain. Prynne again libelled the prelate; was again tried, and again sentenced; and the judge, perceiving that fragments of his ears still remained, ordered them to be unmercifully cut off, and further condemned him to be burnt in the cheek, enormously fined, and imprisoned in a distant solitude. At the place of punishment, in palace-yard, Westminster, Prynne steadily ascended the scaffold, and calmly invited the executioner to do his office, saying, "Come friend; come, burn me! cut me! I fear not! I have learned to fear the fire of hell, and not what man can do unto me. Comc; scar me! scar me!" The executioner had been urged not to spare his victim, and he proceeded to extraordinary severity, by cruelly heating his branding iron twice, and cutting the remainder of one of Prynne's ears so close as to take away a piece of the cheek; while his victim stirred not under the torture, but, when it was finished, smiled, and exclaimed, "The more I am beaten down, the more I am lifted up." At the conclusion of

this punishment, Prynne was taken to the tower, by water, and, on his passage in the boat, composed the following Latin verses on the two letters S. L., which had been branded on his cheek, to signify Schismatical Libeller, but which he chose to translate "Stigmata Laudes," the stigmas of his enemy, archbishop Laud—

*"Stigmata maxillis referens insignia Læssis  
Exultans remeo, victima grata Deo."*

A signal triumph awaited Prynne, and a reverse as signal befel Laud. In less than three weeks after the long parliament had commenced its sitting, Prynne entered London from his imprisonment at Mount Orgueil, amidst the acclamations of the people; his sentence was reversed, and in another month Laud was committed to the Tower, by the parliament, where he kept a diary, in which a remarkable searching of his person by Prynne, as a parliamentary commissioner, is recorded by the archbishop in these words:—

"Mr. Prynne came into the Tower as soon as the gates were open—commanded the warder to open my door—he came into my chamber, and found me in bed—Mr. Prynne, seeing me safe in bed, falls first to my pockets, to rifle them—it was expressed in the warrant that he should search my pockets—I arose, got my gown upon my shoulders, and he held me in the search till past nine in the morning. He took from me twenty-one bundles of papers which I had prepared for my defence, &c., a little book or diary, containing all the occurrences of my life, and my book of private devotions; both written with my own hand. Nor could I get him to leave this last; he must needs see what passed between God and me. The last place he rifled was a trunk which stood by my bed-side; in that he found nothing but about forty pounds in money, for my necessary expenses, which he meddled not with, and a bundle of some gloves. This bundle he was so careful to open, as that he caused each glove to be looked into: upon this, I tendered him one pair of the gloves, which he refusing, I told him he might take them, and fear no bribe; for he had already done me all the mischief he could, and I asked no favor of him; so he thanked me, took the gloves, and bound up my papers and went his way."

Laud was brought to the block, and Prynne in his writings, and in parliament, consistently resisted oppression from

whatever quarter it proceeded. A little time before the execution of Charles I. he defended in the house of commons the king's concessions to parliament as sufficient grounds for peace. His speech was a complete narrative of all the transactions between the king, the houses, and the army, from the beginning of the parliament: its delivery kept the house so long together that the debates lasted from Monday morning till Tuesday morning. He was representative for Bath, and had the honor to be one of the excluded members. On the 21st of February, 1660, he was allowed to resume his seat. While making his way through the hall, wearing an old basket-hilt sword, he was received with shouts. The house passed an ordinance on the 1st of March for calling a new Parliament, and the next day, when it was discussed in whose name the new writs should run, Prynne openly answered "in king Charles's." This from any other man had been hazardous even at that time; but he was neither a temporizer of his opinions, nor a dissembler of his wishes.

In writing upon a subject Prynne never quitted it till he had cited every author he could produce to favor his views, and his great learning and laborious researches were amazing. His "*Histriomastix*" refers to more than a thousand different authors, and he quotes a hundred writers to fortify his treatise on the "Unloveliness of Love Locks." In the first-mentioned work he marshalled them, as he says, into "squadrons of authorities." Having gone through "three squadrons," he commences a fresh chapter thus: "The fourth squadron of authorities is the venerable troop of 70 several renowned ancient fathers;" and he throws in more than he promises, quoting the volume and page of each. Lord Cottington, one of his judges in the Star Chamber, astounded by the army of authorities in that mighty volume, affirmed that Prynne did not write the book alone—"he either assisted the devil, or was assisted by the devil." Mr. Secretary Cooke judiciously said "By this vast book of Mr. Prynne's, it appeareth that he hath read more than he hath studied, and studied more than he hath considered." Milton speaks of Prynne as having had "his wits lying ever beside him in the margin, to be ever beside his wits in the text."

Readers of Prynne's works will incline to the judgment of Milton, whose Satan "floating many a rood" was not more awful than the embattled host of authors

with which Prynne chokes the margins of his multitudinous tracts.

Prynne's works amount to nearly two hundred in number, and form forty enormous, closely printed, volumes in quarto and folio. It is probable that there is not so complete a set in existence as that which he gave to Lincoln's Inn library.

Sir William Blackstone diligently collected Prynne's pieces, but was unable to complete the series. While Prynne stood in the pillory, enduring the loss of his ears at Westminster and Cheapside, "his volumes were burnt under his nose, which almost suffocated him." Yet who can doubt that the fumigation from such a burning was a reviving savor to Prynne's spirits under the suffering, and a stimulant to further and similar purposes and endurance?

Prynne was a man of great knowledge and little wisdom: he had vast erudition without the tact of good sense. He stood insulated from all parties, ridiculed by his friends and execrated by his enemies. He was facetiously called "William the Conqueror," and this he merited, by his inflexible and invincible nature. His activity in public life, and the independence of his character, were unvarying. He had endured prosecutions under every power at the head of affairs, and suffered ten imprisonments. In admiration of his earnest honesty, his copious learning, and the public persecutions so unmercifully inflicted upon him, Charles II. dignified him with the title of "the Cato of the Age." At the restoration it became difficult to dispose of "busie Mr. Prin," as Whitelocke called him. The court wished to devise something for him "purposely to employ his head from scribbling against the state and the bishops;" and, to weary out his restless vigor, they put him to clear the Augean stable of our national antiquities.

The veteran desired to be one of the barons of the Exchequer, for which he was more than qualified; but he was made keeper of the Records in the Tower, where "he rioted in leafy folios and proved himself to be one of the greatest paper-worms which ever crept into old books and musty records."

In this fortress of the Tower Prynne achieved an herculean labor, well known to the historical antiquary by the name of "Prynne's Records," in three folio volumes. The second volume of this sur-



THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 11.

prising monument of his great learning and indefatigable research was printed in 1665: the first appeared, afterwards, in 1666, and the third in 1670. Most of the copies of the first two volumes of this great and invaluable work were burnt by the fire of London in 1666: it is said that of the first volume only twenty-three copies were saved. A set of the 3 volumes complete is exceedingly rare, and worth ninety or a hundred guineas.

A catalogue of Prynne's works, and particulars concerning himself, are in Wood's "Athens Oxoniensis." An account of him is in the late Mr. Hargrave's preface to his edition of Hale on Parliaments. Prynne's ardor in writing was intense. Wood says "his custom was to put on a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light; and seldom eating a dinner, he would every three hours or more be munching a roll of bread, and refresh his exhausted spirits with ale." He was born in 1606 and died in 1669; and, supposing that he commenced authorship in arriving at man's estate, he is computed to have written a sheet a day\*.

	h. m.
January 10.—Day breaks . . .	5 55
Sun rises . . .	7 57
— sets . . .	4 3
Twilight ends . . .	6 5
Linnets congregate.	

**January 11.**

1753 Sir Hans Sloane, a celebrated physician and botanist, died at the age of 93. He was a native of Killileagh in the county of Down, Ireland. After he had been elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and admitted a member of the College of physicians, he embarked in 1687 for Jamaica, as physician to the duke of Albemarle, and returned with eight hundred unknown plants, and a proportional number of new specimens of the animal kingdom. These he collected in so short a time that his French eulogist says he seemed to have converted minutes into hours. He was the first learned man whom science had tempted from England to that distant quarter of the globe. On returning

in May 1689, and, settling in London, he became eminent in his profession, and in 1694 was elected physician to Christ's Hospital, which office he filled till, compelled by infirmity, he resigned it in 1730. In 1693 he was elected secretary to the Royal Society, and revived the publication of the "Philosophical Transactions," which had been discontinued from 1687. He was succeeded in this office by Dr. Halley in 1712, about which time he actively promoted a "Dispensary" for the poor, which was at length established, and ridiculed by Dr. Garth in a once celebrated satire bearing that title. In 1702 Sloane was incorporated doctor of physic at Oxford, and became an associated member of several Academies on the continent. In 1708, during a war with France, he was elected member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, as a compliment of high distinction to his eminent science. Queen Anne frequently consulted him; he attended her in her last illness, and on the accession of George I. he was created baronet, which was the first hereditary honor conferred in England on a physician. He also received the appointment of physician general to the army, which he held till 1727, when he was made physician to George II., and, being honored with the confidence of Queen Caroline, prescribed for the royal family till his death. In 1719 he was elected president of the Royal College of Physicians, and on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, in 1727, was chosen president of the Royal Society. While presiding over these, the two most illustrious scientific bodies of the kingdom, he learnedly and liberally promoted the objects of each.

Sir Hans Sloane had begun early in life to form a museum, and he spared no expense in continually storing it with the rarest and most remarkable specimens in botany and other departments of natural history, and with useful and curious works of art and science. These acquirements, with an excellent library, and the collections he made during his short voyage to the West Indies, enabled him to publish his Natural History of Madeira, Barbadoes, and other West India Islands, with an account of his voyage, in two folio volumes, which was productive of great benefit to science, and excited emulation to similar pursuits both in England and abroad. From a catalogue in this work, it appears that his library and museum, in 1725, contained more than 26,200 sub-

\* Huns. Calamities of Authors. Granger. Seward. Popya.

jects of natural history, exclusive of 200 volumes of preserved plants; the year before his death, they amounted to upwards of 36,600.

In May, 1741, Sir Hans Sloane resigned all his public offices and employments and retired to his mansion at Chelsea, which manor he had bought in 1712. Thither he removed his museum, and there he received, as he had in London, the visits of the royal family and persons of rank, learned foreigners, and distinguished literary and scientific men; nor did he refuse admittance or advice to either rich or poor, who went to consult him respecting their health. At ninety he rapidly decayed, and expired at the age of ninety-two, after an illness of only three days.

Sir Hans Sloane's manners were courteous, his disposition was kind, his benevolence to the poor and distressed abundant: He was a governor of almost every hospital in London; to each of them he gave £100 in his lifetime and bequeathed more considerable sums by will. He zealously promoted the colonization of Georgia in 1732, and in 1739 formed the plan of bringing up the children in the Foundling Hospital. In 1721 he gave freehold ground of nearly four acres at Chelsea, on which the botanical garden stood, to the company of Apothecaries.

With a natural anxiety that his museum might not be dispersed, Sir Hans Sloane bequeathed it to the public on condition that £20,000 should be paid by parliament to his family, and in 1753 an act was passed for the purchase of his collections and of the Harleian collection of MSS., and for procuring a general depository for their reception with the Cottonian collection, and other public property of a similar kind. The duke of Montague's mansion in Bloomsbury was bought for the purpose, and in 1759 these collections, having been brought together and arranged, were opened to the public under certain regulations as the British Museum, which since then has been increased by parliamentary grants for purchases, and a multitude of donations and bequests of a like kind. Within a few years restrictions that were vexatious have been relaxed, additions made to the buildings, and further improvements and alterations are now in progress.

The following pleasantry on Sir Hans Sloane's ardor in collecting is in a printed tract entitled.

"An epistolary letter from T—H—to Sir H—S—, who saved his life, and desired him to send over all the curiosities he could find in his Travels."\*

*An Epistolary Letter, &c.*

Since you, dear doctor, saved my life,  
To bless by turns and plague my wife,  
In conscience I'm obliged to do  
Whatever is enjoined by you.  
According then to your command,  
That I should search the western land,  
For curious things of every kind,  
And send you all that I could find;  
I've ravaged air, earth, seas, and caverns,  
Men, women, children, towns, and taverns,  
And greater rarities can show  
Than Gresham's children ever knew;  
Which carrier Dick shall bring you down  
Next time his waggon comes to town.

I've got three drops of the same shower  
Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour,  
From Carthage brought: the sword I'll send  
Which brought queen Dido to her end.  
The stone whereby Goliath died,  
Which cures the headach when applied  
A whetstone, worn exceeding small,  
Time used to whet his scythe withall  
St Dunstan's tongs, which story shows  
Did pinch the Devil by the nose  
The very shaft, as all may see,  
Which Cupid shot at Anthony.  
And what above the rest I prize  
A glance from Cleopatra's eyes.  
I've got a ray of Phoebus' shine,  
Found in the bottom of a mine.  
A lawyer's conscience, large, and fair,  
Fit for a judge himself to wear.  
In a thumb vial you shall see,  
Close cork'd, some drops of honesty;  
Which after searching kingdoms round  
At last were in a cottage found.  
An antidote, if such there be,  
Against the charm of flattery.  
I ha'n't collected any Case,  
Of that there's plenty every where;  
But, after wond'rous labor spent,  
I've got one grain of rich Content.  
It is my wish, it is my glory,  
To furnish your Nicknackatory.  
I only wish, whene'er you show'em,  
You'll tell your friends to whom you owe'em,  
Which may your other patients teach  
To do as has done Yours,

T. H.

	h.	m.
January 11.—Day breaks . . .	5	54
Sun rises . . .	7	56
— sets . . .	4	4
Twilight ends. . .	6	6

The farmer may now look for lambs.

\* London, 1720, fche.

**January 12.**

COLD.

The greatest cold in our climate is towards the middle of January; and, from observations made by Mr. Howard with a thermometer near London, during twenty successive years, from 1797 to 1816, the 12th of January seems to be the coldest day of the year. The mean temperature of the day for that period was 34° 45'.

Ladies, if they please, may exercise and warm themselves in cold weather. In the reign of Henry III. (from 1216 to 1272) lady Joan Berkeley "in her elder years used to saw billets and sticks in her chamber for a part of physick, for which purpose she bought certain fine hand-saws." Taylor, the water poet, in the reign of Charles I., says "Now all their exercise is privately to saw billets."

The saw was in use very early. The Greeks ascribed the invention of it to Dædalus, or his pupil Talus, but it is more ancient, for it is figured upon the obelisks of Egypt.\* It is a tradition that the prophet Isaiah suffered martyrdom by the saw. The ancient book entitled "The Ascension of Isaiah the Prophet" accords with this tradition. It says, "Then they seized and sawed Isaiah the son of Amos with a wooden saw. And Manassch, Melakira, the false prophets, the princes, and the people, all stood looking on. But he said to the prophets who were with him before he was sawn, go ye to the country of Tyre and Sidon; for the Lord has mixed the cup for me alone. Neither while they were sawing him did he cry out nor weep; but he continued addressing himself to the Holy Spirit, until he was sawn asunder."

The book called the "Ascension of Isaiah" had been known to exist in former ages, but had disappeared after the fifth century, until Dr. Richard Laurence, Regius professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and since archbishop of Cashel, accidentally met with an Æthiopic MS. at the shop of J. Smith, a bookseller in Whitehorse Yard, Drury Lane, which proved to be this apocryphal book. Dr. Laurence printed the Ethiopic text with a

\* Fosbroke's British Monachism 324.

Latin translation, and another in English, and an Appendix of general remarks.\* This discovery in our own times, and in a small bookseller's shop, of a work which had been lost to the learned upwards of a thousand years, is so remarkable, that mention of it in this place may perhaps be excused.

	h. m.
January 12.—Day breaks . . .	5 53
Sun rises . . .	7 55
— sets . . .	4 5
Twilight ends . . .	6 7

The blackbird sings.

**January 13.**

MARRYING DAY.

POWD. an Almanac for 1678—amplified with "many good things both for pleasure and profit"—inserts the following notice as belonging to these pleasurable and profitable things:—

*"Times prohibiting Marriage.*

"Marriage comes in on the 13th day of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday; at which time it comes in again, and goes not out until Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday, from whence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday; but then it goes out and comes not in again till the 13th day of January next following."

*Wedding Rings, and the Ring Finger.*

The wedding ring is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was anciently believed that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart. Wheatley, on the authority of old missals, calls it a vein. "It is," he says, "because from thence there proceeds a particular vein to the heart. This indeed," he adds, "is now contradicted by experience: but several eminent authors, as well gentiles as Christians, as well physicians as divines, were formerly of this opinion, and therefore they thought this finger the properest to bear this pledge of love, that from thence it might be conveyed as it were to the heart.

\* Ascensio Isaiæ vatis, opusculum pseud epigraphum, &c., et cum versione Latina Anglicanâque publici juris factum a Ricardo Laurence, LL. D., &c., Oxon. 1819.8vo

Levinus Lemnius, speaking of the ring-finger, says, that "a small branch of the artery and not of the nerves, as Gellius thought, is stretched forth from the heart unto this finger, the motion whereof you may perceive evidently in all that affects the heart in women, by the touch of your fore finger. I used to raise such as are fallen in a swoon by pinching this joint, and by rubbing the ring of gold with a little saffron; for, by this, a restoring force that is in it passeth to the heart, and refresheth the fountain of life, unto which this finger is joined. Wherefore antiquity thought fit to compass it about with gold."

According also to the same author, this finger was called "Medicus;" for, on account of the virtue it was presumed to derive from the heart, "the old physicians would mingle their medicaments and potions with this finger, because no venom can stick upon the very outmost part of it, but it will offend a man, and communicate itself to his heart."

To a question, "Why is it that the person to be married is enjoined to put a ring upon the fourth finger of his spouse's left hand?" it is answered, "there is nothing more in this than that the custom was handed down to the present age from the practice of our ancestors, who found the left hand more convenient for such ornaments than the right, because it is less employed. For the same reason they chose the fourth finger, which is not only less used than either of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises, having this one peculiar quality, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, while the rest may be singly stretched to their full length and straightness."

Some married women are so superstitiously rigid, in their notions concerning their wedding ring, that neither when they wash their hands, nor at any other time, will they take it off their finger; extending, it should seem, the expression of "till death us do part," even to this golden circlet, the token and pledge of matrimony.

There is an old proverb on wedding rings, which has no doubt been many a time quoted for the purpose of encouraging and hastening the consent of a diffident or timorous mistress:—

"As your Wedding Ring wears,  
Your cares will wear away."

Formerly rings were given away at weddings. Anthony Wood relates of Edward Kelly, a "famous philosopher" in Queen Elizabeth's days, that "Kelley, who was openly profuse beyond the modest limits of a sober philosopher, did give away in gold-wire-rings (or rings twisted with three gold-wires), at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, to the value of £4000."

Davison, in his "Poetical Rhapsody," has the following beautiful

SONNET

*Upon sending his Mistress a Gold-Ring with this poeie:—*

"PURE and ENDLESS."

If you would know the love which I you bear,  
Compare it to the ring which your fair hand  
Shall make more precious, when you shall it wear:

So my Love's nature you shall understand.  
Is it of metal pure? so you shall prove  
My Love, which ne'er disloyal thought did stain.

Hath it no end? so endless is my Love,  
Unless you it destroy with your disdain.  
Doth it the purer grow the more 'tis tried?  
So doth my love; yet herein they dissent,  
That whereas gold the more 'tis purified

By growing less, doth show some part is spent;  
My love doth grow more pure by your more trying,

And yet increaseth in the purifying.\*

Petrarch, speaking of beautiful pictures, says "If these things that are counterfeited, and shadowed with fading colors, do so much delight thee, cast thine eyes up to him that hath made the originals; who adorned man with senses, his mind with understanding, the heaven with stars, and the earth with flowers; and so compare real with visionary beauties."

	h. m.
January 13.—Day breaks . . .	5 52
Sun rises . . .	7 54
— sets . . .	4 6
Twilight ends . . .	o 8

The wall speedwell flowers.  
The throstle sings.

\* Brand.



THE COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

Manchester, the seat of cotton mills, manufactories, and mechanical and musical science, is a place of great antiquity. It is surrounded by old halls of curious structure, and contains within itself many vestiges that excite peculiar admiration in lovers of literature and ancient remains. By the munificence of one of its merchants, Humphrey Chetham, there exists a Public Library in the full meaning of the term. With merely an incidental mention of the noble collegiate or parish church, and wholly passing by other edifices and institutions, some notices are subjoined of Humphrey Chetham's endowments and of the edifice in which his liberality is still fostered and dispensed.

Thomas West, lord de la Warre, the last male heir of that family, who was first rector of Manchester and then succeeded to the peerage, procured a license in the ninth year of Henry V., 1422, for making the parish church of Manchester collegiate. The college consisted of a warden and eight fellows, of whom two were parish priests, two canons, and four deacons, with two clerks and six choristers. The building of the house cost at that time £5000. The value of twelve lordships was bestowed by the founder on the college and to other pious uses.

About the time of the foundation of the

college was erected the present fabric of Christ Church, which, being the parish church, is now usually called the Old Church, to distinguish it from other churches in the town. It is a fine Gothic structure, ornamented with sculpture on the outside, and contains several chapels belonging to considerable families in the neighbourhood. It is enriched with curious tabernacle work over the stalls, and very grotesque carvings under the foldings of the seats.

The college was dissolved by act of Parliament in the first year of Edward VI., and the land and revenues taken by the king, and by him demised to Edward earl of Derby. Queen Mary afterwards refounded the college, and restored almost all the lands. The house called the college remained in the Derby family until the civil wars, when, with the rest of the property of James earl of Derby, it was sequestered by the parliament. At that time it was greatly dilapidated; some parts were used as private dwellings, others were employed as magazines for powder and arms, and the greater part was devoted to the purposes of a prison. After the restoration it returned once more to the Derby family, and was ultimately destined to its present use.

Humphrey Chetham, by his will dated

16 December, 1651, made provision for the foundation and endowment of an hospital and library in Manchester. The hospital was to maintain and educate forty poor boys to the age of fourteen, when they were to be bound apprentice or otherwise provided for. He directed that they should be elected out of various townships named in the will, and recommended the trustees to purchase the old college for a place of residence for the children, and for the use of the library. For commencing the library he bequeathed £1000 to be expended in books, and gave the residue of his personal estate to augment the collection. The college was accordingly purchased of the celebrated Charlotte de Tremouille countess of Derby, the gallant defender of Lathom house, and in 1665 the trustees were incorporated by charter. In a short time the trustees were enabled to extend the beneficence of the founder to sixty boys, and, since 1780, eighty boys have been supported and educated in this establishment. They are clothed in the same fashion as at the first foundation, in long blue vests with a petticoat of yellow, blue worsted stockings, with a blue cap or bonnet, and linen bands at the neck. The make of this dress is similar to that of the children in Christ's hospital, London.

Humphrey Chetham resided at Clayton Hall near Manchester, and Turton Tower, near Bolton, in Lancashire. He was born on the 10th of July, 1580, realised a large property in trade, and died unmarried on the 12th of October 1653, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. This, and what is related by Dr. Fuller, who places him among his "Worthies," is all, perhaps, that is known of this beneficent man.

Fuller says "Humphrey Chetham, third son of Henry Chetham, of Crompton, gentleman, is thought (on just ground) to descend from Sir Geffery Chetham, of Chetham, a man of much remark in former days, and some old writings in the hands of worshipful persons, not far remote from the place, do evidence as much; but the said Sir Geffery falling, in troublesome times, into the King's displeasure, his family (in effect) was long since ruined. It seems his posterity was unwilling to fly far from their old (though destroyed) nest, and got themselves a handsome habitation at Crompton, hard by, where James, elder brother of this Humphrey, did reside. The younger brethren, George, Humphrey, and Ralph,

betook themselves to the trading of this county, dealing in Manchester commodities, sent up to London; and Humphrey signally improved himself in piety and outward prosperity. He was a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and of the Works of sound Divines; a respector of such Ministers as were accounted truly godly, upright, sober, discreet, and sincere. He was High Sheriffe of this County, 1635, discharging the place with great honor; insomuch that very good gentleman of birth and estate did wear his cloth at the assize, to testify their unfeigned affection to him; and two of the same profession with himself, viz. John Hartly and H. Wrigley, Esquires, have since been Sheriffes of the county. Grudge not, Reader, to go through so long a porch; for I assure thee it leads unto a fair palace! to as great a master-piece of bounty as our age hath afforded. This Mr. Chetham, by his will, bearing date the 16th December, 1651, gave £7000 to buy a fee-simple estate of £420 for ever, for the education of forty poor children, in Manchester, at school, from about six till fourteen years of age, when they are to be bound out apprentices. They must be of poor but honest married parents, not diseased at the time wherein they are chosen, not lame or blind; in regard the town of Manchester hath ample means already (if so employed) for the maintenance of such impotents. Indeed, he intended it for a seminary of religion and ingenuity, where the aforesaid boys were to have diet, lodging, apparel, and instruction. He gave £1000 for books to a library, and £100 to prepare a place for them. He bequeathed £200 to buy books (such as he himself delighted in) for the Churches of Manchester, Bolton, and other Chapels thereabouts. He gave the remainder of his estate (debts and legacies first paid) to the increase of the books in the library—Now, as the loaves in the Gospel multiplied in the breaking, so Mr. Chetham's estate did not shrink, but swelled, in the calling of it in: insomuch that the surplusage is known to be the better part of two thousand pounds. Dying a bachelor, he appointed George Chetham, Esq., citizen and grocer, of London (whereof he was chosen alderman, 1656, and fined for the same) and Edward Chetham, gentleman, executors of his will and testament: "God send us more such men, that we may dazzle the eyes of the Papists with the light of Protestant good works."—And

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 13.

know, reader, I am beholden for my exact information herein, to my worthy friend Mr. Johnson, late preacher of the Temple, and one of the Feoffees appointed by Mr. Chetham, for the uses aforesaid."

Where the college was erected by Thomas West, lord de la Warre, formerly stood the old manor house, called the "Baron's Hall," which for many centuries had been the chief residence of the Gresleys, and De la Warres, lords of the manor of Manchester. More anciently it was the pleasing impregnable site of the summer camp of the Romans, lined with tall impregnable precipices, covered with a fosse enormously deep and broad before, and insulated by three lively currents of water around it. There, where for more than eight successive centuries, the public devotions of the town were regularly offered—where, for more than twenty successive generations, the plain forefathers of the town were regularly reposed in peace—where the bold barons of Manchester spread out the hospitable board, in a rude luxurious magnificence, or displayed the instructive mimicry of war, in a train of military exercises—where the fellows of the college studied silently in their respective apartments, or walked conversing in their common gallery—where the youthful indigent now daily receive the judicious dole of charity, and fold their little hands in gratitude to God—where peaceful students may now peaceably pursue their inquiries—there arose the spreading pavilions of the Romans, and there previously glittered the military ensigns of the Frisians. The site of the college was the site of the Roman prætorium. The old approach to the camp was by a military gateway, and probably with a light bridge of timber across the ditch, drawn up then (as it certainly was in after ages) for the security of the mansion. Hence it acquired the appellation of the hanging bridge, and communicated to the fosse the abbreviated name of the "Hanging Ditch," which still adheres to a street constructed along the course of the fosse, and skirting the cemetery of Christ Church.

Be it remembered, by seekers of street literature who visit Manchester, that at Hanging Ditch lives the celebrated "Swindells," the great Manchester printer of murders, executions, marvelous tales,

ghost stories, ballads, prophecies, Christmas carols, and other wonders and delights, published at suitable seasons, and oftener if need be, by the flying stationers, "at the small price of one halfpenny."

The public library founded at Manchester college by Humphrey Chetham is the great attraction in Manchester to a bookish man. It is the only library in the kingdom in which every person has the liberty of unlicensed reading. It is open to the public daily, from nine in the morning till one, and from two till five in the afternoon; except in the interval from October to Easter, when it is closed at four o'clock. Any one that chooses, whether resident or not, on going to Chetham's library, and requiring to read, is requested by the sub-librarian to write his name and address in a book kept for that purpose, and, having done this, he is at liberty to read on that and every other day, in a room provided with requisites for writing. In 1791 a catalogue of the collection of books and MSS. was printed in two octavo volumes, and in 1826 a third volume containing subsequent additions. Several of the MSS. are exceedingly curious; the printed books are, in general, the best works in history, philosophy, and science, with good editions of the classics. The liberality which has provided, and thrown open to unrestricted use, so vast a library, is without example

In a gallery, which leads to the library, there is a collection of what formerly were deemed "curiosities." This is shown and described to visitors who desire it for a trifling acknowledgment. The boys of the college are exhibitors in turn, and, except perhaps to natives of Lancashire, the show-boy is the greatest curiosity. With a loud voice, and in a dialect and intonation so peculiar as to be indescribable, the boy directs the attention of the rustic and genteel alike, to the objects he exhibits. Happily, of what he says there exists a report, which, however seemingly ludicrous, is literally faithful.

As soon as the show-boy enters the gallery of curiosities, he points at the articles, and describes them as follows:—

"That's th' Skeleton of a Man—that's a Globe—that's a Telescope—that's a Snake—over th' snake's back's two Watch Bills—those are four ancient

Swords—that with a white haft wunst belonged to General Wolfe—that's th' Whip that th' Snake was kilt with—that topmost's a Crocodile—that bottomost's an Alligator—that boot wunst belonged to Queen Elizabeth—that's an Indian Pouch—that's an ancient Stiletto—that's part of Humphrey Cheetham's Armour—that with th' white face is a Monkey—under th' monkey's a green Lizard—side o' th' monkey's a Porpus's Skull—under th' porpus's skull's an Alligator—under th' alligator's a Turtle—those Bows and Arrows belonged to the Indians—that's a Porpus's Head—those are various kinds of Adders, Worms, Snakes, Fishes, and venomous creatures—that Albine Piece was taken from th' dead body of a Frenchman that was killed at th' Battle of Waterloo, that was fought i' th' year eighteen hundred and fifteen—those are a pair of Eagle's Claws—that Arrow belonged to one o' th' legions that fought under th' Duke of Richmond, at the battle of Bosworth Field, in th' year 1485, when King Richard the Third, king of England, was slain—those Arrows wunst belonged to Robin Hood—that's a Sea Hen—that's a Sea Weed—that's a Unicorn Fish—that's part of an Indian's Skull—that's th' top part of it—that's part of Oliver Cromwell's Stone and Tankard—those Balls are took out of a Cow—that's part of a Load Stone—those two Pieces of Wood was Almanacks before printing was found out—that's a Hairy Man—under th' hairy man's a Speaking trumpet—side o' th' speaking trumpet's a Shark's Jaw Bone—that that's leaning 'gainst th' speaking trumpet's Oliver Cromwell's Sword—that's a Leathern Bag—side o' th' leathern bag' two Cokey Nut Shells—side o' the cokey nut shells' a Porpus's Skull—side o' th' porpus's skull's a Pumpkin—side o' th' pumpkin's an American Cat—over th' pumpkin's a Turtle—side o' th' turtle's a Sea Weed—that top one's a Crocodile—under th' crocodile's an Alligator—under th' alligator's a Woman's Clog that was split by a thunder bolt, and how wasn't hurt—side o' th' crocodile's tail's a Sea Hen—side o' th' sea hen's a Laplander's Snow Shoe—*That in a box is th' Skeleton of a Nightingale!*"

At the termination of this account, it is usual for the show-boy to enter the reading-room, with his company, and, to the annoyance of readers, point out, with the same loud showmanlike voice, the por-

traits of Chetham the founder, and certain other worthies of Manchester, long since deceased, not forgetting an old in-laid oak table. In conclusion, he claims attention to the figure of a cock, carved in wood, as the last curiosity, by saying, "This is the Cock that crows when he smells roast beef." Many of the country people are far greater "curiosities" to a hystander, than any in the collection they come to see. They view all with gravity and solemn surprise, and evidently with conviction that they are at length witnessing some of the most wonderful wonders of the world. B

The following ballad, in the Lancashire dialect, contains an account of a holiday trip to see the "curiosities," and is characteristic of the provincial manners.

JOHNNY GREEN'S WEDDING, AND DESCRIPTION OF MANCHESTER COLLEGE.

Neaw lads where ar yo bawn so fast,  
Yo happun ha no yerd whot's past;  
Au gettun wed sin au'r here last,

Just three week sin come Sunday.  
Au ax'd th' owd folk, an aw wur reet,  
So Nan an me agreed tat neet,  
Ot if we could mak both eends meet,  
We'd wed o' Easter Monday.

That morn, as prim as pewter quarts,  
Aw th' wenches coom an browt th' sweet-hearts

Au fund we'r loike to ha three carts,  
'Twur thrunk as Eccles Wakes, mon  
We donn'd eawr tite i' ribbins too,  
One red, one green, and tone wur blue,  
So hey! lads, hey! away we flew,  
Loike a race for th' Ledger stakes, mon.

Reet merrily we drove, full bat,  
An eh! heaw Duke and Dobbin swat;  
Owd Grizzle wur so lawm an fat,

Fro soide to soide hoo jow'd um:  
Deawn Withy-Grove at last we coom,  
An stopt at Seven Stars, by gum,  
An drunk as mich warm ale and rum,  
As'd dreawn o' th' folk i' Owdham.

When th' shot wur paid an drink wur done,  
Up Fennel-Street, to th' church, for fun,  
We donc'd loike morris-dancers dun,  
To th' best of aw meh knowledge:

So th' job wur done i' hoave a crack,  
Boh eh! whot fun to get th' first smack!  
So neaw meh lads 'fore we gun back,  
Says au, we'll look at th' college.

We seed a clock-case, first, good laws!  
Where death stons up wi' great lung claws.  
His legs, and wings, and lantern jaws.

They really look'd quite fearink.  
There's snakes, an watch-bills just loike poikes  
Ot Hunt an aw the reformink toikas  
An thee an me, an Sam o' Moika,  
Onc't took a blanketeerink.



THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 14.

Ph! lorjus days, booth far an woide,  
There's yard's o' books at every stroide,  
Fro' top to bothum, eend an soide,  
Sich plecks there's very few so:  
Au axt him if they wurm fort'aell,  
For Nan loikes readink vastly well,  
Boh th' measter wur eawt, so he couldna tell,  
Or au'd bowt hur Robinson Crusoe.

There's a trumpet speyks and maks a din,  
An a shute o' cloos made o' tin,  
For folk to goo a feightink in,  
Just loike thoos chaps o' Boney's:  
An there's a table carv'd so queer,  
Wi' os mony planks os days i' th' year,  
An crinkum crankums here an there,  
Loike th' cloos press at meh gronney'a.

There's Oliver Crumill's bums an balls,  
An Frenchman's guns, they'd tean i' squalls,  
An swords, os lunk os me, on th' walls,  
An bows an arrows too, mon:  
Au didna moind his fearo words,  
Nor skeletons o' men an birds,  
Boh an fair hate seet o' greyt lung swords  
Sin th' feyght at Peterloo, mon.

We seed a wooden cock loikewise,  
Boh dang it, mon, theas college boys,  
They tell'n a pack o' starink loies,  
Os sure os teaw'r a sinner;  
That cock when it smells roast beef'll crow  
Says he; boh, au said, teaw lies, au know,  
An au con prove it plainly so,  
Au've a peawnd i' meh hat for meh dinner.

Boh th' hairy mon had missed meh thowt,  
An th' clog fair crackt by thunner bowt,  
An th' woman noather lawnt nor nowt,  
Thew ne'er seed th' loike sin t'ur born, m n.  
There's crocodiles, an things indeed  
An colours, mak, shap, size, an breed,  
An if au moot tell ton hoave au seed  
We moot sit an amook till morn, mon.

Then down Lung-Mill-Gate we did steer  
To owd Moike Wilson's goods-shop there,  
To bey eawr Nan a rockink chear,  
An pots, an spoons, an ladies:  
Nan bowt a glass for lookink in,  
A tin Dutch oon for cookink in,  
Au bowt a cheer for smookink in,  
An Nan ar'd proice o' th' cradles.

Then th' fiddler struck up th' honey-moon,  
An off we seet for Owdham soon,  
We made owd Grizzle trot to th' tune,  
Every yard o'th' way, mon.  
At neet oich lad an bonny lass,  
Laws heaw they done'd an drunk thoir glass,  
So tiert wur Nan an I, by th' mass,  
Ot we lay till twelve next day, mon.

It should not be forgotten that in collection at the college there are two clog-almanacs, similar to that which is engraven as a frontispiece to the second vo-

lume of the *Ecry Day Book*, and described in that work.\*

January 14.

MALLARD DAY.

At All-Souls College, Oxford, there is annually on the evening of this day a great merry-making, occasioned by a circumstance related in "*Oxonienis Academia*, or the *Antiquities and Curiosities of the University of Oxford*, by the Rev. John Pcinter," † who says,—

"Another custom is that of celebrating their Mallard-night every year on the 14th of January, in remembrance of a huge mallard or drake, found (as tradition goes) imprisoned in a gutter or drain under ground, and grown to a vast bigness, at the digging for the foundation of the College.

"Now to account for the longevity of this mallard, Mr. Willughby, in his *Ornithology*, tells us (p. 14, speaking of the age of birds) that he was assured by a friend of his, a person of very good credit, that his father kept a goose known to be eighty years of age, and as yet sound and lusty, and like enough to have lived many years longer, had he not been forced to kill her for her mischievousness, worrying and destroying the young geese and goslings.

"And my lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, p. 286, says the goose may pass among the long livers, though his food be commonly grass and such kind of nourishment, especially the wild-geese: whereupon this proverb grew among the Germans: *Magis senex quam Anserivalis*—older than a wild-geese.

"And, if a goose be such a long-lived bird, why not a duck or drake, since I reckon they may be both ranked in the same class, though of a different species as to their size, as a rat and a mouse?

"And, if so, this may help to give credit to our All-Souls mallard. However, this is certain, this mallard is the accidental occasion of a great gaudy once a year, and great mirth, though the commemoration of their founder is the chief occasion. For on this occasion is a ways sung a merry old song."

\* Whitaker. *Aikin. Manchester Guide*  
*Oratorical Guide*, &c.  
† London, 1749, 8vo.

This notice caused "A complete Vindication of the Mallard of All-Souls College, against the injurious suggestions of the Rev. Mr. Pointer:"\* a publication by a pleasant writer, who, with mock gravity, contends that the illustrious mallard had, through a "forged hypothesis," been degraded into a goose. To set this important affair in a true light, he proceeds to say—

"I shall beg leave to transcribe a passage from Thomas Walsingham, a monk of St. Alban's, and regius professor of history in that monastery about the year 1440. This writer is well known among the historians for his *Historia Brevis*, written in Latin, and published both by Camden and archbishop Parker: but the tract I am quoting is in English, and entitled, 'Of wonderful and surprising Eventys,' and, as far as I can find, has never yet been printed. The eighth chapter of his fifth book begins thus:—

"Ryghte wele worthie of note is thilke famous tale of the All-Soulen Mallarde, the whiche, because it bin acted in our daies, and of a suretye vouched unto me, I will in fewe wordys relate.

"Whenas Henrye Chichele, the late renowned archbishope of Cantorberye, had minded to founden a collidge in Oxenforde, for the hele of his soule and the soules of all those who perished in the warres of Fraunce, fighteing valiantlye under our most gracious Henrye the fiftre, moche was he distraughten concerning the place he myghte choose for thilke purpose. Him thinkyth some whylest how he myghte place it withouten the eastern porte of the citie, both for the pleasauntnesse of the meadowes and the clere streamys thereby runninge. Agen him thinkyth odir whylest howe he mote builden it on the northe side for the heful ayre there coming from the fieldes. Nowe while he doubteth thereon he dremt, and behold there appereth unto him one of righte godelye personage, sayinge and adviseing as howe he myghte placen his collidge in the highe strete of the citie, nere unto the chirche of our blessed ladie the Virgine, and in witnesse that it was sowthe, and no vain and deceitful phantasie, wolled him to laye the first stane of the foundation at the corner which turneth towards the Cattys-Strete, where in delvinge he myghte of a suretye finde a

schwoppinge mallarde imprisoned in the sinke or sewere, wele yfattered and almost ybosten. Sure token of the thrivance of his future colllege.

"Moche doubteth he when he awoke on the nature of this vision, whethyr he mote give hede thereto or not. Then advisyth he there with monie docters and learnyd clerkys, who all seyde howe he oughte to maken trial upon it. Then comyth he to Oxenforde, and on a daye fixed, after masse seyde, proceedeth he in solemnee wyse, with spades and pick-axes for the nonce provided, to the place afore spoken of. But long they had not digged ere they herde, as it myghte seme, within the wam of the erthe, horrid strugginges and flutteringes, and anon violent quakinges of the distressyd mallarde. Then Chichele lyfeth up his hondes and seyth Benedicite, &c. &c. Nowe when they broughte him forth, behold the size of his bodie was as that of a bustarde or an ostridge. And moche wonder was thereat; for the lycke had not been seene in this londe, ne in onie odir."

Upon this "historical proof" the vindicator rests the verity of the venerable mallard, and goes on to prove that "Mr. Pointer, by taking the longevity of the mallard for granted, hath endeavoured to establish thereon the hypothesis of the goose in opposition to all truth and testimony, both historical and prophetic." The vindicator further affirms that he is greatly surprised to find "an orthodox clergyman, like Mr. Pointer, abetting errors, and proposing (though obscurely) dangerous innovations." For, he enquires, "would any one but this author have represented so august a ceremony, as the celebration of the mallard, by those vulgar circumstances of eating and drinking, and singing a merry old song?"

However, to conclude al' that can be reasonably said of this commemoration and its origin, and, because this "merry old song" hath not been given by either the alleged asperser or the epouser of the bird of All-Souls, the ballad is extracted and printed below, from a collection well known to Oxonians. It must not however be forgotten that the reverend author of "A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion," which purports to be "A complete supplement to all the accounts of Oxford hitherto published," says, in his preface, "that the Reverend Mr. Pointer, rector of Slapton in Northamptonshire, was but little ac-

\* 3rd Edition, Oxford, 1793, 8vo.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 15.

quainted with our academical annals, is evident, from his supposing the mallard of All-Souls College to be a goose."

THE MERRY OLD SONG OF THE ALL-SOUL'S MALLARD.

Griffin, bustard, turkey, capon,  
Let other hungry mortals gape on ;  
And on the bones their stomach fall hard,  
But let All-Souls' men have their MALLARD.  
Oh ! by the blood of King Edward,  
Oh ! by the blood of King Edward,  
It was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.

The *Romans* once admired a *gander*  
More than they did their chief commander ;  
Because he sav'd, if some don't fool us,  
The place that's called th' *head of Toles*.  
Oh ! by the blood, &c.

The poets feign *Jove* turned a swan,  
But let them prove it if they can ;  
As for our proof 'tis not at all hard,  
For it was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.  
Oh ! by the blood, &c.

Therefore let us sing and dance a galliard,  
To the remembrance of the MALLARD :  
And as the MALLARD dives in pool,  
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in bowl.  
Oh ! by the blood of King Edward,  
Oh ! by the blood of King Edward,  
It was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.

	h.	m.
January 14.—Day breaks . . .	5	51
Sun rises . . .	7	53
— sets . . .	4	7
Twilight ends . . .	6	8

Fieldfares remain very numerous.

January 15.

Queen Elizabeth was crowned at Westminster on the 15th of January 1559, by the bishop of Carlisle, who was the only prelate that could be prevailed upon to perform the ceremony. She was conducted through London amidst the joyful acclamations of the people. In the course of the procession, a boy, who personated Truth, descending from a triumphal arch, presented to her a bible, which she received with gracious deportment, and placed in her bosom ; declaring that it was by far more precious and acceptable than all the costly testimonies which the city had that day given her of their attachment. She acquired a popularity beyond what any of her predecessors or successors could attain.\*

Country-woman's dress in queen Elizabeth's days.

The picture which Dunbar, in "The Freirs of Berwick," has given us of the dress of a rich farmer's wife in Scotland, during the middle of the sixteenth century, will apply, with little difference, to the still wealthier dames of England. He has drawn her in a robe of fine scarlet with a white hood ; a gay purse and gingling keys pendant at her side from a silked belt of silver tissue ; on each finger she wore two rings, and round her waist was a sash of grass-green silk, richly embroidered with silver.

To this rural extravagance in dress, Warner, in "Albion's England," bears equal testimony, through two old gossips cowering over their cottage-fire, and chatting how the world had changed "in their time."

When we were maids (quoth one of them)  
Was no such new-found pride :  
Then wore they shoes of ease, now of  
An inch-broad, corked high.  
Black kersey stockings, worsted now,  
Yea silk of youthful'st dye ;  
Garters of list, but now of silk,  
Some edged deep with gold :  
With costlier toys for coarser turns  
Than used perhaps of old.

Fringed and embroidered petticoats  
Now beg. But heard you named,  
Till now of late, busks, perriwigs,  
Masks, plumes of feathers framed.

Supporters, postura, farthingales,  
Above the loins to wear ;  
That be she ne'er so slender, yet,  
She cross-like seems four-square.

Some wives, gray-headed, shame not locks  
Of youthful borrowed hair :  
Some, tying art, attire their heads  
With only tresses bare :

Some (grosser pride than which, think I,  
No passed age might shame)  
By art, abusing nature, heads  
Of antick't hair do frame.

Once starching lack't the term, because  
Was lacking once the toy,  
And lack't we all these toys and terms,  
It were no grief, but joy.—

Now dwells each drossel in her glass  
When I was young, I wot  
On holy-days (for seldom else  
Such idle times we got)  
A tub or pail of water clear  
Stood us instead of glass.\*

\* Hume.

\* Dr. Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, i. 118.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 16.

	h. m.
<i>January 15.</i> —Day breaks . . .	5 50
Sun rises . . .	7 52
— sets . . .	4 8
Twilight ends . . .	6 10

Birds seek the shelter, food, and protection of the house.

The weather usually very hard.

**January 16.**

**BOTTLE CONJUROR.**

On Monday, the 16th of January, 1749, it was announced by newspaper advertisement that a person, on that evening, at the Theatre Royal, in the Haymarket, would play on a common walking cane the music of every instrument then in use; that he would, on the stage, get into a tavern quart bottle, without equivocation, and, while there, sing several songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle; that if any spectator came masked he would, if requested, declare who they were; that, in a private room, he would produce the representation of any person dead, with whom the party requesting it should converse some minutes, as if alive; that the performance would begin at half-past six; and that a guard would be placed at the doors to preserve order.

This advertisement assembled an immense audience, who waited till seven o'clock, and then, becoming impatient and vociferous, a person came before the curtain, and declared that, if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. Afterwards, a voice behind the curtain cried out that the performer had not arrived, but, if the audience would stay till the next evening, instead of going into a quart bottle, he would get into a pint. A tumult then commenced, by the throwing of a lighted candle from one of the boxes upon the stage. The interior of the theatre was torn down and burnt in the street, and a flag made of the stage curtain was placed on a pole, in the midst of the bonfire. During the riot, the entrance money, which had been secured in a box, according to contract with the proprietor of the house, was carried away. Several persons of high rank were present, and the pickpockets obtained a rich booty. A distinguished general's rich sword was lost, for the recovery of which thirty guineas were offered.

On Wednesday, the 18th, a letter was

addressed to the Morning Advertiser, by the proprietor of the theatre, disavowing connivance with the impostor, and stating that, as

“The performance proposed was so very extraordinary, it was stipulated with the person that hired the house that there should be a receiver of the proprietor's own appointment at the office, and, in case there should be no performance, or any notorious equivocation, that the money should be returned. All which was assented to, and, as the hirer paid the rent, and would necessarily be at other expenses before the opening of the doors,” the proprietor says,—

“I was thereby strongly induced to believe that he intended no real imposition, but that something (of that kind) would be exhibited to the satisfaction of the spectators. All the caution above mentioned was taken, and the money locked up in the office, guarded by persons of reputation, who would have returned it; and publicly, on the stage, told them that if the person did not appear their money should be returned. But, instead of complying with that offer, my house was pulled down, the office broken open, the money taken out, and the servants obliged to fly to save their lives. I hope, therefore, this may be deemed a sufficient justification in my behalf, and all that could be reasonably expected from me; and that those gentlemen who are conscious of having injured me will be so generous as to make me a reasonable satisfaction, considering the damage I have suffered, which, on a moderate computation, will exceed four hundred pounds.

“JOHN POTTER.”

On the same day there appeared in the same paper an advertisement from Mr. Foote, the comedian, whence it appears that he had been accused of having been accessory to the cheat. This, Foote utterly denied, and alleged that on the morning of the expected performance he called on Mr. Lewis, Potter's attorney, and gave him his opinion that a fraud on the public was intended, and therefore advised that the doors should not be opened. Lewis's answer was, that if the man complied with his agreement, the doors must be opened. Foote then recommended him not to suffer, on any pretence, the man, or any of his confederates, to receive a shilling, but appoint a treasurer, in order, if disappointment occurred, the money might be returned.

Potter's letter re-appeared in Thursday's paper, with this "N. B. The person who took the house was a man of genteel appearance; said his name was William Nicholls; and directed letters to be left for him at the Bedford Coffee-house, Covent Garden."

The secret history of the imposture was never discovered to the public, but it was rumored that the affair originated in a wager proposed by a well-known rakish nobleman, which had been accepted, and, to win the bet, he contrived and effected the mischievous trick.

Within a week from the affair of the bottle conjuror, an advertisement proposed to rival his astonishing non-performance, by stating that there had lately arrived from Ethiopia "the most wonderful and surprising Doctor Benimbo Zimmampaango, dentist and body-surgeon to the emperor of Moncömongi," who, among other surprising operations, proposed to perform the following: "He offers any one of the spectators, only to pull out his own eyes, which, as soon as he has done, the doctor will show them to any lady or gentleman then present, to convince them there is no cheat, and then replace them in the sockets as perfect and entire as ever."

	h. m.
January 16.—Day breaks . . .	5 49
Sun rises . . .	7 51
—sets . . .	4 9
Twilight ends . . .	6 11

The dead nettle, or red archangel, flowers, if the weather be mild. Like grousel, it flowers nearly all the year.

### January 17.

#### *A Big Bottle.*

In January, 1751, a globular bottle was blown at Leith, capable of holding two hogsheads. Its dimensions were forty inches by forty-two. This immense vessel was the largest ever produced at any glass work.

	h. m.
January 17.—Day breaks . . .	5 48
Sun rises . . .	7 50
—sets . . .	4 10
Twilight ends . . .	6 12

The garden anemone, or windflower, flowers. It is the red variety which blows thus early. The usual season for the other sorts is April and May.

### January 18.

Samuel Bernard, one of the richest and most celebrated financiers of Europe, died in Paris, the 18th of January 1739, at the age of eighty-eight. He was an elder of the Protestant church of Charenton. By rendering great services to the court, he gained immense sums, and was created count of Coubert and a knight of St. Michel. His funeral procession equalled that of a prince in point of magnificence, and in the train of distinguished attendants.

Bernard was a man of pleasantry. In his expiring moments, Languet, the rector of St. Sulpice, who was indefatigable in obtaining subscriptions for the building of his church, exhorted the dying man to contribute to the structure; "for," said he, "what do not they merit who are able to participate in the edification of the temple of the Lord?" Bernard, endeavouring to turn his head to the rector, said, "Hold up your hand, sir, or I shall see your cards."

The rector Languet was an excellent parish priest, and incessantly devoted to the rebuilding of his church, for which purpose he turned every thing into money, and solicited subscriptions in all quarters. The Jansenists were jealous of his endeavours and his success. On paying his duty to the archbishop of Paris, when the prelate took possession of the archbishopric, the rector was surprised to find that he had been accused of having carried on trade, for which the archbishop severely reprov'd him. Languet denied the charge. "Do not you sell ice?" said the Bishop. "Yes, my Lord: when the workmen I employ in building my church cannot work, in frosty weather, I make them break and pile up the ice, which I sell to furnish them with subsistence in these hard times." "Oh," said the prelate. "I don't understand it in that manner, and you sell a great deal, I find." "Not so much as I should," said the good rector, "if the Jansenists had not spread a report that my ice was warm.\*"

	h. m.
January 18.—Day breaks . . .	5 47
Sun rises . . .	7 58
—sets . . .	4 13
Twilight ends . . .	6 13

The four-toothed moss flowers.

\* *Polyanthes*, ii. 379.



A TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.

Forty years ago, six miles an hour was reckoned fair speed for a stage coach. In France, twenty years before, the travelling-carriage was the waggon-like machine of wicker-work represented in the engraving, which is taken from a view on a high-road, published in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI., who came to the throne in 1774. There is no coach-box to this vehicle; the driver sits leisurely on one of the horses; his passengers, inside and outside, loll leisurely; and his horses drag leisurely. Instead of glasses there are leathern curtains, which unfurl from the top, and furl up, and flap when down, or wholly obscure the light. It is little better, and perhaps it moved only a little quicker, than a common stage-waggon. Our own stage-coaches in the time of George II. were scarcely of superior contrivances.

When M. Sobriere, a French man of letters, came to England, in the reign of Charles II., for the purpose of being introduced to the king, and visiting our most distinguished literary and scientific characters, he proceeded from the place of his landing to the metropolis, by a con-

veyance now used only by poor country-women, and foot-sore trampers. He says,—“That I might not take post, or be obliged to use the stage-coach, I went from Dover to London in a waggon: 1 was drawn by six horses, one before another, and drove by a waggoner, who walked by the side of it. He was clothed in black, and appointed in all things like another St. George; he had a brave mounter on his head, and was a merry fellow, fancied he made a figure, and seemed mightily pleased with himself \*

January 19.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, a scholar and a poet, “a man” esteemed by Sir Walter Raleigh “no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes,” was beheaded on Tower Hill, for high treason, on the 19th of January, 1547.

The Earl of Surrey had served in Flodden Field, in 1513, and held the office of

\* Sobriere’s Voyage to England, 1709. 8vo p. 7.

high admira. of England : in compliment to Henry VIII., he had been made admiral of Spain by the emperor Charles V. He distinguished himself at home and abroad by bravery of arms, courtesy of manners, and literary accomplishments. When Henry, in his latter days, retained the desire without the power of gratification, and remembrance of his great crimes terrified his feeble conscience, he became jealous of his best servants. Surrey, who quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor, by authority of the court of arms, was, on that pretence, suspected of aspiring to the crown, and the king sent him to the scaffold. The decease of the sensual monarch nine days afterwards prevented the death of Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, whose execution had been appointed for the following morning.

Among the "noble authors" of his age, the Earl of Surrey stands pre-eminently first in rank. In his early youth he made the tour of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry, and by the caprice of Henry he was recalled from Italy, where he had engaged in tournament and song for love of a lady, the "fair Geraldine," whose identity has escaped discovery. He returned home the most elegant traveller, the most polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Surrey's sonnets in praise of the lady of his love are intensely impassioned, and polished. English poetry, till refined by Surrey, degenerated into metrical chronicles or tasteless allegories. His love verses equal the best in our language; while in harmony of numbers, perspicuity of expression, and facility of phraseology, they approach so near the productions of our own age, as hardly to be believed the offspring of the reign of Henry VIII. Warton perceives almost the ease and gallantry of Waller in some of the following *tanzas*,—

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

*Wherem he reproveth them that compare their ladies with his.*

Give place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boasts and brags in vain :  
My lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well sayne,  
Than doth the sun the candle light,  
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair :  
For what she saith ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealed were :  
And virtues hath she many more  
Than I with pen have skill to show.  
I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfect mould,  
The like to whom she could not paint.  
With wringing hands how she did cry !  
And what she said, I know it, I.  
I know she swore, with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss, by law of kind,  
That could have gone so near her heart  
And this was chiefly all her pain  
She could not make the like again.\*

	h. m.
January 19.—Day breaks . . .	5 46
Sun rises . . .	7 47
— sets . . .	4 13
Twilight ends . . .	6 14
The gold crest sings.	

January 20.

John Howard, the philanthropist, died at Cherson, in Russia, on the 20th of January, 1790. He was born in 1726, and, devoting his life to active benevolence, made "a circumnavigation of charity," visiting the prisons and lazarettoes of different countries, with a view to mitigate the hardships of the distressed.

As a gratification to the curious, a gentleman obligingly communicates the following

*Original Letter from Mr. Howard.*

*Cologne, August 4, 1770.*

I hope my dear Friend does not think any distance can make me forget the long friendship that has subsisted betwixt us. Little to entertain my friend, yet must tell him what a Rambler I am. When I left London last year for Leghorn I was so ill a-board that I crost into France, and went into Switzerland, so to Turin and the northern part of Italy. As winter travelling so bad in Italy I returned into France and went to Holland, and early in the Spring I sett out and visited the:

\* Another stanza closes this poem. Particulars respecting the Earl of Surrey and his works are in Warton's History of English Poetry, 8vo. iii. 288; Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors by Park, 8vo. i. 255. &c.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 21.

Southern part of France and cross the Apennine mountains, which indeed are very bad, for miles often not above a three foot road, with perpendicular rocks three times as high as St. Paul's, but use, and the surefootedness of the mules, soon wore off any fear. Again into Italy, where I have been all this summer. Should I begin to describe the elegance of their Palaces or Churches, the Statues, or Pictures, my letter would soon be fill'd. A rich fine country, great entertainment to a Traveller; but the Inhabitants lazy, idle, proud, profligate in the highest degree, which gives pain to a thinking mind and rejoices his lott is not cast among them. The Heat was excessive both at Naples, Rome, and Venice. Every body lays down for some hours in the middle of the day. I often observed the profound silence in the streets at Rome at 2, 3, and 4 o'Clock. I was at Venice within this month: the heat beyond any thing felt in England. I have much ado since I have been travelling in Germany to keep my great coat off. I went to Loretto, where so many of our Countrymen went Pilgrimages in the time of darkness, Ignorance, and folly. Should I try to describe to you the Superstition and folly one hears and sees you would I am afraid almost think your friend took the liberty some travellers do—their creeping on their knees round their pretended holy chamber, kissing the dust, making maraculus Cakes of it, which I know are wonderfully wasty. Great reasons to bless God for the Reformation that we ought so highly to value, when we see the idolatry, superstition, and nonsense in the Romish Religion. I enjoy a comfortable state of Health. The miserable shifts I have often been put to, and being alone makes it still a greater happiness. A calm easy flow of spirits, but somewhat fatiguing in this Country. As I have not my own Carriage, which is very expensive, am forced to travel one or two nights together. The roads very bad, the Post Stages always going night and day. I have the pleasure of drawing near to my dear boy and friends, whom indeed I long to see, yet I am not fixt in my returning scheme. May I hope to hear by a letter at the Post House at Rotterdam how you and Mrs. Hamilton do, to whom my best Respects, and tell Her a rambling disposition is not contagious when I come to Her house, where I hope to have the pleasure of drinking a

dish of Tea next Winter. I must conclude with much Esteem, I am Dear Sir Your Affectionate Friend and Relation,  
J. HOWARD.

Fro Bruxelles,  
To Mr. Hamilton,  
Merchant,  
In Cateaton Street,  
London.

*Maxims, by Howard.*

Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others;  
Our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others;  
And even our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor.

	h. m.
January 20.—Day breaks . . .	5 45
Sun rises . . . . .	7 46
sets . . . . .	4 14
Twilight ends . . . . .	6 15
The missel thrush, or mavis, sings.	

January 21.

WINTER.

*Cottage Stories.*

The dame the winter night regales  
With winter's never ceasing tales;  
While in a corner, ill at ease,  
Or crushing 'tween their father's knee,  
The children—silent all the while,  
And e'en repressed the laugh or smile—  
Quake with the ague chills of fear,  
And tremble though they love to hear;  
Starting, while they the tales recall,  
At their own shadows on the wall:  
Till the old clock, that strikes unseen,  
Behind the picture-painted screen,  
Counts over bed-time, hour of rest,  
And bids each be sleep's fearful guest.  
She then her half-told tales will leave  
To finish on to-morrow's eve—  
The children steal away to bed  
And up the staircase softly tread;  
Scarce daring—from their fearful joys—  
To look behind or make a noise;  
Nor speak a word! but, still as sleep,  
They secret to their pillows creep,  
And whisper o'er in terror's way  
The prayers they dare no longer say,  
Then hide their heads beneath the clothes,  
And try in vain to seek repose.

Clara.

A GHOST STORY.

At a town in the west of England a club of twenty-four people assembled



once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. It was a rule that if a member was absent his chair should remain vacant.

One evening at the meeting of the club there was a vacant chair, which had remained empty for several nights. It belonged to a member who was believed to be in a dying state, and inquiries were naturally made after their associate. He lived in the adjoining house. A particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and reported to the club that he could not possibly survive the night. This dismal tidings threw a damp on the company. They took off their glasses without turning lively; they smoked, and still they were gloomy: all efforts to turn the conversation agreeably were ineffectual.

At about midnight, the time when the club was usually most cheerful, a silence prevailed in the room, the door gently opened, and the form, in white, of the dying man, walked into the room, and took a seat in the accustomed chair. There it remained in silence, and in silence was gazed at. His appearance continued a sufficient time in the chair to convince all present of the reality of the vision. But they were in a state of awful astonishment. At length the apparition arose and stalked towards the door, opened it, as if living—went out, and closed the door afterwards.

After a long pause, a member at last had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived."

The company by degrees recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was respecting the object of their alarm. They broke up in a body, and went home.

In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. He had died as nearly as possible about the time of his appearing at the club. There was scarcely room for doubt before, but now there was absolute certainty of the reality of the apparition.

The story spread over the country, and was so well attested as to obtain general belief; for, in this case, the fact was attested by three-and-twenty credible eye-witnesses, all of them living.

Several years had elapsed, and the story had ceased to engage attention, and was almost forgotten, when one of the

club, who was an apothecary, in the course of his practice attended an old woman, who gained her living by nursing sick persons. She was now ill herself, and, finding her end near at hand, she told the apothecary she could leave the world with a good conscience, except for one thing which lay on her mind.—"Do not you remember, sir," she said, "the poor gentleman whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed without my patient. I knew he was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir: but after some time, to my great astonishment, he came back shivering, with his teeth chattering, and laid down on the bed, and died. Considering I had done wrong by leaving him, I kept it a secret that he had left the room; and indeed I did not know what might be done to me. I knew I could explain all the story of the ghost, but I dared not do it. From what had happened I was certain that it was he himself who had been in the club room, perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting. God forgive me for keeping it secret so long!—and, if the poor gentleman's friends forgive me, I shall die in peace."

h. m.

January 21.—Day breaks . . .	5 44
Sun rises . . .	7 45
— sets . . .	4 15
Twilight ends . . .	6 16

The black hellebore fully flowers.

## January 22.

### FAMILY DECAT.

A MS. diary of a resident of the metropolis, purchased among some waste paper at a place "where it is part of the craft of dealing not to tell how they come by what they sell," contains the following entry:—"1772, January 22.—Died in Emanuel hospital, Mrs. Wyndymore, cousin of Mary, queen of William III., as well as of queen Anne. Strange revolution of fortune! that the cousin of two queens should, for fifty years, be supported by charity!"\* Of this lady there does not

\* *Relics of Literature* 304.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 23.

appear to be any printed account. A person of leisure might be interested by inquiring into the real affinity which this female, who died in an alms-house, bore to two sovereigns on the throne of England.

	h.	m.
January 22.—Day breaks . . .	5	43
Sun rises . . .	7	43
— sets . . .	4	17
Twilight ends . . .	6	17

Sun beams to-day formerly betokened something to the credulous, as appears by an obsolete saying, the meaning of which is lost. See *Every-Day Book*, i. 151.

### January 23.

#### THE COUNTRY.

Do you know "Our Village?" It is a book—without exception the most delightful book—of descriptions of the country, and country life, and manners, that can be looked into—and all the better for coming from the pen of a lady. There is in it, under the date of to day, a picture of frost scenery, as true and good as a landscape after rain by Constable: it is an account of a winter morning's walk and of the village carpenter's daughter, a little girl, so charming that she must be introduced—and then to the walk.

#### *The Village Carpenter's Daughter.*

—"Next door lives a carpenter 'famed ten miles round, and worthy all his fame,'—few cabinet-makers surpass him, with his excellent wife, and their little daughter Lizzy, the plaything and queen of the village, a child three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and in self-will. She manages every body in the place, her school-mistress included; turns the wheeler's children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her; seduces cakes and lollipops from the very shop window; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her; does any thing she pleases; is absolutely irresistible. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others. How impossible it would be to disappoint the dear little girl when she runs to meet you, slides her pretty hand into yours, looks up gladly in your face, and says, 'come!' You must go: you

cannot help it. Another part of her charm is her singular beauty. Together with a good deal of the character of Napoleon, she has something of his square, sturdy, upright form, with the finest limbs in the world, a complexion purely English, a round laughing face, sunburnt and rosy, large merry blue eyes, curling brown hair, and a wonderful play of countenance. She has the imperial attitudes too, and loves to stand with her hands behind her, or folded over her bosom; and sometimes, when she has a little touch of shyness, she clasps them together on the top of her head, pressing down her shining curls, and looking so exquisitely pretty! Yes, Lizzy is queen of the village!"

#### FROST.

January 23d.—At noon to-day I and my white greyhound, May-flower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world,—a sort of silent fairy-land,—a creation of that matchless magician the hoar-frost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its colors with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load, and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm; soft, even mild, in spite of the thermometer; no perceptible air, but a stillness that might almost be felt: the sky, rather grey than blue, throwing out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them, and the sun shining dimly as through a veil, giving a pale fair light, like the moon, only brighter. There was a silence, too, that might become the moon, as we stood at our little gate looking up the quiet street; a sabbath-like pause of work and play, rare on a work-day; nothing was audible but the pleasant hum of frost, that low monotonous sound which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to absolute silence. The very waggons, as they come down the hill along the beaten track of crisp yellowish frost-dust, glide along like shadows; even May's bounding footsteps, at her height of glee and of speed, fall like snow upon snow.

But we shall have noise enough presently: May has stopped at Lizzy's door; and Lizzy, as she sat on the window-sill, with her bright rosy face laughing through the casement, has seen her and disappeared. She is coming. No! The key

is turning in the door, and sounds of evil omen issue through the key-hole—sturdy ‘let me outs’, and ‘I will gos’, mixed with shrill cries on May and on me from Lizzy, piercing through a low continuous harangue, of which the prominent parts are apologies, chilblains, sliding, broken bones, lollypops, rods, and gingerbread, from Lizzy’s careful mother. ‘Don’t scratch the door, May! Don’t roar so, my Lizzy! We’ll call for you as we come back.’—‘I’ll go now! Let me out! I will go!’ are the last words of Miss Lizzy. Mem. Not to spoil that child—if I can help it. But I do think her mother might have let the poor little soul walk with us to-day. Nothing worse for children than coddling. Nothing better for chilblains than exercise. Besides, I don’t believe she has any; and, as to breaking her bones in sliding, I don’t suppose there’s a slide on the common. These murmuring cogitations have brought us up the hill, and half-way across the light and airy common, with its bright expanse of snow and its clusters of cottages, whose turf fires send such wreaths of smoke sailing up the air, and diffuse such aromatic fragrance around. And now comes the delightful sound of childish voices, ringing with glee and merriment also from beneath our feet. Ah, Lizzy, your mother was right! They are shouting from that deep irregular pool, all glass now, where, on two long, smooth, liny slides, half a dozen ragged urchins are slipping along in tottering triumph. Half a dozen steps brings us to the bank right above them. May can hardly resist the temptation of joining her friends; for most of the varlets are of her acquaintance, especially the rogue who leads the slide,—he with the brimless hat, whose bronzed complexion and white flaxen hair, reversing the usual lights and shadows of the human countenance, give so strange and foreign a look to his flat and comic features. This hobgoblin, Jack Rapley by name, is May’s great crony; and she stands on the brink of the steep irregular descent, her black eyes fixed full upon him, as if she intended him the favor of jumping on his head. She does; she is down, and upon him: but Jack Rapley is not easily to be knocked off his feet. He saw her coming, and in the moment of her leap sprang dexterously off the slide on the rough ice, steadying himself by the shoulder of the next in the file, which unlucky follower, thus unexpectedly checked in his career, fell plump back-

wards, knocking down the rest of the line like a nest of card-houses. There is no harm done; but there they lie roaring, kicking, sprawling, in every attitude of comic distress, whilst Jack Rapley and Mayflower, sole authors of this calamity, stand apart from the throng, fondling and coquetting, and complimenting each other, and very visibly laughing, May in her black eyes, Jack in his wide close-shut mouth, and his whole monkey-face, at their comrades’ mischances. I think, miss May, you may as well come up again, and leave master Rapley to fight your battles. He’ll get out of the scrape. He is a rustic wit—a sort of Robin Goodfellow—the sauciest, idlest, cleverest, best-natured boy in the parish; always foremost in mischief, and always ready to do a good turn. The sages of our village predict sad things of Jack Rapley, so that I am sometimes a little ashamed to confess, before wise people, that I have a lurking predilection for him (in common with other naughty ones), and that I like to hear him talk to May almost as well as she does. ‘Come May!’ and up she springs, as light as a bird. The road is gay now; carts and post-chaises, and girls in red-cloaks, and, afar off, looking almost like a toy, the coach. It meets us fast and soon. How much happier the walkers look than the riders—especially the frost-bitten gentleman, and the shivering lady with the invisible face, sole passengers of that commodious machine! Hooded, veiled, and bonneted, as she is, one sees from her attitude how miserable she would look uncovered.

Another pond, and another noise of children. More sliding? Oh! no. This is a sport of higher pretension. Our good neighbour, the lieutenant, skating, and his own pretty little boys, and two or three other four-year-old elves, standing on the brink in an ecstasy of joy and wonder! Oh what happy spectators! And what a happy performer! They admiring, he admired, with an ardour and sincerity never excited by all the quadrilles and the spread-eagles of the Seine and the Serpentine. He really skaits well though, and I am glad I came this way; for, with all the father’s feelings sitting gaily at his heart, it must still gratify the pride of skill to have one spectator at that solitary pond who has seen skating before.

Now we have reached the trees—the beautiful trees! never so beautiful as to

day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching over head, and closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch encrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory. How beautiful it is, how uniform, how various, how filling, how satiating to the eye and to the mind!—above all, how melancholy! There is a thrilling awfulness, an intense feeling of simple power in that naked and colorless beauty, which falls on the heart like the thought of death—death pure, and glorious, and smiling,—but still death. Sculpture has always the same effect on my imagination, and painting never. Color is life.—We are now at the end of this magnificent avenue, and at the top of a steep eminence commanding a wide view over four counties—a landscape of snow. A deep lane leads abruptly down the hill; a mere narrow cart-track, sinking between high banks, clothed with fern and furze and low broom, crowned with luxuriant hedgerows, and famous for their summer smell of thyme. How lovely these banks are now!—the tall weeds and the gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar frost, which fringes round the bright prickly holly, the pendant foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oaks! Oh, this is rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, ‘blushing in its natural coral’ through the delicate tracery; still a stray hip or haw for the birds, who abound here always. The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! There is the beautiful and rare crested wren, ‘that shadow of a bird,’ as White of Selborne calls it, perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling as it were amongst the cold bare boughs, seeking, poor pretty thing, for the warmth it will not find. And there, farther on, just under the bank, by the slender runlet, which still trickles between its transparent fantastic margin of thin ice, as if it were a thing of life,—there, with a swift scudding motion, flits, in short low flights, the gorgeous kingfisher, its magnificent plumage of scarlet and blue flashing in the sun, like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hill side,—water which even his long bill and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the fantastic forms of those garland-like icy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath. It is rarely that one sees

the shy beauty so close or so long; and it is pleasant to see him in the grace and beauty of his natural liberty, the only way to look at a bird. We used, before we lived in a street, to fix a little board outside the parlour-window, and cover it with bread-crumbs in the hard weather. It was quite delightful to see the pretty things come and feed, to conquer their shyness, and do away their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, ‘the robin red-breast and the wren,’ cautiously, suspiciously, picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little keen bright eye fixed on the window; then they would stop for two pecks; then stay till they were satisfied. The shyer birds, tamed by their example, came next; and at last one saucy fellow of a blackbird—a sad glutton, he would clear the board in two minutes—used to tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature! And surely he loved us. I wonder the practice is not more general.—‘May! May! naughty May!’ She has frightened away the kingfisher; and now, in her coaxing penitence, she is covering me with snow.—

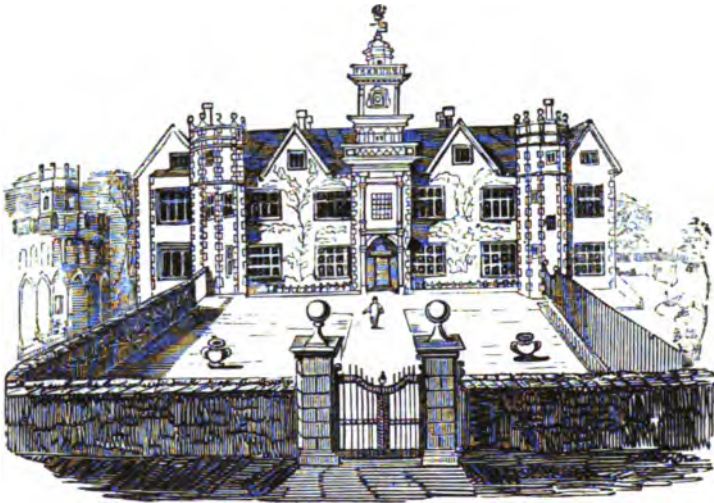
*Humility.*

There was a worthy ecclesiastic, of the name of Bernard, who performed the duty of attending the unhappy persons condemned to the hands of the executioner of Paris.

Father Bernard’s just reputation for benevolence and piety reached Cardinal Richelieu, who sent for him, asked him what he could do for him, told him his exemplary labors entitled him to every attention that could be paid to him, and pressed him to say what he wanted. The good father answered, “I want, my lord, a better tumbrel to conduct my penitents in, to the place of their suffering: that indeed is all I want, and I hope your eminence will gratify me in that respect.” The Cardinal offered him a rich abbey. He refused it.\*

	a.	m.
January 23.—Day breaks	5	41
Sun rises	7	41
—sets	4	19
Twilight ends	6	19
The wren sings.		

\* Our Village, by Miss Mitford, Vol. I. p. 9  
27, &c.  
\* Seward.



BRUCE CASTLE, NEAR TOTTENHAM.

This ancient edifice is about five miles from London, by the way of Stoke Newington, and Stamford Hill. It is in a delightful situation, and has lately attained considerable attention in consequence of its being now occupied as a seminary for an improved method of education, upon the plan of the celebrated "Hazlewood School," near Birmingham.

The castle is said to have been built by earl Waltheof, who, in 1069, married Judith, niece to William the Conqueror, who gave him for her portion the earldoms of Northumberland and Huntingdon. Their only daughter, Matilda, after the death of her first husband, married David I., king of Scotland, and, being heiress of Huntingdon, had, in her own right, as appended to that honor, the manor of Tottenham, in Middlesex. Through her these possessions descended to Robert Bruce, grandson of David, earl of Huntingdon, and brother to William III., king of Scotland. Bruce contended for the throne of Scotland with John Baliol, who was the earl's great grandson by his eldest daughter, and who ultimately was adjudged heir to the crown. Upon this adjudication Robert Bruce retired to England, and settling on his grandfather's estate at Tottenham High Cross, repaired the castle, and, acquiring an adjacent manor, named it and the castle Bruce. The above engraving, after another from

a view taken in 1686, represents one of the four towers of the ancient castle. This tower is still standing, together with the house.

Bruce Castle became forfeited to the crown, and had different proprietors. In 1631 it was in the possession of Hugh Hare, lord Coleraine. Henry Hare, the last lord Coleraine, having been deserted by his wife, left all his estates to a natural daughter, born in Italy, whom he named Henrietta Rosa Peregrine. This lady married the late Mr. Alderman Townsend, but being an alien she could not take the estates; and, lord Coleraine having legally barred the heirs at law, the estates escheated to the crown. But a grant, sanctioned by act of Parliament, confirmed the estates to the alderman and his lady, whose son, Henry Hare Townsend, Esq., afterwards inherited them, and resided in Bruce Castle. In 1792 Mr. Townsend sold his estates, and Bruce Castle is now occupied by Mr. Rowland Hill. This gentleman directs the establishment for education upon the plan of his father's at Hazlewood, of which, indeed, this is a branch for the convenience of persons who desire their sons to derive the advantages of the Hazlewood system, and yet be near to the metropolis. The appearance of this spacious mansion is somewhat different from the preceding view of it.

It is not convenient to introduce an ad-

count of Mr. Hill's methods of education. They are fully developed in a volume of extraordinary interest, entitled "Plans for the Government and liberal Instruction of Boys in large Numbers; as practised at Hazlewood School, London, 1825." In this work the Hazlewood system of education is advantageously detailed, with anecdotes of incidents in the course of its execution which show its superiority for well grounding and quickening the minds of the pupils—teaching them things as well as words, and fitting them for the practical business of life.

### January 24.

Until 1831, Hilary Term usually began about this day: of St. Hilary, there is an account in the *Every-Day Book*, i. 98, with another account at p. 154 of the ceremonies observed on the first day of term, which of ancient usage is a gaudy day among the lawyers.

#### TEMPLARIA.

*On the Two Figures of a Horse and a Lamb, over the Inner Temple Gate.*

As by the Templar's holds you go,  
The horse and lamb, display'd  
In emblematic figures, show  
The merits of their trade.  
That clients may infer, from thence,  
How just is their profession,  
The lamb sets forth their innocence,  
The horse their expedition.  
"O happy Britons! happy isle!"  
Let foreign nations say,  
"Where you get justice without guile,  
- And law without delay."

#### Answer.

Deluded men, these holds forego,  
Nor trust such cunning elves;  
These artful emblems tend to show  
Their clients, not themselves.  
'Tis all a trick: these are but shams,  
By which they mean to cheat you;  
For have a care, you are the lambs,  
And they the wolves that eat you.  
Nor let the thought of no "delay"  
To these their courts misguide you;  
You are the showy horse, and they  
Are jockeys that will ride you.

	h. m.
January 24.—Day breaks . . .	5 40
Sun rises . . .	7 40
— sets . . .	4 20
Twilight ends . . .	6 20
The blue titmouse, or tomtit, sings.	
The green titmouse, or ox-eye, sings	

### January 25.

#### WINTER NIGHT CAPS.

One of the best night caps in use at the University of Oxford is "a Bishop,"—a delicious winter beverage of antiquity beyond the memory of man, and hence not discoverable. Its name is presumed to have been derived from a custom in old times of regaling prelates with spiced wine, when they honored the University with a visit. To sanction its modern use, the erudite editor of "Oxford Night Caps" produces from an "Ancient Fragment," co-eval with his work, the following lines:

Three cups of this a prudent man may take;  
The first of these for constitution's sake,  
The second to the lass he loves the best,  
The third and last to lull him to his rest.

Upon this authority, in addition to the usage, it may be affirmed that "a bishop" is a comforter—"the last thing"—on going to bed.

According to ecclesiastical custom, as respects the beginning of a bishop, he must be of necessity a doctor before he can be a bishop: but, in the list of the University beverages which are called "night caps," there is not at this time any liquor called a "doctor:" on which account, and notwithstanding the fair presumption of the fore-cited Oxford editor concerning the origin of the term "bishop" from a usage, yet it seems likely that there was a potation called "a doctor" more ancient; and, that the members of the University may have so admired the higher dignity, that, of by-gone reason, and in haste, they may have rejected the liquor of degree, and passed at once to the ultimatum; thereby, and to the present time, ceasing the use, and forgetting the inductive and more ancient beverage called "doctor," the reader thereby to favor themselves with the "bishop." For the manner of making the tippie called "a doctor" is now as utterly unknown in the University as the reason for making a D. D. in boots. Upon which it booteth not to enquire, but rather to think of our "night caps," and, so, at once to composition.

#### Bishop.

Make incisions in the rind of a lemon, stick cloves in the incisions, and roast the lemon by a slow fire. Put small but equal quantities of cinnamon, cloves, nut, and ailspice, and a race of ginger,

Into a saucepan with half-a-pint of water; let it boil until it is reduced to half. Boil a bottle of port wine, and, by applying a lighted paper to the saucepan, burn a portion of the spirit out of it. Add the roasted lemon and spice unto the wine; stir all well together, and let it stand near the fire ten minutes. Put some knobs on the rind of a lemon, put the sugar into a bowl or jug, with the juice of half a lemon, not roasted; pour the wine upon this mixture, grate nutmeg into it, sweeten all to your taste, and you have a bishop. Serve it up with the lemon and spice floating in it.

In your Oxford bishop, oranges are not used: but the true London way of making a bishop is to use oranges instead of lemons. And so says "St. Patricks' great dean,"—who honored the beverage with his approbation—

Fine oranges

Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,  
They'll make a sweet bishop which gentlefolks  
sup.

No man knew better how to make "a bishop" than the father of Mr. Matthews the comedian. He was predecessor of Mr. Samuel Leigh, the publisher, in the Strand, and at the trade-sales of the booksellers, which are held at taverns, he was accustomed so to make "a bishop," that he was familiarly called by his brethren, "Bishop Matthews."

*Note.*—As concerning a saying, of a bishop clerical, that old wives and silly serving girls use; when they let a pot burn-to, they sometimes cry "the bishop has put his foot in it;" or, again, there is "a bishop in the pan;" which neglect of food "burnt to the pan," and the saying thereon, worthy Thomas Tusser, at the end of "April's Husbandry," mentions in his "Five Hundred Points,"\* by way of "a lesson for dairy mayd Cisley."—

Bless Cisley (good mistris)  
that bishop doth ban,  
For burning the milke  
of her cheese to the pan.

The occasion of this saying seems to have been disclosed three centuries ago by William Tindale in his "Obedyence of a Crysten Man," printed in 1528: for he says, "When a thyng speadeth not well, we borowe speach and saye *the*

*byshope hath blessed it*, because that nothyng speadeth well that they medyl wythall. If the potech be burned to, or the meate over rosted, we saye, *the byshope hath put his fote in the potte*, or *the byshope hath playd the coke*, because the bishopes burn who they lust, and whosoever displeaseth them." On these sayings there are conjectural explanations by "Tusser Redivivus," by a writer in "The British Apollo," and by captain Grose, in his "Provincial Glossary," but none are to the point like Tyndal's certain affirmation, relating to papal bishops, which remained unobserved till produced by Mr. Henry Ellis.\*

But there is enough of this, and now back to our liquor.

As "night caps" we have a triplet "which owe their origin to some Brazen-nose bacchanalians, and differ only from bishop as the species from the genus." These, and the manner of making them, follow:—

#### Lawn Sleeves.

Proceed with the sleeves as with the bishop; only substituting madeira or sherry for port wine, and adding three glasses of hot calves-feet jelly.

#### Cardinal

ranks higher than bishop, being made in all respects the same, except that claret is substituted for port wine.

#### Pope.

Make a bishop with Champagne instead of port, and you have a pope.

Also, it is to be noted, that our unlearned ancestors sometimes associated more serious misfortunes with the episcopal designation. The little islands and rocks on the Pembrokeshire coast near St. Davids, which are particularly dangerous to shipping, and therefore feared by seamen, are called the "bishop and his clerks;" and on the coast of Devonshire, between Teignmouth and Dawlish, two small rocks, hollowed by the waves from the main body, and projecting into the sea, are well known to mariners by the name of "the bishop and his clerk."

Lastly, there is a certain peculiar sophistication of a dull or bad horse to make

\* 1610, 4to.

\* Brand, ii. 669.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 27.

him appear lively; and this, which is a common practice with knavish horse-dealers, is denominated "bishoping."

	h. m.
January 25.—Day breaks . . .	5 39
Sun rises . . .	7 38
— sets . . .	4 22
Twilight ends . . .	6 21

The yellow hellebore, or winter aconite, flowers, if mild weather.

January 26.

FRANCIS MOORE, *Physician*.

On the 26th of January, 1820, died, aged seventy-six, Mr. Henry Andrews, of Royston, at which place he carried on the business of a stationer and bookseller; and, during the forty years preceding, manufactured Moore's Almanac for the Stationers' Company. Until his death he was intimate with many men of science, by whom he was much respected. He was well informed in the exact sciences, and his "Vox Stellarum" was as profound in occult science as "Season on the Seasons," and "Poor Robin, the worthy knight of the burnt island," two other almanacs now extinct.

The attainments of Mr. Andrews enabled him to complete various tables for astronomical and scientific purposes in works of consequence, to which his name was not attached. His prophecies, under the name of "Francis Moore, Physician," were as much laughed at by himself, as by the worshipful company of stationers for whom he annually manufactured them, in order to render their almanac saleable among the ignorant, in whose eyes a lucky hit covered a multitude of blunders. He did not live to see the publication of the "British Almanac," which effected the downfall of "Poor Robin," whose "Every Robin went a robbing," annually, until 1828, when that almanac, and others of the same stamp, ceased to exist. It is worthy of remark that, in the following year, the predicting columns of Moore's Almanac became more political than prophetic, and startled many a country gaffer and gammer with passages similar to this:—"What has been achieved by the late expensive contest? Why! at home an enormous debt, and on the continent of Europe the restoration of the ancient government, with all their monkish absurdities, tyranny, and blasting influence—

standing monuments of disgrace to the age we live in; and powerful barriers to the principal improvements that can give dignity to man, or raise him to that eminence in the sphere of his existence which he was designed to occupy by his great Creator.

"Whene'er contending princes fight,  
For private pique or public right,  
Armies are rais'd, the fleets are mann'd  
They combat both by sea and land;  
When after many battles past,  
Both, tir'd with blows, make peace at last:  
What is it after all the people get?  
Why taxes, widows, wooden legs, and debt.

"The best that can be said of some crowned heads is, that they are *fruges consumere nati*." With these clap-trap sentences "Francis Moore, physician," concluded the prophetic columns of "*Vox Stellarum*;" or, a *Loyal Almanac* for the year of human redemption 1829." It might be imagined that, could the dead hear, Mr. Andrews would smile in his grave on such language being used for the purpose of keeping up the sinking sale of Moore's Almanac. A few years before his death he predicted to the writer of this article that people would soon know better than to buy, or be influenced by, the prophecies which his employers required him to write. Since the appearance of the "British Almanac," the reading of Moore's prophecies has been confined to weak-minded gossips, and the most illiterate of the vulgar.

	h. m.
January 26.—Day breaks . . .	5 38
Sun rises . . .	7 37
— sets . . .	4 23
Twilight ends . . .	6 22

The white butterbur flowers, if mild weather; but, if cold, a fortnight later

January 27.

SUPPOSED EARTHQUAKE.

On the 27th of January, 1814, the Public Ledger had the following paragraph, "A convulsion of the earth, exactly similar in effect and appearance to an earthquake, was sensibly perceived about ten minutes before eight o'clock, on Thursday night last, at Knill Court, Harpton, Norton, and Old Radnor, Radnorshire; at Knill Court the oscillation of the house



THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 29.

was plainly perceptible, and felt by all the family, and that too in several apartments, and was accompanied with a peculiar rumbling noise. At Harpton, a severe storm of thunder and lightning was experienced the same night, and at the same time." Upon this statement Mr. Luke Howard observes "I do not apprehend that these local tremors of the ground, in the time of thunder storms, are to be classed with real earthquakes. I have stood at the distance of six or seven miles from the extremity of a most extensive and violent thunder storm, visible from Plais-tow, and have sensibly felt the ground shake under my feet at the time of the nearer discharges, owing, as I conclude, to the circumstance of the electrical action taking place between the clouds and the thick substratum of indurated clay on which the country hereabouts reposes. Such strokes as penetrate but a little below the surface I suppose to excite a lateral tremor proportionally less extensive."

	h. m.
January 27.—Day breaks . . .	5 37
Sun rises . . .	7 35
— sets . . .	5 37
Twilight ends . . .	6 23

The white Archangel sometimes flowers

January 28.

THAW

After the Frost in "Our Village," the weather breaks and another walk is taken by Miss Mitford, whose short picturesque account under this date comes seasonably.

January 28th.—We have had rain, and snow, and frost, and rain again; four days of absolute confinement. Now it is a thaw and a flood; but our light gravelly soil, and country boots, and country hardihood, will carry us through. What a dripping comfortless day it is!—just like the last days of November; no sun, no sky, grey or blue; one low, overhanging, dark, dismal cloud, like London smoke. Up the hill again! Walk we must. Oh what a watery world to look back upon! Thames, Kennet, Loddon—all overflowed; our famous town, inland once, turned into a sort of Venice; C. park converted into an island; and the long range of meadows from B. to W. one huge unnatural lake, with trees growing out of it. Oh what a watery world!—I will look at it no longer.

I will walk on. The road is alive again. Noise is reborn. Waggon creak, horses splash, carts rattle, and pattens paddle through the dirt with more than their usual clink. The common has its old fine tints of green and brown, and its old variety of inhabitants, horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and donkeys. The ponds are unfrozen, except where some melancholy piece of melting ice floats sullenly upon the water; and cackling geese and gabbling ducks have replaced the lieutenant and Jack Rapley. The avenue is chill and dark, the hedges are dripping, the lanes knee-deep, and all nature is in a state of "dissolution and thaw."

	h. m.
January 28.—Day breaks . . .	5 35
Sun rises . . .	7 34
— sets . . .	4 26
Twilight ends . . .	6 25

The Hedge Sparrow sings.

January 29.

On the 29th of January, 1547, King Henry VIII. died: on the anniversary of that day in 1820 King George III. died

COUNTRY CHARACTERS.

Annexed are pleasant sketches of the manners of the little gentry in the early part of King George III., by a pleasant collector and describer of antiquities.

The Country Madam.

When I was a young man, there existed in the families of most unmarried men, or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, residents in the country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress I have now before me; it consisted of a stiff starched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich silk damask gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch-cane, and was followed by a fat phthisicky dog of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, occasionally biting their heels with impunity.

By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing, in different closets and corner cup-boards, all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's elixir, a rich seed-cake, a number of pots of currant-jelly and raspberry-jam, with a range of gallipots and phials containing

salves, electuaries, juleps, and purges, for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, and to assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen; and the race is like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct.

*The Country Squire.*

Another character, now worn out and gone, was the little independent gentleman, of £300 per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantle-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of grey-hounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except at Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster striped with timber, not unaptly called calamanco work, or of red brick, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks. Near the gate a horse-block for the convenience of mounting.

The hall was furnished with fitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with guns and fishing-rods of various dimensions, accompanied by the broad-sword, par-tizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against

the wall were posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanac, and a portrait of the duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice, and a Book of Farriery.

In the corner, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chain, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armor or buff coats, playing on the bass viol or lute. The females likewise as shepherdesses, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

Alas! these men and these houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, and become the humble dependents on great men, to solicit a place or commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion, in the mean time, is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house; till, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor, or limb of the law.\*

	h. m.
January 29.—Day breaks . . .	5 34
Sun rises . . .	7 32
— sets . . .	4 28
Twilight ends . . .	6 26
The temperature perceptibly milder.	

**January 30.**

“ This being the anniversary of king Charles's Martyrdom (in 1649), the Royal Exchange gates were shut till twelve

\* Gross

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 31

o'Clock, when they were opened for public business." *Courier*, 30 Jan. 1826.

*Anderson's Scots' Pills.*

Dr. Patrick Anderson, physician to Charles I., was the inventor of this well-known medicine. In the laye-stone "land" of a house in the Lawn-market, opposite to the Bowhead, Edinburgh, it has been sold for upwards of a century past. The second flat of this "land" was originally entered by an outside stair, giving access to a shop then kept by Mr. Thomas Weir, heir to Miss Lillias Anderson, the doctor's only daughter. Although the shop has long been given up, the pills continue to be sold at this place by Mr. James Main, bookseller, agent for Mrs. Irving, who is sole possessor of the inestimable secret, by inheritance from her husband, the late Dr. Irving, nephew to the above Mr. Weir's daughter. Hence the pills have come through no more than three generations of proprietors since the time of Charles I. "This is to be attributed, doubtless," says Mr. Chambers, "to their virtues, which may have conferred an unusual degree of longevity upon the patentees: in confirmation of which idea, we are given to understand that Mrs. Irving, the present nonagenarian proprietrix, facetiously assigns the constant use of them as the cause of her advanced and healthy old age. Portraits of Dr. Anderson and his daughter are preserved in the house. The Physician is represented in a Vandyke dress, with a book in his hand; while Miss Lillias, a precise-looking dame, displays between her finger and thumb a pill, nearly as large as a walnut; which says a great deal for the stomachs of our ancestors"\*

enacts that in the year 1831, and afterwards—

*Hilary Term* shall begin on the 11th, and end on the 31st of January.

*Easter Term* shall begin on the 15th of April, and end on the 8th of May.

*Trinity Term* shall begin on the 22nd of May, and end on the 12th of June.

*Michaelmas Term* shall begin on the 2nd and end on the 25th of November.

This act therefore provides that the Law Terms shall begin and end on days certain; that is to say, on the days above-mentioned: except, however, "that if the whole, or any number of the days intervening between the Thursday before, and the Wednesday next after Easter day, shall fall within Easter Term, there shall be no sittings in banco on any of such intervening days, but the Term shall, in such case, be prolonged, and continue for such number of days of business as shall be equal to the number of the intervening days before mentioned, exclusive of Easter day; and the commencement of the ensuing Trinity Term shall, in such case, be postponed, and its continuance be prolonged for an equal number of days of business."

*Law and Lawyers.*

Lawsuits were formerly as much prolonged by legal chicanery as now; and to involve persons in them was a common mode of revenge. In the letters of the Paston Family, and the Berkeley MSS there is evidence that this practice prevailed in the fifteenth century.\* Among the Harleian collections, at the British Museum, there is an English MS written about or before the year 1200, containing a satirical ballad on the lawyers. †

	h. m.
January 30.—Day breaks . . .	5 32
Sun rises . . .	7 30
— sets . . .	4 30
Twilight ends . . .	6 28

If the *Veltheimia Capensis* has escaped the frost, it may be expected to flower.

**January 31.**

LAW TERMS.

On this day Hilary Term ends, according to an act 1 William IV. cap. 70, which

Montaigne was no friend to the profession. With ample possessions he had no law-suits. "I am not much pleased with his opinion," he says, "who thought by the multitude of laws to curb the authority of judges, by retrenching them. We have more laws in France than in all the rest of the world besides; and more than would be necessary for the regulation of all the worlds of Epicurus. How comes it to pass that our common lan-

\* Traditions of Edinburgh, I. 255.

† Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiq.  
† Warton's Hist. English Poetry, I. 33.

guage, so easy for all other uses, becomes obscure and unintelligible in wills and contracts; and that he who so clearly expresses whatever he speaks or writes, cannot, in these, find any way of declaring himself, which is not liable to doubt and contradiction, if it be not that the great men of this art (of law), applying themselves with peculiar attention to cull out hard words, and form artful clauses, have so weighed every syllable, and so thoroughly sifted every sort of connexion, that they are now confounded and entangled in the infinity of figures, and so many minute divisions, that they can no longer be liable to any rule or prescription, nor any certain intelligence. As the earth is made fertile the deeper it is ploughed and harrowed, so they, by starting and splitting of questions, make the world fructify and abound in uncertainties and disputes, and hence, as formerly we were plagued with vices, we are now sick of the laws. Nature always gives better than those which we make ourselves; witness the state wherein we see nations live that have no other. Some there are who, for their only judge, take the first passer-by that travels along their mountains to determine their cause; and others who, on their market-day, choose out some one amongst them who decides all their controversies on the spot. What danger would there be if the wiser should thus determine ours, according to occurrences, and by sight, without obligation of example and consequence? Every shoe to its own foot."

The French have it among their old sayings, that "a good lawyer is a bad neighbour," and Montaigne seems to have entertained the notion. He tells what he calls "*A pleasant story against the practice of lawyers.*—The baron of Coupene in Chalosse, and I, have between us the advowson of a benefice of great extent, at the foot of our mountains, called Lahontan. It was with the inhabitants of this angle, as with those of the vale of Angrougne; they lived a peculiar sort of life, had particular fashions, clothes, and manners, and were ruled and governed by certain particular laws and usages received from father to son, to which they submitted without other constraint than the reverence due to custom. This little state had continued from all antiquity in so happy a condition that no neighbouring judge was ever put to the trouble of enquiring into their

quarrels, no advocate was retained to give them counsel, nor stranger ever called in to compose their differences; nor was ever any of them so reduced as to go a begging. They avoided all alliances and traffic with the rest of mankind, that they might not corrupt the purity of their own government; till, as they say, one of them, in the memory of their fathers, having a mind spurred on with a noble ambition, contrived, in order to bring his name into credit and reputation, to make one of his sons something more than ordinary, and, having put him to learn to write, made him at last a brave attorney for the village. This fellow began to disdain their ancient customs, and to buzz into the people's ears the pomp of the other parts of the nation. The first prank he played was to advise a friend of his, whom somebody had offended by sawing off the horns of one of his she-goats, to make his complaint to the king's judges,—and so he went on in this practise till he spoiled all."

In 1376 the House of Commons ordered that "no man of the law" should be returned as knight of the shire, and, if returned, that he should have no wages. §

In 1381, Jack Cade's men beheaded all the lawyers they could find, and burnt the Temple and other inns of court, with the records of Chancery, and the books and papers belonging to the students at law. a

In 1454 by an act of parliament, reciting that there had formerly been only six or eight attorneys for Suffolk, Norfolk, and Norwich together, that the number had then increased to more than eighty, most part of whom incited the people to suits for small trespasses, it was enacted that thereafter there should be but six for Suffolk, six for Norfolk, and two for the city of Norwich.\* There are now above seventy attorneys in Norwich alone.

In 1553, the first year of the reign of queen Mary, during Sir Thomas Wyatt's progress towards London with an army in behalf of the claim of Lady Jade Grey to the throne, so great was the terror of the serjeants at law, and other lawyers, that at Westminster-hall "they pleaded in harness." †

\* Andrews's Hist. G. Brit. i. 388.

† Northouck's Hist. London, 17.

‡ Andrews, ii. Hist. 149.

§ Baker's Chronicle, 1666, p. 339.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JANUARY 31.

*Harness.*

Armour was formerly called harness, which is in low Dutch "harnass," in French "arnois," in Spanish "arnés." Thus, Shakspeare says,

Ring the alarm-bell; blow wind! come wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.  
*Macbeth.*

Although in strictness, and according to ancient usage, the Christmas holidays, and with Twelfth-day, they are seldom over until the close of the month.

In "A Fireside Book," there is a lively description of "Christmas at old Court," the seat of a country gentleman, with specimens of old stories, and story telling. It is a handsome little volume, full of amenity and kind feeling, with snatches of gentle poetry, of which the following is a specimen, which may well conclude this merry-making month.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Come, help me to raise  
Loud songs to the praise  
Of good old English pleasures  
To the Christmas cheer,  
And the foaming beer,  
And the buttery's solid treasures,—  
To the stout sirloin,  
And the rich spiced wine,  
And the boar's head grimly staring,  
To the frumenty,  
And the hot mince pie,  
Which all folks were for sharing;—  
To the holly and bay,  
In their green array,  
Spread over the walls and dishes;  
To the swinging sup  
Of the wassail cup,  
With its toasted healths and wishes;—  
To the honest bliss  
Of the hearty kiss,  
Where the mistletoe was swinging:  
When the berry white  
Was claimed by right,  
On the pale green branches clinging  
When the warm blush came  
From a guiltless shame,  
And the lips, so bold in stealing,  
Had never broke  
The vows they spoke,  
Of truth and manly feeling;—

*Ninason.*

To the story told  
By the gossip old,  
O'er the embers dimly glowing,  
While the pattering sleet  
On the casement beat,  
And the blast was boarsely blowing;—  
To to the tuneful wait  
At the mansion gate,  
Or the glad, sweet voices blending,  
When the carol rose,  
At the midnight's close,  
To the sleeper's ear ascending;—  
To all pleasant ways,  
In those ancient days,  
When the good folks knew their station;  
When God was fear'd,  
And the king revered,  
By the hearts of a grateful nation;—  
When a father's will  
Was sacred still,  
As a law, by his children heeded;  
And none could brook  
The mild sweet look,  
When a mother gently pleaded;—  
When the jest profane  
Of the light and vain  
With a smile was never greeted;  
And each smooth pretence,  
By plain good sense,  
With its true desert was treated.

VARIA.

— The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess, caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.—*Bacon.*

— Good sense is as different from genius, as perception is from invention; yet, though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposite to wit, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet, though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each, where they do not exist, and the perfection of all where they do.—*H. More.*

— Never go to bed with cold feet, or a cold heart.

January 31.—Day breaks . . . 5 31  
Sun rises . . . 7 29  
— sets . . . 4 31  
Twilight ends . . . 6 29  
The days now lengthen very perceptibly.

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY.



FEBRUARY.

The milkmaid singing leaves her bed,  
As glad as happy thoughts can be;  
While magpies chatter o'er her head,  
As jocund in the change as she:  
Her cows around the closes stray,  
Nor ling'ring wait the foddering boy,  
Tossing the mole-hills in their play,  
And staring round with frolic joy.

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

In February the sun attains considerable power, and finally dispels the cold of winter. Thaws dissipate frost and ice; the atmosphere teems with humid vapours;

rains descend, and frequently continue during successive days; brooks become torrents, and rivers overflow their banks and sheet the plains.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY.

Now shifting gales with milder influence blow,  
 Cloud o'er the skies, and melt the falling snow;  
 The soften'd earth with fertile moisture teems,  
 And, freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams.

*Table of the Monthly Averages of Rain.*

MONTHS.	FROM	TO	FROM	TO	FROM	TO
	1797—	1806	1807—	1816	1797—	1816
January	2·011		1·907		1·959	in.
February	1·320		1·643		1·482	
March	1·057		1·542		1·299	
April	1·666		1·719		1·692	
May	1·608		2·036		1·822	
June	1·876		1·964		1·920	
July	2·683		2·592		2·637	
August	2·117		2·134		2·125	
September	2·199		1·644		1·921	
October	2·173		2·872		2·522	
November	3·360		2·637		2·998	
December	2·365		2·489		2·427	
Totals . . .	24·435		25·179		24·804	

### THE SPIRIT OF SNOW.

[For the Year Book.]

By the mist clouds of fog that creep over the sun,  
 By the twinkles of stars that ethereally run,  
 By the surge of the welkin that roars from the pole,  
 And the deep ho'low murmurs of winter that roll,  
 I've the moonshine to guide me, the frost to restrain,  
 As I journey through space, to reach heaven again.

I'm the Spirit of snow, and my compass is wide;  
 I can fall in the storm, in the wind I can ride;  
 I am white, I am pure, I am tender, I'm fair,  
 I was born in the seas, to the seas I repair;  
 By frost I am harden'd, by wet I'm destroy'd,  
 And, united with liquid, to Ocean decoy'd.

I have sisters of ether, have brothers of rime,  
 And my friendships are formed in the northerly clime.  
 My foes are the elements jarring with strife;  
 Air lets me pass on to my earth-bosomed wife;  
 Fire covets and melts me; but water's so kind,  
 That, when lost to the three, to the fourth I'm resign'd.

I have cousins of icicles, children of sleet;  
 Some battle with hail, others vanquish in heat,  
 I'm the Spirit of snow. By the will of the blast,  
 In the shallows and depths I am drifted at last;  
 And a glance of the sun, while I brighten in tears,  
 Dissolves my pretensions to reign in the spheres.

J. R. PRIOR.

Dr. Forster arranges the year into six principal seasons or divisions, to one of which may be referred almost all the wild, and most of the hardy herbaceous plants of our climate.

This arrangement into six, instead of four seasons, seems to correspond better with the actual course of phenomena.

The first, or *Primaveral* season, may be considered as beginning at Candlemas, on the first opening of the early spring flowers.

The second, or *Vernal* season, begins about old Ladytide.

The *Solstitial* season begins about St. Barnabas.

The *Aestival* season begins about St. Swithin's.

The *Autumnal* season begins about Michaelmas.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY.

The *Brumal* season begins about the Conception.

It is to be observed, however, that many plants said to belong to one season, from first flowering in it plentifully, yet continue to blow, or remain in flower, through the greater part of the next season; as the primrose, which opens in the primaveral, and continues in flower through great part of the vernal season. The china aster, blowing in the aestival, lasts all through the autumnal, and abides till, in the beginning of the brumal season, it is cut off by frost; and some plants show flowers more or less all the year. These, however, have generally one time of the fullest flowering or efflorescence, and from the period of this first full blowing their proper season is determined. The dandelion, for instance, is seen in flower during all times except the end of the brumal season; nevertheless its efflorescence takes place about the 11th of April, and it gilds the meadows during the early part of the vernal period, till it is gradually succeeded by the crowfoots and buttercups. Habits of observation will soon reconcile the attentive naturalist to this division, and will enable him to refer each plant to its proper season.

The *Primaveral* season begins about Candlemas. The increasing day becomes sensibly longer, and the lighter evenings begin to be remarked by the absence of candles till nearly six o'clock. The weather is generally milder, and the exception to this rule, or a frosty Candlemas day, is found so generally to be indicative of a cold primaveral period, that it has given rise to several proverbs. We have heard from infancy the adage,

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight.

According to different journals, examined by Dr. Forster, this is generally correct.

About this time the first signs of the early spring appear in the flowering of the snowdrops; they rise above ground, and generally begin to flower by Candlemas. The yellow hellebore accompanies, and even anticipates the snowdrop, and lasts longer, mixing agreeably its bright sulphur with the deep orange yellow of the spring crocus, which on an average blows about February 5th, and continues throughout March, fading away before Ladytide.

The three earliest sorts of crocuses are the yellow garden, of a deep orange yel-

low; the cloth of gold, of a golden yellow, with chocolate stripes; and the Scotch, or white striped. The blue, the red, and the white hepatica, or noble liverwort, flower, and brave the cold and changing weather. All these, disposed in clumps, alternating with snowdrops, crocuses, and hellebores, give to a well-conducted garden a very brilliant aspect.

Crocuses like drops of gold  
Studded on the deep brown mould,  
Snowdrops fair like Sakes of snow,  
And bright liverworts now blow.\*

### ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

Lent, which usually commences in February, occasions an increased and abundant supply of fish. The standing dish for all fast days is salt fish, commonly barrelled cod, with parsnips and egg sauce; but epicures mortify on princely turbot plainly boiled, or stewed with wine, gravy, and capers; or on a dish of soles, haddock, or skate. Poultry is by no means totally excluded: a capon, a duckling, or even a pigeon-pye, is now regarded as an innocent transition from legitimate lent diet, and some indulge with roast beef, in direct violation of ecclesiastical ordinances. Codlings and herrings are in season, and continue until the end of May; peacocks, pea-hens, and guinea-fowls until July. The vegetables of February, besides the never-failing potato, are coleworts, cabbages, savoy, cress, lettuce, chard, beet, celery, endive, chervil; with forced radishes, cucumbers, kidney-beans, and asparagus. Green geese are admissible until the end of May, and ducklings to the end of April; both then come into season, and are consequently too vulgar to appear at fashionable tables.

### VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

In fair and open weather, during the month of February,

#### Sow

Beans; the mazzagan, long-pod, and Windsor, about the second and fourth week.

Radish; short-topped, and salmon, twice or thrice.

Cabbage; early York, ham, or sugar-loaf, to succeed the main crops; also, a

\* Dr. Forster's Ency. Nat. Phenomena.



## THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 1.

little red cabbage; all about the last week.  
Spinach; once or twice.  
Mustard and cress, for sallad; every week.

### *Plant*

Rooted offsets, or slips of mint, balm, sage, rue, rosemary, &c.

### *Transplant*

Cabbage from the nursery-beds, for the main spring, and early summer crops; do this work when the ground is not wet and cloddy, but works freely.

Attend to neatness every where, and destroy vermin.\*

God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks. *Bacon.*

## February 1.

### ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY.

Sweet flower! that peeping from thy russet stem

Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange sort  
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month

Hath borrowed Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee

With blue voluptuous eye) alas poor flower!

These are out flatteries of the faithless year.

Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,

E'en now the keen north-east is on its way.

Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee

To some sweet girl of too, too rapid growth,

Nipped by consumption mid untimely charms?

Or to Bristowa's bard, the wond'rous boy!

An amaranth, which earth scarce seemed to own,

Till disappointment come, and pelting wrong

Beat it to earth? or with indignant grief

Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,

Bright flower of hope killed in the opening bud?

Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine

And mock my boding! Dim similitudes

Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour

From anxious self, life's cruel taskmaster!

And the warm wooings of this sunny day

Tremble along my frame, and harmonise

\* Domestic Gardener's Manual

The attempered organ, that even saddest thoughts

Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes

Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

*Coleridge.\**

### SONG BIRDS.

The singing of birds before the springing of flowers, and the bursting of buds, comes like the music of a sweet band before a procession of loveliness. In our youth we were delighted with the voices, and forms, and plumage of these little creatures. One of the first desires of a child is for a bird. To catch a songster is a school-boy's great achievement. To have one in a cage, to tend upon it, change its water, give it fresh seeds, hang chickweed and groundsel, and thrust sugar between the wires, chirp, and encourage it to sing, are a little girl's chief delight.

In this month the birds flock in, fast heralding the spring. Young readers will like to know about them, and at convenient times their curiosity shall be indulged.

### THE ROBIN.

This beautiful and popular little bird—the red-breast—has a sweet melodious song, so free and shrill, that few can equal him.

In the winter, when food is scarce abroad, he comes to the door, enters the house with confidence, and, in hope of relief, becomes sociable and familiar. During the summer, when there is plenty abroad, and he is not pinched with cold, he often withdraws to solitary places, and loves to feed singly upon worms, ants and their eggs, and insects: yet many breed and nestle about farm-yards and out-houses, and pick crumbs thrown from the table, all the year round.

The male robin may be known by the red upon his breast being deeper than the female's, and going up farther upon the head; some say his legs are darker than the female's, and that he has a few gentlemanly hairs on each side of his bill. He is of a darker olive color upon the

\* Extracted from "The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge, including the dramas of Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zapolya," collected and elegantly printed in 3 vols, published by Pickering.

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 1.

upper surface of his whole body, and the superior brightness of his red breast is a sure token.

The robin is about six inches long; the tail two and a half, and the bill a little more than half an inch.

Breeding time is about the end of April, or beginning of May. The female builds in a barn or out-house; sometimes in a bank or hedge; and likewise in the woods. Her nest is of coarse materials; the outside of dry green moss, intermixed with coarse wool, small sticks, straws, dried leaves, peelings from young trees, and other dried stuff; with a few horse-hairs withinside: its hollow is small, scarcely an inch in depth, and about three wide: the complete nest weighs about eleven drams. She usually lays five or six eggs; sometimes not more than four, but never fewer; they are of a cream color, sprinkled all over with fine reddish-yellow spots, which at the large end are so thick, that they appear almost all in one.

Hatching generally takes place about the beginning of May. Young ones for caging are taken at ten or twelve days old; if they are left longer, they are apt to mope. They should be kept warm in a little basket, with hay at the bottom, and fed with the wood-lark's meat, or as young nightingales are reared. Their meat should be minced very small, and given but little at a time. When they are grown strong enough for the cage, it should be like the nightingale's or wood-lark's, but rather closer wired, and with moss at the bottom. In all respects they are to be kept and ordered like the nightingale. When old enough to feed themselves, they may be tried with the wood-lark's meat, which some robins like better than the nightingale's.

The robin is very subject to cramp and giddiness; for cramp give them a meal-worm now and then; for the giddiness six or seven earwigs in a week. They greedily eat many kinds of insects which probably might be effectually given to relieve sickness, could they be conveniently procured, such as young smooth caterpillars; but a robin will not touch a hairy one; also ants, and some sorts of spiders: but no insect is more innocent, or agrees better with birds in general, than the meal-worm. The earwig is not, perhaps, so good. Yet the best way to prevent diseases in the robin is to keep him clean and warm, to let him always

have plenty of fresh water, wholesome food, and sometimes a little saffron or liquorice in his water, which will cheer him, make him long winded, and help him in his song.

Old robins, when caught and confined in a cage, regret the loss of liberty, frequently will not sing, and die from confinement. A young robin usually sings in a few days. One reared from the nest may be taught to pipe and whistle finely, but his natural song is more delightful, and, while in his native freedom, most delightful.\*

FEBRUARY.

The snow has left the cottage top;  
The thatch-moss grows in brighter green;  
And eaves in quick succession drop,  
Where grinning icicles have been;  
Pit-patting with a pleasant noise  
In tube set by the cottage door;  
While ducks and geese, with happy joys,  
Plunge in the yard-pond, brimming o'er.

The sun peeps through the window-pane;  
Which children mark with laughing eye:  
And in the wet street steal again,  
To tell each other Spring is nigh:  
Then, as young hope the past recalls,  
In playing groups they often draw,  
To build beside the sunny walls  
Their spring time huts of sticks or straw

And oft in pleasure's dreams they lie  
Round homesteads by the village side  
Scratching the hedgerow mosses by,  
Where painted pooty shells abide;  
Mistaking off the ivy spray  
For leaves that come with budding Spring,  
And wond'ring, in their search for play,  
Why birds delay to build and sing.

The mavis thrush with wild delight,  
Upon the orchard's dripping tree,  
Mutters, to see the day so bright,  
Fragments of young Hope's poetry:  
And oft Dame stops her buzzing wheel  
To hear the robin's note once more,  
Who tootles while he pecks his meal  
From sweet-briar hips beside the door.

*Clara's Shepherd's Calendar.*

	h. m.
February 1. Day breaks . . .	5 30
Sun rises . . .	7 27
— sets . . .	4 33
Twilight ends . . .	6 30
The snow-drop, called the fair maid of February, appears.	

\* Albin.

**February 2.****CANDLEMAS DAY.**

This day is so called, because in the papal church a mass was celebrated, and candles were consecrated, for the church processions.

To denote the custom and the day, a hand holding a torch was marked on the old Danish calendars.\*

**CANDLEMAS IN SCOTLAND.**

[For the Year Book.]

At every school in the South of Scotland, the boys and girls look forward with as great anxiety for Candlemas Day as the children of merry England for their Christmas holidays. It is an entire day of relaxation, play, and festivity. On the evening preceding Candlemas Day, the school-master gives notice that tomorrow is their annual festival. The formal announcement is received with joy, and they hasten home to their fathers for their donations to the schoolmaster, called "Candlemas bleeze," that all may be ready on the morrow. On the morrow all is anxious bustle and conjecture. Who is to be king? Who is to be queen? It is the only day in the year in which they hurry to school with eager pleasure. The master receives the "Candlemas bleeze" from each pupil with condescending and familiar kindness. Some bring sixpence, some a shilling, and others more, according to the circumstances of their parents. With the "bleeze" the master purchases a few bottles of whiskey, which is converted into punch, and this, with a quantity of biscuits, is for the entertainment of his youthful guests. The surplus of cash, after defraying all expenses, he retains as a present to himself. This, therefore, being in lieu of a "Christmas box," may be termed a "Candlemas box." The boy that brings the most "bleeze" is crowned king; and, on the same ground, the girl with the largest portion of "bleeze" is crowned queen, as distinctions of the highest honor for the most liberal gifts. To those illustrious personages the other youths in the school pay homage for the remainder of the festival.

The king and queen are installed by each being introduced to the other by the

schoolmaster; and they acknowledge the honor with a fond salute: both then receive a glass of punch, and pledge their worthy master. They next drink "long life and happy days to their loyal subjects," and are afterwards placed on an elevated seat, previously prepared, and called the throne. After the enthronement, the schoolmaster gives each scholar a glass of punch and a biscuit, and they all drink "long life, and a prosperous and happy reign to their most gracious sovereigns," at the same time making obeisance with their best bows. As long as the whiskey holds out, these testimonials of loyalty and attachment are repeated. The young ones get full of mirth and glee, and, after receiving their master's thanks for their kindness, they are finally dismissed with merry hearts, to relate their adventures at home.

It is a custom with many old country people in Scotland to prognosticate the weather of the coming season according to this master prognostication:—

If Can'lemas is fair and clear  
There'll be twa winters in the year.

On the truth of this distich they have no doubt. Should Candlemas day pass over without a shower of rain, or a fall of snow, their spirits droop: they conclude upon severe weather before spring is over, and they reckon upon heavy snow storms before the following Christmas;—if such is the case, ruin is inevitable! On the contrary, if Candlemas day is showery and tempestuous, they anticipate a fine summer, genial suns in autumn, and plenty of refreshment for man and beast. I have seen a farmer of the "Old School," rubbing his hands with glee during the dismal battling of the elements without, while the wind entered within through the crevices of the doors and casements of the latticed window, and his little children at the loud blasts that roared round the roof, ran for protection between the knees of their father, or hid their face in the lap of their mother. When the young ones were put to bed, the two old folks would set on the side of the Ingie Neuk, talking "o' th' days o' langaine," when they were bairns themselves, and confirming each other's belief in the old prognostication. Any one acquainted with the habits of the Scotch shepherds and peasantry will authenticate these facts as to Candlemas day

F. B

\* Fosbroke's British Monachism, 60

BLESSING CANDLES AT ROME.

This was seen by Lady Morgan in 1820. The ceremony takes place in the beautiful chapel of the Quirinal, where the pope himself officiates, and blesses, and distributes with his own hands, a candle to every person in the body of the church; each going individually and kneeling at the throne to receive it. The ceremony commences with the cardinals; then follow the bishops, *prelati*, canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c., down to the sacristans and meanest officers of the church. When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representatives of the Roman senate and people, receive theirs. This ceremony over, the candles are lighted, the pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chanting, round the antichapel; the throne is stripped of its splendid hangings; the pope and cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put on their ordinary robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung. The blessing of the candles takes place in all the parish churches.\*

SYMBOLS OF THE HERMETIC SCIENCE.

On the porticoes of the church of Notre Dame, at Paris, there are sculptured certain figures, which the adepts have deemed hieroglyphical of their art.

Golineau de Montluisant, a gentleman of the Pays de Chartres, an amateur of the hermetic science, explains these figures in the following manner. The Almighty Father, stretching out his arms, and holding an angel in each of his hands, represents the Creator, who derives from nothing the sulphur, and the mercury of life represented by the two angels. On the left side of one of the three doors are four human figures of natural size; the first has under his feet a flying dragon, biting its own tail. This dragon represents the philosopher's stone, composed of two substances, the fixed and the volatile. The throat of the dragon denotes the "fixed salt," which devours the "volatile," of which the slippery tale of the animal is a symbol. The second figure reads upon a lion, whose head is turned towards heaven. This lion is nothing but the "spirit of salt," which has a tendency to return to its sphere. The third has

under his feet a dog and a bitch, who are biting each other furiously, which signify the contention of the humid and the dry, in which the operation of the "magnum opus" almost entirely consists. The fourth figure is laughing at all around him, and thus represents those ignorant sophists who scoff at the hermetic science.

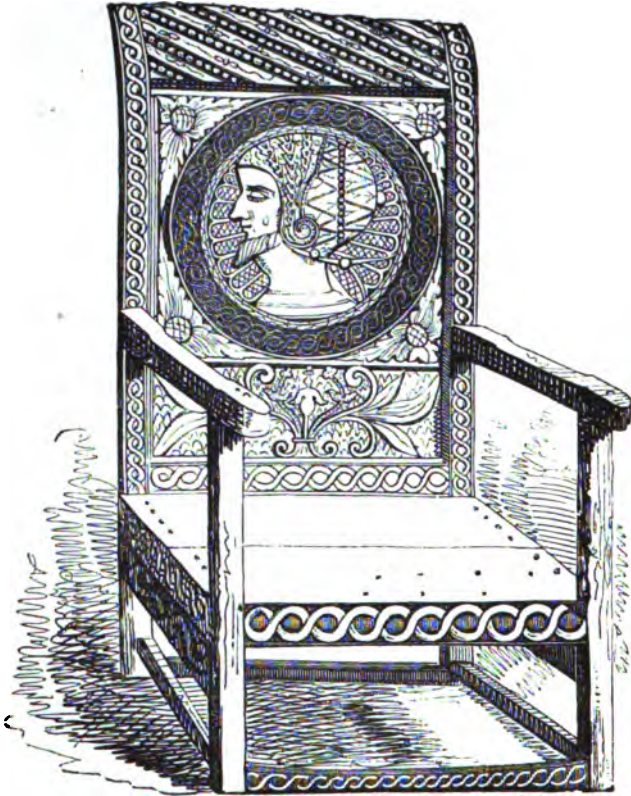
Below these large figures is that of a bishop, in an attitude of contemplation, representing William of Paris, a learned adept. On one of the pillars which separate the several doors is another bishop, who is thrusting his crosier into the throat of a dragon. The monster seems making an effort to get out of a bath, in which is the head of a king with a triple crown. This bishop represents the philosophical alchemist, and his crosier the hermetic art. The mercurial substance is denoted by the dragon escaping from his bath, as the sublimated mercury escapes from its vase. The crowned head is sulphur, composed of three substances, namely, the ethereal spirit, the nitrous salt, and the alkali.

Near one of the doors, on the right, are the five wise virgins holding out a cup, in which they receive something poured from above by a hand that comes out of a cloud. These represent the true philosophical chemists, the friends of nature, who receive from heaven the ingredients proper for making gold. On the left are five foolish virgins, holding their cup turned down towards the ground. These are symbols of the innumerable multitude of ignorant pretenders.

There are many other figures, which our adept makes use of, in order to explain all the secrets of alchymy. But those who examine this portal with other eyes find nothing in the figures relating to the philosopher's stone. The person treading under his feet a dragon is the conqueror of Satan. The other figures represent David, Solomon, Melchisedec, the Sibyls, &c. A large statue of stone, which formerly was situated at the entrance of the Parvis Notre Dame, and which was taken for a statue of Mercury, was probably the principal cause of the first explanation. But, however that may have been, it is certain that students and reputed adepts in the science of transmutation and the pabulum of life have regarded these sculptures as hieroglyphics of the great mystery.\*

\* Lady Morgan's Italy.

\* History of Paris, i. 8.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S CHAIR.

This is the representation of an old finely carved oak chair in the possession of a gentleman to whom it was presented by the possessor of Penshurst, the venerable seat of the Sidney family, in the county of Kent. The height of the chair is three feet eleven inches; its width one foot ten inches. From tradition at Penshurst, it was the chair of Sir Philip Sidney—"the delight and admiration of the age of Elizabeth"—in which he customarily sat, and perhaps wrote "the best pastoral romance, and one of the most popular books of its age," the celebrated "*Arcadia*," a work so much read and admired by the ladies at court, in the reign of the "virgin queen," that it passed through fourteen editions, and laid Shakspeare under obligations to it for his play of "*Pericles*." This name, it is contended, Shakspeare derived from "*Pyrocles*," the hero of the "*Arcadia*." Many

incidents in the play and the romance are the same;—"that Shakspeare long preserved his attachment to the *Arcadia* is evident from his '*King Lear*;' where the episode of Gloster and his sons is plainly copied from the first edition of the *Arcadia*."

By admirers, then, of the character of Sir Philip Sidney, who "was the ornament of the university," and "was also the ornament of the court;" who "appeared with equal advantage in a field of battle or in a tournament; in a private conversation among his friends or in a public character as an ambassador;" the print of his chair will be looked on with interest.

The chair of Shakspeare, the illustrious contemporary of Sidney and the admirer of the "*Arcadia*," is alleged to have passed into foreign exile from his house at Strat-

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 3.

ford. In the corner of the kitchen where it stood, it had for many years received nearly as many adorers as the shrine of the Lady of Loretto. In July 1790, princess Czartoryska, made a journey to Stratford in order to obtain intelligence relative to Shakspeare; and, being told he had often sat in this chair, she placed herself in it, and expressed an ardent wish to become its purchaser; but, being informed that it was not to be sold at any price, she quitted the place with regret, and left a handsome gratuity to old Mrs. Hart, a descendant from Shakspeare, and the possessor of his house. About four months after, the anxiety of the princess could no longer be withheld, and her secretary was despatched express, as the fit agent, to purchase this treasure at any rate: the sum of twenty guineas was the price fixed on, and the secretary and chair, with a proper certificate of its authenticity on stamped paper, set off in a chaise for London.\*

Sidney's chair is no longer at Penshurst; but its possessor, a scholar and a gentleman, prizes it beyond money-estimation as a dignified relic of antiquity. As an early work of art it is a very curious specimen of ancient taste.

Sir Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst, November 29, 1554. His great production, the "Arcadia," combines the high-toned spirit of gallantry, heroism, and courtesy, of the ancient chivalric romance, with the utmost purity in morals, and all the traditionary simplicity and innocence of rural life. His "Defence of Poesie,"—a surprising and masterly production, for the age in which it was written,—is an evidence of his critical knowledge; and his poetical pieces testify his elegant taste, and capability for greater works in the "divine art." He died at thirty-two years of age, on the 17th of October, 1586, in consequence of a wound he received in a desperate engagement near Zutphen, upon which occasion he manifested a noble sympathy towards a humble fellow-sufferer in the conflict. As Sidney was returning from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, he asked for water. It was brought, and had approached his lips, when he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice,

speaking these ever memorable words; "This man's necessity is still greater than mine."\*

Would I had fall'n upon those happier days,  
That poets celebrate; those golden times,  
And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,  
And SIDNEY, warbler of poetic prose.  
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts,  
That felt their virtues; innocence, it seems,  
From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves;  
The footsteps of simplicity impress'd  
Upon the yielding herbage (so they sing),  
Then were not effac'd: then speech profane,  
And manners profligate, were rarely found.  
Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.  
*Cowper*

	h.	m.
February 3. Day breaks . . .	5	29
Sun rises . . .	7	25
— sets . . .	4	35
Twilight ends . . .	6	31

Hyacinth, narcissi, and Van Thol tulips flower in the house.

February 3.

SHROVETIDE.

The time of keeping Shrovetide, Lent, Whitsuntide, and certain days connected with these periods, is governed by the day on which Easter may fall; and as, according to the rule stated on March 22, Easter may fall upon that day, so Shrove Tuesday, being always the seventh Tuesday before Easter, may fall on the 3rd of February. To many explanations and accounts concerning Shrovetide in the *Every-Day Book*, the following particulars are additions:—

In Mr. Brand's "Observations on Popular Antiquities," he cites and says to this purport:—

The luxury and intemperance that usually prevailed at this season were vestiges of the Romish carnival, which Moresin derives from the times of gentilism, and introduces Aubanus as saying "Men eat and drink and abandon themselves to every kind of sportive foolery, as if resolved to have their fill of pleasure before they were to die, and, as it were, forego every sort of delight." Selden corroborates this view of the subject by saying, "What the church debars

\* Dr. Drake's Shakspeare and his Times

\* Dr. Drake's Shakespeare and his Times.

as one day she gives us leave to take out another—first there is a Carnival and then a Lent.—So likewise our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, jack-of-lents, &c., they are all in imitation of church works, emblems of martyrdom.”

At Eton school it was the custom on Shrove Monday, for the scholars to write verses either in praise or dispraise of Father Bacchus: poets being considered as immediately under his protection. He was therefore sung on this occasion in all kinds of metres, and the verses of the boys of the seventh and sixth, and of some of the fifth forms, were affixed to the inner doors of the College. Verses are still written and put up on this day, but the young poets are no longer confined to the god of wine. Still, however, the custom retains the name of “the Bacchus.”

The Saturday preceding Shrove Tuesday is called in the Oxford almanacs, the “Egg Feast.”

In the collection of poems published under the title of the Oxford Sausage, there is one which contains allusion to Shrove Tuesday; being short, and containing references to customs at other seasons, and the *Year Book* finding favor with the gentlemen of the University to whom the piece may be agreeable, it is annexed.

*On Ben Tyrrell's Pie.*

Let Christmas boast her customary treat,  
A mixture strange of suet, currants, meat,  
Where various tastes combine, the greasy and  
the sweet.

Let glad *Shrove Tuesday* bring the pancake  
thin,

Or fritter rich, with apples stored within;  
On Easter Sunday be the pudding seen,  
To which the tansey lends her sober green.  
And when great London hails her annual Lord,  
Let quiv'ring custard crown the aldermanic  
board.

But Ben prepares a more delicious mess,  
Substantial fare, a breakfast for Queen Bess.  
What dainty epicure, or greedy glutton,  
Would not prefer his pie, that's made of  
mutton?

Each different country boasts a different taste,  
And owes its fame to pudding and to paste:  
Squab pie in Cornwall only can they make;  
In Norfolk dumplings, and in Salop cake;  
But Oxford now from all shall bear the prize,  
Fam'd, as for sausages, for mutton pies.

“Ben Tyrrell,” it might have been promised, was a respectable cook in the High street, Oxford, who formed a laudable design of obliging the University with mutton pies twice a week, and advertised his gratifying purpose in the *Oxford Journal*, Nov. 23, 1758.

“Vox Graculi,” a curious quarto tract, printed in 1623, says of this season,—  
“Here must enter that wadling, stradling,  
carnifex of all Christendome, vulgarly  
entitled Shrove Tuesday, but, more pertinently,  
sole monarch of the mouth, high steward  
to the stomach, prime peer of the pullets,  
first favourite to the frying-pans, greatest  
bashaw to the batter-bowles, protector of  
the pancakes, first founder of the fritters,  
baron of bacon-flitch, earle of the egg-baskets,  
&c. This corpulent commander of those  
chollericke things called cookes will show  
himself to be but of ignoble education: for,  
by his manners you may find him better fed  
than taught, wherever he comes.”

To eat pancakes and fritters on Shrove Tuesday is a custom from time immemorial, and the great bell which used to be rung on Shrove Tuesday, to call the people together for the purpose of confessing their sins, was called *pancake-bell*, a name which it still retains in some places where this custom is still kept up.

Shakspeare, through the clown in “All's well that ends well,” alludes to the pancake custom.—“As fit—as Tib's rush for Tim's forefinger; as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day.”

Of the pancake-bell, Taylor, the water-poet, in his works, 1630, has a curious account. “Shrove Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is inquiet; but by that time the clocke strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, cal'd the pancake bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanitie; then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cookes do mingle with water, egges, spice, and other tragical, magicall enchantments; and then they put it, by little and little, into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismall hissing (like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Stix, or Phlegeton,)

untill at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the forme of a flip-jack cal'd a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people doe devour very greedily."

Respecting an attempt to prevent the ringing of the pancake-bell, at York, there is a remarkable passage in a quarto tract, entitled "A Vindication of the Letter out of the North, concerning Bishop Lake's declaration of his dying in the belief of the doctrine of passive obedience, &c., 1690." The writer says, "They have for a long time, at York, had a custom (which now challenges the priviledge of a prescription) that all the apprentices, journeymen, and other servants of the town, had the liberty to go into the cathedral, and ring the pancake-bell (as we call it in the country) on Shrove Tuesday; and, that being a time that a great many came out of the country to see the city (if not their friends) and church, to oblige the ordinary people, the minster used to be left open that day, to let them go up to see the lantern and bells, which were sure to be pretty well exercised, and was thought a more innocent divertisement than being at the alehouse. But Dr. Lake, when he came first to reside there, was very much scandalized at this custom, and was resolved he would break it at first dash, although all his brethren of the clergy did dissuade him from it. He was resolved to make the experiment, for which he had like to have paid very dear, for I'll assure you it was very near costing him his life. However, he did make such a combustion and mutiny, that, I dare say, York never remembered nor saw the like, as many yet living can testify."

The London apprentices, upon Shrove Tuesday, according to Dekker's "Seven Deadly Sinnes, 1606," were accustomed to keep holiday, take the law into their own hands, and do as they pleased.

In Pennant's Tour in Wales, he says, in former days the youth of Chester exercised themselves in running, archery, leaping, wrestling, mock-fights, gallant and romantic triumphs, and other manly sports, at the "Rood Eye," a place without the walls of the city; and that in the sports there on Shrove Tuesday, 1578, a standard was the prize, and won by sheriff Montford.

It appears from "The Westmorland Dialect, by A. Walker, 1790," that cock-

fighting and "casting" of pancakes were then common in that county, thus: "Whaar ther wor tae be cock-feighting, for it war pankeak Tuesday:" and, "We met sum lads an lasses gangin to kest their pankeaks."

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, so late as 1790, says, "Most places in England have eggs and collops (slices of bacon) on Shrove Monday, pancakes on Tuesday, and fritters on the Wednesday, in the same week, for dinner."

Shrove Monday, or the Monday before Shrove Tuesday, was called Collop Monday.

The barbarous usage of throwing at cocks, tied to a stake, was anciently a common custom on Shrove Tuesday. A learned foreigner says, "the English eat a certain cake on Shrove Tuesday, upon which they immediately run mad, and kill their poor cocks."

A royal household account, possessed by Craven Ord, esq., contains the following entry:—

"March 2. 7th Hen. VII. Item, to Master Bray for rewards to them that brought cokkes at Shrovetide, at Westminster, xxx."

The manuscript life of Thomas Lord Berkeley, speaking of his recreations and delights, tells the reader, "hee also would to the threshing of the cocke, pucke with hens blindfolds, and the like." This Lord was born A. D. 1352, and died in 1417.

In the time of king Henry VIII. this cruel diversion was practised at court.

Mr. Strutt has engraved, on the thirty-eighth plate of his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," a drawing from the margin of the "Roman d'Alexandre," in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, representing two boys carrying a third on a stick thrust between his legs, who holds a cock in his hands. They are followed by another boy, with a flag or standard, emblazoned with a cudgel. They had evidently been throwing at the cock. Mr. Strutt mistakenly dates this MS. 1433, which Mr. Brand rectifies to 1343, placing it ninety years earlier. The engraving here spoken of is on p. 394 of "Strutt's Sports," recently published in octavo.\*

\* Edited by William Hone; published by T. Tegg.



THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 3.

Throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday was a parochial custom. In the hamlet of Pinner, at Harrow on the Hill, it was a public celebration, as appears by an account of receipts and expenditures; and the money collected at this sport was applied in aid of the poor rates

1622. Received for cocks at Shrovetide . . . . .	12s. 0d.
1628. Received for cocks in towne . . . . .	19s. 10d.
Out of towne . . . . .	0s. 6d."

Hogarth satirized this barbarity in the first of his prints called the "Four Stages of Cruelty." Dr. Trusler says of this engraving, "We have several groupes of boys at their different barbarous diversions; one is throwing at a cock, the universal shrovetide amusement, beating the harmless feathered animal to jelly."

Mr. Brand, in 1791, says "The custom of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday is still retained at Heston in Middlesex, in a field near the church. Constables have been often directed to attend on the occasion, in order to put a stop to so barbarous a custom, but hitherto they have attended in vain. I gathered the following particulars from a person who regretted that in his younger years he had often been a partaker of the sport. The owner of the cock trains his bird for some time before Shrove Tuesday, and throws a stick at him himself, in order to prepare him for the fatal day, by accustoming him to watch the threatened danger, and, by springing aside, avoid the fatal blow. He holds the poor victim on the spot marked out, by a cord fixed to his leg, at the distance of nine or ten yards, so as to be out of the way of the stick himself. Another spot is marked at the distance of twenty-two yards, for the person who throws to stand upon. He has three 'snys,' or throws, for two-pence, and wins the cock if he can knock him down, and run up and catch him before the bird recovers his legs. The inhuman pastime does not end with the cock's life; for when killed it is put into a hat, and won a second time by the person who can strike it out. Broom-sticks are generally used to 'shy' with. The cock, if well trained, eludes the blows of his cruel persecutors for a long time, and thereby clears to his master a considerable sum of money. But I fear lest, by describing the mode of throwing at cocks, I should deserve the censure of Boerhaave on another occasion: 'To

teach the arts of cruelty is equivalent to committing them'"

At Bromfield, in Cumberland, there was a remarkable usage at Shrovetide, thus related by Mr. Hutchinson in his history of that county:

"Till within the last twenty or thirty years, it has been a custom, time out of mind, for the scholars of the free-school of Bromfield, about the beginning of Lent, or in the more expressive phraseology of the country, at Fasting's Even, to 'bar out' the master; i. e. to depose and exclude him from his school, and keep him out for three days. During the period of this expulsion, the doors of the citadel, the school, were strongly barricadoed within: and the boys, who defended it like a besieged city, were armed, in general, with 'bore tree,' or elder, pop-guns. The master, meanwhile, made various efforts, both by force and stratagem, to regain his lost authority. If he succeeded, heavy tasks were imposed, and the business of the school was resumed and submitted to; but it more commonly happened that he was repulsed and defeated. After three days' siege, terms of capitulation were proposed by the master, and accepted by the boys. These terms were summed up in an old formula of Latin Leonine verses, stipulating what hours and times should, for the year ensuing, be allotted to study, and what to relaxation and play. Securities were provided by each side, for the due performance of these stipulations; and the paper was then solemnly signed both by master and scholars.

"One of the articles always stipulated for, and granted, was the privilege of immediately celebrating certain games of long standing; viz., a foot-ball match, and a cock-fight. Captains, as they were called, were then chosen to manage and preside over these games: one from that part of the parish which lay to the westward of the school; the other from the east. Cocks and foot-ball players were sought for with great diligence. The party whose cocks won the most battles was victorious in the cock-pit; and the prize, a small silver bell, suspended to the button of the victor's hat, and worn for three successive Sundays. After the cock-fight was ended, the foot-ball was thrown down in the church-yard, and the point then to be contested was, which party could carry it to the house of his respective

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 4.

captain; to Dundraw, perhaps, or West-Newton, a distance of two or three miles: every inch of which ground was keenly disputed. All the honor accruing to the conqueror at foot-ball was that of possessing the ball. Details of these matches were the general topics of conversation among the villagers, and were dwelt on with hardly less satisfaction than their ancestors enjoyed in relating their feats in the border wars.

“Our Bromfield Sports were sometimes celebrated in indigenous songs: one verse only of one of them we happen to remember:

‘ At Scales, great Tom Barwise gat the ba’  
in his hand,  
And t’ wives aw ran out, and shouted, and  
bann’d  
Tom Cowan then pulch’d and flang him  
‘mang t’ whins,  
And he bledder’d, Od-white-te, tou’s brok-  
en my sh’as’.

	h. m.
February 3. Day breaks . . .	5 27
Sun rises . . .	7 23
— sets . . .	4 37
Twilight ends . . .	6 33

Common yellow, and cloth of gold crocuses flower in the house.

**February 4.**

ASH WEDNESDAY.

This is the next day after Shrove Tuesday. It is in some places called “Pulver Wednesday,” that is “Dies pulveris.”

Ash Wednesday is the first day of the great forty days fast called Lent, which is strictly observed in the Romish church; although, it appears from bishop Hall’s “Triumphs of Rome,” the Romish casuists say “that beggars, which are ready to affamish for want, may in Lent time eat what they can get.”

The Romish “Festyvall” enjoins, that “Ye shall begyn your faste upon Ashe Wednesdaye. That daye must ye come to holy chirche and take ashes of the Preestes hondes, and thynke on the wordes well that he sayeth over your hedes, ‘Memento, homo, quia cinis es; et in cinerem reverteris;’ have mynde, thou man, of ashes thou art comen, and to ashes thou shalte tourne agayne.”

An original proclamation, black letter, dated 26th Feb. 30 Henry VIII. (1540), ordains, as respects the church of England,

then separated from Rome, “On Ashe Wednesday it shall be declared that these ashes be gyven, to put every Christian man in remembrance of penance at the beginning of Lent, and that he is but erthe and ashes.” It appears, also, seven years afterwards, from Stow’s Annals, by Howe (sub anno 1547-8), that on “Ash Wednesday, the use of giving ashes in the church was also left, throughout the whole cite of Londor.”

*To keep a true Lent.*

Is this a fast, to keep  
The larder leane,  
And cleane,  
From fat of veales and sheep?  
Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?  
Is it to faste an houre,  
Or rag’d to go,  
Or show  
A downcast look and sowre?  
No; ’tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soule.  
It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate,  
And hate,  
To circumsise thy life,  
To show a heart grief-rent  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin;  
And that’s to keep thy Lent.

*Herrick.*

Aubanus mentions that “There is a strange custom used in many places of Germany upon Ash Wednesday; for then the young youth get all the maides together, which have practised dauncing all the year before, and carrying them in a carte or tumbrell (which they draw themselves instead of horses), and a minstrell standing a top of it playing all the way, they draw them into some lake or river and there wash them well favouredly.”\*

	h. m.
February 4. Day breaks . . .	5 26
Sun rises . . .	7 22
— sets . . .	4 38
Twilight ends . . .	6 34

Great jonquil, and daffodils blow in the house.

\* Brand.

**February 5.**

1816. February 5. Died at Richmond in Surrey, Richard Viscount Fitzwilliam, of Ireland. This nobleman left to the University of Cambridge (his Alma Mater) his splendid library, pictures, drawings, and engravings, together with £60,000, for the erection of a museum for their reception and exhibition. In this valuable collection there are more than 10,000 proof prints by the first artists; a very extensive library of rare and costly works, among which are nearly 300 Roman missals finely illuminated. There is also a very scarce and curious collection of the best ancient music, containing the original Virginal book of queen Elizabeth, and many of the works of Handel, in the hand writing of that great master.\*

Mr. Novello, the composer and organist, has recently gratified the musical world with a publication, sanctioned by the University, of some of the most valuable manuscript pieces in the "Fitzwilliam collection of music." On this important work Mr. Novello intensely and anxiously laboured at Cambridge, and bestowed great expense, in order to render it worthy of the esteem it has acquired among professors and eminent amateurs of the science.

On the 5th of February, 1751, were interred, at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, the coffin and remains of a farmer of that place, who had died on the 1st of February 1721, seventy years before, and bequeathed his estate, worth £400 a-year, to his two brothers, and, if they should die, to his nephew, to be enjoyed by them for thirty years, at the expiration of which time he expected to return to life, when the estate was to return to him. He provided for his re-appearance, by ordering his coffin to be affixed on a beam in his barn, locked, and the key enclosed, that he might let himself out. He was allowed four days' grace beyond the time limited, and not presenting himself, was then honoured with christian burial.†

**REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.**

A more wonderful account than that concerning Elizabeth Woodcock,† is subjoined upon indisputable authority.

\* Butler's Chronological Exerciscs.

† Gents. Mag.

‡ Related in the Every Day Book, ii. 175.

On the 19th of March, 1755, a small cluster of houses at a place called Bergemotetto, near Demonte, in the upper valley of Stura, was entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow that tumbled down from a neighbouring mountain. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except one Joseph Rochia, and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house, clearing away the snow which had fallen during three days, incessantly. A priest going by to mass, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them, had advised them to come down. The man descended with great precipitation, and tied with his son; but scarcely had he gone forty steps, before his son, who followed him, fell down: on which, looking back, he saw his own and his neighbours' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and all his effects were thus buried, he fainted away; but, soon recovering, got safe to his friend's house at some distance.

Five days afterwards, Joseph, being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow with his son, and two of his wife's brothers to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood; but, after many openings made in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, he again used his utmost endeavours to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made new openings, and threw in earth to melt the snow, which on the 24th of April was greatly diminished. He broke through ice six English feet thick with iron bars, thrust down a long pole, and touched the ground; but, evening coming on, he desisted.

His wife's brother, who lived at Demonte, dreamed that night that his sister was still alive, and begged him to help her: the man, affected by his dream, rose early in the morning, and went to Bergemotetto, where Joseph was; and, after resting himself a little, went with him to work. Upon opening the snow which covered the house, they in vain searched for the bodies in its ruins; they then sought for the stable, which was about 240 English feet distant, and, to their astonishment, heard a cry of "help, my brother." They laboured with all diligence till they made a large opening

## THE YEAR BOOK.— FEBRUARY 5.

through which the brother, who had the dream, immediately went down, where the sister, with an agonizing and feeble voice, told him, "I have always trusted in God and you, that you would not forsake me." The other brother and the husband then went down, and found, still alive, the wife, about forty-five, the sister, about thirty-five, and a daughter about thirteen years old. These they raised on their shoulders, to men above, who pulled them up, as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighbouring house; they were unable to walk, and so wasted that they appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye-flower and a little butter was given to recover them. Some days afterwards the intendant went to see them, and found the wife still unable to rise from her bed, or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with some difficulty. The daughter needed no further remedies.

On the intendant's interrogating the women, they told him that on the 19th of March they were in the stable with a boy of six years old, and a girl of about thirteen. In the same stable were six goats, one of which, having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flower gruel. There were also an ass and five or six fowls; they were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church-bells should ring, intending to attend the service, but the wife going out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house for her husband, who was cleaning the snow away from the top of it, she perceived an avalanche breaking down towards the east, upon which she ran back into the stable, shut the door, told her sister of it, and, in less than three minutes the mass descended, and they heard the roof break over their heads, and also part of the ceiling. They got into the rack and manger. The manger was under the main prop of the stable, and resisted the weight of the snow above. Their first care was to know what they had to eat: the sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pocket: the children said they had breakfasted; and should want no more that day. They remembered that there were thirty or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able to penetrate the snow. They called often for help, but

received no answer. The sister gave two chestnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and they drank some snow-water. The ass was restless, and the goat kept bleating for some days, after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats being left alive, and near the manger, they expected to have young about the middle of April; the other gave milk, and with this they preserved their lives. During all this time they saw not one ray of light; yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

The second day, when very hungry, they ate all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being very nearly two pounds a day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes. They resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats; but just above the manger was a hay-loft, whence, through a hole, the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goat, as long as she could reach it; and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulder, and reached it themselves. On the sixth day the boy sickened, and six days after desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger; she did so, and, taking him by the hand, felt it was cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and, finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried "O, my father is in the snow! O father, father!"—and then expired.

In the mean while the goat's milk diminished daily, and, the fowls dying soon after, they could no longer distinguish night from day. Upon the approach of the time when they expected the other goat to kid, they killed her, to save the milk for their own subsistence. This necessity was painful in the extreme, for whenever they called this goat it would come and lick their faces and hands. It had given them every day two pounds of milk, and they bore the poor creature great affection.

They said that, during the entire time of their confinement, hunger gave them but little uneasiness, except for the first five or six days. Their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of the melted snow-water which fell on them, and from the effluvia of the dead ass, goats, fowls, &c. They likewise suffered great bodily inconvenience from the very uneasy posture they were confined to; for the

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 6.

manger in which they sat, crouching against the wall, was no more than three feet four inches broad. The mother said she had never slept, but the sister and daughter said they had slept as usual. They were buried in the snow for five weeks. The particulars related were obtained and attested on the 16th of May, 1755, by the intendant authorised to take the examination.

THE SEASON.

The sunbeams on the hedges lie,  
The south wind murmurs summer soft;  
The maids hang out white clothes to dry  
Around the elder-skirted croft:  
A calm of pleasure listens round,  
And almost whispers Winter by;  
While Fanev dreams of Summer's sound,  
And quiet rapture fills the eye.

Thus Nature of the Spring will dream  
While south winds thaw; but soon again  
Frost breathes upon the stiff'ning stream,  
And numbs it into ice: the plain  
Soon wears its mourning garb of white;  
And icicles, that fret at noon,  
Will eke their icy tails at night  
Beneath the chilly stars and moon.

Nature soon sickens of her joys,  
And all is sad and dumb again,  
Save merry shouts of sliding boys  
About the frozen furrow'd plain.  
The foddering-boy forgets his song  
And silent goes with folded arms—  
And croodling shepherds bend along,  
Crouching to the whizzing storms.

Clara's Shepherd's Calendar.

	h. m.
February 5. Day breaks . . .	5 25
Sun rises . . .	7 21
— sets . . .	4 39
Twilight ends. . .	6 35

A few crocuses are usually in flower on warm banks, and in sunny places.

February 6.

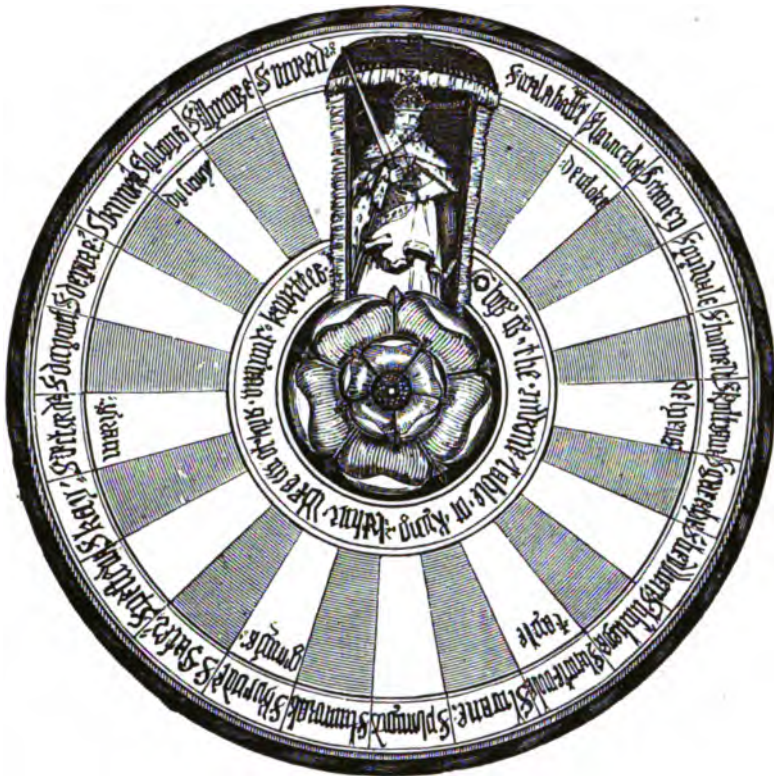
1685. February 6th. King Charles II. died, aged 54. On the 2nd he was seized in bed with an apoplectic fit, of which he had instantly died had not Dr. King incurred the penalty of the law by bleeding him in the very paroxysm, without awaiting the coming of the other physicians. For this service the privy council ordered the doctor £1000, which was never paid to him.\*

When the king's life was despaired of,

\* Evelyn. Grainger.

two bishops came to exercise their function by reading the appointed forms of prayer. When they read to the part exhorting a sick person to make a confession of his sins, one of them, Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, told Charles "it was not an obligation," and enquired if he was sorry for his sins; Charles said he was, and the bishop pronounced the absolution. He then asked the king if he pleased to receive the sacrament, but he made no reply; and, being pressed by the bishop several times, only gave for answer, that it was time enough, or that he would think of it, His brother, and successor to the throne, the duke of York, stood by the bedside, desired the company to stand away, and then asked the king whether he should send for a priest, to which he replied, "For God's sake, brother, do, and lose no time." The bishops were dismissed; father Huddleston was quickly brought up a back stair-case; and from him the head of the church of England received the host, and was "houselled" according to the ritual of the church of Rome. He recommended the care of his natural children to the duke of York, with the exception of the duke of Monmouth, who was then under his displeasure, in Holland. "He entreated the queen to pardon him," says Evelyn, "not without cause:" but the anxieties he expressed on his death bed were chiefly in behalf of abandoned females, whom his profligacy had drawn to his licentious court.

"Thus," says Evelyn, "died king Charles II.;" and, a week after the proclamation at Whitehall, of James II. he adds—"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the king (Charles II.) sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen, who were with me, made reflections with astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust!—God was incensed to make his reign very troublesome and unprosperous, by wars, plagues, fires, loss of reputation, by an universal neglect of the public, for the love of a voluptuous and sensual life."



KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

Where Venta's Norman castle still uprears  
 Its rafter'd hall,—that o'er the grassy foss,  
 And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,  
 On yonder steep in naked state appears,—  
 High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,  
 Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round  
 Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,  
 In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.  
 Though joined, by magpie skill, with many a rime,  
 The Druid frame, unhonor'd, falls a prey  
 To the slow vengeance of the wizard, Time,  
 And fade the British characters away;  
 Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime  
 Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

Warton.

It is an ancient legend that the castle of Winchester was built by the renowned king Arthur, in 528; but Dr. Milner ascertains that it was constructed in the reign of the Norman conqueror. In its old chapel, now termed the county hall,

is Arthur's Round Table. It hangs at the east end, and consists of stout oak plank, perforated with many bullets, supposed to have been shot by Cromwell's soldiers. It is painted with a figure to represent king Arthur, and with the names of his

## THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 6.

twenty-four knights, as they are stated in the romances of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is represented by the above engraving.

King Arthur's round table was believed to have been actually made, and placed in Winchester castle by himself; and was exhibited, as his veritable table, by king Henry VIII., to the emperor Charles V. Hence Drayton sings—

And so great Arthur's seat ould Winchester  
prefers,  
Whose ould round table yet she vaunteth to  
be hers.

It is certain that among the learned, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was not generally credited that this had really and truly been the table of the renowned king Arthur. There is now evidence that it was introduced into this country by king Stephen. In the twelfth and succeeding centuries, knights who were accustomed to perform feats of chivalry used to assemble at a table of this form to avoid disputes for precedence. From this usage, the tournaments themselves obtained the name of the Round Table, and are so called in the records of the times.\*

Arthur's round table was mentioned two centuries and a-half ago, by Paulus Jovius, who relates the emperor's visit to it, and states that many marks of its antiquity had been destroyed, that the names of the knights were then just written afresh, and the table, with its ornaments, newly repaired.†

It is agreed that this vestige of former times is of a date quite as early as Stephen, earl of Bologn, and Mortaigne, who, in 1135, achieved the chivalrous feat of seizing the crown of England, which had been settled on the empress Maud, as soie descendant of Henry I. The round table at Winchester, therefore, is at least seven hundred years old.

The reign of Arthur, the celebrated "British king," seems to have been taken on the authority of the no less celebrated Geoffrey of Monmouth, the monkish historian, in the reign of king Stephen. On this occasion it is sufficient to add, that, besides the old romance, there is a ballad, called "The Noble Acts of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table; with the Valiant Achievements of Sir

Lancelot du Lake: to the tune of *Flying Fame.*" The ballad commences thus:—

When Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king;  
By force of arms great victories won,  
And conquest home did bring:  
Then into Britain straight he came,  
Where fifty good and able  
Knights then repaired unto him,  
Which were of the Round Table.\*

### CHARLES II.

In the diary of Mr. Pepys, who in the reign of Charles II., as secretary to the navy and military secretary, was constantly at Whitehall, and well acquainted with its affairs, there are numerous traits of the king's public and private conduct, and the manners of the court.

#### *Extracts from Pepys's Diary.*

1663. May 15. "The king desires nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thought of business. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in any thing that is to his good and honor, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is with my lady Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies, when, God knows, it is they that now-a-days do most study his honor."

1666. December 8. "Mr. Cowley heard Tom Killigrew publicly tell the king that his matters were coming into a very ill state, but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see all well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the court, and hath no other employment; but, if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.' The king do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consolation."

14. "Met my good friend, Mr. Evelyn, and walked with him a good while, lamenting our condition for want

\* Milner's History of Winchester.

† Hist. of Winchester, by Warton.

\* Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, ii. 21

of good council, and the king's minding of his business and servants."

— 19. For the want of pay to the household "many of the music are ready to starve, they being five years behind hand: nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the alms of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark, at night, without one link, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12d to buy two or three."

1667. April 26. "Took a turn with Mr. Evelyn, with whom I walked two hours, talking of the badness of the government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women, commanded the king: it is not in his nature to gain-say any thing that relates to his pleasures. Mr. Evelyn tells me of several of the menial servants of the court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the king's coming in. Want of paper at the council the other day; Wooly being to have found it, and, being called, did tell the king to his face the reason of it."

— June 23. "Mr. Povey tells me his opinion that it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving us: a lazy prince, no councils, no money, no reputation at home or abroad. The king hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save the kingdom; nay, upon any falling out between my lady Castlemaine's nurse and her woman, my lady C. hath often said she would make the king to make them friends and be quiet, which the king hath been fain to do."

— July 27. "Went to visit Sir G. Cartwright. He tells me that the court is in a fair way to ruin all for their pleasures; and that he himself hath taken the liberty to tell the king the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion in the government, and sobriety; and that it was that that did set up and keep up Oliver."

— 29. "The king made a short, and no very pleasing speech to the house of commons, not at all giving them thanks for their readiness to come up to town at this busy time; but told them that he did think he should have had occasion for them, but had none, and therefore he did dismiss

them till October; and that he did wonder any should offer to bring in a suspicion that he intended to rule by an army, and so bade them go and settle the minds of the country in that particular. Thus they are dismissed, to their general great distaste, to see themselves so fooled, and the nation certain of ruin; while the king, they see, is only governed by his women, and rogues about him. They do all give up the kingdom for lost that I speak to; and do hear what the king says, how he and the duke of York do do what they can to get up an army, that they may need no more parliaments; and how my lady Castlemaine hath said to the king, that he must rule by an army, or all would be lost. The kingdom never in so troubled a condition in this world as now. To Whitehall, and looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the king, whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch came upon the wars to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, after such a dishonour. With him, in the garden, two or three idle lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my lady Castlemaine—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the king to whatever she will. She is come to-day, when, one would think, his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him. There is not an officer in the house, almost, but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread."

1667-8. Feb. 13. "Tom Killigrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of the king's fool or jester; and may revile or jeer any body, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place."

— Dec. 3. "To Whitehall—saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the king with his people about him, telling a story of my lord Rochester."

1668-9. Feb. 17. "The king, dining yesterday at the Dutch ambassador's, after dinner they drank, and were pretty merry: among the king's company was that worthy fellow my lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and railery offended the former so much that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear, in the king's presence; which do give much offence to the people here, to see how cheap the king makes himself, and the



more for that the king hath not on'y passed by the thing, and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the king did publicly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the king's everlasting shame to have so idle a rogue his companion."

1667. Sept. 3. "I dined with Sir G. Carteret (vice-chamberlain); after dinner I was witness of a horrid raving which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the grooms of the king's bed-chamber, did give Mr. Townshend (officer of the wardrobe), for want of linen for the king's person, which he swore was not to be endured, and that the king would not endure it, and that his father would have hanged his wardrobe man, should he have been served so; the king having at this day no handkerchiefs, and but three bands to his neck. Mr. Townshend pleaded want of money, and the owing of the linen-draper £5000; but still this old man (Mr. Ashburnham), like an old loving servant, did cry out for the king's person to be so neglected.—When he was gone, Mr. Townshend told me that it is the grooms' taking away the king's linen at the quarter's end, as their fees, which makes this great want; for whether the king can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the king get more as he can."

Waller, in a letter to St. Evremond, mentions Charles's vexation under the pillage he suffered from his ill-paid household.

"Last night," says Waller, "I supped at lord R.'s with a select party. The most perfect good-humour was supported through the whole evening; nor was it in the least disturbed, when, unexpectedly, towards the end of it, the king came in. 'Something has vexed him,' said Rochester; 'he never does me this honor, but when he is in an ill humor.'" The following dialogue, or something very like it, then ensued:

"*The king.* How the devil have I got here? The knaves have sold every cloak in the wardrobe.

"*Rochester.* Those knaves are fools. That is a part of dress, which, for their own sakes, your majesty ought never to be without.

"*The king.* Pshaw!—I'm vexed!

"*Rochester.* I hate still life—I'm glad of it. Your majesty is never so entertaining as when—"

"*The king.* Ridiculous!—I believe the English are the most untractable people upon earth.

"*Rochester.* I most humbly beg your majesty's pardon, if I presume in that respect.

"*The king.* You would find them so were you in my place, and obliged to govern.

"*Rochester.* Were I in your majesty's place I would not govern at all."

The dialogue proceeded, and Rochester retorted, by alluding to the king's habits, and referring him to a prelate.

"*Rochester.* ——— let the bishop of Salisbury deny it if he can.

"*The king.* He died last night; have you a mind to succeed him?

"*Rochester.* On condition that I shall neither be called upon to preach on the thirtieth of January, nor on the twenty-ninth of May.

"*The king.* Those conditions are curious. You object to the first, I suppose, because it would be a melancholy subject; but the other ———"

"*Rochester.* Would be a melancholy subject too."

The Rev. Mr. Granger, the most charitable, and least prejudiced of biographical historians, says, that "Charles II., though a genius, acted in direct opposition to every principle of sound policy; and, in appearance, without propensity to tyranny, made no scruple of embracing such measures as were destructive to the civil and religious liberties of his people. He chose rather to be a prisoner to France, than the arbiter of Europe; and to sacrifice the independence of his kingdom, and the happiness of his subjects, than to resist his attachment to indolence and pleasure. He, under the veil of openness and candour, concealed the deepest and most dangerous dissimulation. Though he was a slave to love, he appears to have been an entire stranger to the softer sentiments of pity and compassion. He was gay, affable, and polite; and knew how to win the hearts, when he could no longer gain the esteem of mankind."

*A cheerful Glass.*

On the proclamation of James II., in the market place of Bromley, by the Sheriff of Kent, the commander of the Kentish troop, two of the king's trumpets,

and other officers, they drank the king's health in a flint glass of a yard long.\*

## ON DRESS, TEMP. CHARLES II.

The Monmouth, or military cock of the hat, was much worn in this reign, and continued a considerable time in fashion.

The periwig, which had been long used in France, was introduced into England soon after the Restoration.

There is a tradition that the large black wig which Dr. R. Rawlinson bequeathed, among other things of much less consideration, to the Bodleian Library, was worn by Charles II.

Some were greatly scandalized at this article of dress, as equally indecent with long hair; and more culpable, because more unnatural. Many preachers inveighed against it in their sermons, and cut their hair shorter, to express their abhorrence of the reigning mode.

It was observed that a periwig procured many persons a respect, and even veneration, which they were strangers to before, and to which they had not the least claim from their personal merit. The judges and physicians, who thoroughly understood this magic of the wig, gave it all the advantage of length, as well as size.

The extravagant fondness of some men for this unnatural ornament is scarcely credible. It is related, of a country gentleman, that he employed a painter to place periwigs upon the heads of several of Vandyck's portraits.

Anthony Wood informs us that Nath. Vincent, D. D., chaplain in ordinary to the king, preached before him at Newmarket, in a long periwig, and Holland sleeves, according to the then fashion for gentlemen; and that his majesty was so offended at it, that he commanded the duke of Monmouth, chancellor to the university of Cambridge, to see the statutes concerning decency of apparel put in execution; which was done accordingly.

The lace neckcloth became in fashion in this, and continued to be worn in the two following reigns.

Open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder knots, were also worn at this period, which was the æra of shoe-buckles: but ordinary people, and such as affected plainness in their garb, continued for a

long time after to wear strings in their shoes.

The clerical habit seems not to have been worn in its present form, before this reign.

Thiers, in his "Treatise of Perukes," informs us that no ecclesiastic wore a band before the middle of the last century, or a peruke before the Restoration. The clerical band, which was first worn with broad lappets, apparently had its origin from the falling band, which is divided under the chin.

The ladies' hair was curled and frizzled with the nicest art, and they frequently set it off with "heartbreakers"—artificial curls. Sometimes a string of pearls, or an ornament of riband, was worn on the head; and, in the latter part of this reign, hoods of various kinds were in fashion.

Patching and painting the face, than which nothing was more common in France, was also too common among the ladies in England. But, what was much worse, they affected a mean betwixt dress and nakedness, which occasioned the publication of a book entitled "A just and seasonable reprehension of naked Breasts and Shoulders, with a Preface by Richard Baxter."

It appears, from the "Memoires de Grammont," that green stockings were worn by one of the greatest beauties of the English court.\*

In Pepys's very minute and ever interesting Diary, there are many curious particulars relating to dress. He notes down of his wearing of great skirts, and a white suit with silver lace to the coat; and that he had come home a black "camlett cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit." On a Sunday he called at his father's to change his long black cloak for a short one, "long cloaks being quite out;" and he tells us of his brother bringing him his "jackanapes coat with silver buttons." This was before 1662, in the March of which year he writes, "By and by comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and of my wife's own hair." Next month he says, "Went with my wife by coach to the New (Exeter) Exchange, to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashion petticoats of sarsnet, with a

\* Evelyn's Diary, Feb. 10. 1686.

\* Granger.

black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome." In May he makes this memorandum:—"My wife and I, in the Privy Garden, saw the finest 'she-shirts' and linen petticoats of my lady Castlemaine, laced with rich laces at the bottom, that ever I saw." In the same month he walked in the park "where," he says, "I saw the king now out of mourning, in a suit laced with gold and silver, which it is said was out of fashion." In October he put on a new band, which pleased him so much, that he writes, "I am resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will set off any thing the more." The notes in his Diary, after 1662, of prevailing modes and changes in dress, become more descriptive, and also deserve to be transcribed.

*Extracts.*

1663, July 13. The king rode in the park with the queen, who wore "a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*, mighty pretty. The king rode hand in hand with her, attended by the ladies of honor. Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies, and had a yellow plume in her hat. But above all, Mrs. Stuart, with her hat cocked and a red plume, is now the greatest beauty I think I ever saw in my life."

—October 30. "£43 worse than I was last month. But it hath chiefly arisen from my laying out in clothes for myself and wife; viz. for her about £12 and for myself £55 or thereabout; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain, both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs—two perriwigs, one whereof cost me £3, and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but I will begin next month, God willing."

—November 30. "Put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlet ribbons, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvet, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago."

1663-4, February 1. "I did give my wife's brother a close-bodied light-colored coat that I had by me, with a gold edging in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best petticoat that she had on when I married her. He is gone into Holland to seek his fortune."

— 15. "The duke (of York)

first put on a perriwig to-day; but methought his hair cut short, in order thereto, did look very pretty of itself, before he put on his perriwig."

—April 18. "To Hide Park, where I have not been since last year: where I saw the king with his perriwig, but not altered at all; and my lady Castlemaine in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on."

1664, June 24. "To the park, and there met the queen coming from chapel, with her maids of honor, all in silver lace-gowns again; which is new to me, and that which I did not think would have been brought up again."

— November 11. Put on my new shaggy gown with gold buttons and loop lace."

1664-5, March 6. "To St. James's—did business with the duke. Great preparations for his speedy return to sea. I saw him try on his buff coat and hat-piece covered over with black velvet."

1665, May 14. "To church, it being Whit-Sunday; my wife very fine in a new yellow bird's-eye hood, as the fashion is now."

— June 1. "After dinner I put on my new camelott suit; the best that ever I wore in my life, the suit costing me above £24. In this I went to Goldsmith's Hall, to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner [sheriff of London 1648—Lord Mayor 1654]; which hall, and Haberdasher's also, was so full of people, that we were fain, for ease and coolness, to go forth to Paternoster Row, to choose me a silk to make me a plain ordinary suit."

— June 11. "Walking in the galleries at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honor dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and their doublets buttoned up the breast, with perriwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody would take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me."

— July 31. "In my new colored silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round my bands, very rich and fine."

— September 3. "Put on my colored silk suit, very fine, and my new perriwig bought a good while since, but durst not wear it because the plague was

in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to perriwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear that it had been cut off of the heads of people dead with the plague."

1666, October 8. "The king hath yesterday in council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes which he will never alter."

13. "To Whitehall; and there the duke of York was just come in from hunting. So I stood and saw him dress himself, and try on his vest, which is the king's new fashion, and he will be in it for good and all on Monday next, and the whole court: it is a fashion the king says he will never change."

15. "This day the king begun to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords; and commons too, great courtiers who are in it; being a long cassock close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; and upon the whole I wish the king may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment."

"Lady Carteret tells me the ladies are to go into a new fashion shortly, and that is, to wear short coats above their ancles; which she and I do not like; but conclude this long train to be mighty graceful."

17th. "The court is full of vests, only my lord St. Albans not pinked, but plain black; and they say the king says, the pinking upon white makes them look too much like magpies, and hath bespoken one of plain velvet."

20th. "They talk that the queen hath a great mind to have the feet seen, which she loves mightily."

November 2. "To the ball at night at court, it being the queen's birthday, and now the house grew full, and the candles light, and the king and queen, and all the ladies, sat; and it was indeed a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more, only the queen none; and the king in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich—the ladies all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and diamonds and pearls."

November 23. "Mr. Batillier tells me the king of France hath, in defiance to the king of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests, and that the noblemen of France will do the like; which, if true, is the greatest indignity ever done by one prince to another, and would excite a stone to be revenged; and I hope our king will, if it be so."

1666-7, February 4. "My wife and I out to the duke's playhouse—very full of great company; among others, Mrs. Stewart, very fine, with her locks done up with puffs, as my wife calls them; and several other ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it; but my wife do mightily; but it is only because she sees it is the fashion."

1667, March 29. "To a perriwig maker's, and there bought two perriwigs, mighty fine indeed, too fine, I thought, for me, but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for £4. 10s. the two. 31st. To church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new perriwig, make a great show."

December 8. "To Whitehall, where I saw the duchess of York in a fine dress of second mourning for her mother, being black, edged with ermine, go to make her first visit to the queen since the duke of York's being sick."

1668, March 26th. "To the duke of York's house to see the new play, called 'The Man is the Master;' when the house was (for the hour), it being not one o'clock, very full. My wife extraordinary fine in her flower-tabby suit, and every body in love with it; and indeed she is very handsome in it."

There is a curious trait in the personal character of Charles II. "He took delight," says Mr. Evelyn, "in having a number of little spaniels follow him, and lie down in the bed chamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking."

#### *Wilful Livers.*

The mark they shoot at, the end they look for, the heaven they desire, is only their own present pleasure and private profit; whereby they plainly declare of whose school, of what religion they be: that is, epicures in living, and *Aḡaḡ* in doctrine. *Ascham.*

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 7.

	n. m.
February 6. Day breaks . . .	5 23
Sun rises . . .	7 19
— sets . . .	4 41
Twilight ends . . .	6 37
Butcher's-broom flowers	

**February 7.**

A WALK IN WINTER

[For the Year Book.]

Healthy and hearty, and strong of limb, on a sharp cold frosty morning, I clap on my hat, button up my coat, draw on my gloves, and am off with a friend for a walk

Over the hills and far away.

We foot it, and crush the snow right merrily together. How winter-like is yonder farm-yard! That solitary melancholy jacques—a jackass, with his ears down, and his knees trembling, is the very picture of cold. That drake looks as though his blood were congealed, and he wanted a friendly handling to thaw it, as they do his brother's at Naples on the day of St. Januarius. Yonder goose on one leg seems weighing the difficulty of putting down the other. The fowls cheerlessly huddle together, ignorant of the kite soaring beautifully above them, whetting his beak on the keen wind.—*Whough!* what a clatter! He has plumped into the midst of the poultry, seized a fine hen, and is flying down the wind with his screaming prey.

Along the lane where, in summer, the hedgerows and banks are deliciously green, and the ear is charmed with the songs of birds, the branches are now bare of leaves, and the short herbage covered with the drifted snow, except close to the thickly growing roots of the blackthorn. You fowler with his nets has captured a lark. Poor bird! never again will he rise and take flight in the boundless air,

At heaven's gate singing—

He is destined to a narrow cage, and a turf less wide than his wings. Yonder, too, is a sportsman with his gun and sideling looks, in search of birds, whom hunger may wing within reach of shot—he is perplexed by a whirling snipe at too great a distance. There is a skater on the pool, and the fish below are doubtless wondering at the rumbling and tumbling above. That sparrow hawk is hurrying after a fieldfare.—*Look!* he is above his

object, see how he hovers; he stoops—a shot from the sportsman—down comes the hawk, not in the beauty of a fierce swoop, but fluttering in death's agony; and the scared fieldfare hastens away, low to ground.

Well, our walk out is a long one. We'll go into this little inn. After stamping the snow from our feet, we enter the nicely sanded passage, find a snug parlour with a good clear fire, and in a few minutes our host places before us a prime piece of well corned beef, and we lessen its weight by at least two pounds; and the home-brewed is capital. Scarcely two months more, and we shall have the nightingale, with his pipe and jug, in the adjoining thickets.

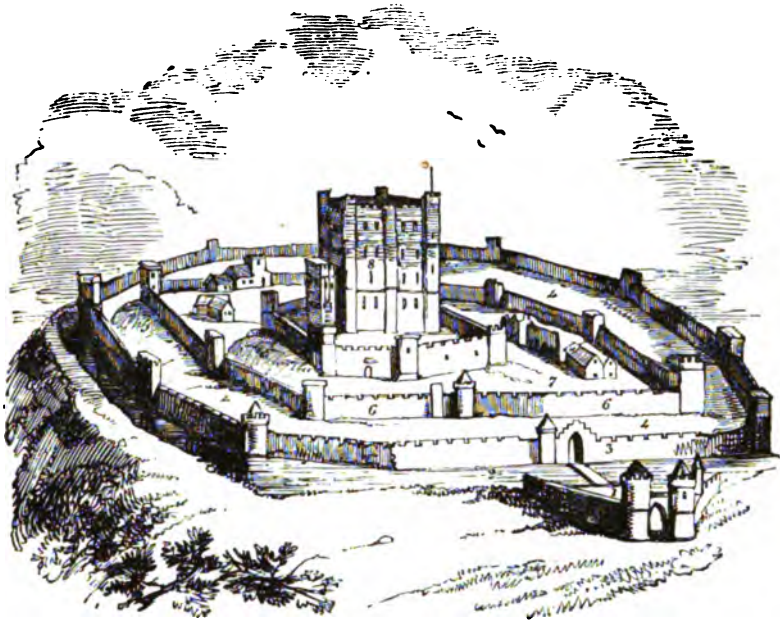
S. R. J

*Court Jocularly in Cold Weather.*

King Henry II. lived on terms of familiarity and merriment with his great officers of state. In cold and stormy weather, as he was riding through the streets of London, with his chancellor, Thomas à Becket, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, the king saw coming towards them a poor old man, in a thin coat, worn to tatters. "Would it not be a great charity," said he to the chancellor, "to give this naked wretch, who is so needy and infirm, a good warm cloak?" "Certainly," answered the minister; "and you do the duty of a king, in turning your eyes and thoughts to such subjects." While they were thus talking, the man came nearer; the king asked him if he wished to have a good cloak, and, turning to the chancellor, said, "You shall have the merit of this good deed of charity;" then, suddenly laying hold on a fine new scarlet cloak, lined with fur, which Becket had on, he tried to pull it from him, and, after a struggle, in which they had both nearly fallen from their horses, the king prevailed, the poor man had the cloak, and the courtiers laughed, like good courtiers, at the pleasantry of the king.\*

February 7. Day breaks . . .	5 22
Sun rises . . .	7 17
— sets . . .	4 43
Twilight ends . . .	6 38
White Alysson flowers.	

\* Littleton's Life of Henry II



A CASTLE.

According to Dr. Johnson, a castle is "a strong house fortified;" but this gives little more information than the saying, according to law, "Every man's house is his castle;" or, than the line of a song, which says,

Our house is our castellum.

A castle is a fortress, or fortification of stone, surrounded by high and thick walls of defence, with different works, as represented in the engraving, on which are figures to denote.

1. The barbacan.
2. Ditch, or moat.
3. Wall of the outer ballium.
4. Outer ballium.
5. Artificial mount.
6. Wall of the inner ballium.
7. Inner ballium.
8. Keep, or dungeon.

1. The *barbacan* was a watch-tower for the purpose of descrying a distant enemy. It seems to have had no positive place, except that it was always an outwork, and frequently advanced beyond the ditch, to which it was joined by a drawbridge, and formed the entrance into the castle.

2. The *ditch*, which was also called the

*mote, fosse, or gra*, was either wet or dry, according to the circumstances of the situation; when dry, there were sometimes subterranean passages, through which the cavalry could pass.

3. The *wall of the outer ballium* was within the ditch, on the castle side. This wall was usually high, flanked with towers, and had a parapet, embattled, crenellated, or garretted, for mounting it.

4. The *outer ballium* was the space, or yard, within the outer wall. In the ballium were lodgings, or barracks, for the garrison, and artificers; wells for water, and sometimes a monastery.

5. An *artificial mount*, commanding the adjacent country, was often thrown up in the ballium.

6. The *wall of the inner ballium* separated it from the outer ballium.

7. The *inner ballium* was a second enclosed space, or yard. When a castle had an inner ballium, which was not always the case, it contained the buildings, &c., before-mentioned (4) as being within the ballium.

8. The *keep, or dungeon*, commonly, though not always, stood on an eminence in the centre; sometimes it was emphati-

cally called the tower. It was the citadel, or last retreat of the garrison, and was generally a high square tower of four or five stories, having turrets at each angle, with stair-cases in the turrets. The walls of this edifice were always of an extraordinary thickness, which enabled them to exist longer than other buildings, and they are now almost the only remains of our ancient castles. In the keep, or dungeon, the lord, or governor, had his state rooms, which were little better than gloomy cells, with chinks, or embrasures, diminishing inwards, through which arrows, from long and cross-bows, might be discharged against besiegers. Some keeps, especially those of small castles, had not even these conveniences, but were solely lighted by a small perforation in the top. The different stories were frequently vaulted; sometimes they were only separated by joists. On the top of the keep was usually a platform, with an embattled parapet, whence the garrison could see and command the exterior works.

Castles were designed for residence as well as defence. According to some writers the ancient Britons had castles of stone; but they were few in number, and either decayed, or so much destroyed, through neglect or invasions, that, at the time of the Norman conquest, little more than their ruins remained; and this is assigned as a reason for the facility with which the Normans mastered the country. The conqueror erected and restored many castles, and on the lands parcelled out to his followers they erected castles all over the country. These edifices greatly multiplied in the turbulent and unsettled state of the kingdom under other sovereigns: towards the end of the reign of Stephen they amounted to the almost incredible number of eleven hundred and fifteen.

As the feudal system strengthened, castles became the heads of baronies. Each castle became a manor, and the castellan, owner, or governor, the lord of that manor. Markets and fairs were held there to prevent frauds in the king's duties, or customs; and there his laws were enforced until the lords usurped the regal power, not only within their castles, but the environs, and exercised civil and criminal jurisdiction, coined money, and even seized forage and provision for their garrisons. Their oppression grew so high, that, according to William of Newbury, "there were as many kings, or rather tyrants, as lords of

castles;" and Matthew Paris styles them "very nests of devils, and dens of unives."

The licentiousness of the lords, and the number of their castles, were diminished by king Stephen, and particularly by his successor Henry II., who prohibited the building of new castles without special licence.\* His creation of burghs for the encouragement of trade and industry was an inroad upon the power of the lords, by which it was finally subverted.

## February 8.

### ST. MAGNUS' ORGAN.

1713, February 8. The "Spectator" contains the following notice—

"WHEREAS Mr. Abraham Jordan, sen. and jun., have, with their own hands (joynery excepted), made and erected a very large organ in St. Magnus church at the foot of London Bridge, consisting of four sets of keys, one of which is adapted to the art of emitting sounds by swelling notes, which was never in any organ before; this instrument will be publickly opened on Sunday next, the performance by Mr. John Robinson. The above said Abraham Jordan gives notice to all masters and performers that he will attend every day next week at the said church to accommodate all those gentlemen who shall have any curiosity to hear it."

In 1825 the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, by London Bridge, was "repaired and beautified" at a very considerable expence. During the reparation the east window, which had been closed, was restored, and the interior of the fabric conformed to the state in which it was left by its great architect, Sir Christopher Wren. The magnificent organ referred to in the Spectator; was taken down and rebuilt by Mr. Parsons, and re-opened, with the church, on the 12th of February, 1826.

### ORGAN BUILDERS.

Bernard Smith, or more properly Schmidt, a native of Germany, came to England with his nephews Gerard and Bernard, and, to distinguish him from them, obtained the name of "Father Smith." He was the rival of the Harris's from France, and built an organ at Whitehall too precipitately, to gain the

\* Gross

start of them, as they had arrived nearly at the same time in England. Emulation was powerfully exerted. Dallans joined Smith, but died in 1672; and Renatus Harris, son of the elder Harris, made great improvements. The contest became still warmer. The citizens of London, profiting by the rivalry of these excellent artists, erected organs in their churches; and the city, the court, and even the lawyers, were divided in judgment as to the superiority. In order to decide the matter, the famous contest took place in the Temple Church, upon their respective organs, played by eminent performers, before eminent judges, one of whom was the too celebrated Chancellor Jefferies. Blow and Purcell played for Smith, and Lully, organist to queen Catherine, for Harris. In the course of the contest, Harris challenged Father Smith to make, by a given time, the additional stops of the vox humana; the cremona, or viol stop; the double courtel, or bass flute, &c.; which was accepted, and each exerted his abilities to the utmost. Jefferies at length decided in favor of Smith, and Harris's organ was withdrawn. Father Smith maintained his reputation, and was appointed organ-builder to queen Ann. His nephews worked in the country, rather as repairers than builders of organs, and Harris went to Bristol. Christopher Schrider, one of Father Smith's workmen, married his daughter, and succeeded to his business; as Renatus Harris's son, John, did to his. But Swarbrick and Turner, of Cambridge, had part of the Harris's trade, till Jordan, a distiller, and self-taught organ-builder, whose advertisement concerning the organ at St. Magnus's church appears above, rivalled these men. Abraham, the son of old Jordan, exceeded his father in execution, and had the greater part of the business. It was afterwards shared by Byfield and Bridge.\*

#### A CHARACTER.

JOHN CHAPPEL,

*Church Clerk of Morley, Yorkshire.*

Extracted from the "History of Morley, in the parish of Batley, and West Riding of Yorkshire; &c., By NURRISSON SCATCHERD, Esq., Leeds, 1830." Octavo.

Old John Chappel lived in a house near the vestry chamber, where his mother,

\* Hawkins's History of Music; cited in Noble's Continuation to Granger.

an old school-mistress, taught me my alphabet. John was the village carrier to Leeds, a remarkably honest, sober man, but quite an original of his kind. Music, to him, was every thing; especially if it belonged to Handel, Boyce, Green, or Kent. He was an old bachelor; and, seated in his arm chair, with a number of fine fat tabby cats, his music books, and violoncello, a king might have envied him his happiness. At a very early age John had got so well drilled in the science of "sol-fa-ing," that he could catch up his distances very correctly, when singing in parts and attempting a new piece, and he was outrageously violent with those who possessed not the same talent. Being "cock of the walk," in the gallery of the old chapel, he, unfortunately, intimidated so many of his pupils, that they sought harmony, less intermingled with discords, at the Calvinistic chapel, and we lost an excellent singer (Ananiah Illingworth) from that cause alone. But old John repaid, by his zeal and fidelity, the injury which he did us by his petulance—year after year, and Sabbath after Sabbath, morning and afternoon, in the coldest and most inclement weather, yea, up to the knees in snow, would old "Cheetham" trudge with his beloved violoncello, carrying it with all the care and tenderness that a woman does her babe. But, oh! to see him with his bantling between his knees, the music books elevated, his spectacles mounted on a fine bowing nose (between the Roman and the Aquiline), surrounded by John Bilbrough, with his left-handed fiddle (a man who played a wretched flute), and a set of young lads yelping about him, was a sight for a painter. On the other hand, to have heard him, on his return from Leeds, with his heavy cart and old black horse, singing one of Dr. Boyce's airs—"softly rise, O southern breeze"—with a voice between a tenor and a counter-tenor, would have delighted even the doctor himself. Ah! those days when modest worth, rural innocence, and unostentatious piety, were seen in the village, in many a living example, I can scarcely think on without a tear. First, on a Sunday morning, came the excellent "Natty," as humble, pious, and moral a man as I ever knew; then followed old John, with his regiment; and, next, the venerable pastor, in his clerical hat and large cauliflower, or full-bottomed, wig—tall, erect, dignified, and serious, with an appearance which would



THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 9.

have suited the cathedral at York, and a countenance which might have stood in the place of a sermon. But I must not indulge myself upon this subject.\*

THE SEASON.

The owl may sometimes be heard to hoot about this day.

The owl is vulgarly called the "Scotch nightingale." In June, 1656, Mr. Evelyn enters in his diary—"came to visit the old marquess of Argyle (since executed), Lord Lothian, and some other Scotch noblemen, all strangers to me. Note.—The marquess took the turtle doves in the aviary for owls."

CHOUANS.

This denomination of a band of insurgents, during the first French revolution, is not in general better understood than the distinction made between the "Chouans" and the "Vendéans." Under the gabel law of the old government, there was much smuggling and a great contraband trade in salt. The salt smugglers used to go about in parties at night, when they made use of a noise imitating the scream of the *chouette*, or little owl, as a signal to each other to escape the revenue officers if the party was not strong, or to assemble if they felt themselves in sufficient force for resistance. Among the insurgents in the departments of the Morbihan, of Ille et Vilaine, and of the Lower Loire, there was a great number of these smugglers, who, going about as formerly on marauding parties at night, made use of the same signal to call each other together. This occasioned the republicans to give them the name of *chouettes*, as an appellation of contempt; which, by a transition familiar to the French language, afterwards changed to *chouans*. For example, in proper names, Anne is called Nannette, or Nannon; Jeanne is called Jeannette, or Jeanneton; Marie, Miette, or Myon. The easy transition, therefore, of *chouettes* to *chouans* is obvious.

The *chouans* were the refuse of the *vendéans*, who united with troops of marauders; and, having no principle of their own, but seeing that the attachment evinced by the *Vendéans* to the cause of royalty had acquired them much reputa-

tion, and gained many adherents, they assumed a character to which they had no pretension. Unlike the *Vendéans*, who could not bear nocturnal fighting, the *chouans* made all their attacks by night. It was never their aim, by taking towns or hazarding a battle, to strike any decisive blow. They never deserved the name of soldiers; they were smugglers transformed into banditti.\*

		h. m.
February 8.	Day breaks . . .	5 20
	Sun rises . . .	7 15
	— sets . . .	4 45
	Twilight ends . . .	6 40

The long flowers of the hazel begin to be seen hanging in the hedges.

Owls hoot

February 9.

COLD WEATHER.

*Animalcule in Frozen Grass.*

—The extreme clearness and tranquillity of the morning had carried me out on my accustomed walk somewhat earlier than usual. The grass was spangled with ten thousand frozen dew drops, which, as the sun-beams slanted against them, reflected all the colors of the rainbow, and represented a pavement covered with brilliants.

At a sheltered corner of a frozen pond there appeared a pleasing regularity in the rime upon the surface of the ice. I carefully packed a portion of this ice; with the rime upon it, between two parcels of the frozen grass, and hastened home to examine it.

What I had intended as the business of the inquiry was, whether the beautifully ramose figures into which the rime had concreted were similar to any of the known figures in flakes of snow. To ascertain this, I cut off a small portion of the ice, with its ramifications on it, and laid it on a plate of glass before a powerful microscope. My purpose was frustrated. I had the caution to make the observation in a room without a fire; but the air was so warm, that the delicate fibres of the icy efflorescence melted to water before I could adapt the glasses for the observation: the more solid ice that had been their base soon thawed, and the whole became a half-round drop of clear fluid on the plate.

I was withdrawing my eye, when I

\* Scatcherd's History of Morley, p. 138.

\* Miss Plumtre's Travels in France.

accidentally discovered motion in the water, and could discern some opaque and moveable spots in it. I adapted magnifiers of greater power, and could then distinctly observe that the water, which had become a sea for my observations, swarmed with living inhabitants. The extreme minuteness and delicate frame of these tender animalculæ, one would imagine, must have rendered them liable to destruction from the slightest injuries; but, on the contrary, that they were hardy beyond imagination, has been proved. The heat of boiling water will not destroy the tender frames of those minute eels found in the blight of corn; and here I had proof that animalculæ of vastly minuter structure, and finer, are not to be hurt by being frozen up and embodied in solid ice for whole nights, and probably for whole weeks together.

I put on yet more powerful glasses, which, at the same time that they discovered to the eye the amazing structure of the first-mentioned animalculæ, produced to view myriads of smaller ones of different forms and kinds, which had been invisible under the former magnifiers, but which were now seen sporting and wheeling in a thousand intricate meanders.

I was examining the larger first-discovered animalculæ, which appeared colossal to the rest, and were rolling their vast forms about like whales in the ocean, when one of them, expanding the extremity of its tail into six times its former circumference, and thrusting out, all around it, an innumerable series of hairs, applied it closely and evenly to the surface of the plate, and by this means attached itself firmly. In an instant the whole mass of the circumjacent fluid, and all within it, was in motion about the head of the creature. The cause was evident: the animal had thrust out, as it were, two heads in the place of one, and each of these was furnished with a wonderful apparatus, which, by an incessant rotary motion, made a current, and brought the water in successive quantities, full of the lesser animals, under a mouth which was between the two seeming heads, so that it took in what it liked of the smaller creatures for its food. The motion and the current continued till the insect had satisfied its hunger, when the whole became quiet; the head-like protuberances were then drawn back, and disappeared, the real head assumed its wonted form, the tail loosened from the

plate, and recovered its pointed shape; and the animal rolled about as wantonly as the rest of its brethren.

While my eye was upon this object, other animalculæ of the same species performed the same wonderful operation, which seemed like that of a pair of wheels, such as those of a water-mill, forming a successive current by continual motion: a strict examination explained the apparatus, and showed that it consisted of six pairs of arms, capable of expansion and contraction in their breadth, and of very swift movement, which, being kept in continual motion, like that of opening and shutting the human hand, naturally described a part of a circle; and, as the creature always expanded them to their full breadth, so, as it shut and contracted them to their utmost narrowness again, this contraction drove the water forcibly before them, and they were brought back to their open state without much disturbance to the current.

This wonderful apparatus was for the service of a creature, a thousand of which would not together be equal to a grain of sand in bigness! It is erroneously called the wheel-animal.\*

	h.	m.
February 9. Day breaks . . .	5	19
Sun rises . . .	7	13
— sets . . .	4	47
Twilight ends . . .	6	41

Ravens build.

### February 10.

In February, 1786, died, at the extreme age of 110 years, eight months, and fourteen days, in the full enjoyment of every faculty, except strength and quickness of hearing, Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville. He was of a noble house in the province of Andalusia, and the last surviving son of Don Antonio de Salis, historiographer to Philip IV. and author of the Conquest of Mexico.—The Cardinal used to tell his friends, when asked what regimen he observed, “By being old when I was young, I find myself young now I am old. I led a sober, studious, but not a lazy or sedentary life. My diet was sparing, though delicate; my liquors the best wines of Xeres and La Manche

\* Sir John Hill

of which I never exceeded a pint at any meal, except in cold weather, when I allowed myself a third more. I rode or walked every day, except in rainy weather, when I exercised for a couple of hours. So far I took care of the body; and, as to the mind, I endeavoured to preserve it in due temper by a scrupulous obedience to the divine commands, and keeping, as the apostle directs, a conscience void of offence towards God and man. By these innocent means I have arrived at the age of a patriarch with less injury to my health and constitution than many experience at forty. I am now, like the ripe corn, ready for the sickle of death, and, by the mercy of my Redeemer, have strong hopes of being translated into his garner.\*

*Age.*

The greatest vice the sages observe in us is, "that our desires incessantly grow young again; we are always beginning again to live." Our studies and desires should sometimes be sensible of old age; we have one foot in the grave, and yet our appetites and pursuits spring up every day. If we must study, let us follow that study which is suitable to our present condition, that we may be able to answer as he did, who, being asked to what end he studied in his decrepid age, answered, "That I may go the better off the stage, at greater ease."—*Montaigne.*

		h. m.
<i>February 10.</i>	Day breaks . . .	5 17
	Sun rises . . .	7 11
	— sets . . .	4 49
	Twilight ends . .	6 43

Frogs breed, and croak.

**February 11.**

1763. February 11. William Shenstone, the poet of "the Leasowes" in Warwickshire, and author of "the Schoolmistress," died, aged 49, broken-spirited, and, perhaps, broken-hearted. He wrote pastoral poetry for fame, which was not awarded to him by his contemporaries,—received promises of political patronage, which were not fulfilled,—omitted, from prudential motives, to marry a lady whom he loved,—was seduced into a passion for landscape gardening—and ruined his do-

mestic affairs. He retired into the country, and could not bear solitude,—expended his means on planting his grounds,—lamented that his house was not fit to receive "polite friends," were they disposed to visit him,—and courted, as he tells us, the society of "persons who will despise you for the want of a good set of chairs, or an uncouth fire-shovel, at the same time that they cannot taste any excellence in a mind that overlooks those things." He forgot that a mind which overlooks those things must also afford to overlook such persons, or its prospect of happiness is a dream. He writes of himself an irrefutable truth:—"One loses much of one's acquisitions in virtue by an hour's converse with such a judge of merit by money;" and, he adds, "I am now and then impelled by the social passion to sit half-an-hour in my own kitchen." Johnson says, "his death was probably occasioned by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing."

It has been said of Shenstone, that "he should have burnt most of what he wrote, and printed most of what he spoke." From such a conflagration, Charles Lamb and Crabbe, would have snatched Shenstone's "Schoolmistress."

*Economy, and Epicurism.*

In a letter from lady Luxborough to her friend Shenstone, concerning the poet's money affairs, there is a capital anecdote of king George I. She says, "Had Shakspeare had to gather rents, he would not have said,

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
since your half day in endeavouring to seduce your tenant into paying you for half-a-year was ineffectual, and as my labors that way are as vain. My success in recovering money is very similar to yours; and, if what you say about the butter-dish and sluice is true, as to you, it is no less so as to me. The parallel between us may be carried farther: for I am as backward as you, at wringing from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash; nor could I ever be forced, even by experience, into a proper veneration for sixpence; or have the foresight to nurse fortune; but, however, to eat one's cake when one is a hungered is most sweet. The late king George was fond of peaches stewed in brandy, in a particular manner, which he had tasted at my father's; and ever after, till his death, mv

\* *Gent's Mag.*

mamma furnished him with a sufficient quantity to last the year round—he eating two every night. This little present he took kindly; but one season proved fatal to fruit-trees, and she could present his majesty but with half the usual quantity, desiring him to use economy, for they would barely serve him the year at *one* each night. Being thus forced by necessity to retrench, he said he would then eat two every other night, and valued himself upon having mortified himself less than if he had yielded to their regulation of one each night; which, I suppose, may be called a compromise between economy and epicurism,

		h. m.
February 11.	Day breaks . . .	5 15
	Sun rises . . .	7 10
	— sets . . .	4 50
	Twilight ends . .	6 45

Rooks build

## February 12.

### FONTHILL.

As relating to this day, a newspaper of 1793 contains the following paragraph: "*Feb. 12, 1775*—Fonthill burnt, with a loss, on the lowest computation, of £30,000 sterling.—When old Beckford, who was an odd compound of penury and profusion, immediately,—with as little emotion as the duke of Norfolk at Work-sop,—ordered it to be rebuilt with magnificence, more expensive than before;—and yet the same person, when he had the gout, and though he had studied medicine under Boerhaave, literally suffered his case to fail, through parsimonious self-denial, in mere Madeira wine!

Resolve me—which is worse,  
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?

### CHEMISTRY.

[For the Year Book.]

The primitive meaning and origin of the word chemistry are not known. Some conjecture it to have been derived from the name of one of the first professors of this interesting science, Cham, an eminent Egyptian. The word, we find from Suidas, was used by the Greeks very soon after the death of our Saviour.

As respects the science, Tubal-Cain, who found out the art of working in

brass, must have been an able chemist; for it is impossible to work on this metal without first knowing the art of refining it.

The physicians who were ordered to embalm the body of the patriarch Jacob were skilled in medicinal chemistry.

Cleopatra proved to the royal Anthony her knowledge of the science by dissolving a pearl of great value in his presence.

We are informed by Pliny, that Caius, the emperor extracted gold from orpiment.

An author of the fourth century speaks of the science of alchemy as understood at that time.—The learned "Baron Rothschild" appears to be one of the greatest followers of this delightful employment in our days.

The attempt to make gold was prohibited by pope John XXII. If we may judge from certain episcopal manipulations, it is not in our days considered culpable.

Hippocrates was assiduous in his cultivation of chemistry.

Helen (how I should love the science if it had such followers now!) is introduced by Homer as administering to Telemachus a medical preparation of opium.

Geber in the seventh century wrote several chemical works.

Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century cultivated chemistry with great success. Why does not *Hogg* follow in the footsteps of his "great ancestor"?

It is said that the Hottentots know how to melt copper and iron; a curious fact, if true, as it indicates more civilization in science than in manners.

The science was introduced by the Spanish Moors of Spain into Europe.

John Becher laid the foundation of the present system.

Miss Benger tells of a professor in a Northern university who, in making a chemical experiment, held a phial which blew into a hundred pieces. "Gentlemen," said the doctor, "I have made this experiment often with *this* very same phial, and it never broke in this manner before."

A chemical operation serves the turn of Butler in his *Hudibras*:—

Love is a fire that burns and sparkles  
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,  
Which sooty chemists step in holes  
When out of wood they extract coals;  
So lovers should their passions choke,  
That though they burn they may not smoke.

Chemistry received a noble compliment from M. Le Sage, who makes the devil upon two sticks inform Don Cleofas

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 13.

that he is the god Cupid, and the introducer of chemistry into the world.—

Ladies who deign to read so far—bright eyes—I cry you mercy : I have done.

XX.

		h. m.
<i>February 12.</i>	Day breaks . . .	5 14
	Sun rises . . .	7 8
	— sets . . .	4 52
	Twilight ends . .	6 46

The toad makes a noise.

**February 13.**

THE SEASON.

About this time all nature begins to revivify.

The green woodpecker is heard in the woods.

The woodlark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note.

Rooks begin to pair.

Missel-thrushes pair.

The thrush sings.

The yellowhammer is heard.

The chaffinch sings.

Turkeycocks strut and gobble.

Partridges begin to pair.

The house-pigeon has young.

Field-crickets open their holes

Moles are busy below the earth.

Gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges.

NOTE.—

Knowledge is treasure, but judgment is the treasury.

Want of knowledge, and due consideration, cause all the unhappiness a man brings upon himself.

A man void of sense ponders all night long, and his mind wanders without ceasing : but he is weary at the point of day, and is no wiser than he was overnight.—*Runic.*

Form is good, but not formality.—*Penn.*

Pause before you follow example. A mule laden with salt, and an ass laden with wool, went over a brook together. By chance the mule's pack became wetted, the salt melted, and his burden became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who, thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water ; but his load became

the heavier, and he broke down, under it. That which helps one man may hinder another.

Be cautious in giving advice ; and consider before you adopt advice.

Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.—*Spectator.*

Let us manage our time as well as we can, there will yet remain a great deal that will be idle and ill employed.—*Montaigne.*

A necessary part of good manners is a punctual observance of time, at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places : whether upon matters of civility, business, or diversion. If you duly observe time, for the service of another, it doubles the obligation : if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it : if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior to attend on you, to his own disadvantage, is pride and injustice.—*Swift.*

Lord Coke wrote the subjoined distich, which he religiously observed in the distribution of his time :

Six hours to sleep—to law's grave study six ;  
Four spend in prayer—the rest to nature fix.

Sir William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment in the following lines :—

Seven hours to law—to soothing slumber seven ;  
Ten to the world allot : and ALL to heaven.

Keep an exact account of your daily expenses, and, at the end of every week, consider what you can save the next.

Send your son into the world with good principles, a good temper, a good education, and habits of industry and order, and he will work his way.

Nature supplies what it absolutely needs. Socrates, seeing a heap of treasure, jewels, and costly furniture, carried in pomp through the city, said, "How many things do I not desire!"—*Montaigne.*

		h. m.
<i>February 13.</i>	Day breaks . . .	5 12
	Sun rises . . .	7 6
	— sets . . .	4 54
	Twilight ends . .	6 48

Scotch crocus flowers, with pale whitish petals striped with purple.

Polyanthus flowers, if mild. The many hundred varieties of this plant are supposed to come from the common primrose, or from that and the cowslip.



OLD GROTTO IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

On information that some curious subterranean remains existed in the premises of Messrs. Holt and Rolls, at their wholesale grindery and nail warehouse, No. 1, Old Fish Street, permission was asked there, to inspect the place, and obligingly allowed.

The house forms the south-west corner of the street. In the floor of the shop is a trap-door, which, on being pulled up, allowed a friend who is an artist to descend with me, by a step ladder, into a large cellar, through which we went with lighted candles, southerly, to another cellar about fourteen feet wide, brick-arched from the ground, and used as a depository for old packing cases and other lumber, but artificially groined and ornamented from the bottom to the roof with old shell work, discolored by damp and the dust of age. At the end we came to a doorway, to which a door had at one time been attached, and entered the

apartment which is represented in the above engraving, from a drawing taken on the spot by my friend while we remained.

The legend concerning the apartment shown by the print is, that in the catholic times it was used for a place of worship; and, though now below the surface of the earth, was level with the grass or lawn of a garden, which is at this time covered with old buildings.

On going into the apartment from the only entrance, which is behind the figure holding the torch, and could not be shown in the engraving, it appeared to be a handsome grotto with a recess on both the right and left hand side. The entrance to the recess on the right is shown in the print on the right hand of the torch-bearer. These recesses within side widen to the width of the grotto. The back of the grotto is occupied by a projecting kind of arched shrine work, covered with

different shells. The space under and within the sides of the canopy is curiously inlaid with small shells, cowries, and others of different kinds, and small pebbles; a formal ornament of this kind in the centre is supposed to represent a crucifix, but the arms of the cross are ill defined, and not clear to make out. The apartment thus fitted up is about eight feet square and six feet high, and is covered at the sides and top entirely with shells fancifully disposed. In different parts there are several niches, and a few small indented circles, similar to that between the entrance to the right hand recess and the wall, as shown in the print: these circles probably contained looking-glasses. There are rich bosses of shell-work, in the form of clusters of grapes, tastefully depending from different parts of the ceiling, and so firmly attached to it as not to be detached without great force. The place is surprisingly perfect: by cleaning, and a few needful reparations, it might be restored to its original appearance.

It is not easy to determine the precise age of this very interesting structure. There is scarcely room to believe that such a place escaped the ravages of the great fire of London in 1666; yet its appearance is of earlier date: and, if the story be true that its floor was on a level with a grass plat, such a garden could only have existed before that period, and the ground must afterwards have been raised to the level of the houses now erected, which render the grotto subterranean. It is worthy of remark that, at one part, water oozes, and forms stalactytes, or icicle-shaped petrifications: one or two in an incipient state crumbled between the fingers.

As a mere artificial curiosity, though not perhaps as a work of antiquity, this grotto, in the heart of the city, seemed so remarkable as to deserve the present account. Being upon private business-premises it cannot be inspected, and therefore the public must rest satisfied with this notice of its existence.

## February 14.

### VALENTINE'S DAY.

Relative to the origin and usages of St Valentine's day, there is so much in the *Every Day Book*, that little of that kind remains to add.

Mr. Leigh Hunt's paper in the "Indicator" contains the following verses by Drayton—

#### To his Valentine.

Muse, bid the morn awake,  
Sad winter now declines,  
Each bird doth choose a mate,  
This day's St. Valentine's;  
For that good bishop's sake  
Get up, and let us see,  
What beauty it shall be,  
That fortune us assigns.

But lo, in happy hour,  
The place wherein she lies,  
In yonder climbing tow'r,  
Gilt by the glittering rise;  
O Jove! that in a show'r,  
As once that thund'rer did,  
When he in drops lay hid,  
That I could her surprise.

Her canopy I'll draw,  
With spangled plumes bedight.  
No mortal ever saw  
So ravishing a sight;  
That it the gods might awe,  
And pow'rfully transperce  
The globy universe,  
Out-shooting ev'ry light.

My lips I'll softly lay  
Upon her heav'nly cheek,  
Dy'd like the dawning day,  
As polish'd ivory sleek:  
And in her ear I'll say,  
"O thou bright morning-star,  
'Tis I that come so far,  
My valentine to seek.

"Each little bird, this tide,  
Doth choose her loved pheer,  
Which constantly abide  
In wedlock all the year,  
As nature is their guide:  
So may we two be true,  
This year, nor change for new,  
As turtles coupled were.—

"Let's laugh at them that choose  
Their valentines by lot.  
To wear their names that use,  
Whom idly they have got:  
Such poor choice we refuse,  
Saint Valentine befriend;  
We thus this morn may spend,  
Else, Muse, awake her not."

The earliest poetical valentines are by Charles, duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. The poems were chiefly written in England, and during his confinement in the Tower of London. They are contained in a large, splendid, folio MS., among the

king's MSS. at the British Museum. Some of these compositions are rondeaus in the English language, which the duke had sufficient leisure to acquaint himself with during his captivity. A translation of one of his pieces, although not a valentine, is introduced as suited to the season.

Well thou showest, gracious spring,  
What fair works thy hand can bring;  
Winter makes all spirits weary,  
Thine it is to make them merry :  
At thy coming, instant he  
And his spiteful followers flee,  
Forced to quit their rude uncheering  
At thy bright appearing.

Fields and trees will aged grow,  
Winter-clad, with beards of snow,  
And so rough, so rainy he,  
We must to the fireside flee ;  
There, in dread of out-door weather,  
Sculk, like moulting birds, together :  
But those com'st—all nature cheering  
By thy bright appearing.

Winter you bright sun enshrouds  
With his mantle of dark clouds ;  
But, kind Heav'n be praised, once more  
Bursts forth thine enlightening power,  
Gladdening, brightening all the scene,  
Proving how vain his work hath been,—  
Flying at the influence cheering  
Of thy bright appearing.\*

Mr. Pepys enters in his Diary, that on the 22nd of February, 1661, his wife went to Sir W. Batten's, "and there sat a while," he having the day before sent to her "half-a-dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her valentines."

On Valentine's Day 1667, Mr. Pepys says, "This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." It does not appear, by the by, how Pepys became his "wife's valentine." On the morning following he writes down "Pegg Penn is married this day privately," which is a circumstance alluded to the day afterwards:—"I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I

was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I forgot; but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair;' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no music in the morning to call up our new-married people; which is very mean methinks."

Mr. Pepys, in the same year, noticing Mrs. Stuart's jewels, says—"The duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300."

In the February of the following year, Mr. Pepys notes down—"This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds:—with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." The word "wretch" is here used as a term of familiar endearment towards his wife, for whom he entertained the kindest affection.

Some verses follow by the earl of Egremont, who was son of Sir William Wyndham, minister to queen Anne.

THE FAIR THIEF.

Before the urchin well could go,  
She stole the whiteness of the snow;  
And, more that whiteness to adorn,  
She stole the blushes of the morn,—  
Stole all the sweets that ether sheds  
On primrose buds or violet beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,  
She stole the Graces' silken smiles;  
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,  
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth:  
The cherry, dipt in morning dew,  
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her infant spoils,—a store  
To which in time she added more.  
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen  
Her air and love-commanding mien,  
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole,  
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul.

\* Lays of the Minnesingers, 286.



Apollo's wit was next her prey ;  
 Her next, the beam that lights the day.  
 She sung ;—amazed, the Syrens heard  
 And, to assert their voice, appeared.  
 She play'd ;—the Muses from the hill  
 Wonder'd who thus had stol'n their skill.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,  
 And t'other day she stole my heart !  
 If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,  
 Exert thy vengeance on this fair,  
 To trial bring her stolen charms,  
 And let her prison be my arms.

ST. VALENTINE IN SCOTLAND.

[For the Year Book.]

In a small village, in the south of Scotland, I was highly amused with the interesting manner in which the young folks celebrate St. Valentine's Day.

A few years ago, on the afternoon of this day, a slight fall of snow bleached the landscape with pure white, a severe frost set in, and the sun had dropped behind the hills; the sky was cloudless and deliciously clear. I broke from a hospitable roof with a friend for a vigorous walk—

The moon was bright, and the stars shed a light.

We found ourselves in an unknown part:—from a ridge of hills we descended into a wide valley, and an unexpected turn of the footpath brought us suddenly within sight of a comfortable-looking lonely cottage, with a very neat plot in front, abounding with kail and winter leeks for the barley broth. The roof of rushes, oated with snow, vied with the well white-washed wall. From the lower window a cheerful gleam of bright candle-light was now and then intercepted by stirring inmates. As we drew near, we heard loud peals of laughter, and were curious to know the cause, and anxious to partake of the merriment. We knocked, and announced ourselves as lost strangers and craved hospitality. The "good man" heard our story, welcomed us to a seat beside a blazing fire of wood and turf, and appeared delighted with our coming. We found ourselves in the house of rendezvous for the lads and lasses of a neighbouring village to celebrate St. Valentine's Eve.

Our entrance had damped the pleasantry; and inquisitive eyes were directed towards us. It was our business

to become familiar with our new acquaintances, and the pastimes were renewed. Our sudden appearance had disturbed the progress of the village schoolmaster, who had finished writing on small slips of paper the names of each of the blooming lasses of the village.—Each lad had dictated the name of her he loved. These precious slips of paper were now put into a bag and well mixed together, and each youth drew out a ticket, with hope that it might, and fear lest it should not, be the name of his sweet-heart. This was repeated three times; the third time was the conclusion of this part of the sport. Some drew beloved names the third time with rapturous joy; others drew names of certain respectable widows and old ladies of the village, introduced by the art of the schoolmaster, and the victims mourned their unpitied derided sufferings.

After the lasses, the names of the young men were written and drawn by the girls in the same manner, and a threefold success was secretly hailed as a suretyship of bearing the name of the fortunate youth. The drawing of this lottery was succeeded by the essence of amusement, for the "valentines" were to be "relieved."

The "relieving of the valentine" was a scene of high amusement. Each young man had a right to kiss the girl whose name he drew, and at the same time deliver to her the slip of paper. The mirth of this ceremony was excessive. Those who were drawn, and not present, were to be "relieved" with a gift of inconsiderable value, as a token of regard.

The evening passed in cheerful revelry till a late hour. My friend and I had been allowed and pressed to draw, and it was my good fortune to draw three several times the name of one of the party who was "the pride of the village." Of course it was my duty and prerogative to see her home. She was a beautiful girl, and I escorted her with as much gallantry as I could assume. My attentions were pleasing to her, but raised among aspirants to her favor a jealous dislike towards the unknown intruder.

This custom in the Scottish villages of drawing for valentines, so very similar to the drawing for Twelfth Day king and queen, prevails among a kind and simple-hearted people. May the inhabitants of this village be as happy on St. Valentine's Day a hundred years hence!

F. B.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

[Communicated by a Lady.]

On the fourteenth of February it is customary, in many parts of Hertfordshire, for the poor and middling classes of children to assemble together in some part of the town or village where they live, whence they proceed in a body to the house of the chief personage of the place, who throws them wreaths and true lovers' knots from the window, with which they entirely adorn themselves. Two or three of the girls then select one of the youngest amongst them (generally a boy), whom they deck out more gaily than the rest, and, placing him at their head, march forward in the greatest state imaginable, at the same time playfully singing,

Good morrow to you, Valentine;  
 Carl your locks as I do mine,  
 Two before and three behind,  
 Good morrow to you, Valentine.

This they repeat under the windows of all the houses they pass, and the inhabitant is seldom known to refuse a mite towards the merry solicitings of these juvenile serenaders. I have experienced much pleasure from witnessing their mirth. They begin as early as six o'clock in the morning.

On a Valentine's day, being at Uswick, about six miles from Bishop's Stortford, I was awakened from sleep by the laughing voices of a troop of these children. I hastily dressed myself, and threw open the window: it was rather sharp and frosty: the yet sleepless trees were thickly covered with rime, beautifully sparkling in the faint sunbeams, which made their way through the reeking vapours of the moist atmosphere. "To-morrow is come," lisped one of the little ones who stood foremost in the throng; "to-morrow is come," said he, as soon as I appeared; and then, joyfully clapping his hands, all joined in the good morrow, which they continued to repeat till their attention was called off by the welcome sound of the falling halfpence on the crisp frozen grass-plot before the house. Away ran some of them under the trees, some down the walks, while others, who appeared to be of a less lively temper, or, perhaps, less avariciously inclined, remained timidly smiling in their old station, and blushing when I urged them to follow the rest, who were collecting the scattered dole under the old apple tree. Some were on their knees, others absolutely lying down

with out-stretched hands, and faces on which were depicted as much earnestness as if the riches of the Valley of Diamond; which Sinbad tells of, were before them; while the biggest girls were running round and round, hallooing with all their might, and in vain attempting to beat off the boys, who were greedy graspers of the money. They all returned with flushed faces towards the house, and repeated their "to-morrow is come;" and, once more, I was going to say the "golden" drops saluted their delighted ears: again they scrambled, and again I threw, till my stock of half-pence being exhausted, and having nothing further to behold, I closed the window, and attended the welcome summons of my maid, who just then entered the room with the agreeable news "the breakfast is ready, miss, and there is a nice fire in the parlour." "Farewell then, pretty children," I cried, "and the next year, and the next, may you still have the same smiling faces, and the same innocent gaiety of heart; and may I, on the morning of the next fourteenth of February, be half as pleasantly employed as in listening to your cheerful 'good-morrows.'" M. A

*The Valentine Wreath.*

Rosy red the hills appear  
 With the light of morning,  
 Beautiful clouds, in ether clear,  
 All the east adorning;  
 White through mist the meadows shine  
 Wake, my love, my Valentine '  
 For thy locks of raven hue,  
 Flowers of hoar-frost pearly,  
 Crocus-cups of gold and blue,  
 Snow-drops drooping early,  
 With Mesereon sprigs combine  
 Rise, my love, my Valentine '  
 O'er the margin of the flood,  
 Pluck the daisy peeping;  
 Through the covert of the wood,  
 Hunt the sorrel creeping;  
 With the little celandine  
 Crown my love, my Valentine.  
 Pansies, on their lowly stems  
 Scatter'd o'er the fallows;  
 Hazel-buds with crimson gems,  
 Green and glossy willows;  
 Tufted moss and ivy-twine,  
 Deck my love, my Valentine.  
 Few and simple flow'rets these;  
 Yet, to me, less glorious  
 Garden-beds and orchard-trees!  
 Since this wreath victorious  
 Binds you now for ever mine,  
 O my Love, my Valentine.

*Montgomery.*

	h. m.
<i>February 14.</i> Day breaks . .	5 10
Sun rises . .	7 4
— sets . . .	4 56
Twilight ends .	6 50

Noble liverwort flowers; there are three varieties; the blue, the purple, and the white.

Common yellow crocuses flower abundantly.

### *February 15.*

A BUSINESS LETTER.

The following original epistle, which has not before appeared in any work, is communicated from a correspondent, who is curious in his researches and collections.

[Address on the back.]

“ For

*Mr. John Stokes. No. 5 in  
Hind's Court Fleet Street*

*Single London*

*And Post Paid. 15. Feb. 1809.*

[Contents.]

“ St. Asaph in Wales, Feb. 15, 1809.

“ MR. STOKES, Sir

“ On the receipt of this, please to call and get nine shillings, a balance due to me from Mr. Warner, at 16, Cornhill Lottery office, which he will give you, and for which send constantly, every week, 18 of the Mirror Newspapers, directed fair and well, in good writing, to *Mr. Kinley, of Crossack, Ballasalla, Isle of Mann.*

“ Mrs. Kinley likes your newspaper the best of any, because you often insert accounts of shocking accidents, murders, and other terrible destructions, which so lamentably happen to mankind. As such, Your newspaper is a warning voice, and an admonition for people to watch for their own welfare, and to be aware. All newspapers who are filled with dirty, foolish, sinfull accounts of mean, ill, unprofitable things, which stuff the minds of readers with devilish wickedness, ought to be avoided as devilish, and as soul-destroying doctrine. But a newspaper ought to be next unto the blessed godly gospel of our holy Lord and master, Jesus Christ himself, who continually taught and established the word and works of grace and eternal life, through the holy sanctification of the Hoicy Ghost, the most holy, blessed, gift of God, the Almighty Abba Father of

our holy Lord Jesus Christ. When I was in the Isle of Mann, I paid three-pence a-week for one of your papers; and I let Mrs. Kinleys have it, aud, as she has several young sons, your paper would be a blessing to them. And I beg, on Saturday next, you will not fail to begin and send a newspaper every week, and dont miss in any one week, for I want to have them filed, and to have a complete set of them, as I have a great number of the Mirror papers, and I hope to be a constant customer; as such, I beg you will, next Saturday, begin and send a Mirror newspaper every week, and give a good direction on them, and set Mr. Kinley's name quite plain upon the frank, as they are bad, and very bad, readers of writing, at the house where the letters and papers are left at Ballasalla.

“ And, when I get back to the Island, I will take one of your papers for myself, and will send you more cash in due time. But, at present time, begin on next Saturday, and don't fail, and direct quite plain, in good writing, for *Mr. Kinley, of Crossack, Ballasalla, Isle of Mann.*

N. B. Set two nn's in the word Mann, else they send it to the Isle of Mar, in a mistake.

“ Observe well, you must begin this week, and never miss at all, to send a Mirror paper every week, to the Isle of Mann. Don't miss in any week at all. I have paid the postage of this single letter, and I particularly entreat you to get the nine shillings from Mr. Warner, for which please to begin on next Saturday, and don't neglect to send eighteen successive Mirror newspapers, with a very good direction to *Mr. Kinley, of Crossack, Ballasalla, Isle of Mann,* and I will send cash to you, from the Isle, in due time, for myself for more papers, at the end of the time.

Yours,

“ E. T. HADWEN, Engineer, &c.”

[Annexed.]

“ St. Asaph in Wales, Feb. 15, 1809.

“ Mr. Warner, of 16 Cornhill.

“ Esteemed and dear friend. Your's of 1st inst. I got when I came here, with a share in it. I find you to be very honest, honourable, upright, and just, and you have used me better than any other lottery office ever yet did before. Please to give the sum of nine shillings, the balance due to me, unto Mr. John Stokes, the pub-

lisher of the Mirror newspaper, as I want him to send eighteen newspapers to the Isle of Mann for it; and so I beg you will let Mr. Stokes have that balance when he calls or sends; and so, wishing you every blessing for ever and ever, for our Lord Jesus Christ, his blessed, his holy blessed sake, I am, dear Mr. Warner, your entire, and eternal true honest friend,

“ E. T. HADWEN, Engineer.

“ I could like to have a share of No. 103, one-sixteenth of it. If you have it, I beg you will save one-sixteenth of it for me, as I expect to be in London before the drawing is over, and I will take it when I come. You need not write to me about it, as I actually mean to call when I come, &c. And so I wish you a good farewell at the present time.”

OLD LETTERS—

I know of nothing more calculated to bring back the nearly-faded dreams of our youth, the almost-obliterated scenes and passions of our boyhood, and to recal the brightest and best associations of those days

When the young blood ran riot in the veins,  
and

Boyhood made us sanguine—

nothing more readily conjures up the alternate joys and sorrows of maturer years, the fluctuating visions that have floated before the restless imagination in times gone by, and the breathing forms and inanimate objects that wound themselves around our hearts and became almost necessary to our existence, than the perusal of old letters. They are the memorials of attachment, the records of affection, the speaking-trumpets through which those whom we esteem hail us from afar; they seem hallowed by the brother's grasp, the sister's kiss, the father's blessing, and the mother's love. When we look on them, the friends, whom dreary seas and distant leagues divide from us, are again in our presence; we see their cordial looks, and hear their gladdening voices once more. The paper has a tongue in every character, it contains a language in its very silence. They speak to the souls of men like a voice from the grave, and are the links of that chain which connects with the hearts and sympathies of the living an evergreen remembrance of the dead. I have one at this moment before me, which (although time has in a

degree softened the regret I felt at the loss of him who penned it) I dare scarcely look upon. It calls back too forcibly to my remembrance its noble-minded author—the treasured friend of my earliest and happiest days—the sharer of my puerile but innocent joys. I think of him as he then was, the free—the spirited—the gay—the welcome guest in every circle where kind feeling had its weight, or frankness and honesty had influence; and in an instant comes the thought of what he now is, and pale and ghastly images of death are hovering round me. I see him whom I loved, and prized, and honored, shrunk into poor and wasting ashes. I mark a stranger closing his lids—a stranger following him to the grave—and I cannot trust myself again to open his last letter. It was written but a short time before he fell a victim to the yellow fever, in the West Indies, and told me, in the feeling language of Moore, that

Far beyond the western sea  
Was one whose heart remember'd me.

On hearing of his death I wrote some stanzas which I have preserved—not out of any pride in the verses themselves, but as a token of esteem for him to whom they were addressed, and as a true transcript of my feelings at the time they were composed. To those who have never loved nor lost a friend, they will appear trivial and of little worth; but those who have cherished and been bereft of some object of tenderness will recur to their own feelings; and, although they may not be able to praise the poetry, will sympathise with and do justice to the sincerity of my attachment and affliction.

Stanzas.

Farewell! farewell! for thee arise  
The bitter thoughts that pass not o'er;  
And friendship's tears, and friendship's sighs,  
Can never reach thee more;  
For thou art dead, and all are vain  
To call thee back to earth again;  
And thou hast died where stranger's feet  
Alone towards thy grave could bend;  
And that last duty, sad, but sweet,  
Has not been destined for thy friend:  
He was not near to calm thy smart,  
And press thee to his bleeding heart.  
He was not near, in that dark hour  
When Reason fled her ruined shrine,  
To soothe with Pity's gentle power,  
And mingle his faint sighs with thine,  
And pour the parting tear to thee,  
As pledge of his fidelity.

He was not near when thou wert borne  
 By others to thy parent earth,  
 To think of former days, and mourn,  
 In silence, o'er departed worth;  
 And seek thy cold and cheerless bed,  
 And breathe a blessing for the dead.

Destroying Death! thou hast one link  
 That bound me in this world's frail chain:  
 And now I stand on life's rough brink,  
 Like one whose heart is cleft in twain;  
 Save that, at times, a thought will steal  
 To tell me that it still can feel.

Oh! what delights, what pleasant hours  
 In which all joys were wont to blend,  
 Have faded now—and all Hope's flowers  
 Have withered with my youthful friend.  
 Thou feel'st no pain within the tomb—  
 'Tis theirs alone who weep thy doom.

Long wilt thou be the cherished theme  
 Of all their fondness—all their praise;  
 In daily thought and nightly dream,  
 In crowded halls and lonely ways;  
 And they will hallow every scene  
 Where thou in joyous youth hast been.

Theirs is the grief that cannot die,  
 And in their heart will be the strife  
 That must remain with memory,  
 Uncancelled from the book of life.  
 Their breasts will be the mournful urns  
 Where sorrow's incense ever burns.

But there are other letters, the perusal of which makes us feel as if reverting from the winter of the present to the spring-time of the past. These are from friends whom we have long known and whose society we still enjoy. There is a charm in contrasting the sentiments of their youth with those of a riper age, or, rather, in tracing the course of their ideas to their full development; for it is seldom that the feelings we entertain in the early part of our lives entirely change—they merely expand, as the full-grown tree proceeds from the shoot, or the flower from the bud. We love to turn from the formalities and cold politeness of the world to the "Dear Tom" or "Dear Dick" at the head of such letters. There is something touching about it—something that awakens a friendly warmth in the heart. It is shaking the hand by proxy—a vicarious "good morrow." I have a whole packet of letters from my friend G——, and there is scarcely a dash or a comma in them that is not characteristic of the man. Every word bears the impress of freedom—the true *currente calamo* stamp. He is the most convivial of letter-writers—the heartiest of epistlers. Then there is N——, who always seems

to bear in mind that it is "better to be brief than tedious;" for it must indeed be an important subject that would elicit from him more than three lines: nor hath his riba whit more of the *cacoethes scribendi* about her—one would almost suppose they were the hero and heroine of an anecdote I remember somewhere to have heard of, a gentleman who, by mere chance, strolled into a coffee-house, where he met with a captain of his acquaintance on the point of sailing to New York, and from whom he received an invitation to accompany him. This he accepted, taking care, however, to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms:—

"Dear Wife,  
 I am going to America.  
 Yours truly,"

Her answer was not at all inferior either in laconism or tenderness:—

"Dear Husband,  
 A pleasant voyage.  
 Yours, &c."

There are, again, other letters, differing in character from all I have mentioned—fragments saved from the wreck of early love—reliques of spirit-buoying hopes—remembrancers of joy. They, perchance, remind us that love has set in tears—that hopes were cruelly blighted—that our joy is fled for ever. When we look on them we seem to feel that

—————No time  
 Can ransom us from sorrow.

We fancy ourselves the adopted of Misery—Care's lone inheritors. The bloom has passed away from our lives.\*

	h. m.
February 15. Day breaks . . .	5 9
Sun rises . . .	7 2
— sets . . .	4 58
Twilight ends . . .	6 51

Cloth of gold crocus flowers, with petals of a deep orange-yellow inside, and stripes of shining deep reddish-brown outside.

Snow-drops and crocuses are by this time abundant; and with the hellebores, hepaticas, and polyanthes, contribute greatly to enliven the garden.

\* The Gondola.



PHEBE HASSEL, AGED 106.

In looking over the drawings of Mr. Chatfield, the artist,\* I found a fine full-sized portrait of Phebe Hassel, which that gentleman sketched at Brighton in her lifetime, and has obligingly copied for the engraving before the reader.

This remarkable female was well known in Brighton, where she sold fruit at a stall in the street, and, when more than a century old, frequently afforded proof, to any who offended her, of the determined spirit which animated her to extraordinary adventures in youth. The annexed extract from a private MS. Journal relates an interesting interview with her in her last illness.

“*Brighton*, Sep. 22, 1821. I have seen to-day an extraordinary character in the

person of Phebe Hassel, a poor woman stated to be 106 years of age. It appears that she was born in March 1715, and, at fifteen, formed a strong attachment to Samuel Golding, a private in the regiment called Kirk's Lambs, which was ordered to the West Indies. She determined to follow her lover, enlisted into the 5th regiment foot, commanded by general Pearce, and embarked after him. She served there five years without discovering herself to any one. At length they were ordered to Gibraltar. She was likewise at Montserrat, and would have been in action, but her regiment did not reach the place till the battle was decided.—Her lover was wounded at Gibraltar and sent to Plymouth; she then waited on the general's lady at Gibraltar, disclosed her sex, told her story, and was immediately sent home. On her arrival, Phebe went

\* No. 66, Judd Street, Brunswick Square.

to Samuel Colding in the hospital, nursed him there, and, when he came out, married and lived with him for twenty years: he had a pension from Chelsea.—After Golding's death, she married Hassel, has had many children, and has been many years a widow. Her eldest son was a sailor with admiral Norris: he afterwards went to the East Indies, and, if he is now alive, must be nearly seventy years of age. The rest of her family are dead. At an advanced age she earned a scanty livelihood at Brighton by selling apples and gingerbread on the Marine Parade.

"I saw this woman to-day in her bed, to which she is confined from having lost the use of her limbs. She has even now, old and withered as she is, a fine character of countenance, and I should judge, from her present appearance, must have had a fine though perhaps a masculine style of head when young.—I have seen many a woman, at the age of sixty or seventy, look older than she does under the load of 106 years of human life. Her cheeks are round and seem firm, though ploughed with many a small wrinkle. Her eyes, though their sight is gone, are large and well-formed. As soon as it was announced that somebody had come to see her, she broke the silence of her solitary thoughts and spoke. She began in a complaining tone, as if the remains of a strong and restless spirit were impatient of the prison of a decaying and weak body. "Other people die and I cannot," she said. Upon exciting the recollection of her former days, her energy seemed roused, and she spoke with emphasis. Her voice was strong for an old person; and I could easily believe her when, upon being asked if her sex was not in danger of being detected by her voice, she replied that she always had a strong and manly voice. She appeared to take a pride in having kept her secret, declaring that she told it to no man, woman, or child, during the time she was in the army; "for you know, Sir, a drunken man and a child always tell the truth.—But," said she, "I told my secret to the ground. I dug a hole that would hold a gallon, and whispered it there." While I was with her the flies annoyed her extremely: she drove them away with a fan, and said they seemed to smell her out as one that was going to the grave. She showed me a wound she had received in her elbow by a bayonet. She lamented the error of her former ways, but excused it by saying, "when you are

at Rome, you must do as Rome does." When she could not distinctly hear what was said, she raised herself in the bed and thrust her head forward with impatient energy. She said, when the king saw her, he called her "a jolly old fellow." Though blind, she could discern a glimmering light, and I was told would frequently state the time of day by the effect of light."

It was the late king, George IV., who spoke of her as "a jolly old fellow." Phebe was one of his Brighton favorites, he allowed her eighteen pounds a-year, and at her death he ordered a stone inscribed to her memory to be placed at her grave in Brighton church-yard. She was well known to all the inhabitants of the town, and by most visitors. Many of these testify that she did not always conform to the rules laid down in an old didactic treatise, "On the Government of the Tongue," and that she sometimes indulged in unlicensed potations afforded by licensed houses. In truth, Phebe Hassel's manners and mind were masculine. She had good natural sense and wit, and was what is commonly called "a character."

## February 16.

1754. Feb. 16. Died, at the age of 81, Dr. Richard Mead, the medical rival of Dr. Ratcliffe, and pre-eminently his superior in manners; for Mead was well-bred and elegant, and Ratcliffe capricious and surly. Dr. Mead introduced the practice of inoculation for the small-pox, and, to prove its efficacy, caused seven criminals to be inoculated. He was a man of taste, and formed expensive collections of coins, medals, sculpture, pictures, prints, and drawings, with a fine library of choice books, which were sold after his decease. The catalogue of his pictures, with the prices they produced, is in the British Museum.

### PHYSICIANS.

Montaigne says it was an Egyptian law, that the physician, for the first three days, should take charge of his patient at his own. He mentions that, in his time, physicians gave their pills in odd numbers, appointed remarkable days in the year for taking medicine, gathered their simples at certain hours, assumed austere, and even

severe looks, and prescribed, among their choice drugs, the left foot of a tortoise, the liver of a mole, and blood drawn from under the wing of a white pigeon.

		h. m.
February 16.	Day breaks . . .	5 7
	Sun rises . . .	7 0
	— sets . . .	5 0
	Twilight ends . .	6 53

The leaves of daffodils, narcissi, and other plants that blow next month, appear above ground.

### February 17.

1758. Feb. 17. Died, at Bristol, aged 78, John Watkins, commonly called Black John. He had supported himself by begging, and frequently lodged at night in a glass-house, although he had a room at a house in Temple Street, where, after his death, was found upwards of two hundred weight of halfpence and silver, besides a quantity of gold, which he had amassed as a public beggar. He came from a respectable family in Gloucestershire, and was said to have been heir to a considerable estate, but, the possession of it being denied to him, he vowed he would never shave till he enjoyed it, and kept his promise to the day of his death. It was easier to keep such a vow, than the resolution of that spendthrift, who, after dissipating his paternal estate, resolved, in the depth of poverty, to regain it; and, by unaided efforts of industry, accomplished his purpose. The story is in Mr. Foster's essay "On decision of character," from which an irresolute person may derive large profit.

A person of undecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in his way. He thinks what a determined course he would have run, if his talents, his health, his age, had been different: thus he is occupied, instead of catching with a vigilant eye, and seizing with a strong hand, all the possibilities of his situation. *Foster's Essays.*

		h. m.
February 17.	Day breaks . . .	5 5
	Sun rises . . .	6 58
	— sets . . .	5 2
	Twilight ends . .	6 55

The bee begins to appear abroad when mild.

### February 18.

1546. Feb. 18. Martin Luther died, at the age of 63. His life is the history of the age in which he lived; for his career shook the papacy, and agitated every state in Europe. The date of his decease is mentioned, merely to introduce a passage concerning the immutability of truth, which should be for ever kept in the memory, as "a nail in a sure place."—"The important point which Luther incessantly labored to establish was, the right of private judgment in matters of faith. To the defence of this proposition, he was at all times ready to devote his learning, his talents, his repose, his character, and his life; and the great and imperishable merit of this reformer consists in his having demonstrated it by such arguments as neither the efforts of his adversaries, nor his own subsequent conduct, have been able either to refute or invalidate."\*

1639. Feb. 18. Died, at 50 years of age, Thomas Carew, a distinguished poet. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, afterwards greatly improved himself by travel, and Charles I. appointed him gentleman of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary. He lived in intimacy with most of the poets and wits of his day, particularly with Jonson, Donne, and Suckling. One of his poems immediately follows, as a specimen of his manner:

#### PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

Think not, 'cause men flattering say,  
Y'are fresh as Aprill, sweet as May,  
Bright as is the morning-starre,  
That you are so; or, though you are,  
Be not therefore proud, and deeme  
All men unworthy your esteeme:  
Nor let brittle beauty make  
You your wiser thoughts forsake;  
For that lovely face will faile;  
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's fraile,—  
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,  
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun,  
Most fleeting when it is most deare;  
'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.  
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,  
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,  
Will change their auburn hue, and grow  
White with cold as winter's snow.  
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,  
Will prove his grave, and all the rest

\* Roscoe's *Lce X.*, 4to, iv. 47.



Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,  
 Nor lilly shall be found, nor rose ;  
 And what will then become of all  
 Those whom now you servants call ?  
 Like swallows, when your summer's done  
 They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.  
 Then wisely choose one to your friend  
 Whose love may (when your beauties end)  
 Remain still firm ; be provident,  
 And think, before the summer's spent,  
 Of following winter ; like the ant,  
 In plenty hoard for time of scant.  
 For when the storms of time have mov'd  
 Waves on that cheek which was below'd ;  
 When a fair lady's face is pin'd,  
 The yellow spread where red once shin'd ;  
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave  
 her,  
 Love may return, but lovers never.  
 O love me, then, and now begin it,  
 Let us not lose this present minute ;  
 For time and age will worke that wracke,  
 Which time nor age shall nere call back.  
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,  
 And eagles change their aged plumes ;  
 The faded rose each spring receives  
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves .  
 But, if your beauties once decay,  
 You never know a second May.  
 Oh then, be wise, and, whilst your season  
 Affords you days for sport, do reason ;  
 Spend not in vaine your life's short houre,  
 But crop in time your beauties' flower,  
 Which will away, and doth together  
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

	h.	m.
February 18. Day breaks . .	5	3
Sun rises . .	6	56
— sets . .	5	4
Twilight ends . .	6	57

"February fill dyke," an old proverb, is usually verified about this time, by frequent rains, and full streaming ditches.

### February 19.

In February, 1685-6, Sir John Holt, who had been appointed recorder of London the year before, was knighted by king James II., and made king's sergeant in 1686, and resigned his recordership in April, 1687. He was one of the men of the robe chosen by the peers at St. James's to assist them in drawing up the conditions on which William III. was admitted to the throne, and in April, 1689, was raised to the high office of lord chief justice of England. Law and justice were effectually administered when

he presided in the King's Bench. In the Banbury election case he told the House of Peers that they ought to respect the law which had made them so great, and that he should disregard their decisions. When the speaker of the House of Commons, with a select number of members, went in person to the Court of King's Bench to demand his reasons, he answered, "I sit here to administer justice; if you had the whole House of Commons in your belly, I should disregard you; and, if you do not immediately retire, I will commit you, Mr. Speaker, and those with you." Neither his compeers, nor the houses of parliament separately or collectively, could intimidate him, and Queen Anne was compelled to dissolve the parliament to get rid of the question. On a mob assembling before a crimping house, in Holborn, the guards were called out: "Suppose," said he, "the populace will not disperse, what will you do?" "Fire on them," replied an officer, "as we have orders." "Have you so! then take notice that if one man is killed, and you are tried before me, I will take care that every soldier of your party is hanged." Assembling his tipstaves, and a few constables, he explained to the mob the impropriety of their conduct; promised that justice should be done; and the multitude dispersed. A poor decrepid old woman, charged with witchcraft, was on her trial before him: "she uses a spell," said the witness. "Let me see it." A scrap of parchment was handed to him. "How came you by this?" "A young gentleman, my lord, gave it me, to cure my daughter's ague." "Did it cure her?" "O yes, my lord, and many others." "I am glad of it.—Gentlemen of the Jury, when I was young and thoughtless, and out of money, I, and some companions as unthinking as myself, went to this woman's house, then a public one; we had no money to pay our reckoning; I hit upon a stratagem to get off scot free. On seeing her daughter ill, I pretended I had a spell to cure her; I wrote the classic line you see; so that if any one is punishable it is me, not the poor woman the prisoner." She was acquitted by the jury and rewarded by the chief justice. He died March 10, 1710-1 aged 67; and was buried in the church of Redgrave, in Suffolk.\*

\* Nabl

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 20.

		h. m.
February 19	Day breaks . . .	5 1
	Sun rises . . .	6 55
	— sets . . .	5 5
	Twilight ends . .	6 59

The navelwort, or houndstongue, begins to flower.

**February 20.**

HENRY TAYLOR,  
*Of North Shields.*

At North Shields, on Thursday, the 20th of February, 1823, Mr. Henry Taylor, a member of the Society of Friends, terminated, at the advanced age of 86, a life of benevolent usefulness to mankind. He was born at Whitby, and in the earlier portion of his life was of the maritime profession, to which he proved himself an efficient, enlightened, and unwearied friend. As the author alone of a treatise on "the Management of Ships in Peculiar Situations," he will deserve the gratitude of both ship-owners and seamen, its practical application being calculated to save valuable property and invaluable lives. As the man who projected the plan for lighting Harbrough gateway, and through much opposition carried it into execution, he earned the honorable title of the "Sailor's Friend." The difficulty and danger of the passage between Shields and London are well known, though much of the latter is now obviated by the chain of lights established by this benevolent and persevering individual, whose energy of character enabled him to complete his philanthropic undertaking. In his progress a series of disheartening circumstances presented themselves, without the prospect of those brighter concomitants usually the result of laborious achievement. Neither honor nor emolument was his reward. The consciousness of well doing, and the approbation of "the few," were the only meed of exertions by which unbounded wealth and countless lives have been preserved. Personally, he may be said to have lost much, as the time and attention requisite for the great objects he perfected were necessarily abstracted from the extensive commercial pursuits in which he was engaged, and which of course suffered materially; and thus the only legacy he had the power of bequeathing to his family was an honorable name. His remains received the post-

humous respect frequently denied to living worth, being followed to the grave by a numerous body of ship-owners, seamen, and friends.

21.

THE SEASON

Bullfinches return to our garoens in February, and, though timid half the year, are now fearless and persevering. The mischief effected by them at this period is trifling. It was supposed that they deprived us of a large portion of the buds of our fruit trees. It is now an ascertained fact that they only select such buds as contain the larva of an insect; and thus render us a kindness by destroying an embryo, or colony of injurious creatures.\*

THE BULLFINCH.

In some places this bird is called the trickbill, the nope, and the hoop. It has a wild hooping note.

The head is black, and large in proportion to the body, the breast of a crimsoned scarlet, other parts of a slate, or darker color. The beak parrot-like.

This bird is very docile, and has no song of its own, but readily learns, and never forgets, whatever it is taught by the whistle or pipe. The hen learns as well as the male, and, though hung among other caged birds, they invariably retain their acquired melodies. They are sometimes taught words of command. Fine-piping, well-taught bullfinches, are frequently sold at high prices. Handsome birds with these qualities have produced from five to ten guineas each.

The male bullfinch is in bigness equal to the hen, but he has a flatter crown, and excels her in the vividness of the lovely scarlet, or crimson, on the breast; and the feathers on the crown of the head, and those that encompass the bill, are of a brighter black. When seen together, the one may easily be known from the other; but, while the birds are young, it is more difficult to distinguish them. One of the surest ways is to pull a few feathers from their breasts, when they are about three weeks old; in about ten or twelve days the feathers that come in the place of those pulled will be of a curious red, if a male bird; but, if a hen, of a palish brown.

The bullfinch breeds late, seldom having

\* Dr. Forster.

young ones before the end of May, or beginning of June. She builds in an orchard, wood, or park, where there are plenty of trees, or on heaths: her nest seems made with very little art: she lays four or five eggs, of a bluish color, with large dark brown, and faint reddish spots at the large end.

Young ones, to be reared, should be at least twelve or fourteen days old. They must be kept warm and clean, and fed every two hours, from morning till night, with a little at a time. Their food must be rape-seed, soaked in clean water for eight or ten hours, then scalded, strained, and bruised, mixed with an equal quantity of white bread soaked in water, and boiled with a little milk to a thick consistency. It must be made fresh every day, if sour it will spoil the birds. When they begin to feed themselves, break them from this soft food, and give them rape and canary seed, as to linnets, with more of rape. When ill, put a blade of saffron in the water. They may be tried with wood-lark's meat, or fine hempseed, but plenty of rape, with a little canary, is good diet.

While young they will soon take tunes which are repeatedly piped or whistled to them, and learn words.

A full-grown bullfinch weighs about thirteen drams. It is six inches long from the point of the bill to the end of the tail; the length of which is two inches.

		h.	m.
<i>February 20.</i>	Day breaks . . .	4	59
	Sun rises . . .	6	53
	— sets . . .	5	7
	Twilight ends . . .	7	1

Mezereon tree begins to blow

### February 21.

1792. On the 21st of February died, after an illness occasioned by too intense an application to professional engagements, which terminated in a total debility of body, Mr. Jacob Schnebbelie, draughtsman to the Society of Antiquaries, to which office he was appointed on the express recommendation of the president the Earl of Leicester, who, in his park near Hertford, accidentally saw him, for the first time, while sketching a view. The earl employed him in taking picturesque landscapes about Tunbridge Wells, with a view to their publication for his benefit. His father, a native of

Zurich, in Switzerland, was a lieutenant in the Dutch forces at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, and afterwards settled in this country as a confectioner, frequently attending in that capacity on king George II., and afterwards settling in a confectioner's shop at Rochester. His son Jacob, who was born August 30, 1760, in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, followed that business for some time at Canterbury, and then at Hammersmith. His love of nature, and talent for sketching, occasioned him to close his shop, and he commenced at Westminster, and other public schools, as self-taught teacher of the art of drawing. His proficiency introduced him to the notice of the learned and the great. His quick eye, and a discriminating taste, caught the most beautiful objects in the happiest points of view, and his fidelity and elegance of delineation rank him among first-rate artists. The works he put forth on his own account are not numerous. In 1781 he made six drawings of St. Augustine's Monastery, Canterbury, to be engraved by Mr. Rogers, &c., five of which were completed: a smaller view was etched by himself. In 1787 he etched a plate of the Serpentine River, with a distant view of Westminster Abbey. In 1788 he published four views of St. Alban's town and abbey, etched by himself, and aquatinted by F. Jukes. Early in 1791, having acquired the art of aquatinting, he began, with great ardor, "the Antiquaries' Museum," of which he had, just before his death, completed the third number; and he left behind him drawings to make a complete volume in nine succeeding numbers. He associated with Mr. Moore and Mr. Parkyns in the first five numbers of the "Monastic Remains," and contributed drawings to "the Gentleman's Magazine." In the "Vetusta Monumenta," and in the second volume of the "Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain," the far greater part of the plates are after his drawings. He also drew for Mr. Nichols's "History of Leicestershire," and he completed views of King's College chapel, Cambridge, in a style worthy that most beautiful and most perfect of our Gothic buildings. He deeply studied our national antiquities, and the different styles of Gothic architecture and monuments, and he had commenced to compile "Antique Dresses since the Reign of William the Conqueror, collected from various work; with their

Authorities." Few artists produced more specimens of their talents in their particular departments than Mr. Schnebbelie in the last four years of his life, which was the short space of time that he was seriously occupied in such pursuits. He had the higher quality of great moral worth, and died deeply regretted.\*

THE SEASON.

Rains often set in and continue several days; and the atmosphere of the month is characterized by humidity and moisture.

Water, which is vulgarly called "one of the four elements," is not an element, but a compound. Of 100 parts of water, there are about 15 parts of hydrogen, and 85 of oxygen. Dr. Priestley first decomposed water by a very simple process, and the Hon. Mr. Cavendish confirmed the discovery by elaborate experiments.

Water not in motion soon corrupts; hence, water received into tanks or other vessels, and left quiet, emits a disagreeable smell, and is unwholesome for kitchen purposes. Water thus obtained may be preserved a long time from putrefaction by briskly stirring it for a few minutes once or twice a day, and frequently cleaning the vessel. By this easy practice rain water may be kept sweet for many weeks; the more and the oftener it is stirred the better.

Water teems with life. The multitudinous creatures of the sea, from not experiencing the same extremes of heat and cold with terrestrial beings, are as prolific under the pole as under the equator. For land animals, if their situation be too hot or too cold, cannot quickly pass to one of a more convenient temperature, because their course is interrupted by rivers, mountains, and seas. On the contrary, the inhabitants of the ocean can instantly plunge fathoms deeper, when they find the degree of heat or cold insupportable near the surface, and quickly migrate from one place to another. The quantity of beings upon the earth is proportioned to the degree of heat connected with that of moisture; but the watery tribes are universally disseminated: and hence the land, when compared with the ocean, is

a mere desert. Man himself is the greatly abounding animal upon the earth.

*Lou Boulidou.*

In a village called Peyrols, about a league from Montpellier, there is a fossé, which is dry except in seasons of abundant rain. When any rain descends, the water bubbles again out of the ground as if boiling. The same phenomenon is observable on pouring spring-water upon the ground: or, when any quantity of water is collected, it constantly bubbles as if boiling though it remains perfectly cold. At these times the people in the country use it as a bath, for relief in rheumatic complaints. In the droughts of summer there are often large fissures in the bottom of the fossé, from which a noise is heard as of the distant rushing of waters. The fossé is called in the country *lou boulidou*, a word which implies something that bubbles.\*

"APROPOS OF RAIN."

The first question in a whimsical dialogue between an English gentleman on his arrival in Ireland, and Terence, his servant, a native of that country, relates to rain, and is therefore—"Apropos of Rain."

*Master.* Does it rain?

*Terry.* No Sir.

*M.* I see the sun shines—*Post nubila Phœbus.*

*T.* The *post* has not come in yet.

*M.* How long did you live with Mr. T.?

*T.* In troth, Sir, I can't tell. I passed my time so pleasantly in his service that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life—and a great deal longer, if I pleased.

*M.* What made you leave him?

*T.* My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, to the play, and wherever she visited.

*M.* Was not your master a proud man?

*T.* The proudest man in the kingdom—he would not do a dirty action for the universe.

*M.* What age are you now?

*T.* I am just the same age of Paddy Lahy: he and I were born in a week of each other.

*M.* How old is he?

*T.* I can't tell; nor I don't think he can tell himself.

\* G. at. M. 4.

\* Miss Plantre.

*M.* Were you born in Dublin?  
*T.* No, Sir, I might if I had a mind; out I preferred the country. And please God—if I live and do well—I'll be buried in the same parish I was born in.

*M.* You can write I suppose?

*T.* Yes, Sir, as fast as a dog can trot.

*M.* Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?

*T.* Why, Sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat; and, if you travel by land, either in a chaise or on horseback:—those that can't afford either one or t'other are obliged to trudge it on foot.

*M.* Which is the pleasantest season for travelling?

*T.* Faith, Sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse.

*M.* I believe your roads are passably good.

*T.* They are all passable, Sir—if you pay the turnpike.

*M.* I am told you have an immense number of black cattle in this country.

*T.* Faith, we have, Sir—plenty of every color.

*M.* But I think it rains too much in Ireland.

*T.* So every one says: but Sir Boyle says, he will bring in an act of parliament in favor of fair weather; and I am sure the poor hay-makers and turf-cutters will bless him for it—God bless him: it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart.

*M.* As you have many fine rivers, I suppose you have abundance of fish.

*T.* The best ever water wet—the first fish in the world, except themselves. Why, master, I won't tell you a lie; if you were at the Boyne, you could get salmon and trout for nothing, and, if you were at Ballyshanny, you'd get them for less.

*M.* Were you ever in England?

*T.* No Sir, but I'd like very much to see that fine country.

*M.* Your passage to Liverpool, or the Head, would not cost more than half a guinea.

*T.* Faith, master, I'd rather walk it, than pay the half of the money.\*

RUSTIC NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The countryman has his ways of philosophising for the common uses of life, as well as your speculative town gentle-

men. It is true his methods of proceeding are rude and unpolished, but they are such as he is well satisfied with, and as, in many cases, prove very useful to him. Thus he estimates the quantity of rain that has fallen in the night by the height of his "server," the pond in his yard. His compass is the smoke of his chimney. Besides certain natural inferences from the sporting of his sheep, or the flying of the martins and swallows, he has a barometer more artificial; either a black line graduated on the wall of his house, with a long string stretched across it, or a Florence flask with the mouth downward in a phial of water. His chronometer is an hour-glass; this he regulates once in two or three days by a line which the shadow of his door-post never fails to touch, at such an hour, when the sun shines. He also makes a guess at the lengthening or shortness of the days, concerning which he has a saying, very general all over England,

At new year's tide,

The days are lengthen'd a cock's stride.

Every body knows that this saying intends to express the lengthening of the days in a small, but perceptible degree; yet few are aware of the ground and occasion of it, for there is something uncommon, and seemingly improper, in applying long measure, inches and feet, to time. But the countryman knows what he says, from observing where the shadow of the upper lintel of his door falls at 12 o'clock, and there making a mark. At new year's day the sun, at the meridian, being higher, its shadow comes nearer the door by four or five inches, which for rhyme's sake he calls a cock's stride; and so he expresses the sensible increase of the day. Before the style was altered, which was long after this saying came into use, the distance of time was greater by eleven days between the solstice and new year's day, than it is now; and consequently the difference, as to the sun's altitude, or the length of the days at those two times, would be more perceptible than it is now.\*

	h. m.
February 21. Day breaks . . .	4 58
Sun rises . . .	6 51
— sets . . .	5 9
Twilight ends . . .	7 2

Leaves of the March flowering plants peep out hourly.

\* Polyanthes, i. 273.

\*Gents. Mag. 1750



A CHILD READING.

I sometimes avail myself of a friend's invitation to set off at night and sleep a few miles from town in wholesome air, and glad my eyes in the morning with the fresh green of the grass. On a visit of this sort, last winter, I casually took up a stray volume and carried it to my bed-chamber, and began to read—where it is not my usual practice to begin—at the beginning. I became deeply interested, and read till between three and four in the morning. Before day-break I awoke, impatiently awaited the light, resumed my reading, and regretted the call to the breakfast-table. There was another volume of the work: I borrowed and pocketed both; and instead of walking briskly to town for health, as had been my purpose, I cornered myself in the earliest stage, and read till it stopped near my own home. I had business to transact, and hustled in doors; but the book was a spell upon me: I could think of nothing else, and could do nothing that awaited my doing. To escape observation and interruption I rushed out of the house, stepped into a stage, going I knew not whither, and read till the coachman, having set down all my fellow passengers, inquired where I wished to stop:—"At

the house where the coach stops."—"Will you be set down at the Plough, Sir?"—"Yes"—and, in a cold dreary winter's day, I found myself in the passage of the Plough at Blackwall, a house of summer entertainment. A wondering waiter showed me into an upper room having a long reaching view of the noble river, with "many a rood" of ice floating past large moored ships and floating craft. I flung myself, book in hand, into a chair; a fire was lighted, and I read, unconscious of time, and only annoyed by the men coming in now and then to stir the fire, till I had finished the fascinating volumes. That done, I took a hasty dinner, and a place to town in the stage. The work which clutched me was Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian." While it was in my hands I was an infant. It is certain that "I have not yet arrived at the period of life which may put me on a level with childhood;" but I am not wiser than when I was a child:—I only know more.

Oh! Spirit of the days gone by—  
Sweet childhood's fearful ecstasy!  
The witching spell of winter night  
Where are they fled with their delight:

When list'ning on the corner seat,  
 The winter evening's length to cheat,  
 I heard my mother's memory tell  
 Tales Superstition loves so well :—  
 Things said or sung a thousand times,  
 In simple prose or simpler rhymes !  
 Ah ! where is page of poesy  
 So sweet as this was wont to be ?  
 The magic wonders that deceived,  
 When fictions were as truths believed ;  
 The fairy feats that once prevail'd,  
 Told to delight, and never fail'd :  
 Where are they now, their fears and sighs,  
 And tears from founts of happy eyes ?  
 I read in books, but find them not,  
 For Poesy hath its youth forgot :  
 I hear them told to children still,  
 But fear numbs not my spirits chill .  
 I still see faces pale with dread,  
 While mine could laugh at what is said ;  
 See tears imagined woes supply,  
 While mine with real cares are dry.  
 Where are they gone ?—the joys and fears,  
 The links, the life of other years ?  
 I thought they twined around my heart  
 So close, that we could never part ;  
 But Reason, like a winter's day,  
 Nipp'd childhood's visions all away,  
 Nor left behind one withering flower  
 To cherish in a lonely hour.

*Clara.*

I love to hear little ones talk of the books they admire ; and should like to know, above all things, which were the favourite authors of "Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.," before he was pictured "at his grand-father's gate," with his friend the noble lurcher, keeping watch and ward. When I see a child with a book, I am restless for a peep at the title page. On looking at the artist's sketch of the little girl, printed on the other side, I said, "What is she reading?" and I imagined it must be "Mrs. Leicester's School—the history of several young ladies related by themselves"—containing a story of a little girl who had never been out of London all her life, nor seen a bit of green grass, except in the Drapers' garden, near her father's house ; with the touching tale of "The Changeling ;" and the narrative of "Susan Yates," who lived with her parents in the Lincolnshire fens, in a lone house, seven miles distant from the nearest village, and had never been to church, nor could she imagine what a church was like. When the wind set in from a particular point, and brought over the moor the sound of the bells from St. Mary's, little Susan conceived it was "a quiet tune," occasioned by birds up in the air, or that it was made by the angels.

She then tells of the Sunday morning of her first going to church, from her remote home ; of the anxiety and awe she felt, and her child-like wonder at the place, and at what she heard—and ever afterwards, when she listened to the sweet noise of bells, of her thinking of the angels' singing, and remembering the thoughts she had in her uninstructed solitude.—These are things which I would wish gentle readers to conceive, with me, may engage the attention of the little girl in the engraving.

### THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,  
 Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the  
 voice  
 Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims  
 Tidings of good to Zion : chiefly when  
 Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear  
 Of the contemplant, solitary man,  
 Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced  
 to lure  
 Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,  
 And oft again, hard matter, which eludes  
 And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired  
 Of controversy, where no end appears,  
 No clue to his research, the lonely man  
 Half wishes for society again.  
 Him, thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute  
*Sudden!* his heart awakes, his ears drink in  
 The cheering music ; his relenting soul  
 Yearns after all the joys of social life,  
 And softens with the love of human kind.

*Charles Lamb*

## February 22.

### EVERGREENS.

At this time of year, winter gardens, or those composed of evergreens and adorned with green houses, prove to us the value of planting our grounds for recreation with shrubs that do not cast their leaves ; for, if clear warm weather happen at this time of year, we may in such gardens enjoy a temporary summer. An annual writer observes :—

"Although the cheerful scenes of a great city, its glittering shops, passing thousands, and countless attractions of every kind, draw many from the country at this season, there are even now rural sights and rural sounds, which have much to charm the eye, the ear to please, and particularly

If now the sun extends his cheering beam,  
 And all the landscape casts a golden gleam

Clear is the sky, and calm and soft the air,  
And through thin mist each object looks more  
fair.

Them, where the villa rears its sheltering  
grove,

Along the southern lawn 'tis sweet to rove :  
There dark green pines, behind, their boughs  
extend,

And bright spruce firs like pyramids ascend,  
And round their tops, in many a pendent row,  
Their scaly cones of shining auburn show ;  
There the broad cedar's level branches spread,  
And the tall cyprus lifts its spiry head ;  
With alaternus ilix interweaves,  
And laurels mix their glossy oval leaves ;  
And gilded holly crimson fruit displays,  
And white viburnum o'er the border str.ys.

Where these from storms the spacious green-  
house screen,

Ev'n now the eye beholds a flowry scene ;  
There crystal sashes ward the injurious cold,  
And rows of benches fair exotics hold ;  
Rich plants, that Afric's sunny cape supplies,  
Or o'er the isles of either India rise.

While striped geranium shows its tufts of  
red,

And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance shed ;  
A moment stay to mark the vivid bloom,  
A moment stay to catch the high perfume."\*

#### AN ALCHEMIST IN 1828.

We hear of an alchemist lately, and perhaps still, living in England, near Hitchin in Hertfordshire. Many inhabitants in that neighbourhood gravely aver that Mr. Kellerman, of Lilley, a village midway between Luton and Hitchin, succeeded in discovering the Philosopher's Stone and Universal Solvent. He had been a man of fashion, and largely concerned in adventures on the turf, from which he withdrew and devoted himself to alchemy. While pursuing his new and singular object, he for many years rendered himself inaccessible and invisible to the world. He closely shut up and barricaded his house, and protected the walls of his grounds with hurdles, and spring-guns so planted as to resist intrusion in every direction. Sir Richard Phillips, in "A Personal Tour through the United Kingdom," relates that being at Luton in the summer of 1828 he was informed of this recluse, and gives the following account of a visit he paid to him, notwithstanding the reported dislike of the philosopher to strangers.

#### Interview with Mr. Kellerman.

I had no encouragement to go to Lilley, but I thought that even the external inspection of such premises would repay me for the trouble. At Lilley, I enquired for his house of various people, and they looked ominous; some smiled, others shook their heads, and all appeared surprised at the approach of an apparent visitor to Mr. Kellerman.

The appearance of the premises did not belie vulgar report. I could not help shuddering at seeing the high walls of respectable premises lined at the top with double tiers of hurdles, and, on driving my chaise to the front of the house, I perceived the whole in a state of horrid dilapidation. Contrary however to my expectation, I found a young man who appeared to belong to the out-buildings, and he took charge of my card for his master, and went to the back part of the house to deliver it. The front windows on the ground floor and upper stories were entirely closed by inside shutters, much of the glass was broken, and the premises appeared altogether as if deserted. I was pleased at the words, "My Master will be happy to see you," and in a minute the front door was opened, and Mr. Kellerman presented himself.—I lament that I have not the pencil of Hogarth; for a more original figure never was seen. He was about six feet high, and of athletic make: on his head was a white night-cap, and his dress consisted of a long great-coat once green, and he had a sort of jockey waistcoat with three tiers of pockets. His manner was extremely polite and graceful, but my attention was chiefly absorbed by his singular physiognomy. His complexion was deeply sallow, and his eyes large, black, and rolling. He conducted me into a very large parlour, with a window looking backward; and having locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, he desired me to be seated in one of two large arm chairs covered with sheepskins. The room was a realization of the well-known picture of Teniers' Alchemist. The floor was covered with retorts, crucibles, alembics, jars, bottles in various shapes, intermingled with old books piled upon each other, with a sufficient quantity of dust and cobwebs. Different shelves were filled in the same manner, and on one side stood his bed. In a corner, somewhat shaded from the light, I beheld two heads, white, with dark wigs on them;

\* Dr. Forster's Pettenia. Calendar.



I entertained no doubt, therefore, that among other fancies he was engaged in re-making the brazen speaking head of Roger Bacon and Albertus. Many persons might have felt alarmed at the peculiarity of my situation; but being accustomed to mingle with eccentric characters, and having no fear from any pretensions of the black art, I was infinitely gratified by all I saw

Having stated the reports which I had heard, relative to his wonderful discoveries, I told him frankly that mine was a visit of curiosity, and stated that, if what I had heard was matter of fact, the researches of the ancient chemists had been unjustly derided. He then gave me a history of his studies, mentioned some men whom I had happened to know in London, who he alleged had assured him that they had made gold. That having in consequence examined the works of the ancient alchemists, and discovered the key which they had studiously concealed from the multitude, he had pursued their system under the influence of new lights; and after suffering numerous disappointments, owing to the ambiguity with which they described their processes, he had, at length, happily succeeded; had made gold, and could make as much more as he pleased, even to the extent of paying off the national debt in the coin of the realm.

I yielded to the declaration, expressed my satisfaction at so extraordinary a discovery, and asked him to oblige me so far as to show me some of the precious metal which he had made.

"Not so," said he; "I will show it to no one. I made Lord Liverpool the offer, that if he would introduce me to the King, I would show it to his Majesty; but Lord Liverpool insolently declined, on the ground that there was no precedent; and I am therefore determined that the secret shall die with me. It is true that, in order to avenge myself of such contempt, I made a communication to the French ambassador, Prince Polignac, and offered to go to France, and transfer to the French government the entire advantages of the discovery; but after deluding me, and shuffling for some time, I found it necessary to treat him with the same contempt as the others."

I expressed my convictions in regard to the double dealing of men in office.

"O," said he, "as to that, every court in Europe well knows that I have made

the discovery, and they are all in confederacy against me; lest, by giving it to any one, I should make that country master of all the rest—the world, Sir," he exclaimed with great emotion, "is in my hands and my power."

Satisfied with this announcement of the discovery of the philosopher's stone, I now enquired about the sublime alkalest or universal solvent, and whether he had succeeded in deciphering the enigmatical descriptions of the ancient writers on that most curious topic.

"Certainly," he replied: "I succeeded in that several years ago."

"Then," I proceeded, "have you effected the other great desideratum, the fixing of mercury?"

"Than that process," said he, "there is nothing more easy: at the same time it is proper I should inform you that there are a class of impostors, who, mistaking the ancient writers, pretend it can be done by heat; but I can assure you, it can only be effected by water."

I then besought him to do me the favor to show me some of his fixed mercury, having once seen some which had been fixed by cold.

This proposition, however, he declined, because he said he had refused others. "That you may however be satisfied that I have made great discoveries, here is a bottle of oil, which I have purified, and rendered as transparent as spring water. I was offered £10,000 for this discovery; but I am so neglected, and so conspired against, that I am determined it and all my other discoveries shall die with me."

I now enquired, whether he had been alarmed by the ignorance of the people in the country, so as to shut himself up in so unusual a manner.

"No," he replied, "not on their account wholly. They are ignorant and insolent enough; but it was to protect myself against the governments of Europe, who are determined to get possession of my secret by force. I have been," he exclaimed, "twice fired at in one day through that window, and three times attempted to be poisoned. They believed I had written a book containing my secrets, and to get possession of this book has been their object. To baffle them, I burnt all that I had ever written, and I have so guarded the windows with spring-guns, and have such a collection of combustibles in the range of bottles which stand at your elbow, that I could destroy a whole regi-

ment of soldiers if sent against me." He then related that, as a further protection, he lived entirely in that room, and permitted no one to come into the house; while he had locked up every room except that with patent padlocks, and sealed the keyholes.

It would be tedious and impossible to follow Mr. Kellerman through a conversation of two or three hours, in which he enlarged upon the merits of the ancient alchemists, and on the blunders and impertinent assumptions of the modern chemists, with whose writings and names it is fair to acknowledge he seemed well acquainted. He quoted the authorities of Roger and Lord Bacon, Paracelsus, Boyle, Boerhaave, Woolfe, and others, to justify his pursuits. As to the term philosopher's stone, he alleged that it was a mere figure, to deceive the vulgar. He appeared also to give full credit to the silly story about Dee's assistant, Kelly, finding some of the powder of projection in the tomb of Roger Bacon at Glastonbury, by means of which, as was said, Kelly for a length of time supported himself in princely splendor.

I enquired whether he had discovered the "blacker than black" of Apollonius Tyanus; and this, he assured me, he had effected: it was itself the powder of projection for producing gold.

Amidst all this delusion and illusion on these subjects, Mr. Kellerman behaved in other respects with great propriety and politeness; and, having unlocked the door, he took me to the floors of some of the other rooms, to show me how safely they were padlocked; and, on taking leave, directed me in my course towards Bedford.

In a few minutes, I overtook a man, and, on enquiring what the people thought of Mr. Kellerman, he told me that he had lived with him for seven years; that he was one of eight assistants, whom he kept for the purpose of superintending his crucibles, two at a time relieving each other every six hours; that Mr. K. exposed some preparations to intense heat for many months at a time, but that all except one crucible had burst, and that he called on him to observe, that it contained the true "blacker than black." The man protested however, that no gold had ever been made, and that no mercury had ever been fixed; for he was quite sure that, if he had made any discovery, he could not have concealed it from the assistants;

while, on the contrary, they witnessed his severe disappointments, at the termination of his most elaborate experiments.

On my telling the man that I had been in his room, he seemed much astonished at my boldness; for he assured me, that he carried a loaded pistol in every one of his six waistcoat pockets. I learnt also, from this man, that he has or had considerable property in Jamaica; that he has lived in the premises at Lilley about twenty-three years, and during fourteen of them pursued his alchemical researches with unremitting ardor; but for the last few years has shut himself up as a close prisoner, and lived in the manner I have described.

	h.	m.
February 22. Day breaks . . .	4	56
Sun rises . . .	6	49
— sets . . .	5	11
Twilight ends . . .	7	4

The daisy, also called herb margaret, begins to flowers and dot the lawns and fields.

### February 23.

1792, February 23. Died, full of fame and honors, the great president of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and LL. D. of Oxford and Dublin, and moreover a member of the worshipful company of paper-stainers, of the city of London. The latter dignity it may be, in the estimation of some, as important to record, as that he wore a pig-tail.

Sir Joshua was one of the most memorable men of his time. He very early distinguished himself as an artist; and few were so capable of illustrating the theory of the science they professed, by practice and discourse. He assisted Johnson with three numbers of the "Idler," on the different practice of the Dutch and Italian painters. In taste, and in much of the richness and harmony of coloring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. His portraits exemplify a variety and a dignity derived from the higher branches of art, which, since Vandyke, had never been represented. They remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. Although honored by his

professional contemporaries, courted by the great, caressed by sovereigns, and celebrated by poets, yet arrogance or presumption was never visible in his conduct or conversation to the most scrutinizing eye. His talents of every kind, and his social virtues, rendered him the centre of many agreeable circles. He had too much merit not to excite jealousy, and too much innocence to provoke enmity. The loss of no man of his time was felt with more general and unmixed sorrow. His remains were deposited in the metropolitan cathedral of St. Paul. No one better deserved honorable sepulture than the man who, by precept and example, taught the practice of the art he professed, and who added to a thorough knowledge of it the literature of a scholar, the knowledge of a philosopher, and the manners of a gentleman.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds. He was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, July 16, 1723, and about the year 1742 placed under Hudson, who, though a poor painter, was the best of his time, and had been a pupil to Richardson, who thus appears to have been Sir Joshua's pictorial grandfather. Reynolds went with admiral (afterwards lord) Keppel, to Minorca, in 1749, and thence accompanied him to Italy, where he staid till 1753. At Rome he painted caricatures of some English gentlemen there, with their own consent, which was much the fashion of the day. He particularly painted sort of parody on Raphael's School of Athens, in which all his English acquaintances at Rome were introduced. This picture contains nearly thirty portraits, with the portrait of the possessor, Joseph Henry, Esq., of Straffan, in Ireland. Reynolds returned from Italy in 1753 or 1754, and produced a

whole-length picture of lord Keppel, which introduced him at once into the first business in portrait painting. He painted some of the first-rate beauties; the polite world flocked to see the pictures, and he soon became the most fashionable painter, not only in England, but in Europe. He then lived in Newport Street, whence he removed to Leicester Fields about 1760. He chiefly employed himself on portraits, because, in a country where self-love prefers likenesses of itself to representations of natural and historical truth, the historical department is not equally eligible. Among Reynolds's best deviations from "head dressing," are his pictures of Venus chastising Cupid for having learned to cast accounts, Dante's Ugolino, a Gipsy telling fortunes, The Infant Jupiter, the calling of Samuel, the Death of Dido, the Nativity, the Cardinal Virtues, &c., for New college Chapel; Cupid and Psyche, Cymon and Iphigenia, Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, and Hercules strangling the Serpents. He also painted a few landscapes. He did not owe any part either of his fame or his fortune to royal favor; George III. never commissioned him to paint a single picture, nor once sat to him, except in 1771, when he gave his portrait to the Royal Academy. Sir Joshua, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Cumberland, Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. Burke, and his brother Richard, Mr. William Burke, and Dr. Bernard, afterwards bishop of Killaloe, had happened to dine together three or four times at the St. James's Coffee-house, and an epitaph on Goldsmith, which Garrick produced one day, gave birth to Goldsmith's "Retaliation." The lines on Sir Joshua R. are worth transcribing, though the character was left unfinished, by Goldsmith's death:—

"Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind;  
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;  
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland.  
Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces,—his manners our heart:  
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;  
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing;  
When they talk'd of *their* Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

Sir Joshua was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company. His prices were,  
About 1755, for a head, . . . 12 Guineas.  
Soon After, 1760 . . . 25 ditto .

About 1770 . . . . . 35 guineas  
From 1779 till he ceased to .  
paint . . . . . 50 ditto  
Half and whole lengths in proportion.  
Horace Walpole, earl of Orford, in the

advertisement prefixed to the fourth volume of his Anecdotes of painting, justly says,—“The prints after the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds have spread his fame to Italy, where they have not at present a single painter who can pretend to rival an imagination so fertile that the attitudes of his portraits are as various as those of history.—Sir Joshua had been accused of plagiarism, for having borrowed attitudes from ancient masters. Not only candor, but criticism, must deny the force of the charge. When a single posture is imitated from an historic picture, and applied to a portrait in a different dress, and with new attributes, this is not plagiarism, but quotation; and a quotation from a great author, with a novel application of the sense, has always been allowed to be an instance of parts and taste, and may have more merit than the original. When the sons of Jacob imposed on their father by a false coat of Joseph, saying, ‘Know now whether this be thy son’s coat or not?’ they only asked a deceitful question—but that interrogation became wit, when Richard I., on the pope reclaiming a bishop whom the king had taken prisoner in battle, sent him the prelate’s coat of mail, and in the words of Scripture asked his Holiness, whether that was the coat of his son or not?—Is not there humor and satire in Sir Joshua’s reducing Holbein’s swaggering and colossal haughtiness of Henry VIII. to the boyish jollity of Master Crewe? Sir Joshua was not a plagiarist, but will beget a thousand. The exuberance of his invention will be the grammar of future painters of portraits.—In what age were paternal despair, and the horrors of death, pronounced with more expressive accents than in his pic-

ture of Ugolino? When were infantine loveliness, or embryo passions, touched with sweeter truth, than in his portraits of Miss Price and the Baby Jupiter.”

Dr. Johnson says, in the Life of Cowley, “Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter of the present age, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson’s Treatise.” He adds, “I know no man who has passed through life with more observation than Reynolds—whose observations on all subjects of criticism and taste are so ingenious and just, that posterity may be at a loss to determine whether his consummate skill and execution in his own art, or his judgment in that and other kindred arts, were superior.”

A print, engraved by Bartolozzi, was presented to each attendant on Sir Joshua’s funeral. The principal figure in it is a beautiful female, clasping an urn; near her is a boy or genius, holding an extinguished torch in one hand, and pointing with the other to a tablet on a sarcophagus, inscribed *Succedit famu, vivusque per ora feretur.\**

	h. m.
February 23. Day breaks . . .	4 54
Sun rises . . .	6 47
— sets . . .	5 13
Twilight ends . . .	7 6

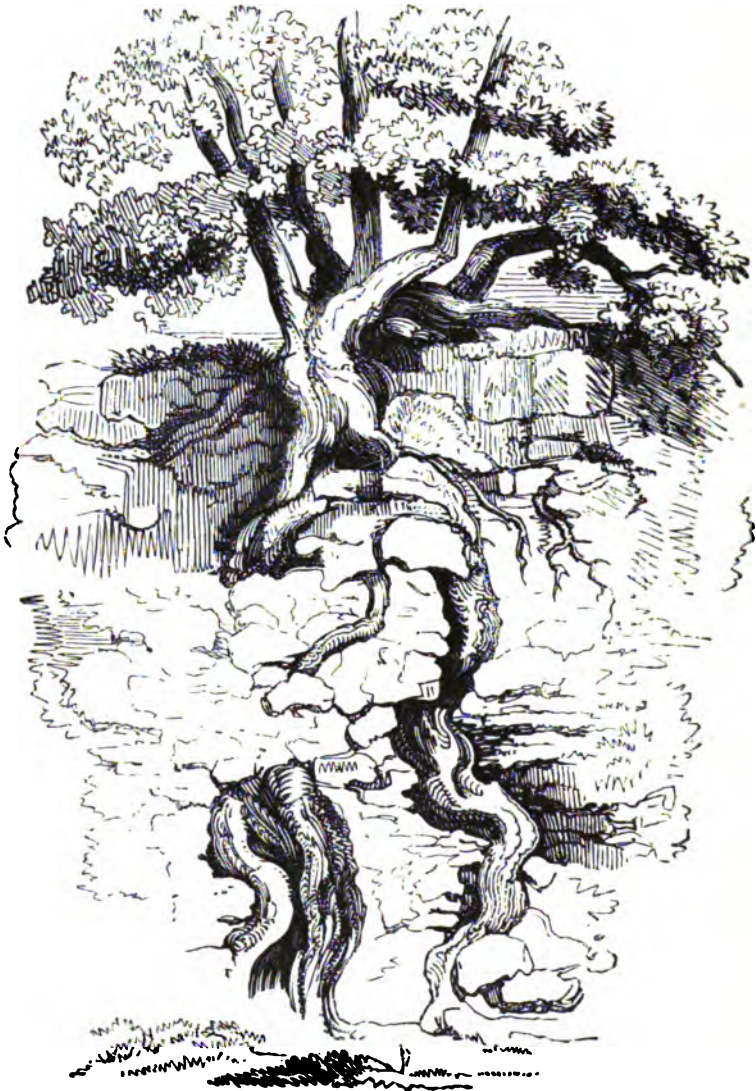
The apricot begins to show a few blossoms.

White butterbur often in full flower if mild; but there is sometimes a month’s difference in the blowing of this plant.

\* Genu. Mag

THE SEASON.

Now spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
 O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power  
 Of botanist to number up the tribes:  
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
 In silent search; or through the forest rank,  
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain’s top,  
 Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
 But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,  
 With vision pure, into those secret stores  
 Of health, and life, and joy?



OAK IN THE WALL OF BOXLEY ABBEY.

The parish of Boxley, in Kent, adjoins the town of Maidstone on the north-east. The manor, at the general survey for Domesday Book, formed part of the vast estate of Odo, the great bishop of Bayeux

and earl of Kent, at whose disgrace, about 1084, it became forfeited to the crown, with his other possessions.

In 1146 William d'Ipre, earl of Kent, who afterwards became a monk at Laon,

in Flanders, founded the abbey of Boxley for monks of the Cistercian order, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, as all houses of that order were. In 1189 king Richard I. gave the manor to the abbey, which was aggrandized and variously privileged by successive monarchs.

Edward I. summoned the abbot of Boxley to parliament. At the dissolution, Boxley shared the common fate of church lands, and Henry VIII. reserved it to the crown, but by indenture exchanged the abbey and manor, excepting the parsonage and advowson, with Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allyngton, Knt., for other premises. Two years afterwards Boxley was again vested in the crown.

Queen Mary granted the manor to the lady Jane Wyatt, widow of Sir Thomas, and her heirs male *in capite*, by knight's service. It again reverted to the crown, by attainder of blood, which was restored by act of parliament to George Wyatt, Esq., who, by a grant from the crown, possessed this estate in fee; and his descendant, Richard Wyatt, Esq., who died in 1753, bequeathed it, with other estates, to Lord Romney. The abbey passed through the families of Silyard and Austen, to John Amhurst, of Rochester, Esq., afterwards of Bensted.\*

A little tract, "Summer Wanderings in Kent, 1830," which may be considered as almost privately published—for it is printed and sold at Camberwell—mentions the remains of this ancient edifice, and the title page is frontispiced with a view of the old oak growing from the ruined wall, as it is here represented. The engraving is referred to in the annexed extracts from the "Wanderings:"—

— "Over the fields to Boxley Abbey, once notorious as the scene of a pious fraud—the notorious 'Rood of Grace,' burnt afterwards at Paul's Cross, which, according to Lambard, could 'bow itself, lift up itself, shake and stir the hands and feet, nod the head, roll the eyes, wag the chaps, and bend the brows,' to admiration. The principal remains [of the abbey] consist of a long barn, a brick gateway and lodge, and the boundary wall thickly overgrown with ivy, in which I observed an oak of considerable magnitude and apparently in a flourishing state, notwithstanding the rigid soil in which it grows, the roots in several

places, where they had displaced parts of the wall, being as thick as a man's leg. The Indian Peepul-tree seems to delight in similar situations, where it attains such a size as frequently to throw down, not only walls, but whole buildings.

"Passed a spinney, cheered by the fall of unseen waters; and forcing a passage through the hedge which guarded it, arrived at a beautiful cascade, remarkable for encrusting with a pearly coat any substance immersed in it. Towards the hills, where I saw a pair of ravens swinging on a strong breeze over a thick cover, into which they soon dropped, and a hawk breasting the pure air far above them. Gained the summit, and gazed awhile on the varied prospect before me. Saw a stone with this inscription:—

*Here I was set  
With labour  
great, Judge as  
you pleas, 'Twas*

*for your ease. (1409—1609.)*

The purpose for which it was erected cannot be determined with any certainty. It has the appearance of a stepping block for enabling horsemen to mount; or perhaps some worthy friar of the neighbouring abbey of 'Boxele,' willing to do a service to kindred minds, caused it to be planted here for the ease of such as might repair to the delightful eminence on which it is set, 'to meditate at eventide.'

— "Shaped my course eastward, and obtained a charming view of Boxley church, with its green church-yard finely relieved against a cluster of towering trees, and reposing in a quiet valley, surrounded by scenery the most luxuriant and extensive.

"After forcing a passage through thickets and brakes, I came suddenly upon the new pathway cut by Lord Romney in a zig-zag direction down the hill, at a point where the branches of two venerable yew trees meet across it,—

— a pillared shade

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged  
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at noon-tide.

"About this walk, the greater part of which is open to the charming landscape below, are planted numerous firs, from whose dusky recesses the new foliage shot

\* Hasted

forth, like spent stars from a jet of fire dropping through the still twilight. Heard the tinkling of a snare-bell, and the shrill whistle of a lazy urchin stretched in the shadow of a neighbouring thicket, and soon caught a glimpse of the flock hurrying down from the skirts of a coppice to the more open pasture below. A short walk brought us to Boxley. In the church-yard, I noticed a plain memorial for 'Rose Bush,' aged 21—a fine theme for the punster and the poet."——

SPEECH FROM A TREE.

A prodigal, who was left by his father in possession of a large estate, well-conditioned, impaired it by extravagance. He wanted money, and ordered a number of timber trees, near the mansion, to be felled for sale. He stood by, to direct the laborers, when suddenly a hollow murmuring was heard within the trunk of a venerable oak, and, after several groans, a voice from the tree distinctly said:—

"My young master,

"Your great grandfather planted me when he was much about your age, for the use of his posterity. I am the most ancient tree in your forest, and have largely contributed by my products to people it. There is, therefore, some respect due to my services, if none to my years. I cannot well remember your great grandfather, but I recollect the favor of your grandfather; and your father was not neglectful of me. My shade assisted his rest when he was fatigued by the sultry heat, and these arms have sheltered him from sudden showers. You were his darling, and, if the wrinkles of age have not obliterated them, you may see your name traced in several places by his own hand on my trunk.

"I could perish without regret, if my fall would do you any real service. Were I destined to repair your mansion, or your tenants' ploughs and carts, and the like, I should fulfil the end for which I exist—to be useful to my owner. But to be trucked away for vile gold, to satisfy the demand of honorable cheats, and be rendered subservient to profligate luxury, is more than a tree of any spirit can bear.

"Your ancestors never thought you would make havoc and waste of the woods they planted. While they lived it was a pleasure to be a tree; the old oaks amongst us were honored, and the young ones were encouraged around us.

Now, we must all fall without distinction; and in a short time the birds will not find a branch to build or roost upon. Yet, why should we complain? Almost all your farms have followed you to London, and, of course, we must take the same journey.

"An old tree loves to prate, and you will excuse me if I have been too free with my tongue. I hope that advice from an oak may make more impression upon you than the representations of your steward. My ancestors of Dodona were often consulted, and why should a British tree be denied liberty of speech?

"But you are tired, you wish me to remain dumb. I will not detain you, though you will have too much reason to remember me when I am gone. I only beg, if I must fall, that you will send me to one of his majesty's dock-yards, where my firmness and integrity may be employed in the service of my country, while you, who are a slave to your wants, only live to enslave it."

The prodigal could bear no more: he ordered the oak to be dispatched, and the venerable tree fell without a groan

February 24.

ST. MATTHIAS.

The name of this apostle in the church calendar denotes this to be a holiday.\*

1655. Feb. 24. Mr. Evelyn notes his having seen a curious mechanical contrivance. "I was shewed a table clock, whose balance was only a chrysal ball sliding on parallel irons without being at all fixed, but rolling from stage to stage till falling on a spring concealed from sight, it was thrown up to the utmost channel again, made with an imperceptible declivity; in this continual vicissitude of motion prettily entertaining the eye every half minute, and the next half giving progress to the hand that showed the hour, and giving notice by a small bell, so as in 120 half minutes, or periods of the bullets falling on the ejaculatory spring, the clock-part struck. This very extraordinary piece (richly adorned) had been presented by some German prince to our

\* For St. Matthias, see Every Day Book; ii. 254.

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 25, 26.

late king [Charles I.], and was now in the possession of the usurper 'Oliver Cromwell], valued at 200*l*."

	h.	m.
February 24. Day breaks . . .	4	52
Sun rises . . .	6	45
— sets . . .	5	15
Twilight ends . . .	7	8

White willow flowers.  
Particolar crocus flowers.

**February 25.**

1725. Feb. 25. Sir Christopher Wren died in the ninety-first year of his age. He was born at Knoyle near Hindon, in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, Wiltshire. Besides being the architect and builder of St. Paul's Cathedral, he erected Greenwich Hospital, Chelsea Hospital, the Theatre at Oxford, Trinity College Library, Emanuel College, Cambridge, the Monument in London, and Queen Anne's fifty churches. The recent addition of churches to London may render a list of the expences of Sir Christopher Wren's edifices useful.

*COST OF THE LONDON CHURCHES, built by Sir Christopher Wren, including the Monument.*

	£.	s.	d.
St. Paul's Cathedral . . .	736,752	2	3½
Allhallows the Great . . .	5641	9	9
Allhallows, Bread-street . . .	3348	7	2
Allhallows, Lombard-street . . .	8058	15	6
St. Alban, Wood-street . . .	3165	0	8
St. Anne and Agnes . . .	2448	0	10
St. Andrew, Wardrobe . . .	7060	16	11
St. Andrew, Holborn . . .	9000	0	0
St. Antholin . . .	5685	5	10½
St. Austin . . .	3145	3	10
St. Benet, Gracechurch . . .	3583	9	5½
St. Benet, Paul's Wharf . . .	3328	18	10
St. Benet, Fink . . .	4129	16	10
St. Bride . . .	11,430	5	11
St. Bartholomew . . .	5077	1	1
Christ Church . . .	11,778	9	6
St. Clement, Eastcheap . . .	4365	3	4½
St. Clement Danes . . .	8786	17	0½
St. Dionis Backchurch . . .	5737	10	8
St. Edmund the King . . .	5207	11	0
St. George, Botolph-lane . . .	4509	4	10
St. James, Garlick-hill . . .	5357	12	10
St. James, Westminster . . .	8500	0	0
St. Lawrence, Jewry . . .	11,870	1	9
St. Michael, Basinghall . . .	2822	17	1
St. Michael Royal . . .	7455	7	9

St. Michael, Queenhithe . . .	4354	3	8
St. Michael, Wood-street . . .	2554	2	11
St. Michael, Crooked-lane . . .	4541	5	11
St. Michael, Cornhill . . .	4686	5	11
St. Martin, Ludgate . . .	5378	18	8
St. Matthew, Friday-street . . .	2301	8	2
St. Margaret Pattens . . .	4986	10	4
St. Margaret, Lothbury . . .	5340	8	1
St. Mary, Abchurch . . .	4922	2	4½
St. Mary Magdalen . . .	4291	12	9½
St. Mary Somerset . . .	6579	18	1½
St. Mary at Hill . . .	3980	12	3
St. Mary, Aldermanbury . . .	5237	3	6
St. Mary le Bow . . .	8071	18	1
St. Mary le Steeple . . .	7388	8	7½
St. Magnus, London Bridge . . .	9579	19	10
St. Mildred, Bread-street . . .	3705	13	6½
St. Mildred, Poultry . . .	4654	9	7½
St. Nicholas Cole Abbey . . .	5042	6	11
St. Olave, Jewry . . .	5580	4	10
St. Peter, Cornhill . . .	5647	8	2
St. Swithin, Canon-street . . .	4687	4	6
St. Stephen, Walbrook . . .	7652	13	8
St. Stephen, Coleman-street . . .	4020	16	6
St. Vedast, Foster-lane . . .	1853	15	6
The Monument . . .	8856	8	0*

	h.	m.
February 25. Day breaks . . .	5	50
Sun rises . . .	6	43
— sets . . .	5	17
Twilight ends . . .	7	10

Beetle willow flowers, and is quickly succeeded by most of the tribe. The willow affords the "palm," which is still fetched into town on Palm Sunday.

**February 26.**

1723. Feb. 26. Died, "Tom D'Urfev," or, as Noble calls him, Thomas D'Urfev, Esq. He was bred to the bar. With too much wit, and too little diligence, for the law, and too little means to live upon "as a gentleman," he experienced the varied fortunes of men with sparkling talents, who trust to their pens for their support. Little more is known of D'Urfev, than that he was born in Devonshire. His plays, which are numerous, have not been acted for many years, and his poems are seldom read. He was an accepted wit at court, after the restoration. Charles II. would often lean on his shoulder, and hum a tune with him; and he frequently entertained queen Anne, by

\* *Gent's Mag.* 1784.



singing catches and glees. He was called "Honest Tom," and, being a tory, was beloved by the tories; yet his manners were equally liked by the whigs. The author of the prologue to D'Urfe's last play, says,

Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,  
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.

D'Urfe's "Pills to purge Melancholy" are usually among the "facetia" of private libraries. Addison was a friend to him, and often pleaded with the public in his behalf.—"He has made the world merry,"

"I sing of a duel in Epsom befel,  
Twixt Fa sol la D'Urfe, and Sol la mi Bell:  
But why do I mention the scribbling brother?  
For, naming the one, you may guess at the other.  
Betwixt them there happen'd a terrible clutter;  
Bell set up the loud pipes, and D'Urfe did sputter—  
'Draw, Bell, wert thou dragon, I'll spoil thy soft note:  
'For thy squalling,' said t'other, 'I'll cut thy throat.'  
With a scratch on the finger the duel's dispatch'd;  
Thy Clinias, O Sidney, was never so match'd."

"Tom Brown" was another of the wits, as they were called in a licentious age. His father was a Shropshire farmer, and Tom was educated at Newport school, and Christ Church College, Oxford. Taking advantage of a remittance from an indulgent parent, and thinking he had a sufficiency of learning and wit, he left Oxford, for London. He soon saw his last "golden Carolus Secundus" reduced to "fractions," and exchanged the gay metropolis for Kingston-upon-Thames, where he became a schoolmaster; for which situation he was admirably qualified by a competent knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. But he lacked diligence, became disgusted with keeping a school, returned to London, and the wits laughed. His "Conversion of Mr. Bays," related in dialogue, raised his character with the public, for sense and humor. This was followed by other dialogues, odes, satires, letters, epigrams, and numerous translations. But Tom's tavern bills were long, and he lived solely by a pen, which, as well as his tongue, made him more enemies than friends. In company he was a railing buffoon, and he liberally scattered low abuse, especially against the clergy. He became indigent: lord Dorset, pitying his misfortunes, invited him to a Christmas dinner, and put a £50 note under his

says Addison, "and I hope they will make him easy, as long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, good-natured man."

D'Urfe died aged, and was buried in the cemetery of St. James's Church, Westminster.

D'Urfe, and Bello, a musician, had high words once at Epsom, and swords were resorted to, but with great caution. A brother wit maliciously compared this rencontre with that mentioned in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, between Clinias and Dametas.

plate, and Dryden made him a handsome present. He dissipated abilities and acquirements sufficient to have raised him to a respectable situation in any rank of life, and died in great poverty in 1704. His remains were interred near those of his intimate friend, and co-adjutress, Mrs. Behn, in the cloisters of Westminster abbey.\*

		h. m.
February 26.	Day breaks . . .	4 48
	Sun rises . . .	6 41
	— sets . . .	5 19
	Twilight ends . . .	7 12
Early whitlow grass flowers.		

### February 27.

Hare hunting ends to day, and this termination is usually celebrated by sportsmen with convivial dinners, and toasts of "success to the next merry meeting."

1734-5, Died Dr. John Arbuthnot, a physician, and a deservedly eminent wit, and man of letters, among the choice spirits of the reign of queen Anne. He was of an ancient and honorable family

\* Noble.

in Scotland, one branch of which is ennobled. His father was an episcopal clergyman, and he was born at Arbuthnot, in Kincardineshire. After receiving an education at Aberdeen, he came to England with the degree of doctor, but without money or friends; for his father being a nonjuror, and living upon a small patrimony, was incapable of providing for his children. The doctor went to practice physic at Dorchester, but the salubrity of the air was unfriendly to his success, and he took horse for London. A neighbour, meeting him on full gallop, asked him where he was going? "To leave your confounded place, where I can neither live nor die." Mr. William Pate, "the learned woollen draper," gave him an asylum at his house in the metropolis, where he taught mathematics, without venturing on medicine. Objections which he urged, without his name, against Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge, raised him into esteem, and he resumed his profession, in which he soon obtained celebrity. His wit and pleasantry some time assisted his prescriptions, and in some cases superseded the necessity of prescribing. Queen Anne and her consort appointed him their physician; the Royal Society elected him a member, and the college of Physicians followed. He gained the admiration of Swift, Pope, and Gay, and with them he wrote and laughed. No man had more friends, or fewer enemies; yet he did not want energy of character; he diverged from the laugh-ter-loving mood to tear away the mask from the infamous "Charitable Corporation." He could do all things well but walk. His health declined, while his mind remained sound to the last. He long wished for death to release him from a complication of disorders, and declared himself tired with "keeping so much bad company." A few weeks before his decease he wrote, "I am as well as a man can be who is gasping for breath, and has a house full of men and women unprovided for." Leaving Hampstead, he breathed his last at his residence in Cork street, Burlington Gardens. Dr. Arbuthnot was a man of great humanity and benevolence. Swift said to Pope,—“O that the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels.” Pope no less passionately lamented him, and said of him;—“He was a man of humor, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas.” Arbuthnot was, indeed, seldom seri-

ous, except in his attacks upon great enormities, and then his pen was masterly. The condemnation of the play of "Three Hours after Marriage," written by him, Pope, and Gay, was published by Wilkes, in his prologue to the "Sultanness."

"Such were the wags, who boldly did adventure

To clab a farce by tripartite indenture;  
But let them share their dividend of praise,  
And wear their own fool's cap instead of bayes."

Arbuthnot amply retorted, in "Gulliver decyphered." Satire was his chief weapon, but the wound he inflicted on folly soon healed: he was always playful, unless he added weight to keenness for the chastisement of crime. His miscellaneous works were printed in two volumes, but the genuineness of part of the contents has been doubted. He wrote papers for the Royal Society, a work on Aliments, and Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures.\*

		h. m.
February 27. Day breaks . . .	4	47
Sun rises . . .	6	39
— sets . . .	5	2
Twilight ends . . .	7	3
Goise, upon heaths and wastes, 1 flower.		

### February 28.

In the February of 1798 died at Carlisle, aged sixty-six, Mr. J. Strong, who, though blind from his infancy, distinguished himself by a wonderful proficiency in mechanics. At an early age he constructed an organ, his only knowledge of such an instrument having been previously obtained by once secreting himself in the cathedral after the evening service, and thereby getting an opportunity of examining the instrument. Having disposed of his first organ, he made another, upon which he was accustomed to play during his life. At twenty years of age he could make himself almost every article of dress, and was often heard to say that the first pair of shoes which he made were for the purpose of walking to London, to "visit the celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of the Temple church." This visit he actually paid, and was much gratified with the journey. He indulged his fancy in making a great variety of minia-

\* Noble, &c

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 29.

ture figures and machines, beside almost every article of household furniture. He married at the age of twenty-five, and had several children.

		h. m.
<i>February 28.</i> Day breaks . .	4	45
Sun rises . .	6	37
— sets . . .	5	23
Twilight ends . .	7	15

Lent lily flowers.  
Primroses increase in flowering.

**February 29.**

MEMORANDUM.

The birthday of a person born on this intercalary day can only be celebrated in leap year.

On the 29th of February, 1744, died at his lodging at the Bedford Coffee-house, Covent Garden, Dr. John Theophilus Desaguliers, an eminent natural philosopher. He was the son of a French Protestant clergyman, and educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. He took orders, and settled in London, though he held the donative of Whitchurch, in Middlesex, which he was presented with by the duke of Chandos. He was the first person who lectured on experimental philosophy in the metropolis, and his lectures were published in two volumes, quarto, besides other philosophical works, and a thanksgiving sermon, preached before his sovereign. The Royal Society appointed him a salary, to enable him to exhibit before them a variety of new experiments, and several of his papers are preserved in their transactions. He was a man of real ability, and, when a housekeeper, usually had pupils at home with him. His income was considerable, and he kept an equipage. His coachman, Erasmus King, from the force of example, became a kind of rival to the Doctor; for he, also, undertook to read lectures, and exhibit experiments in natural philosophy. His "Lyceum" was at Lambeth Marsh; and his terms of admission were proportioned to the humble situation he had filled.

SUPERSTITIONS, 1831.

[For the Year Book.]

From personal observations I have collected a few of the popular superstitions

of the present day, at which the rising generation may smile when the credulous are dead and only remembered for their fond belief.

Fortune-telling has become rather unfashionable since the invention of the tread-mill, but still many a "cunning man," and many a "cunning woman," pretends to unfold future events to visitors of every degree, from the servant girl, who desires to know if John will be faithful, to the rich heiress, and the wealthy matron.

There are still a few respectable tradesmen and merchants who will not transact business, or be bled, or take physic, on a Friday, because it is an unlucky day. There are other people who, for the same reason, will not be married on a Friday; others, again, who consider every child born on that day doomed to misfortune. It is a common saying, and popular belief, that,

"Fridaynights' dreams on the Saturday told  
Are sure to come true be it never so old."

Many believe that the howlings of a dog foretel death, and that dogs can see death enter the houses of people who are about to die.

Among common sayings at present are these—'hat pigs can see the wind—hairy people are born to be rich—and people born at night never see spirits.

Again, if a cat sneezes or coughs, every person in the house will have colds. In the morning, if, without knowing or intending it, you put on your stockings the wrong side outwards, you will have good luck all day.

To give to, or receive from, a friend a knife or a pair of scissors cuts friendship.

While talking thoughtlessly with a good woman, I carelessly turned a chair round two or three times; she was offended, and said it was a sign we should quarrel: and so it proved, for she never spoke friendly to me afterwards.

When your cheek burns, it is a sign some one is talking about you. When your ears tingle lies are being told about you. When your nose itches, you will be vexed. When your right eye itches, it is a sign of good luck; or your left eye, of bad luck; but

"Left or right  
Brings good at night."

These are every day sayings, and things of every day belief.

It is further believed that children will not thrive if they are not christened; and, if they do not cry during the ceremony, that they will not live long.

It is unlucky to pare your finger nails on a Sunday.

To prevent ill luck from meeting a squint-eyed person, you must spit three times; and when you pass under a ladder you must spit through it, or three times afterwards.

If a married woman loses her wedding ring, it is a token that she will lose her husband's affections; her breaking of it, forebodes death.

A spark in the candle, is a sign of a letter coming.

Bubbles-upon tea, denote kisses.

Birds' eggs hung up in a house, are unlucky.

Upon new year's day if you have not something new on, you will not get much all the year.

To cure your corns, you must steal a very small bit of beef, bury it in the ground, and as that rots the corns will go away, even though you are put upon the tread mill for the theft.

There are dames in the country who, to cure the whooping cough, pass the afflicted child three time before breakfast under a blackberry bush, both ends of which grow into the ground. Other country women travel the road to meet a man on a piebald horse, and ask him what will cure the whooping cough, and whatever he recommends is adopted as an infallible remedy. There was one remarkable cure of this kind. A young mother made an enquiry of a man mounted as directed; he told her to put her finger, to the knuckle joint, down the child's throat, and hold it there twenty-minutes by the church clock. She went home, and did so, and it never coughed again.

Some persons carry in their pockets a piece of coffin, to keep away the cramp.

Stockings are hung crosswise at the foot of the bed, with a pin stuck in them, to keep off the nightmare.

To prevent dreaming about a dead body, you must touch it.

To always have money in your pocket, put into it small spiders, called money spinners: or keep in your purse a bent coin, or a coin with a hole in it; at every new moon take it out and spit upon it, return it to your pocket, and wish yourself good luck.

In Berkshire, at the first appearance of a new moon, maidens go into the fields, and, while they look at it, say,

New moon, new moon, I hail thee!  
By all the virtue in thy body,  
Grant this night that I may see  
He who my true love is to be.

They then return home, firmly believing that before morning their future husbands will appear to them in their dreams.

The left seat at the gateway of the entrance to the church-yard at Yarmouth is called the Devil's seat, and is supposed to render any one who sits upon it particularly liable to misfortunes ever afterwards.

Divination is not altogether obsolete.

A few evenings ago a neighbour's daughter came to request of me the loan of a Bible. As I knew they had one of their own, I enquired why mine was wanted. She said that one of their lodgers, a disagreeable woman, had lost one of her husband's shirts, and, suspecting the thief to be in the house, was going to find it out by the Bible and key; and, for this purpose, neither a Bible nor a key belonging to any person living in the house would do. Find a thief by the Bible and key, thought I; I'll even go and be spectator of this ceremony. So I gave the child a Bible and went with her. I found the people of the house assembled together, and a young boy and girl to hold the apparatus; for it seems it can only be done properly by a bachelor and a maid. The key was bound into the Bible against the first chapter of Ruth and part of the seventeenth verse, "the Lord do so to me and more also," and strict silence and gravity were then enjoined, and the ceremony began. First, the boy and girl placed their left hands behind their backs, and the key balanced on the middle fingers of their right hands: then, the woman who had lost the above-mentioned article named a person, and said, "the Lord do so to me and more also, has he [or she] got my husband's shirt." Nearly all the names of the people in the house had been repeated, when, upon the name of an old crony of the loser being mentioned, the urchin who held the Bible suspended from the key gave his hand a slight motion—down went the Bible, and the scene of pro-ing and con-ing which ensued would beggar description. During the disturbance I thought it better to look on and

THE YEAR BOOK.—FEBRUARY 29.

ough, and retired to a corner of the room, expecting every instant to see them do battle. At the height of the disturbance the loser's husband came home, and, upon learning the cause of the disturbance, said he had removed the shirt himself, and put it into his chest. Indignation was now turned against the person who had advised the mode of divining its discovery by the borrowed Bible and key; but she boldly defended it, and said it never failed before, nor would it have failed then, had not the man in the corner, meaning me, laughed; and, she added, with malicious solemnity, that the Bible would not be laughed at. I retreated from a gathering storm, and returned home, to note down the proceedings, and forward them to the *Year Book*.

J—S—LLM—M.

January, 1831.

VARIA.

AN IRISH INVENTORY.

This 29th of February  
I'll take—let's see—to keep me merry,  
An Invent'ry of what I'm worth,  
In goods, and chattels, and so forth.  
A bed, the best you ever saw,  
With belly-full of hay and straw;  
On which an Irish prince might sleep,  
With blankets warm from off the sheep.  
A table next, around whose coast  
The full-charged glass has often sail'd,  
And sparkled to the sparkling toast,  
Whilst love with ease the heart assail'd.  
A platter thin, a large round O,  
A pot as black as any crow,  
'n which we bake, as well as boil,  
And melt the butter into oil,  
And, if occasion, make a posset;  
A spigot, but we've lost the fossot;  
A spoon to dash through thick and thin;  
And, best of all, a rolling-pin.  
A good fat hog, a cow in calf;  
In cash a guinea and a half;  
A cellar stor'd with foaming beer,  
And bacon all the livelong year;  
A hearty welcome for a friend;  
And thus my Invent'ry shall end.

CONCLUSIVE ANSWERS.

Campistron, the French poet, the favorite and secretary of the duke de Vendome, was gay and volatile, and little fitted for all a secretary's duties. One day, the duke quaintly pointed him out to another nobleman, and observed "There sits my secretary, busy with his answers." Campistron was engaged in burning a quantity of letters, addressed to the duke,

to save himself the trouble of acknowledging them. This was his practice with all epistles which were not of great importance: he called it despatching business.

MY LITTLE DOG BOBB!

An Elegy.

[For the Year Book.]

My friends they are cutting me, one and all,  
With a changed and a cloudy brow;  
But my little dog always would come at my call—  
And why has he not come now?  
Oh! if he be living, he'd greet me,—but why  
Do I hope with a doubtful "if?"  
When I come, and there is not a joy in his eye—  
When I come, and his tail lieth stiff?  
Ah me! not a single friend may I keep!—  
From the false I am gladly free,  
And the true and the trusty have fallen asleep,  
And sleep—without dreaming of me!  
I have got my own soul fastened firmly and tight,  
And my cold heart is safe in my bosom;—  
But I would not now trust 'em out of my sight—  
Or I'm positive I should lose 'em!  
My one sole comrade is now no more!  
And I needs must mumble and mutter,  
That he, who had lived in a *hovel* before,  
At last should die in a *gutter*!  
He could fight any beast from a cow to a cat,  
And catch any bird for his feast:  
But, ah! he was killed by a big brick-bat—  
And a *bat's* nor a bird nor a beast!  
He died of the blow!—'twas a sad hard blow  
Both to me and the poor receiver;  
I wish that instead 'twere a fever, I know;—  
For his *bark* might have cured a fever!  
His spirit, escaped from its carnal rage,  
Is a poodle all wan and pale;  
It howls an inaudible howl,—and it wags  
The ghost of a shadowy tail!  
Old Charon will tout for his penny in vain,  
If my Bob but remembers his tricks;  
For he, who so often sprang over my *canoe*,  
Will easily leap o'er the *Styx*!  
If Cerberus snarls at the gentle dead,  
He'll act but a *dogged* part;  
The fellow may, p'rhaps, have a *treble* head,  
But he'll have but a *base* bad heart!  
Farewell my dear Bob, I will keep your skin,  
And your tail with its noble tuft;  
I have kept it through life, rather skinny and thin,—  
Now I *will* have it properly *stuff'd*.

PROMETHEUS PERCIVAL PIPPE.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH.



MARCH.

March, month of "many weathers," wildly comes  
In hail, and snow, and rain, and threatening hums,  
And floods;—while often at his cottage-door  
The shepherd stands, to hear the distant roar  
Loosed from the rushing mills and river-locks,  
With thundering sound and overpowering shocks.  
From bank to bank, along the meadow lea,  
The river spreads, and shines a little sea;  
While, in the pale sun-light, a watery brood  
Of swopping white birds flock about the flood.

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH.

In "The Book of the Seasons, By William Howitt"—which appeared since the former portions of the *Year Book*—there is the following character of this month, which may tempt readers to afford themselves the pleasure of possessing Mr. Howitt's work; it is a volume of delight to lovers of nature, as may be conceived from what its author says:—

### MARCH.

March is a rude and boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet awakening sensations perhaps more delicious than the two following spring months; for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring. What can equal the delight of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first springing of buds and green herbs. It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness, a burst of freshness and luxury of feeling possesses us: and, let fifty springs have broken upon us, *this* joy, unlike many joys of time, is not an atom impaired. Are we not young? Are we not boys? Do we not break, by the power of awakened thoughts, into all the rapturous scenes of all our happier years? There is something in the freshness of the soil—in the mossy bank—the balmy air—the voices of birds—the early and delicious flowers, that we have seen and felt *only* in *childhood* and *spring*.

There are frequently mornings in March when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a stroll, sensations not to be exceeded, or perhaps equalled, by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken: mornings which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of its return, out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with now and then a cool gush, by no means unpleasant, but, on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling which we experience only in spring. The sky is clear; the sun flings abroad not only a gladdening splendor, but an almost summer glow. The world seems suddenly aroused to hope and enjoyment. The fields are assuming a vernal greenness—the buds are swelling in the hedges—the banks are displaying, amidst the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this. There are arums, ground ivy, chervil, the glaucous leaves, and burnished flowers of the pilewort,

The first gilt thing  
That wears the trembling pearls of spring;

and many other fresh and early bursts of greenery. All unexpectedly, too, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odor of violets, those sweetest of Flora's children, which have furnished so many pretty allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted: they are like true friends, we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness: and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful. Now, however, they are to be seen in all their glory, blue and white, modestly peering through their thick, clustering leaves. The lark is carolling in the blue fields of air; the blackbird and thrush are again shouting and replying to each other, from the tops of the highest trees. As you pass cottages, they have caught the happy infection: there are windows thrown open, and doors standing ajar. The inhabitants are in their gardens, some clearing away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh-smelling soil amongst the tufts of snow-drops and rows of bright yellow crocuses, which every where abound; and the children, ten to one, are peeping into the first bird's-nest of the season—the hedge-sparrow's, with its four sea-green eggs, snugly, but unwisely, built in the pile of old pea rods.

In the fields, laborers are plashing and trimming the hedges, and in all directions are teams at plough. You smell the wholesome, and, I may truly say, aromatic soil, as it is turned up to the sun, brown and rich, the whole country over. It is delightful, as you pass along hollow lanes, or are hidden in copses, to hear the tinkling gears of the horses, and the clear voices of the lads calling to them. It is not less pleasant to catch the busy caw of of the rookery, and the first meek cry of the young lambs. The hares are hopping about the fields, the excitement of the season overcoming their habitual timidity. The bees are revelling in the yellow catkins of the willows.\*

BEES.—The Rev. Mark Noble says, "Few persons have seen more of bees than the inhabitants of my rural residence; but, after great expense, incurred in endeavouring to forward their operations, perhaps the cottages's humble method is the best for profit."

\* Howitt's Book of the Seasons

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH

### ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

A writer, in former times, of "Handsome Descriptions," gently treats us in spring.—"Weep no more, faire weather is returned; the sunne is reconciled to mankind, and his heat hath made winter find his leggs, as benumb'd as they were.—The aire, not long since so condens'd by the frost that there was not room enough for the birds, seems now to be but a great imaginary space, where shrill musicians (hardly supported by our thoughts) appeare in the sky like little worlds, balanced by their proper centre: there were no colds in the country whence they came, for here they chatter sweetly. Nature brings forth in all places, and her children, as they are borne, play in their cradles. Consider the Zephyrus which dares hardly breathe in feare, how she playes and courts the corn. One would thinke the grasse the haire of the earth, and this wind acombe that is carefull to untangle it. I thinke the very sun woos this season; for I have observed that, wheresoever he retires, he still keeps close to her. Those insolent northern winds that braved us in the absence of this god of tranquillity (surprised at his coming), unite themselves to his rayes to obtain his pardon by their caresses, and those that are greater offenders hide themselves in his atomes, and are quiet for fear of being discovered: all things that are hurtfull enjoy a free life; nay, our very soul wanders beyond her confines, to show she is not under restraint."\*

### ON SPRING.

My sense is ravish'd, when I see  
This happie season's Jubilee.  
What shall I term it? a new birth:  
The resurrection of the earth,  
Which hath been buried, we know,  
In a cold winding-sheet of snow.  
The winter's breath had pay'd all o'er  
With crystal marble th' world's great floor;  
But now the earth is livery'd  
In verdant suits, by April dy'd;  
And, in despite of Boreas' spleen,  
Deck'd with a more accomplish'd green,  
The gaudy primrose long since hath  
Disclos'd her beauty, by each path.  
The trees, robb'd of their leafie pride,  
With mossie frize hath cloath'd each side,  
Whose hoary beards seem'd to presage  
To blooming youth their winter's age:  
But now invite to come and lie,  
Under their guilted canopie.†

\* Bergerac's Satyricall Character. 1658.  
† Daniel Cudmore's Sacred Poems, 1655.

March begins with a festival—the anniversary of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, which is kept by the natives of the principality dining together, and spending the day convivially. The 17th of the month, St. Patrick's day, is celebrated by the sons of Erin, with a rapture of feeling and height of spirit which only Irishmen know. No particular national dish is brought forward on these occasions, though Irish pork and Welch mutton are mentioned with the same kind of distinction as English beef.

Turbot, though in season all the year, is now in great request, and large quantities are brought by Dutch fishermen from the sandbanks on the coast of Holland, which are most congenial to the breed of this fine fish. The fishing boats are provided with wells in which the fish are kept alive. The vast sums paid annually, by the citizens of London, for turbot, afford proof of their taste and spirit in maintaining the glory of the table. Turbot is also brought occasionally from Scotland packed in ice.

The delicate whiting is now in great perfection, and smelts during this and the two following months are in high request.

The best smelts are taken in the Thames: when perfectly fresh they are stiff and smell like a fresh cut cucumber. They are sold by tale, and vary in price from six to fifteen shillings a hundred. They are usually fried, and served up with melted butter, and a Seville orange or lemon.

The John Dory makes his first appearance this month, and, notwithstanding the uncouthness of his physiognomy and the ugliness of his person, is a welcome guest at the most elegant tables until the end of June. He is indebted for this gracious reception to his intrinsic merits, which more than atone for the disadvantages of his exterior, and are of so high an order that Quin—an eminent judge—who first brought John Dory into fashion, bestowed on him the title of "king of fish." The gurnet is in season for the same period; as also is the jack.

Leverets are fit for table from this month until about midsummer. Dovecote and wood-pigeons, together with a variety of wild fowl, are in great request, as well as wild and tame rabbits.

The approach of spring begins to be marked by an increasing supply of vege-



## THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH.

tables for sallads. Early radishes form an agreeable accompaniment to the new cheese now introduced; the most noted is from Bath and York, but there are delicious cream cheeses manufactured in the environs of the metropolis. Custard and tansy puddings, stewed eggs, with spinach, and mock green peas, formed of the tops of forced asparagus, are among the lighter dishes which characterise the season. The strong winter soups are displaced by the soups of spring, flavored with various esculent and aromatic herbs.

### VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

#### *Sow*

Beans; the long pod, Sandwich, Windsor, or Toker; also,

Peas; imperial, Prussian, or marrow-fat, once or twice; or whenever the last sown crops appear above ground.

Cabbages; savoys, red-cabbage, Brussels sprouts, borecole, about the first or second week.

Beet-root, early in the month; carrots, parsnips, about the second week, for main crops; or for succession, if the chief crops were sown last month.

Lettuce, small salads, and spinach, for succession.

Onions; the Spanish for main crop; the silver for drawing young.

Leeks and cardoons. Celery and celeriac, in a warm spot of ground.

Brocoli; the different sorts, once or twice; and the purple-cape, by M'Leod's method, to obtain an early autumn supply.

Cauliflower; about the third week, and all the sweet herbs; also nasturtium, parsley, and turnips.

Radishes; the tap, and turnip-rooted, twice or thrice.

Kidney-beans; scarlet-runners, for the first crops, during the fourth week; and salsafy, scorzonera, and skirrets.

#### *Plant*

Potatoes for the summer and autumn supply.

Asparagus-beds; artichokes from suckers, in rows, each plant 4 or 5 feet apart.

Slips of balm, pennyroyal, sage, thyme savory, marjoram, rosemary, and lavender.

#### *Transplant*

Lettuces, to thin the seed-beds; and all other crops that require transplanting.

Sea-kale from beds of young plants, or from cuttings of roots, with two or three eyes or buds.

#### *Fork and Dress*

Asparagus beds as early as possible, if that work remain to be done.

#### *Dig*

Artichoke plantations, after removing the suckers.

#### *Hoe and Thin*

Spinach, and all other drilled crops.

#### *Earth-up*

Rows of peas, beans, and other crops, when two or three inches high.

#### *Stick*

Peas before they incline to fall.

#### *Hoe*

Between all crops, and eradicate weeds with the hand, where hoeing cannot be practised.

#### *Destroy*

Slugs and snails; they are most enemies to young lettuces, peas, brocoli plants, &c.; seek for them early and late; and sprinkle quick-lime dust, and a little common salt, about or around drills and patches.

In those vernal seasons of the year when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicings with heaven and earth.—*Milton*.

### APPEARANCE OF NATURE IN SPRING.

The flow'rs that, frighten'd with sharp winter's dread,  
Retire unto their mother Tellus' womb,  
Yet in the spring in troops new mustered,  
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb:  
The early violet will fresh arise,  
Spreading his flower'd purple to the skies;  
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies.

## THE YEAR BOOK—MARCH 1.

The hedge, green satin pink'd and cut arrays ;  
The heliotrope to cloth of gold aspires ;  
In hundred-colored silks the tulip plays ;  
The imperial flower, his neck with pearl attires ;  
The lily high her silver program rears ;  
The pansy, her wrought velvet garment bears ;  
The red-rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask wears.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,  
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light ;  
The earth she left, and up to heav'n is fled ;  
There chants her maker's praises out of sight.  
Earth seems a mole-hill, men but ants to be ;  
Reaching the proud that soar to high degree,  
The further up they climb, the less they seem and see.\*

### March 1.

#### ST. DAVID'S DAY.

On this great festival of the patron of Wales, there is a very curious Latin poem in excessive praise of the saint and his country, entitled "Martis Calendæ, sive landes Cambro-Britannicæ."

On March 1, 1666-7, Mr. Pepys says, "In Mark Lane I do observe (it being St. David's Day) the picture of a man, dressed like a Welchman, hanging by the neck upon one of the poles that stand out at the top of one of the merchant's houses, in full proportion, and very handsomely done; which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while."

#### SWIG DAY, AT CAMBRIDGE.

On St. David's Day an immense silver gilt bowl, containing ten gallons, which was presented to Jesus College, Oxford, by Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, in 1732, is filled with "swig," and handed round to those who are invited to sit at the festive and hospitable board.†

The punch-bowl has been often described; but the ladle, its companion, which holds a full Winchester half-pint, has been always unjustly, for what reason we know not, overlooked; though it is an established custom, when strangers visit the bursary, where this bowl is kept, to fill the ladle alone to the memory of the worthy donor.‡

\* Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island, 1633.

† Oxford Night Caps.

‡ A Companion to the Guide.

The following is the method of manufacturing the grateful beverage before mentioned under the denomination

#### SWIG.

Put into a bowl half a pound of Lisbon sugar; pour on it a pint of warm beer; grate into it a nutmeg and some ginger; add four glasses of sherry and five additional pints of beer; stir it well; sweeten it to your taste; let it stand covered up two or three hours; then put into it three or four slices of bread cut thin and toasted brown, and it is fit for use. A couple or three slices of lemon, and a few lumps of sugar rubbed on the peeling of a lemon, may be introduced.

Bottle the liquor, and in a few days it may be drank in a state of effervescence.\*

At Jesus College "swig" is called the wassail bowl, or wassail cup; but the true wassail drink, though prepared in nearly the same way, instead of the toasted bread, contained roasted apples, or more properly crabs, the original apples of England; an allusion to which is in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab,  
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dawlapp pour the ale

Another "pleasant tittle" at Oxford is said to derive its name from one of the fair sex, a bed-maker, who invariably recommended the potation to Oxonians who availed themselves of her care; it is called

\* Oxford Night Caps.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 2.

BROWN BETTY.

To make a brown Betty you must dissolve a pound of brown sugar in a pint of water; slice a lemon into it; let it stand a quarter of an hour; then add a small quantity of powdered cloves and cinnamon, half a pint of brandy, and a quart of good strong ale; stir all well together, put into the mixture a couple of slices of toasted bread, grate some nutmeg and ginger on the toast, and you have a brown Betty. Ice it, and you will find it excellent in summer; warm it, and it will be right comfortable in winter.\*

Under the date of March 1, 1760, Ben Tyrrell, the noted "Oxford Pieman," or some one in his behalf, issued the following verses on his adventuring to announce an increase of his manufacture, in anticipation of increased demand:—

MUTTON PIES FOR THE ASSIZES.

March 1, 1760.

Behold, once more, facetious Ben  
Steps from his paste to take the pen;  
And as the trumpets, shrill and loud,  
Precede the sheriff's javelin'd crowd,  
So Ben before-hand advertises  
His snug-laid scheme for the Assizes.  
Each of the evenings, Ben proposes,  
With pies so nice to smoke your noses:  
No cost, as heretofore, he grudges;  
He'll stand the test of able judges;  
And think that, when the hall is up,  
How cheap a jurymen may sup!  
For lawyer's clerks, in wigs so smart,  
A tight warm room is set apart.—  
My masters eke (might Ben advise ye),  
Detain'd too long at *sizy prizes*,  
Your college commons lost at six,—  
At Ben's the jovial evening fix;  
From *trips-indentures*, stale and dry,  
Escap'd to porter and a pie.  
Hither, if ye have any taste,  
Ye booted evidences, haste!  
Ye lasses too, both tall and slim,  
In riding-habits dress'd so trim,  
Who, usher'd by some young attorney,  
Fake, each assize, an Oxford journey;  
All who, subpoena'd on the occasion,  
Require genteel accommodation,  
Oh! haste to Ben's, and save your fines  
You'd pay at houses deck'd with signs!  
Lo! I a cook of taste and knowledge,  
And bred the *coquus* of a college,  
Having long known the student's bounty,  
Now dare to cater for the county.

\* Oxford Night Caps.

On the 1st of March, 1818, died Mr. Thomas Pleasants, an opulent and benevolent native of Ireland. He bequeathed his valuable collection of paintings to the Dublin Society for the encouragement of the fine arts in Ireland, and left £22,000 to various charitable uses. In his life-time his beneficence was various and splendid. Besides continued and extensive charities within his private circle, he gave, in a time of general calamity, £10,000 to the Murth Hospital. In 1814, when 22,000 woollen weavers of Dublin were out of employment, and suffering heart-rending distress, in consequence of its being impossible to dry the cloth during the inclemency of the season, a sum of £3500 was required for erecting a building to be applied to that use. Petitions for that sum were addressed to rich individuals and to parliament in vain, and every expedient to raise the amount was abandoned in despair. At that juncture Thomas Pleasants stepped in, and at an expense of £14,000 purchased ground and built the Stove Tenter House for the use of the poor weavers of Dublin for ever. He was at the expense of erecting the handsome gates and lodges of the Botanical Garden near Dublin, and, by like acts of munificence, erected imperishable monuments to his exalted humanity and patriotism.

	h.	m.
March 1. Day breaks . . .	4	43
Sun rises . . . . .	6	35
— sets . . . . .	5	25
Twilight ends . . . . .	7	17

The pale purple-and-white crocus flowers; it resembles the common crocus in its markings, but more inclines to blue, and the flower is larger; it equals in size the common yellow crocus.

March 2.

OLD FASHION OF TRAVELLING.

Mr. Pennant, in his "Journey from Chester to London," says—"In March, 1739-40, I changed my Welsh school for one nearer to the capital, and travelled in the Chester stage—then no despicable vehicle for country gentlemen. The first day, with much labor, we got from Chester to Whitchurch, twenty miles; the second day, to the Welsh Harp; the third, to Coventry; the fourth, to

Northampton; the fifth, to Dunstable; and, as a wondrous effort, on the last, to London before the commencement of night. The strain and labor of six good horses, sometimes eight, drew us through the sloughs of Mireden, and many other places. We were constantly out two hours before day, and as late at night; and in the depth of winter proportionably later. Families who travelled in their own carriages contracted with Benson and Co., and were dragged up, in the same number of days, by three sets of able horses. The single gentlemen, then a hardy race, equipped in jack-boots and trowsers, up to their middle, rode post through thick and thin, and, guarded against the mire, defied the frequent stumble and fall; and pursued their journey with alacrity: while in these days their enervated posterity sleep away their rapid journeys in easy chaises, fitted for the conveyance of the soft inhabitants of Sybaris.\*

In 1609 the communication between the North of England and the Universities was maintained by carriers, who performed a uniform, but tedious route, with whole trains of pack-horses. Not only the packages, but frequently the young scholars were consigned to their care. Through these carriers epistolary correspondence was conducted, and, as they always visited London, a letter could scarcely be exchanged between Oxford and Yorkshire in less time than a month.

About 1670 the journey from Oxford to London, which is under sixty miles, occupied two days. An invention called the "Flying Coach," achieved it in thirteen successive hours: but, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, it was uniformly a two-days' performance.

In the winter of 1682 a journey from Nottingham to London occupied four whole days.

In 1673, a writer suggested, "that the multitude of stage-coaches and caravans travelling on the roads might all, or most of them, be suppressed, especially those within forty, fifty, or sixty miles off London." He proposed that the number of stage coaches should be limited to one to every shire-town in England, to go

once a-week, backwards and forwards, and to go through with the same horses they set out with, and not travel more than thirty miles a-day in summer, and twenty-five in winter. His arguments in support of these proposals were, that coaches and caravans were mischievous to the public, destructive to trade, and prejudicial to lands; because, firstly, they destroyed the breed of good horses, and made men careless of horsemanship; secondly, they hindered the breed of watermen, who were the nursery of seamen; thirdly, they lessened the revenue.

The state of the roads in the South of England, in 1703, may be inferred from the following statement in the December of that year, by an attendant on the king of Spain, from Portsmouth to the Duke of Somerset's, at Petworth, in Sussex; for they were fourteen hours on the journey. "We set out at six o'clock in the morning to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches, save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire, till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas hard service for the prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day, without eating any thing, and passing through the worst ways that I ever saw in my life: we were thrown but once indeed in going, but both our coach which was leading, and his highness's body coach, would have suffered very often, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalmin almost to Petworth; and, the nearer we approached the duke's, the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost six hours time to conquer. In the lifetime of the proud duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were so bad that, in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth; persons were obliged to make for the nearest point of the great road from Portsmouth to London, and the journey was a work of so much difficulty as to occupy the whole day. The distance between Petworth and London is less than fifty miles, and yet the duke had a house at Guildford which was regularly occupied as a resting place for the night by any part of his family travelling to the metropolis."

\* *Archæologia.*



FAC-SIMILE OF THE OLDEST PRINT OF CHESS PLAY.

This representation of "Six ladies and gentlemen in a garden, playing at chess," is an attempt to reduce a rare and very valuable copper-plate print, after an engraving of it in "A collection of 129 fac-similes of scarce and curious prints," edited by Mr. Ottley. That gentleman inclines to believe that the original of this print was executed by a celebrated artist, who is called "the Master of 1466," because that date is affixed to some of his plates, and his name is unknown. He was the earliest engraver of the German school.

The print is remarkable as a specimen of the arts of design and engraving when in their infancy. It shows the costume, and dandy-like deportment towards the ladies, of the gentlemen of that age. It is further remarkable as being the earliest engraved representation, in existence, of persons engaged in playing the game of chess.

An artist of the first eminence, recently deceased, designed a beautiful set of pieces for the chess-board, which were executed in his lifetime, and played with. If a few choice anecdotes, or notices concerning

chess, or chess-players, or moves in the game, are immediately afforded, they will be very acceptable as accompaniments to specimens of the elegant forms of some of these chess-men, which are now in the hands of the engraver, with the hope, and in anticipation, that this desire may be gratified.

#### A MORALITY ON CHESS,

BY POPE INNOCENT.

This world is nearly like a *Chess Board*, of which the points are alternately white and black, figuring the double state of life and death, grace and sin.

The families of the *Chess-board* are like mankind: they all come out of one bag, and are placed in different stations. They have different appellations; one is called king, another queen, the third rook, the fourth knight, the fifth alphin, the sixth pawn.

The condition of the game is, that one piece takes another; and, when the game is finished, they are all deposited together, like man, in the same place. There

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 3.

is not any difference between the king and the poor pawn; and it often happens that, when thrown promiscuously into the bag, the king lies at the bottom; as some of the great will find themselves, after their transit from this world to the next.

The king goes into all the circumjacent places, and takes every thing in a direct line: which is a sign that the king must never omit doing justice to all. Hence, in whatever manner a king acts, it is reputed just; and what pleases the sovereign has the force of law.

The queen goes and takes in an oblique line; because women, being of an avaricious nature, take whatever they can, and often, being without merit or grace, are guilty of rapine and injustice.

The rook is a judge, who perambulates the whole land in a straight line, and should not take any thing in an oblique manner, by bribery and corruption, nor spare any one.

But the knight, in taking, goes one point directly, and then makes an oblique circuit; signifying that knights and lords of the land may justly take the rents justly due to them, and the fines justly forfeited to them; their third point being oblique, refers to knights and lords when they unjustly extort.

The poor pawn goes directly forward, in his simplicity; but he takes obliquely. Thus man, while he is poor and contented, keeps within compass, and lives honestly; but in search of temporal honors he fawns, cringes, bribes, forswears himself, and thus goes obliquely, till he gains a superior degree on the chess-board of the world. When the pawn attains the utmost in his power, he changes to fen; and, in like manner, humble poverty becomes rich and insolent.

The alphins represent various prelates; a pope, archbishop, and subordinate bishops. Alphins move and take obliquely three points; perhaps the minds of certain prelates are perverted by fawning, falsehood, and bribery, to refrain from reprehending the guilty, and denouncing the vices of the great, whose wickedness they absolve.

In this chess-game the Evil one says, "Check!" whenever he insults and strikes one with his dart of sin; and, if he that is struck cannot immediately deliver himself, the arch enemy, resuming the move, says to him, "Mate!" carrying his soul along with him to that place from which there is no redemption.

	h. m.
March 2. Day breaks . . .	4 41
Sun rises . . .	6 33
— sets . . .	5 27
Twilight ends . . .	7 19

Daphne mezereon often in full flower.

### MARCH 3.

#### HAWKING.

Under the date of March 3, 1793, there is a communication in the Gentleman's Magazine, from which, and from a previous account, it appears that in the preceding September several newspapers contained a paragraph, stating that a hawk had been found at the Cape of Good Hope, and brought from thence by one of the India ships, having on its neck a gold collar, on which were engraven the following words:—"This goodlie hawk doth belong to his most excellent majestie, James, king of England. A. D. 1610."

In a curious manuscript, containing remarks and observations on the migration of birds, and their flying to distant regions, is the following passage, relating, it is presumable, to this bird:—"And here I call to mind a story of our Anthony Weldon, in his Court and Character of king James; 'The king,' saith he, 'being at Newmarket, delighted much to fly his goshawk at herons; and the manner of the conflict was this: the heron would mount, and the goshawk would get much above it; then, when the hawk stooped at the game, the heron would turn up his belly to receive him with his claws and sharp bill; which the hawk perceiving, would dodge and pass by, rather than endanger itself. This pastime being over, both the hawk and heron would mount again, to the utmost of their power, till the hawk would be at another attempt; and, after divers such assaults, usually, by some lucky hit or other, the hawk would bring her down; but, one day, a most excellent hawk being at the game, in the king's presence, mounted so high with his game, that both hawk and heron got out of sight, and were never seen more: inquiry was made, not only all over England, but in all the foreign princes' courts in Europe; the hawk having the king's jesses, and marks sufficient whereby it might be known; but all their inquiries proved ineffectual.'"

In the printed edition of Sir Anthony Weldon's Court of king James, the passage in question stands thus:—"The

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 3.

French king sending over his falconer to show that sport, his master falconer lay long here, but could not kill one kite, ours being more magnanimous than the French kite. Sir Thomas Monson desired to have that fight in all exquisiteness, and to that end was at £100 charge in gosfalcons for that fight; in all that charge he never had but one cast would perform it, and those, that had killed nine kites, never missed one. The earl of Pembroke, with all the lords, desired the king but to walk out of Royston town's end, to see that flight, which was one of the most stateliest flights of the world, for the high mountee; the king went unwillingly forth, the flight was showed, but the kite went to such a mountee, as all

the field lost sight of kite and hawke and all, and neither kite nor hawke were either seen or heard of to this present, which made all the court conjecture it a very ill omen."

It is fairly presumable that the hawk thus spoken of by sir Anthony Weldon as lost, in 1610, may have been the hawk found at the Cape in 1793, and consequently tends to prove the amazing longevity ascribed to birds of prey.

Thomas Heywood, in his play entitled "A Woman Killed with Kindness," and acted before 1604, has a passage on falconry, highly descriptive of the diversion:

"*Sir Charles.* So; well cast off; aloft, aloft; well flown.  
O, now she takes her at the souse, and strikes her down  
To the earth, like a swift thunder clap.—  
Now she hath seized the fowl, and 'gins to plume her,  
Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her  
So: seize her gets, her jess-s, and her bells;  
Away.

*Sir Francis.* My hawk kill'd too!  
*Sir Charles.* Aye, but 'twas at the querre,  
Not at the mount, like mine.

*Sir Fran.* Judgment, my masters.  
*Cramoell.* Yours miss'd her at the ferre.  
*Wendoll.* Aye, but our Merlin first had plum'd the fowl,  
And twice renew'd her from the river too;  
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,  
Nor was one semi-tune above the other:  
Methinks these Milan bells do sound too full,  
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.—

*Sir Fran.* — Mine likewise seized a fowl  
Within her talons; and you saw her paws  
Full of the feathers: both her petty singles,  
And her long singles griped her more than other;  
The terrials of her legs were stained with blood:  
Not of the fowl only, she did discomfit  
Some of her feathers; but she brake away."

The technical terms in the above citation may admit of some explanation, from the following passage in Markham's edition of the Book of St. Alban's, 1595, where, speaking of the fowl being found in a river or pit, he adds, "if she (the hawk) nyme, or take the further side of the river, or pit from you, then she slayeth the fowl at fere juttie: but if she kill it on that side that you are on yourself, 's many times it chanceth, then you shall say she killed the fowl at the juttie ferry. If your hawk nyme the fowl aloft, you shall say she took it at the mount. If you see store of mallards separate

from the river and feeding in the field, if your hawk flee covertly under hedges, or close by the ground, by which means she nymeth one of them before they can rise, you shall say, that fowl was killed at the querre."

	h. m.
March 3. Day breaks . . .	4 39
Sun rises . . .	6 31
— sets . . .	5 2
Twilight ends . . .	7 21
Purple spring crocus flowers.	
Early sulphur butterfly appears.	

**March 4.**

March 4, 1765. Died, Dr. William Stukeley, an eminent antiquary, of varied attainments. He was born at Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, where, and at Benet College, Cambridge, he received every advantage of education. He practised with reputation as a physician, at Boston, London, and Grantham; but was prevailed upon to take holy orders, and became, successively, rector of Somerby, All Saints, Stamford, and St. George's Hanover-square, London. He was one of the founders of the society of antiquaries, the Spalding society, and the Egyptian society. He was a fellow of the Royal society, secretary to the antiquarian society, and senior fellow and censor of the college of physicians. He became a free-mason, under an impression that the order retained some of the Eleusinian mysteries, and was afterwards master of a lodge. He wrote ably as a divine, physician, historian, and antiquary. His knowledge of British antiquities was profound. He was a good botanist; and erudite in ancient coins, of which he had a good collection. He drew well, and understood mechanics. He invented a successful method of repairing the sinking pile of Westminster bridge, in which the ablest artificers had failed. He cut a machine in wood, on the plan of the orrery, which showed the motions of the heavenly bodies, the course of the tides, &c., and arranged a plan of Stonehenge on a common trencher. His life was spent in gaining and communicating knowledge. He traced the footsteps of the Romans, and explored the temples of the ancient Britons. His labors in British antiquities procured him the name of Arch-Druid. Returning from his retirement at Kentish-town to his house in Queen-square, on February 27, 1765, he reposed on a couch, as he was accustomed, while his housekeeper read to him; she left the room for a short time, and, on her return, he said to her, with a smiling and serene countenance,—“Sally, an accident has happened since you have been absent.” “Pray what is it, sir?” “No less than a stroke of the palsy.” “I hope not, sir.” Observing that she was in tears, he said, “Nay, do not weep; do not trouble yourself, but get some help to carry me up stairs, for I shall never come down again, but on men's shoulders.” He lived a week longer, but he never spoke

again. His remains were interred at Eastham, Essex, in a spot he had shown, when on a visit to the vicar, his friend, the Rev. Joseph Simms. A friend placed the following inscription over the door of Dr. Stukeley's villa at Kentish-town:

*Me dulcis saturat quies ;  
Obscuro positus locc  
Leni perfuar otio  
Chyndonax Druida.*

*O may this rural solitude receive,  
And contemplation all its pleasures give  
The Druid priest.*

“Chyndonax Druida” is an allusion to an urn of glass so inscribed, in France, which Dr. Stukeley believed to contain the ashes of an arch-druid of that name, whose portrait forms the frontispiece to Stonehenge, though the French antiquaries, in general, considered it as a forgery. Mr. Pegge, who seemed to inherit the antiquarian lore and research of Dr. Stukeley, says of him, in his work on the coins of Cunobelin:—“The doctor, I am sensible, has his admirers, but I confess I am not one of that number, as not being fond of wildness and enthusiasm upon any subject.” Respecting his hand writing Mr. Gray, mentioning other persons writing with him in the reading-room at the museum, says,—“The third person writes for the emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; and, fourthly, Dr. Stukeley, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for.”

	h. m.
<i>March 4.</i> Day breaks . . .	4 37
Sun rises . . .	6 29
— sets . . .	5 31
Twilight ends . . .	7 23

Grape hyacinth in flower if the season is not backward.  
Sweet violets are usually in flower.

**March 5.**

On the 5th of March, 1597, the son of the constable duke de Montmorency was baptized at the hotel de Montmorency. Henry IV. was a sponsor, and the pope's legate officiated. So sumptuous was the banquet, that all the cooks in Paris were employed eight days in making prepara-

\* Noble.



THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 6.

tions. There were two sturgeons of an hundred écus. The fish, for the most part, were sea-monsters, brought expressly from the coast. The fruit cost one hundred and fifty écus; and such pears were sent to table as could not be matched for an écu each.\*

A poor man that hath little, and desires no more, is, in truth, richer than the greatest monarch that thinketh he hath not what he should, or what he might; or that grieves there is no more to have.—*Bp. Hall.*

SPRING.

THE first approach of the sweet spring  
 Returning here once more,—  
 The memory of the love that holds  
 In my fond heart such power,—  
 The thrush again his song essaying,—  
 The little rills o'er pebbles playing,  
 And sparkling as they fall,—  
 The memory recall  
 Of her on whom my heart's desire  
 Is—shall be—ax'd till I expire.

SPRING.

Sweet spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,  
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,  
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,  
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs  
 Sweet spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,  
 And happy days, with thee come not again;  
 The sad memorials only of my pain  
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour.  
 Thou art the same which still thou wert before,  
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;  
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air  
 Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.  
 Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,  
 When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

*Drummond of Hawthornden.*

When fruits, and herbs, and flowers are decayed and perished, they are continually succeeded by new productions; and this governing power of the Deity is only his creating power constantly repeated. So it is with respect to the races of animated beings. What an amazing structure or parts, fitted to strain the various particles that are imbibed; which can admit and percolate molecules of such various figures and sizes! Out of the same common earth what variety of beings!—a variety of which no human capacity can venture the

\* History of Paris, iii. 270.

With every season fresh and new  
 That love is more inspiring:  
 Her eyes, her face, all bright with joy,—  
 Her coming, her retiring,—  
 Her faithful words,—her winning ways,—  
 That sweet look, kindling up the blaze  
 Of love, so gentle still,  
 o' wound, but not to kill,—  
 So that when most I weep and sigh,  
 So much the higher springs my joy.  
*Racoul de Coucy, 1190*

	h. m.
March 5. Day breaks . . . .	4 34
Sun rises . . . .	6 27
— sets . . . .	5 32
Twilight ends . . . .	7 26
Primroses are still common in gardens	

March 6.

SPRING.

This is usually noted by meteorologists as the first day of spring.

calculation; and each differing from the rest in taste, color, smell, and every other property! How powerful must that art be which makes the flesh of the various species of animals differ in all sensible qualities, and yet be formed by the separation of parts of the same common food! In all this is the Creator every where present, and every where active: it is he who clothes the fields with green, and raises the trees of the forest; who brings up the lowing herds and bleating flocks; who guides the fish of the sea, wings the inhabitants of the air, and directs the meanest insect and reptile of the earth. He forms their

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 6.

bodies incomparable in their kind, and furnishes them with instincts still more admirable. Here is eternally living force, and omnipotent intelligence.\*

NATURAL SYMPATHY.

In solitude, or that deserted state where we are surrounded by human beings and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the whisling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the

spirits to dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says, that if he were in a desert he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.\*

	h. m.
March 6. Day breaks . . .	4 32
Sun rises . . .	6 25
— sets . . .	5 35
Twilight ends . . .	7 28

Early daffodil, or Lent lily, blows in the garden.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wand'ring wing!  
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers of Spring?  
 —“We come from the shores of the green old Nile,  
 From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,  
 From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,  
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.  
 “We have swept o'er cities, in song renown'd—  
 Silent they lie, with the deserts round!  
 We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd  
 All dark with the warrior-blood of old;  
 And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,  
 Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome.  
 And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,  
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?  
 —“We have found a change, we have found a pall,  
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,  
 And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt—  
 —Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!”  
 Oh, joyous birds, it hath still been so!  
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!  
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,  
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.  
 Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,  
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?  
 “A change we have found there, and many a change!  
 Faces and footsteps and all things strange!  
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
 And the young that were, have a brow of care,  
 And the place is hush'd where the children play'd—  
 —Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!”  
 Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,  
 Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!  
 Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,  
 Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?  
 Ye over desert and deep have pass'd—  
 —So shall we reach our bright home at last!

F. H.

\* Baxter

† Shelley.

March 7.

On the 7th of March, 1755, died Thomas Wilson, the venerable bishop of Sodor and Man, in the ninety-third year of his age. He was born of humble parents, at Burton, a village in the hundred of Wirrel, Cheshire, where his ancestors had passed their unambitious lives for several ages. From Chester school he went to the university of Dublin, which was then a custom with Lancashire and Cheshire youths designed for the church. His first preferment was a curacy under Dr. Sherlock, his maternal uncle, then rector of Winwick; whence he went into the family of the earl of Derby, as chaplain, and tutor to his lordship's sons. At that period he refused the rich living of Baddesworth in Yorkshire, because, in his then situation, he could not perform the duties of it. The bishopric of Sodor and Man, which had been long vacant, was so reluctantly received by him, that it might be said he was forced into it. Baddesworth was again offered to him in commendam, and again refused. In his sequestered diocese he was the father and the friend of his flock. He repeatedly rejected richer bishoprics, saying, "he would not part with his wife because she was poor." His works, in two volumes 4to., prove that he deserved whatever could have been offered to him.

Bishop Horne, when Dean of Canterbury, gave the following character of Bishop Wilson's Works, in a letter to his son: "I am charmed with the view the books afford me of the good man your father, in his diocese and in his closet. The Life, the Sacra Privata, the Maxims, the Parochialia, &c., exhibit altogether a complete and lovely portrait of a Christian Bishop, going through all his functions with consummate prudence, fortitude, and piety—the pastor and father of a happy island for nearly threescore years. The Sermons are the affectionate addresses of a parent to his children, descending to the minutest particulars, and adapted to all their wants."

	h. m.
March 7. Day breaks . . .	4 30
Sun rises . . .	6 23
— sets . . .	5 27
Twilight ends . . .	7 30

Daffodilly, or double Lent lily, begins to blow, and in the course of the month makes a fine show in the gardens: thin pale contrasts well with the deep yellow of the crocus.

LAYS OF THE MINNESINGERS.

There was once a gentle time,  
When the world was in its prime,  
When every day was holiday,  
And every month was lovely May.  
*Croly.*

These bland verses usher, as a motto, the "Lays of the Minnesingers, or German Troubadours, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,—with specimens of the cotemporary Lyric Poetry of Provence, and other parts of Europe."\* From this volume will be derived subsequent particulars, and poetical illustrations of the vernal season.

The *Minnesingers*, which literally signifies *Love-singers*, flourished in Germany contemporaneously with the eminent troubadours of Provence, Castille, Catalonia, and Italy. They sung, or wrote, first in the low German, comprehending the Anglo-Saxon, the old Friesic, the more modern nether-Saxon, and the Belgic, or Dutch dialect of the northern tribes; secondly, the Francic, Alemanic, Burgundian, Suabian, and kindred dialects of the high-German, or south-western tribes. The greater portion of the poetry of the Minnesingers is in this latter, the high-German, or Suabian tongue.

Under the Saxon emperors, the literature of Germany made great progress: its brightest age of poetry may be reckoned from the commencement of the Suabian dynasty, in the beginning of the twelfth century, and it flourished most amidst the storms of the empire. On the death of Conrad III., the first emperor of that family, his nephew, Frederick, duke of Suabia, surnamed Red-beard, was elected emperor, and bore the title of Frederick I. Under his reign the band of the Minnesingers flourished, and at their head, as the earliest of date, Henry of Veldig, who, in one of his poems, remarkably laments the degeneracy of that early age. He says, "When true love was professed, then also was honor cultivated; now, by night and by day, evil manners are learnt. Alas! how may he who witnesses the present, and witnessed the past, lament the decay of virtue!" Frederick I. joined the third papal crusade, accompanied his armies through the fairy regions of the east, held his court in the poetic lands of the south of Europe, admired

\* 8vo. Longman and Co., 1825.

the lays of the troubadours of Provence, stimulated the muse of his native minnesingers, and fostered the literature of Germany. There is a little piece ascribed to this emperor which is "curious as a commentary on the manners of the age," and testifies discrimination derived from travel and observation—

Plas my cavalier Francés,  
E la donna Catalana,  
E l' onrar del Gynoés,  
E la cour de Kastellana,  
Lo cantar Provençalés,  
E la dansa Trovisana,  
E lo corps Aragonés,  
E la perla (?) Julliana,  
Los mans e cara d' Anglés,  
E lo donzel de Thuscana.

*Translation.*

I like a 'cavalier Francés'  
And a Catalonian dame;  
The courtesy of the Genoese,  
And Castilian dignity;  
The Provence songs my ears to please,  
And the dance of the Trevisan;  
The graceful form of the Arragonese,  
And the pearl (?) of the Julian;  
An English hand and face to see,  
And a page of Tuscany.

Frederick I. died suddenly in 1190. His memory is preserved by traditions of his popularity, and by grateful attachment to the ruins of his palace at Gelnhausen. A legend places him within a subterranean palace in the caverns of the Hartz Forest, reposing in a trance upon a marble throne, with his beard flowing on the ground, awakening at intervals to reward any child of song who seeks his lonely court.

His son and successor, the emperor, Henry VI., was himself a minnesinger. Frederick II. called to his court the most celebrated poets, orators, and philosophers of the age. He wrote in the Provençal tongue, and there remain valuable memorials of his talents and zeal for the promotion of knowledge, while engaged in foreign wars and surrounded by domestic treachery. Heavy misfortunes befel the successors of his house. Conrad IV. struggled in vain; and Conrad the younger, another minnesinger, succeeded to the crown of Sicily and Naples only to perish on the scaffold, in 1268, by the machinations of the Pope and Charles of Anjou.

Upon the extinction of the Suabian line of emperors, the minnesingers and literature of Germany declined. Rodolph

of Hapsburgh ascended the throne in 1273; and, about that period, Conrad of Wurtzburgh, an eminent minnesinger, lamented the failure of his art to attract, in lines of which the following are a translation:—

Unwilling stays the throng  
To hear the minstrel's song;  
Yet cease I not to sing,  
Though small the praise it bring;  
Even if on desert waste  
My lonely lot were cast,  
Unto my harp, the same,  
My numbers would I frame;  
Though never ear were foud  
To hear the lonely sound,  
Still should it echo round;  
As the lone nightingale  
Her tuneful strain sings on  
To her sweet self alone,  
Whiling away the hour  
Deep in her leafy bow'r,  
Where night by night she loves  
Her music to prolong,  
And makes the hills and groves  
Re-echo to her song.

With the fourteenth century commenced a freebooting age, and an entire change in the literature of Germany. Minstrels could not travel amidst the turbulence of wars and feuds. The "meisters," masters, or professors of poetry, and their "song-schools," prescribed pedantic rules, which fettered the imagination; poetry sunk into silly versifying, and the minnesingers became extinct.

In the fourteenth century, Rudiger von Manesse, a senator of Zurich, and his sons, formed a splendid MS. collection of lyric poets, which is repeatedly noticed during the sixteenth century, as seen at different places by inquirers into the antiquities of German song, and was at last found in the king's library at Paris. The songs of each poet are introduced by an illumination, seeming to represent an event in the poet's life, or to be illustrative of his character; and accompanied by heraldic decorations, executed with a care and precision usual to such ornaments in the albums of Germany. The elder Manesse appears to have corresponded with the most eminent men of his country, and held a kind of academy or conversazione, where all poetry which could be collected was examined, and the best pieces were enrolled in his "lieder-buoch."

The lyric poetry of the minnesingers combines and improves upon all the pleasing features of the Provençal muse

and is more highly and distinctively characteristic of subdued and delicate feeling. It breathes the sentiments of innocent and tender affection—admiration of his lady's perfections, joy in her smiles, grief at her frowns, and anxiety for her welfare—expressed by the poet in a thousand accents of simplicity and truth. These ancient "love-singers" seem to revel in the charms of nature, in her most smiling forms: the gay meadows, the budding groves, the breezes and the flowers, songs of birds, grateful odors, and delightful colors, float and sparkle in their song, and the bounding rhythm and musical elegance of the verse often correspond with the beauty and effervescent passion of the words. The following verse, by the minnesinger Von Buwenburg, exemplifies the spirit with which these topics were often selected and dwelt upon.

Say, what is the sparkling light before us  
O'er the grassy mead, all bright and fair,  
As the spirit of mirth did wanton o'er us?  
Well, well, I see that summer is there;  
By the flowers upspringing, and birds sweet  
singing.

And animals playing:—and, lo! the hand  
Of Nature her beautiful offspring bringing,  
All ranged in their seasons at her command!  
May heav'n complete thee, thou fair creation,  
For such pleasures as these are joy's true  
foundation!

In common with the fashion of the day, and in the manner of the troubadours, the minnesingers blended religious, with amatory ideas, without any seeming of irreverent intention; and some of their lyric pieces are devoted entirely to religious topics, such as praises of the Virgin, or of a favorite saint.

With the ascendancy of chivalric feelings, there arose a spirit of devotion for the sex, which, in France, was carried extravagantly high. To women were ascribed all the attributes of sovereignty; and courts of justice were created to enforce obedience to a new code of laws, and to dignify all sorts of caprice with the mimic consequence of judicial solemnity. These follies never attained to such a height among the Germans, who were not, in the eleventh or twelfth century, to be taught the respect and esteem due to the female sex. Even in their barbarian days Tacitus had extolled an example which Rome might have copied. Chivalry and civilization only mellowed ancient sympathies, and aroused purer and more social affections than those

which usually characterize contemporary French society and literature.

There is a marked distinction between the lyric poetry of the two countries. The German is more chaste, tender, and delicate. The lays of the troubadours, whenever they emerge from cold and fanciful conceits, much oftener require pruning for modern eyes. The German songs are less metaphysical and spiritualized. They are less classical in their allusions, and may be ruder, but they breathe more of feeling, more of love for the beautiful in nature, and more of joy in her perfections. Among the lyrics of the troubadours there are very few if any instances of entire songs of joy, floating on in buoyancy of spirit, and glowing with general delight in natural objects—in the bursting promise of spring, or the luxuriant profusion of summer—like some of those of the minnesingers.

The metaphorical language of the minnesingers is often spirited. Thus, Henry of Morunge sings—

Where now is gone my morning star?  
Where now my sun? Its beams are fled  
Though at high noon it held afar  
Its course above my humble head,  
Yet gentle evening came, and then  
It stoop'd from high to comfort me;  
And I forgot its late disdain,  
In transport living joyfully.

And, again, the same author—

Mine is the fortune of a simple child  
That in the glass his image looks upon;  
And, by the shadow of himself beguill'd,  
Breaks quick the brittle charm, and joy is  
gone.

So gar'd I—and I deem'd my joy would  
last—

On the bright image of my lady fair:  
But ah! the dream of my delight is past,  
And love and rapture yield to dark despair.

In the construction of their verses, the Germans seem entitled to the merit of great originality. Their versification is almost universally different, and must have required tunes as various. The Iambus is the only foot of the troubadours; the minnesingers have almost as many as the classical writers. The subject, not the form, characterizes the German song; and every poet gives vent to his joys or his sorrows, in such strains as may be most accordant to his feelings, unshackled by such laws as were imposed in the decay of the art, when the "meisters" or "masters," began to make a trade of the muse.



A mournful one am I, above whose head  
A day of perfect bliss hath never past;  
Whatever joys my soul have ravished,  
Soon was the radiance of those joys o'ercast.

And none can show me that substantial pleasure  
Which will not pass away like bloom from flowers;  
Therefore, no more my heart such joys shall treasure,  
Nor pine for fading sweets and fleeting hours.

#### VOGELWEIDE, THE MINNESINGER.

One of the most celebrated minnesingers, Her Walther von der Vogelweide, or Walter of the Birdmeadow, lived from 1190 to 1240. An outline of his life and character will represent one of the chivalric curiosities with which his singular age abounds.

Walter Vogelweide seems to have begun his career under Frederic, son of Leopold VI. who went to the crusade in 1197,

and died in Palestine in the following year, to the great grief of the almost infant minnesinger.

In 1198 began the dissensions as to the succession of the Imperial crown; and Walter attached himself to Philip of Suabia, in opposition to the papal faction, which supported Otho. One of the longest of his songs is a lamentation on the divisions of his country, which proceeds, in

a strain of great boldness and considerable poetic merit, to descant on the causes of the existing troubles, and particularly on the part borne in them by Rome. The piece opens with a circumstantial description of himself in the position in which he is drawn in the Manesse MS., seated upon a rock (or bank of flowers), reposing one knee on the other, with the elbow resting on the uppermost, and the hand covering the chin and one cheek. The engraving, in the preceding page, is from an outline of that illumination, in the "Lays of the Minnesingers;" the representation is curious, on account of the antiquity of the original, and because it assigns to Vogelweide an emblematical armorial bearing of a singing bird upon a shield. The bearing of arms on a shield originated during the crusades.\*

His next historical piece is a song of triumph on the coronation of Philip, in 1198, at Mentz, where he appears to have been present. He gives judicious advice to the new emperor for consolidating his government by a liberal policy; and fortifies his counsel by the examples of Saladin, and Richard Cœur de Lion. Many of his subsequent songs allude to the evils which intestine war and the intrigues of the papal court had brought upon Germany. Soon afterwards he commemorated the marriage, celebrated at Magdeburg, in 1207, between Philip and a Grecian princess:—

A Cæsar's brother and a Cæsar's child.

The bride he describes as—

A thornless rose, a gall-less dove.

Walter's life was that of a wanderer. With the geige and the harp he pursued his way on horseback. "From the Elbe to the Rhine, and thence to Hungary, had he," as he says, "surveyed;—from the Seine to the Mur, from the Po to the Drave, had he learned the customs of mankind:" yet he ends with preferring the excellence of his native land—the good-breeding of the men, and the angel-forms of the women.

Walter joined the court of Herman, landgrave of Thuringia, the great fostering-place of the Minnesinging art, where, in 1207, was the famous contention of the minnesingers, or poetic battle of Wartburg, at which he assisted as a prin-

cipal character, and rejoiced in one of his songs at having entered the service of the landgrave, "the flower that shines through the snow." Several of his pieces, at this period of his life, refer to his companions at the court, to its customs, and even jokes. Others are devoted to the inculcation of moral and knightly virtue, and are often of a highly liberal and philosophic, and not unfrequently of a religious and devotional, turn.

During the struggle between Otho and Frederic, for the Imperial crown, Walter drew a poetic comparison between their merits and pretensions, and sided with Frederic. At the court of Vienna, under Leopold VII., he addressed to him and other princes a very plaintive appeal:—

To me is barr'd the door of joy and ease;  
There stand I as an orphan, lone, forlorn,  
And nothing boots me that I frequent knock.  
Strange that on every hand the shower should fall,

And not one cheering drop should reach to me!  
On all around the gen'rous Austrian's gifts,  
Gladdening the land, like genial rain descend:  
A fair and gay adorned mead is he,  
Whereon are gather'd oft the sweetest flowers:  
Would that his rich and ever gen'rous hand  
Might stoop to pluck one little leaf for me,  
So might I duly praise a scene so fair!

Walter sought protection in Carinthia, at the court of the duke Bernard, a patron of song, with whom he had a misunderstanding; and he soon returned to the court of Leopold, whose death was followed by fierce intestine disturbances. These calamities wrung from his muse a song of sadness, which boldly personifies the court of Vienna, and makes it address to himself a bitter lamentation over the wreck of its greatness. The times were rapidly growing worse for men of his mood and habits; and he sighed for a resting-place from his wanderings. In one of the most interesting of his poems, addressed to the emperor Frederic II., he says—

Fain, could it be, would I a home obtain,  
And warm me by a hearth-side of my own.  
Then, then, I'd sing about the sweet birds'  
strain,

And fields and flowers, as I have whilome done;

And paint in song the lily and the rose  
That dwell upon her cheek who smiles on me.  
But lone I stray—no home its comfort shows:  
Ah, luckless man! still doomed a guest to be!

His next song announced the fulfilment of his wishes, in a burst of gratitude to

\* Fosbroke.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 7.

the noble king, the generous king," for his bounty. He had promised to turn his thoughts, when placed in ease and repose, to fields, and flowers, and ladies' charms; and he produced many of these lighter pieces, although he was not so much distinguished for gaiety as others of the Minnesingers.

His touching accents in adversity were yet accompanied by expressions of confidence in his poetic powers :—

Chill penury, and winter's power,  
Upon my soul so hard have preat  
That I would fain have seen no more  
The red flowers that the meadows drest :  
Yet, truth ! 'twere hard, if I were gone,  
Upon the merry-making throng,  
That loud with joy was wont to sing,  
And o'er the green to dance and spring !

In the dissensions between Frederic II. and the pope, Walter fearlessly exposed the crafty policy of the see of Rome, and the mischiefs that resulted from investing the church with political power, which produced an anomalous herd, as he observes, of "preaching knights and fighting priests." Still he was a warm exhorter to what he considered the Christian duty of engaging in the holy wars. He opposed the pretensions of the pope, on principles of resistance to papal usurpation befitting the land which was to be the cradle of the Reformation. Many events of the earliest poets of southern France were also more or less associated with heretical notions and practices; and there is an old tradition, that the twelve real or imaginary "masters," or founders of song, in Germany, were accused of heresy before the emperor, and compelled to defend themselves in an open assembly in the presence of the pope's legate. One of Walter's songs seems written from the ranks of the crusading army, while on his passage, full of zeal and hope; and another is full of joy and exultation at finding himself among scenes rendered sacred by scriptural recollections and religious associations. During thirty eventful years his muse was devoted to the service of his father-land, and, to the admiration of the beauties of nature, and to the praise of female virtue. At an after period he says, "Forty years and more have I sung of love." He attained to an advanced age, little blest by the gifts of fortune, but, with an increasing love for his country, zealously inculcating the precepts of reli-

gion in lofty strains of devotional feeling. In one of his last efforts, a dialogue with "the world," he takes his leave of its cares and vanities :—

Too well thy weakness have I proved ;  
Now would I leave thee ;—it is time—  
Good night ! to thee, oh world, good night !  
I haste me to my home

It does not appear where Walter spent the latter period of his life, subsequently to his expedition to the Holy Land. At all events it was after a long absence, and in old age, that he returned to his native land, and expressed his feelings on revisiting the scenes of youth, in a plaintive song, which commences thus :—

Ah ! where are hours departed fled ?  
Is life a dream, or true indeed ?  
Did all my heart hath fashioned  
From fancy's visitin's proceed ?  
Yes ! I have slept ; and now unknown  
To me the thing best known before :  
The land, the people, once mine own,  
Where are they ?—they are here no more :  
My boyhood's friends, all aged, worn,  
Despoil'd the woods, the fields, of home,  
Only the stream flows on forlorn  
(Alas ! that e'er such change should come !)  
And he who knew me once so well  
Salutes me now as one estranged :  
The very earth to me can tell  
Of nought but things perverted, changed :  
And when I muse on other days,  
That passed me as the dashing cars  
The surface of the ocean rage,  
Ceaseless my heart its fate deploras.

An ancient MS. records that Walter's mortal remains were deposited beneath a tree in the precincts of the minster at Wurtzburg; and his name and talents commemorated by the following epitaph :—

Pascua qui volucrum vivus, Walthere, fuisti,  
Qui sine eloqui, qui Palladis os, obiisti !  
Ergo quod aureolam probitas tua possit habere,  
Qui legit, hic dicat—" Deus iustus miserere !"

It is stated, on the same authority, that Vogelweide, by his last will, dictated a bequest, beautifully accordant with the grateful and pure feelings of the minnesinger "of the Birdmeadow"—he directed the birds to be stately fed upon his tomb.\*

\* Lays of the Minnesingers.



THE YEAR BOOK.--MARCH 8.

[Original.]

REMEMBER

Remember, remember, the vow so early made,  
By the marble fountain's side, 'neath the spreading palm tree's shade;  
When the distant sun was sinking, and thou swore by him on high,  
On the bosom that then pillow'd thee, to five—to love—to die.

Remember, remember, the hour so sad to me,  
When thou fled'st thy home and love in a strange bark o'er the sea,  
And I stood upon the shore, and the curse rose in my breast,  
But prophetic tears came on my cheek, my heart yearn'd, and I blest.

Remember, remember, when, after years of pain  
And madness of heart and head, I saw thee once again;  
When menials spurn'd the maniac from the portal where he lay,  
In the last fond hope of dying in thy presence, or thy way.

Now thou 'rt low, and art left to the cold sneer and the gaze  
Of the world that bent before thee in thy former stately days;  
And the sycophants thou smil'dst upon forsake thee in thy need,  
As the stricken deer is left by the fleeing herd to bleed.

But one star yet to thee is left—nay, fear from me no word,  
Of all we are, or might have been, my claims shall be unheard:  
I will but ask to look on thee, and think upon the days  
When I joy'd me in the sunny light of thy young beauty's rays.

Fear not that I should speak of love—all word of that is past,  
Although its dart will rankle in my sear'd breast to the last;  
I will but ask to tend thee with an elder brother's care,  
And to kneel to thee in death, with a blessing and a prayer.

S. H. S

**March 8.**

**THE CHANCELLOR'S MACE.**

On the 8th of March, 1577, there was a trial at the old Bailey, arising out of the following circumstances:—

A little girl, the daughter of a woman who let lodgings in Knight Rider Street, went up to a room of one of the lodgers to make the bed, and was agreeably surprised with finding on the floor some silver spangles and odd ends of silver. Her curiosity was awakened; she pryed further, and looking through the keyhole of the door to a locked closet perceived what she imagined to be the royal crown. She hastened down stairs, and cried out, "Oh mother, lother! yonder's the king's crown in our closet! Pray mother come along with me and see it." The admiring mother followed her daughter, opened the lock of her lodgers' closet with a knife, and discovered the lord chancellor's mace, which had been stolen from his house. She had been informed of the loss, and immediately gave information of the discovery. Officers were despatched and secured the persons who rented the room, consist-

ing of three men and women; they were examined and committed for trial.

These circumstances are stated in a rare little quarto tract of four leaves, entitled "A perfect narrative of the Apprehension, Trial, and Confession on the day before mentioned of the five several persons that were confederates in stealing the mace and two privy purses from the lord high chancellor of England, at the sessions held at Justice Hall in the Old Baily." On the arraignment of the prisoners, and before the evidence was taken, "the principal of those malefactors, a person very well known in court, having been arraigned at the same bar five or six several times," very confidently said to the bench, "My lord, I own the fact: it was I, and this man," pointing to a fellow prisoner at the bar, "that robbed my lord chancellor, and the other three are clear of the fact; though I cannot say but that they were confederates with us in the concealment of the prize after it was taken. This I declare to the honorable bench, that I may be clear of the blood of these other three persons." The court was surprised by this premature avowal, and quite as much when, one of the witnesses deposing

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 9.

upon examination to the manner of apprehending the prisoners, the same culprit said, "Prithee, fellow, do not make such a long narrative of my being taken; thou seest I am here; and I own that I and this man are guilty of the fact." The prisoner whom he inculpated said, "My lord, this man, meeting me in St. Paul's Church Yard, asked me to go and drink, with whom I went, and, after we were seated, he told me that he knew of a booty would make me smile, telling me of the mace and purses; and further saying that if I would be his assistant he would give me my share of the prize." This account accasioned the first prisoner to exclaim, "Yes, my lord; I look like a fellow that would commit a robbery and give him half the prize!" Upon which bravado a great shout was set up in the court, and, after silence was obtained, the evidence proceeded and all the prisoners were convicted.

It was the Lord Chancellor Nottingham who thus lost and recovered his mace of office and purses. A like mishap befel Lord Thurlow. When he was chancellor, and lived in Great Ormond Street, his house was broken open and the great seal stolen, which was a greater loss. The thieves were discovered, but the seal, being of silver, they had disposed of it in the melting pot, and patents and important public documents which required the great seal were delayed until a new one was made.

### THE MACE.

This was a weapon used in warfare, and differed from a club only in being surrounded with little horns or spikes. Both mace and sceptre, which was also a warlike instrument, became symbols of authority and power.

The origin of the corporation mace is thus given by Dr. Clarke:—"The sceptre of Agamemnon was preserved by the Chærons, and seems to have been used among them after the manner of a mace in corporate towns; for Pausanias relates that it was not kept in any temple appropriated for its reception, but that it was annually brought forth with proper ceremonies, and honored by daily sacrifices; and a sort of mayor's feast seems to have been provided upon the occasion—a table covered with all sorts of vegetables was then set forth.\*"

\* Fosbroke's *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*.

	h. m.
March 8. Day breaks . . . .	4 28
Sun rises . . . .	6 21
— sets . . . .	5 39
Twilight ends . . . .	7 32

Peach in bloom. By this time the apricot is fully out.

## March 9.

### GREAT SHIPS.

On the 9th of March, 1655, Mr. Evelyn enters in his diary, "I went to see the great ship newly built by the usurper Oliver [Cromwell], carrying ninety-six brass guns and 1000 tons burthen. In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foot, a Scot, Irishman, Dutchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Fame held a laurel over his insulting head; the word *God with us*."

The first mention of ships of great burthen in England is derivable from the inscription on Canning's tomb in Radcliffe church, Bristol, which states that he had "forfeited the king's peace," or, in plain words, committed piracies on the high seas, for which he was condemned to pay 3000 marks; in lieu of which sum the king took of him 2470 tons of shipping, amongst which there was one ship of 900 tons burthen, another of 500, one of 400, and the rest smaller. These ships had English names, yet it is doubtful whether at that time ships of so large a size were built in England; it seems more probable that Canning had purchased or taken these ships from the Hanseatics, or else from the Venetians, Genoese, Luccese, Ragusians, or Pisans; all of whom then had ships of even larger tonnage.\*

When I see a gallant ship well-rigged, trimmed, tackled, man'd, munitioned, with her top and top-gallant, and her spread sayles proudly swelling with a full gale in fair weather, putting out of the haven into the smooth maine, and drawing the spectators' eyes, with a well-wishing admiration, and shortly heare of the same ship splitted against some dangerous rock, or wracked by some disastrous tempest,

\* Anderson.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 10.

or sunk by some leake sprung in her by some accident, me seemeth I see the case of some court-favourite, who, to-day, like Sejanus, dazzleth all men's eyes with the splendour of his glory, and with the proud and potent beake of his powerful prosperity, cutteth the waves and ploweth through the prease of the vulgar, and scorneth to feare some remora at his keele below, or any crosse winds from above, and yet to-morrow, on some stor.n.s of unexpected disfavour, springs a leake in his honour, and sinks on the Syrtes of disgrace, or, dashed against the rocks of displeasure, is splitted and wracked in the Charybdis of infamy; and so concludes his voyage in misery and misfortune.—*A. Warwick.*

Enough, I reckon wealth ;  
That mean, the surest lot,  
That lies too high for base contempt,  
Too low for envy's shot.  
My wishes are but few  
All easy to fulfil ;  
I make the limits of my power  
The bounds unto my will.  
I fear no care for gold ;  
Well-doing is my wealth ;  
My mind to me an empire is,  
While grace affordeth health.  
I clip high-climbing thoughts,  
The wings of swelling pride ;  
Their fall is worst that from the height  
Of greatest honour slide.  
Since sails of largest size  
The storm doth soonest tear ;  
I bear so low and small a sail  
As freeth me from fear.  
I wrestle not with rage,  
While fury's flame doth burn ;  
It is in vain to stop the stream  
Until the tide doth turn.  
But when the flame is out,  
And ebbing wrath doth end,  
I turn a late enraged foe  
Into a quiet friend.  
And, taught with often proof,  
A temper'd calm I find  
To be most solace to itself,  
Best cure for angry mind.  
Spare diet is my fare,  
My clothes more fit than fine :  
I know I feed and clothe a foe,  
That pamper'd would repine.  
I envy not their hap  
Whom favour doth advance ;  
I take no pleasure in their pain  
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall  
I deem a losing gain ;  
All states with others' ruin built,  
To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calm  
Can cast my comforts down ;  
When fortune smiles, I smile to think  
How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,  
She prov'd an angry foe ;  
Small gain I found to let her come,—  
Less loss to let her go.

*Robert Southwell, 1605.*

	. h. m.
March 9. Day breaks . . .	4 26
Sun rises . . . . .	6 19
— sets . . . . .	5 41
Twilight ends . . .	7 34

Great scented jonquil flowers. It blows usually with the early daffodil, and before other species nearly a fortnight. Several permanent varieties of the jonquil bear specific names

**March 10.**

March 10, 1643, Mr. Evelyn, being at Hartingfordberry, saw, what exceedingly amazed him, "a shining cloud in the air, in shape resembling a sword, the point reaching to the north; it was as bright as the moon, the rest of the sky being very serene. It began about eleven at night, and vanished not till about one, being seen by all the south of England." This was clearly an appearance of the aurora borealis.

PROVERBS ON THE WEATHER

If red the sun begins his race,  
Expect that rain will fall apace.

The evening red, the morning gray,  
Are certain signs of a fair day.

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,  
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day

In the waning of the moon,  
A cloudy morn—fair afternoon.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,  
The earth's refresh'd by frequent showers.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 11, 12.

	h. m.
March 10. Day breaks . . .	4 24
Sun rises . . .	6 17
— sets . . .	5 43
Twilight ends . . .	7 36

Wallflowers out here and there on old last year's plants.

Frogs croak in ditches and waters where they assemble and breed.

**March 11.**

**PENNY-LOAF DAY AT NEWARK.**

[For the Year Book.]

On the 11th of March, 1643, there lived at Newark one Hercules Clay; his dwelling was on the west-side of the market-place, at the corner of Stodman-street. The modern house, built on the site of Clay's house, now contains the news-room. This Hercules Clay was a tradesman of considerable eminence, and an alderman of the borough of Newark. During the siege, in the night of the 11th of March 1643, he dreamed three times that his house was on flames; on the third warning he arose much terrified, alarmed the whole of his family, and caused them to quit the premises; though at that time all appeared to be in perfect safety; soon afterwards, a bomb from a battery of the parliamentary army on Beacon Hill, an eminence near the town, fell upon the roof of the house, and penetrated all the floors, but happily did little other execution. The bomb was intended to destroy the house of the governor of the town, which was in Stodman-street, exactly opposite Clay's house. In commemoration of this extraordinary deliverance, Mr. Clay, by his will, gave £200 to the corporation in trust to pay the interest of £100 to the vicar of Newark, for a sermon to be preached every 11th of March (the day on which this singular event happened), when the preacher constantly introduces this subject, and reminds the congregation that the dreams recorded of the ancients are not forgotten. The interest of the other £100 he directed to be given in bread to the poor: these customs are continued to this day. Penny loaves are given to every one who applies; formerly they were distributed at the church, but now at the Town-hall. The applicants are admitted at one door, one by one, and remain locked up until the whole is distributed. This day is more generally

known by the name of "Penny Loaf Day:." Hercules Clay and his lady are interred in the church, and in the south aisle there is a mural monument to their memory; and an inscription referring to this event.

H. H. N. N.

	h. m.
March 11. Day breaks . . .	4 21
Sun rises . . .	6 15
— sets . . .	5 45
Twilight ends . . .	7 39

Lungwort, or cowslip of Jerusalem, flowers.

**March 12.**

March 12, 1703, died Aubrey de Vere, the twentieth and last earl of Oxford of the de Veres. The changes of the eventful times in which he lived did not seem to affect him; he was so passive under Oliver the protector that he was not even fined; and, when William came over, he went over to him from James II. He had been easy with the gay and frolicsome Charles II., grave with William III., and was graceful in old age at the court of Queen Anne. After the death of Charles I., to whom he was lord of the bed-chamber, he was lieutenant-general of the forces, colonel and captain of the horse-guards, justice in Eyre, lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Essex. He had been a privy counsellor to him and each subsequent sovereign, and was hereditary lord chamberlain, senior knight of the garter, and premier earl of England. He married Anne daughter of Paul viscount Bayning, and Diana, daughter of George Kirk, esq. He may be said to have committed polygamy by the following act: a lady, whose name is not known, was celebrated for the performance of the part of Roxana on the stage; influenced by violent love, and unable to succeed in his purpose by other means, he prevailed on her to consent to a private marriage. It was afterwards discovered to have been celebrated by the earl's trumpeter in the character of a priest, and witnessed by his kettle drummer. His father, the valiant Robert de Vere, earl of Oxford, had nobly married Beatrix van Hemins, a boor's daughter of Friesland.\*

\* Noble.



“HISS!” “HUSH!”—AWFUL SOUNDS.

PETER PRIESTLY, PARISH CLERK OF  
WAKEFIELD.

[For the Year Book.]

About the year 1790, a sturdy veteran, one Peter Priestley, was clerk, sexton, and gravestone cutter, at the beautiful parish church of Wakefield in Yorkshire. He was an old, and very respectable inhabitant of that town, commendably proud of his various offices, and not at all addicted to superstitious fears; if he had ever been so, his long connexion with the repositories of the departed had considerably allayed his apprehensions.

It was on a Saturday evening, at this cheerless and gloomy season, that Peter sallied forth from his dwelling to finish the epitaph on a stone which was to be in readiness for removal before Sunday. Arrived at the church, within which for shelter he had been working, Peter set down his lantern, and lighting his other candle, which stood in a “potato candlestick,” he resumed his task. The church

clock had some time struck eleven, and some letters were still unexecuted, when lo, a singular noise arrested the arm of Peter, and he looked around him in silent astonishment. The sound perhaps cannot be better expressed than by the word “hiss,” or “hush.”

Recovering from his surprise, Peter concluded that he had been deceived; especially as his sense of hearing was not remarkably perfect, and he therefore resumed his mallet and chisel very composedly; but, in a few minutes, his ear was again greeted with the fearful sound of “hiss!”

Peter now rose straight up, and lighting his lantern, he searched in vain for the cause whence this uncommon sound proceeded, and was about to quit the church when the recollection of his promises and imperious necessity withheld him, and he resumed his courage. The hammer of the clock now struck upon the great bell, and it sounded—*twelve*.

Peter, having now little more to do than

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 13.

examine and touch up his new letters, was surveying them with downcast head, and more than ordinary minuteness, when 'ouder than ever came upon his ear the dreadful note—"hiss!"

And now in truth he stood appalled. Fear had succeeded doubt, and terror fear. He had profaned the morning of the Sabbath, and he was commanded to desist—or peradventure the sentence of death had been passed upon him, and he was how himself to be laid among—

"Whole rows of kindred and acquaintances  
By far his juniors."

With tottering gait, however, Peter now went home, and to bed; but sleep had forsaken him. His wife in vain interrogated him as to the nature of his indisposition. Every comfort that the good housewife could during the night think of was administered to no purpose. In the morning the good woman, happening to cast her eyes upon the great chair where Peter's wig was suspended, exclaimed with vehemence—"Oh Peter! what hast thou been doing to burn all t'hair off one side of thy wig?" "Ah! God bless thee," vociferated Peter, jumping out of bed, "thou hast cured me with that word." The mysterious "hiss," and "hush," were sounds from the frizzling of Peter's wig by the flame of his candle, which, to his imperfect sense of hearing, imported things "horrible an' awfu'." The discovery, and the tale, afforded Peter and the good people of merry Wakefield many a joke.

I have heard the story related by so many old, respectable, and intelligent natives of the town who knew Peter well, that not a doubt can exist as to the fact. At all events I have no hesitation in subscribing my name to this paper, which may be worthy of a perusal on three grounds. First, as having never (that I know of) been published before; secondly, as being no fictitious tale; and, thirdly, as it may tend to dispel those idle fears and notions of which we have many remains.

Wakefield has been the scene of many interesting adventures, which ought not to be lost through supineness and false notions. I have heard, on good authority, one of a lady, who had the craft to get acquainted with the Freemason's secret, but, being detected, was made a mason,

and, strange to relate, actually kept the secret to the last moment of her existence.  
N. S.

*Morley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.*  
January 31, 1831.

	h.	m.
March 12. Day breaks . . .	4	19
Sun rises . . .	6	13
— sets . . .	5	47
Twilight ends . . .	7	41

Coltsfoot flowers by road-sides.

March 13.

March 13, 1661, Mr. Evelyn sets down in his diary,—“This afternoon, Prince Rupert shewed me with his own hand the new way of graving, called mezzotinto, which afterwards I published in my ‘History of Chalcography;’ this set so many artists on work, that they soon arrived to that perfection that it is since come (to), emulating the tenderest miniatures.”

Prince Rupert was the inventor of the art of mezzotinto engraving. He is said to have taken the hint from observing a soldier scraping his rusty fusil. The invention is also claimed for Sir Christopher Wren, by whom it is certain that there is a black-moor's head. A MS. of Ver-tue's mentions a large head “something like mezzotinto,” by an earlier hand, and refers to Sandrart's Lives of the Painters for another inventor of mezzotinto. The discovery is, however, generally awarded to Prince Rupert, whose first print is in the first edition of Evelyn's “Sculptura.” A fine impressiou of this engraving by the Prince is valuable. Vaillant, the painter, who came into England with him soon after the restoration, assisted him considerably, and improved upon the invention.

Prince Rupert's military eminence is well known. He was fond of philosophical experiments, and very ingenious. His glass drops are familiar to every school-boy, although when he devised them they surprised the learned. Pepys writes in 1662, “Mr. Peter did show us the experiment (which I had heard talk of) of the chemical glasses, which break all to dust by breaking off a little small end; which is a great mystery to me.” The Prince also invented a metal called by his name, in which cannon were cast; and he contrived a method of boring them, for which purpose a water-mill was erected at Hackney-marsh, which ruined the person en-

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 14.

gaged in it, for the Prince died without disclosing his plan. The lovers of angling are indebted to him for the method of tempering the best fish-hooks, which Prince Rupert discovered, and disclosed his secret to old Christopher Kirby, the fishing tackle maker.\*

	b.	m.
March 13. Day breaks . . .	4	17
Sun rises . . .	6	11
— sets . . .	5	19
Twilight ends . . .	7	43

Heart's ease, or pansie, flowers. This plant is also called herb trinity, come kiss me, three faces under a hood, and by other names.

**March 14.**

On the 14th of March, 1758, died, at the age of 75, the once celebrated and still remembered Marshal, General Wade, who commanded against the forces of the pretender, in 1715; and, having finished the contest, remained in Scotland as commander in chief. While holding that office his soldiers effected the famous military road through the Highlands, which tended more to the civilization of the country than all that the sovereigns before the reign of George I. ever effected. Its inconsiderable expense has caused no less wonder than a just admiration of his incorruptible integrity. He likewise built the noble bridge over the Tay.

When Marshal Wade commanded as generalissimo of the English and Hanoverian forces, the English were greatly dissatisfied with him and the Duc d'Artemberg. These allied generals were severely censured in England, and became the ridicule of France, not only in private companies, but upon the stage, where they were introduced into farces and pantomimes. The Marshal introduced the bill into parliament which disarmed and changed the dress of the Highlanders. He was greatly attached to gaming, and not very choice of the company he played with. One night at the gaming table he missed a valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds. He insisted upon an immediate search, and that no person should leave the room until it was found. A gen-

tleman, who sat on his right, dressed as an officer, in clothes much worn, with great humility had asked and obtained permission, four or five times, to go his shilling with the marshal,—he with great vehemence declared, upon the honour of a soldier, that he had not the box, nor knew any thing of it, but that he would rather die than be searched: he was willing, however, to retire to the next room, and defend his honour, or perish in the attempt. The marshal, who before had his suspicions, was now confirmed in them, and, as the sword was to be referred to, instantly prepared for the attack; but, to his confusion, in drawing, he felt the box in a secret pocket. Stung with remorse at having wounded the honour of a soldier, he said, as he hastily left the room, "Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon; and hope to find it granted, by your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me amongst your friends." At breakfast, the Marshal said, "Why, Sir, could you refuse being searched?" "Because, Marshal, being upon half-pay and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny. I had, that day, little appetite; and as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket; the idea of these being found there appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round." "Enough, my dear boy," exclaimed Wade, "you have said enough! your name. Let us dine at Sweet's tomorrow; we must prevent your being subjected again to such a dilemma." At Sweet's the Marshal presented him with a Captain's commission, and a purse to enable him to join the regiment.\*

THE SEASON.

Spring, the year's youth, fair mother of new flowers,  
 New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours,  
 Thou art return'd, but nought returns with thee,  
 Save my lost joys' regretful memory,  
 Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,  
 As fair and jocund; but I am no more  
 The thing I was.

R. Fanshawe—1653.

\* Granger.

\* Noble.

		h. m.
<i>March 14</i>	Day breaks . . .	4 15
	Sun rises . . .	6 9
	sets . . .	5 51
	Twilight ends . . .	7 45

Dogs-tooth violet flowers in green-houses, and in warm situations.

### March 15.

#### PALM SUNDAY

Is the Sunday before Easter, and it may fall so early as on this day

It is said in "Dives and Dauper, 1496," respecting the first commandant, "On Palme Sondaye, at procession, the priest drawth up the veyle before the rode, and falleth down to the ground with all the people, and saith thrice *Ave Rex Noster*, Hayle be thou our King." In Mr. Lyson's's Environs of London, among his curious extracts from the Churchwardens and Chamberlains' Accounts at Kingston upon-Thames, occurs the following:—"1 Hen. VIII. For Ale upon Palm Sonday on syngyng of the passion £0. 0s. 1d."

The ceremony of bearing Palms on Palm Sunday was retained in England after some others were dropped, and was one of those which Henry VIII., in 1536, declared were not to be contemned and cast away. In one of the volumes of Proclamations, in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, is one printed and dated 26th February, 30 Henry VIII., "concernyng Rites and Ceremonies to be used in due fourme in the Churche of Englande," wherein occurs the following clause:—"On Palme Sonday it shall be declared that bearing of Palmes renueth the memorie of the receivinge of Christe in lyke manner into Jerusalem before his death." And "to carry their Palmes discreetlye," is among the Roman Catholic Customs censured by Bale, in his Declaration of Bonner's Articles, 1554.\*

Palm, or, to speak properly, slips of the willow, with its velvet-looking buds, are sometimes still stuck in churches on Palm Sunday.

		h. m.
<i>March 15.</i>	Day breaks . . .	4 13
	Sun rises . . .	6 7
	sets . . .	5 53
	Twilight ends . . .	7 47

Least willow-wren arrives. This bird is seen in the south of England all the winter.

\* Braad.

### March 16.

On a pane of glass, in the parlour window of the pleasant little road-side public-house called "the Plough," in Lordship-lane, leading from West Peckham to Sydenham, there is the following inscription:—

"*March 16, 1810,  
Thomas Mount Jones dined here,  
Eat six pounds of bacon, drank nineteen  
pots of beer.*"

It is a question for discussion, whether, in the hero of this frail memorial, the love of distinction and desire for fame were not greater than his love of brutal gluttony.

		h. m.
<i>March 16.</i>	Day breaks . . .	4 11
	Sun rises . . .	6 5
	sets . . .	5 55
	Twilight ends . . .	7 49

White and orange narcissus flowers. Snow-drops begin to decline.

### March 17.

#### ST. PATRICK.

This being the festival day of the patron Saint of Ireland is denoted by wearing the "green immortal shamrock;" and by feasts and convivial meetings.

Sir Thomas Overbury, in his Characters, has an allusion to this day: he says, when describing a running footman, "Tis impossible to draw his picture to the life, 'cause a man must take it as he's running; only this, horses are usually let blood on St. Steven's day: on St. Patrick's he takes rest, and is drencht for all the yeare after."

There are notices of the shamrock and allusions to it in several books.

As the British Druids and Bards had an extraordinary veneration for the number three, so, says Vallancey, "the misletoe was sacred to the Druids, because not only its berries but its leaves, also, grow in clusters of three, united to one stock. The Christian Irish hold the seamroy sacred in like manner, because of three leaves united to one stalk." The "seamroy" is thus mentioned in the Irish-English Dictionary. "*Seamroy*, clover, trefoil, worn by Irishmen in their hats, by way of a cross, on St. Patrick's day, in memory of that great saint." Spenser, in his view of the State of Ireland, 1596, speaking of "these late warres of Mounster," which was, before,



THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 18.

"a most rich and plentiful countrey, full of corne and cattle," says the inhabitants were so reduced, that, "if they found a plot of water-cresses or *shamrocks*, there they flocked as to a feast for the time." Sir Henry Piers says, that in Westmeath, between May day and harvest, "butter, new cheese, and curds, and *shamrocks*, are the food of the meaner sort all this season." Wythers in his "abuses stript and whipt, 1613," has this passage.—

And, for my clothing, in a mantle goe,  
And feed on Sham-roots as the Irish doe.\*

THE SHAMROCK.

Through Erin's vale,  
To sport awhile,  
As Love and Valour wandered,  
With Wit, the sprite,  
Whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squandered;  
Where'er they pass,  
A triple grass  
Shoots up with dew-drops streaming;  
As softly green  
As emerald's seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming!  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Sham-  
rock!  
Chosen leaf  
Of bard and chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock!  
Says Valour, 'See,  
They spring for me,  
Those leafy gems of morning!'  
Says Love, 'No, no,  
For me they grow,  
My fragrant path adorning!'  
But Wit perceives  
The triple leaves,  
And cries, 'Oh! do not sever  
A type that blends  
Three godlike friends,  
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!'  
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Sham-  
rock!  
Chosen leaf  
Of bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

*Moore.*

Spenser, writing in 1596, and before quoted, says, respecting manners and superstitions in the sister nation,—“The Irish, at this day, when they goe to battaile, say certaine prayers or charmes to their swordes, making a crosse therewith upon the earth, and thrusting the points of their

blades into the ground, thinking thereby to have the better successe in fight. Also they use commonly to swear by their swords.—The manner of their woemen's riding on the wrong side of the horse, I meane with their faces towards the right side, as the Irish use, is (as they say) old Spanish, and some say African, for amongst them the woemen (they say) use so to ride.” Gainsford, in “The Glory of England, 1619,” speaking of the Irish, says, “They use incantations and spells, wearing girdles of women's haire, and locks of their lovers: they are curious about their horses tending to witchcraft.”

	h. m.
March 17. Day breaks	4 8
Sun rises . . . . .	6 3
— sets . . . . .	5 57
Twilight ends . . . . .	7 52

Sweet violet flowers abundantly. This sweet plant, from its station under an old wall or bank in the garden, is recognized before it is seen, by its delicate smell borne upon the gales.

March 18.

EARL OF PORTLAND.

Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, who died in March, 1634, set out in life with a great character for prudence, spirit, and abilities, and discharged his duty as ambassador, and afterwards, on his return, as chancellor of the exchequer, with much credit. Under the ministry of the Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of James I., he was appointed lord treasurer: on which he suddenly became so elated, that he lost all disposition to please; and, soon after the duke's death, became his successor in the public hatred, without succeeding him in his credit at court. His lust after power, and his rapacity to raise a great fortune, were immeasurable; yet the jealousy of his temper frustrated the one, and the greatness of his expenses the other. His imperious nature led him to give frequent offence, while his timidity obliged him to make frequent humiliating concessions to the very people he had offended. He had a strange curiosity to learn what the persons injured said of him; the knowledge of which always brought on fresh troubles, as he would expostulate with them for their severe sayings, as if he had never given cause for them, by which he

\* Citations from Brand.

would often discover the mean informant of his fruitless intelligence. At his death he was in universal disesteem, and the family and fortune, for which he labored so greatly, were extinct early in the next reign.\*

Let my estate be never so meane, I will ever keep myself rather beneath, than either level or above it.—A man may rise when he will, with honour, but cannot fall without shame.—*Bp. Hall.*

		h.	m.
March 18	Day breaks . . .	4	6
	Sun rises . . .	6	2
	— sets . . .	5	58
	Twilight ends . . .	7	54

Oxlip flowers.

Great leopards bane flowers, now and then, in mild years.

### March 19.

#### MAUNDY THURSDAY

Is the Thursday before Easter. Some ancient usages upon this day are stated in the *Every Day Book*, together with an account of bestowing the Maundy at court, where silver and provisions are annually distributed by the king's almoner to poor people. The ancient sovereigns of England were accustomed to wash the feet of twelve paupers, in imitation of the Saviour washing the feet of his disciples. The giving of the "maund," which accompanied the practice, is the only relic of it remaining. King James II. was the last who personally washed the feet of the poor people. The Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, kept his "Maundy," if at home, for as many poor men as he was years of age. Cardinal Wolsey, in 1530, at Peterborough Abbey: "upon Palme Sunday he bare his palme, and went in procession, with the monks setting forth the divine service right honorably, with such singing men as he then had there of his own. And, upon Maundy Thursday, he made his Maundy there, in our Lady's chapel, having fifty-nine poor men whose feet he washed and kissed; and, after he had wiped them, he gave every of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvass to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings; and one of these had two shillings."†

\* Noble.

† Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey.*

#### OLD WATCHMAKERS.

On the 19th of March, 1725, died, aged 75, Daniel Quare, an eminent watchmaker. He was successor to George Graham, who died in 1775, at the age of 78. Graham was successor to Thomas Tompion, who died in 1713, aged 75. Tompion had been a blacksmith. Before his time, watches were of rude construction. In the reign of Charles I. they were much improved. The king's own watch, which is still preserved, has a catgut string instead of a chain; and indeed watches of that construction were in use during a very considerable time after the period of their improvement. The Rev. Mark Noble, who died a few years ago, says, "When very young I was indulged with taking an ancient family watch to school. It was very small and in silver cases, with a catgut string instead of a chain; and it required to be wound up every twelve hours. It was made in Holland. At this moment I feel ashamed to say, that I pulled it to pieces, and sold the movements for whirligigs." Robert Hooke invented the double balance in 1658, which Tompion completed in 1675, and presented to Charles II., and two of them were sent to the dauphin of France, where Huygens had obtained a patent for spiral spring-watches, which idea, it is believed, he gained from the information of Mr Oldenburg, who derived it from Mr Derham. It is allowed, however, that Huygens did invent those watches which went without strings or chains. Barlow, in the reign of James II., is said to have discovered the method of making striking watches; but, Quare's being judged superior by the privy council, Barlow did not obtain a patent. Tompion's watches continued valuable for a long time, owing to their being large, and the wheels having been made of well-hammered brass. The three eminent watchmakers in succession, Tompion, Graham, and Quare, were members of the society of Friends.\*

#### WATCHES.

Watches may be traced to the fourteenth century. They were shaped like an egg, and are supposed to have been first invented at Nuremberg. Although it has been said that they were introduced into England in 1577, yet it is certain that Henry VIII. had a watch; and in

\* Noble.

1572 the earl of Leicester presented to queen Elizabeth "one armelet, or shakell of golde, all over fairely garnished with small diamondes, and fower score and one smaller peeces, fully garnished with like diamondes, and hanging thereat a round clocke fullie garnished with diamonds, and an appendant of diamonds hanging thereat." They were worn ostentatiously hanging round the neck to a chain, which fashion has of late been revived. In an old play, "A Mad World My Masters," one of the characters says, "Ah, by my troth, Sir; besides a jewel, and a jewel's fellow, a good fair watch, that hung about my neck." A watch makes a part of the supposed grandeur of Malvolio, in his anticipated view of his great fortune.—"I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel." The "motley fool," described by Jacques, had a watch in his pocket, which Shakspeare poetically calls a dial.

And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says, very wisely, it is ten o'clock.

Aubrey tells the following story of a Mr. Allen, a reputed sorcerer, which, as he died in 1630, at the age of 96, may refer to the middle of Elizabeth's reign: "One time being at Home Lacy, in Herefordshire, he happened to leave his watch in the chamber window (watches were then rarities); the maids came in to make the bed, and hearing a thing in a case cry 'tick, tick, tick,' presently concluded that that was the devil [Allen's supposed familiar], and took it by the string with the tongs, and threw it out of the window in the mote, to drown the devil. It so happened that the string hung on a sprig of elder that grew out of the mote, and this confirmed them that 'twas the devil. So the good old gentleman got his watch again." The hon. Daines Barrington mentions that a thief was detected by watches called "strikers," which he says were introduced in the reign of Charles II.; but repeating watches were worn in the time of Ben Jonson: in his "Staple of News," he brings in one:—

—————"Strikes! one, two,  
Three, four, five, six. Enough, enough, dear  
watch,  
Thy pulse hath beat enough. Now stop, and  
rest;  
Would thou couldst make the time to do so  
too;  
I'll wind thee up no more.

Watches were so rarely in use in the early time of James I., that it was deemed a cause of suspicion that one was found, in 1605, upon Guy Vaux. Jonson, in the "Alchemist," tells of the loan of one to wear on a particular occasion:—

And I had lent my watch last night, to one  
That dines to-day at the sheriff's.

In 1638 they were more common. It is complained in the "Antipodes," a comedy of that year, that

————— Every clerk can carry  
The time of day in his pocket:

on which account a projector in the same play proposes to diminish the grievance by a

————— Project against  
The multiplicity of pocket watches.

As respects the early price of watches scarcely any thing is known. In 1643 four pounds were paid to redeem a watch taken from a nobleman in battle. In 1661 there was advertised as lost, "a round watch of reasonable size, showing the day of the month, age of the moon, and tides, upon the upper plate. Thomas Alcock, fecit." Pepys's curiosity extended to be acquainted with the watch: he says in his diary, December 22, 1661, "I to my lord Brouncker's, and there spent the evening, by my desire, in seeing his lordship open to pieces and make up again his watch, thereby being taught what I never knew before; and it is a thing very well worth my having seen, and am mightily pleased and satisfied with it." Our countrymen were so famous for the manufacture of watches that, in 1698, an act was passed to compel makers to affix their names upon those they made, in order that discreditable ones might not be passed for English.\*

The following paragraph from a newspaper of April 26, 1788, tends to claim a higher antiquity for watches than is already stated. "Among other curious pieces in his majesty's possession is a watch, which was found in Bruce Castle, in Scotland, fifteen years since. On the dial-plate is written, 'Robertus B. Rex Scotorum,' and over it is a convex horn, instead of glass. Robert Bruce began his reign in 1305, and died in 1328. The outer case is of silver, in a raised pattern, on a ground of blue enamel."

\* Noble. Fosbroke. Narca. Pepys

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 19.

THE ADAM AND EVE.

A previous notice of this spot, near Tottenham-court-road, produces, from two welcome correspondent; the subjoined communications:—

I.

MR. HONE,

It should have been mentioned that the cut of these premises, at p. 47 of the *Year Book*, represents them as they appeared previously to the erection, about 1825, of the smart baker's shop which now occupies the corner. It may also be recollected that the Paddington Drag, the tedious progress of which is so correctly described, made its way to the City down the defile called Gray's Inn Lane, and gave the passengers an opportunity for "shopping," by waiting an hour or more at the Blue Posts, Holborn Bars. The route to the Bank, by the way of the City Road, was then a thing unthought of; and the Hampstead coachman who first achieved this daring feat was regarded with admiration, somewhat akin to that bestowed on him who first doubled the Cape in search of a passage to India.

The spot which you recollect as a rural suburb, and which is now surrounded on every side by streets and squares, was once numbered among the common boundaries of a Cockney's Sunday walk. George Wither, in his "*Brittain's Remembrancer, 1628*," has this passage:—

"Some by the banks of Thames their pleasure taking;  
Some, sullibubs among the milkmaids making;  
With musique some, upon the waters rowing;  
Some to the next adjoining hamlets going;  
And Hogsdoun, Islington, and Totnam-Court,  
For cakes and cream, had then no small resort."

One or two more notices of these ancient Sunday walks may not be unsuited to the *Year Book*. In the poem just quoted, Wither mentions—

"Those who did never travell, till of late,  
Halfe way to *Panoridge* from the City gate."

Brome in his "*New Academy, 1658*," Act 2, has this passage:—

"When shall we walk to Totnam? or crosse  
ore

The water? or take coach to Kensington,  
Or Paddington, or to some one or other  
O' the City out-leape, for an afternoon?"

And again, Act 3 of the same play:—

"—He's one

Of the foure famous prentices o' the time.  
None of the cream-and-cake boyes; nor of  
those

That gall their hands with stool-balls, or their  
cat-sticks,  
For white-pots, pudding-pies, stew'd prunes,  
and tansies,  
To feast their titts at Islington or Hogsden."

J. B— n.

*Staffordshire Moorlands.*

II.

MR. HONE,

Your brief notice of the Adam and Eve, Hampstead-road, has awakened many a pleasant reminiscence of a suburb which was the frequent haunt of my boyish days, and the scene of some of the happiest hours of my existence, at a more mature age. But it has also kindled a very earnest desire for a more particular inspection into the store-house of your memory, respecting this subject; and it has occurred to me, that you could scarcely fill a sheet or two of your *Year Book* with matter more generally interesting, to the majority of your readers, than your own recollections of the northern suburb of London would supply. Few places afford more scope for pleasant writing, and for the indulgence of personal feeling; for not many places have undergone, within the space of a few years, a more entire, and, to me, scarcely pleasing, transmutation. I am almost afraid to own that "*Mary-le-bone Park*" holds a dearer place in my affections than its more splendid, but less rural successor. When too I remember the lowly, but picturesque, *old* "*Queen's Head and Artichoke*," with its long skittle, and "*bumble puppy*" grounds; and the "*Jews Harp*," with its bowery tea-gardens, I have little pleasure in the sight of the gin-shop-looking places which now bear the names. Neither does the new "*Haymarket*" compensate me for the fields in which I made my earliest studies of cattle, and once received from the sculptor, Nollekens, an approving word and pat on the head, as he returned from his customary morning walk.

Coming more eastward,—I remember the "*long fields*" with regret: and, Somers' Town, isolated and sunny as it was when I first haunted it, is now little better than another arm to the great Bria-reus, dingy with smoke, and deprived, almost wholly, of the gardens and fields which once seemed to me to render it a terrestrial paradise. The Hampstead-road, and the once beautiful fields leading to and surrounding Chalk Farm, have not escaped the profanations of the builder's

craft; and Hampstead itself, "the region of all suburban ruralities," has had a vital blow aimed at its noble heath, and lovely "Vale of Health." (Did the resemblance of the scenery, in a certain sense, to that of Tunbridge Wells, never occur to you?) True, the intended sacrilege was not effected; but what is not to be dreaded from the pertinacity of its tasteless, and, surely, senseless lord,—senseless, because he cannot see that the attainment of his object would defeat, instead of further, his avaricious views, by rendering the buildings almost wholly valueless? One might almost as reasonably deprive Ramsgate of the sea, or Leamington of its Spa. Hampstead, besides, affords many delightful subjects for pictorial illustrations, and which would show well in the free and sketchy style of your clever engraver. The residences of men remarkable for talent might also be pointed out. Somers' Town, for example, is full of artists, as a reference to the R. A. Catalogues will evince. In Clarendon-square still lives, I believe, Scriven, the engraver, an artist of great ability, and, in his day, of much consideration. In the same neighbourhood dwells the venerable De Wilde, who may justly be termed the best historian of the stage for upwards of half a century. From his pencil came the whole of the portraits illustrating Bell's edition of the English Theatre; a series of which the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, in his "Library Companion," has spoken of as "admirably executed," and as "making the eyes sparkle, and the heart dance, of a dramatic virtuoso," without doing the artist the poor justice of quoting even his name. Not an actor, I believe, of any note, during the full period above mentioned, can be named, for whose lineaments the theatrical world is not indebted to the faithful and skilful hand of Mr. De Wilde.

Upon further consideration, I should think you might agreeably extend the plan, by including the whole suburban circle. Paddington and Bayswater were both "rural" spots, within my remembrance. They can barely claim a title to the appellation now. I need not refer you to a delightful paper in the Literary Examiner, entitled "The Country round London," by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

Your paper in the *Year Book* led me into a chat, the other evening, with a very dear and venerable connexion of my own, who remembers when the "New Road" was not, and when the last house

in Tottenham Court-road was the public house in the corner, by Whitfield's Chapel. By the way, I myself remember the destruction of a tree which once shadowed the skittle-ground and road-side of the same house. It was cut down and converted into fire-wood, by a man who kept a coal shed hard by. My relation, above referred to, also remembers when Rath bone-place terminated at the corner of Percy-street; when the windmill which gave its cognomen to the street of that name still maintained its position; and when large soil-pits occupied the site where, I think, Charlotte-street and its neighbouring thoroughfares now stand. A fact which he related, connected with this spot, may be worth repeating. A poor creature, a sailor I believe, was found dead, and denied burial by the parish, on the ground, I infer, of a want of legal settlement. The body was placed in a coffin, and carried about the streets, in that condition, by persons who solicited alms to defray the expense of the funeral. Something considerable is supposed to have been thus collected; but the body was thrown into one of these pits, and the money applied to other purposes. After a time, the corpse, of course, floated, and the atrocity was discovered; but the perpetrators were not to be found. My informant himself saw the procession, and, subsequently, the fragments of the coffin lying on the surface of the water. I will only add, that he recollects to have seen sixteen-string Jack taken to Tyburn, and that he also recollects going to see the celebrated Ned Shuter at a low pot-house in St. Giles's, at six in the morning, where, upon quitting the Theatre, he had adjourned to exhibit his extraordinary powers to a motley crew of midnight-revellers, consisting chiefly of highwaymen, carmen, sweepers, *et id genus omne*.

If you should not consider my suggestion as at all worthy of notice, I really know not how to justify this epistle, and shall therefore leave any sort of apology unattempted

I am, &c.

••

	h. m.
March 19. Day breaks . . .	4 4
Sun rises . . .	6 0
— sets . . .	6 0
Twilight ends . . .	7 56
White violet in full flower.	
Red butterfly appears.	



A MAGNIFICENT PAX BY MASO FINIGUERRA.

## THE PAX.

This was an implement anciently of general use in the Roman Catholic church, although now it is hardly known to members of that communion. It was formed of a flat piece of wood, or metal, with the picture of Christ upon it, and frequently bore representations of other persons.

By the constitution of Walter de Grey, archbishop of York, in 1250, the pastor and inhabitants were required to provide a pax, among the ornaments and ecclesiastical implements of a parish church. It is also mentioned in the council of Merton, 1300. About the same time a constitution of Robert Winchelsey, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of king Edward I., which recited his intent and design to prevent all differences for the future, between rectors and parishioners in his diocese, concerning church furniture and utensils, ordained and appointed, that certain specified articles should be provided at the charge of the parishioners: one of these articles was an *Osculatorium*, viz., *paxis ad missam*, the pax for the holy kiss. It was called by some *Tabula pacis*.

The injunction of St. Paul in his epistles, to "salute one another with a holy kiss," was literally observed in the primitive church. The injunctions in the book called the "Apostolical Constitutions," describe the method of performing the ceremony. "Let the bishop salute the church, and say, *The peace of God be with you all*: and let the people answer, *And with thy Spirit*. Then let the deacon say to all, *Salute one another with a holy kiss*; and let the clergy kiss the bishop, and the laymen the laymen, and the women the women."

At the high mass of the Roman Catholic church, the custom of giving the "kiss of peace," before the communion, is still kept up among the officiating clergy, as likewise among the men and the women of the different religious orders. It is performed by the parties placing their hands upon each other's shoulders, and bringing their left cheeks nearly in contact with each other. It appears to have been so practised by the laity, during the whole of the middle ages, when the men and the women were separated in church,—the men on one side, and the women on the other,—but, when the sexes began to be mixed together in the less solemn service, called the low mass, which ori-

ginated about the twelfth century, a sense of decorum dictated the use of the Pax. The priest kissed it first, then the clerk, and lastly the people, who assisted at the service, and who, in that manner, and by the medium of the pax, kissed one another. Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments*, says that "Innocentius ordered the Pax to be given to the people."

Matthew Paris relates that, during the feuds of Henry II. and Thomas à Becket, the "kiss of peace" between them was refused: another chronicler, speaking of a presumed reconciliation of their differences, says, "But whereas twice within a few days after, the king and the archbishop met at masse, the king refused to kiss the Pax with him; this was marked as a signe of a fained reconciliation." The king made concessions to the prelate, and declared that from his whole soul he willingly forgave him all past offences. Becket required the "kiss of peace," by the ceremony of kissing the Pax; but this, which was then a customary form in all reconciliations, Henry said, though he was very willing to do, yet he could not grant; because, in the heat of anger, he had publicly sworn that he would never give it to Becket; still, he repeated that he would not entertain rancor against him. By correspondence, and in conferences, the archbishop continued to insist upon the form, and the breach widened, until the king prohibited correspondence with him, declared him a traitor, prohibited appeal either to the pope or Becket, and ordered the Peter-pence to be collected and paid into his own treasury. The pope himself interfered to unite the prelate and the king. Henry assented to the terms, and Becket had nothing left to ground a cavil upon, except the punctilio of the kiss. It was a humiliation to which the prelate earnestly desired to bring the king, who, on his part, desired to keep the vow he had publicly made, in order to avoid public dishonor. Finally, to avoid war with the pope, Henry submitted, and kissed the Pax with Becket.

At the beginning of the Reformation the Pax was retained, and the use of it enforced by the ecclesiastical commissioners of king Edward VI. In 1548 the following injunction was published at the deanery of Doncaster:—"The clerke shall bring down the Paxe, and, standing without the church door, shall say aloud to the people, these words: *This is the token of the joyfull peace which is betwixt God*

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 19.

and man's conscience, &c." When the Reformation was completed, the Pax was laid aside, and in speaking and writing it came to be confounded with the pix.

In recent editions of Shakspeare, Pistol is made to say,

Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,  
For he hath stolen a *pix*, and hanged must 'a  
be.

—Exeter hath given the doom of death  
For *pix* of little price.

In the old editions the article stolen by Bardolph was a *Pax*. Ill-informed editors improperly changed this to a *pix*, which, being the shrine, or tabernacle of the host upon the altar, and of large size, could not have been easily carried away; whereas, it could not be difficult to secrete the *Pax*. In a catholic work, explanatory of the rites and ceremonies of the mass, it is described as "a little table, or model, with a crucifix graven therein (which from the Kiss of Peace is commonly called the *Pax*), given first to the priest to kiss, and after, in like manner, to all present."

The salutation of the *Pax* followed the *Agnus Dei*, in the mass, preparatory to the communion. As one of the reasons assigned for its disuse, it is said, in the last mentioned work on the mass, "some have added, that there is so little peace in the world, that it was not proper to use this symbol of peace to so little profit." Dr. Milner, a catholic prelate of the present day, presumes that the *Pax* was withdrawn on account of disputes among the people for precedency, on its being presented. That the point of precedency was contended for so early as Chaucer, appears in his "Parson's Tale," from this passage:—"He waiteth to sit, or to go above him in the way, or kisse the *Pax*, or be encensed, or gon to offering, before his neighbour."

In 1821 Dr. Milner sent to the society of Antiquaries an ancient *Pax*; it was a silver plate with embossed figures on the surface, representing the crucifixion, and the Virgin and others standing at the cross. This *Pax* was of silver, about two inches and a half in height, by two in breadth; and about an eighth in thickness; square at bottom, and bluntly pointed, or rounded, at the top; with a projecting bracket behind, against which it rested, nearly upright, when put out of the hand. Its general form may be com-

pared to that of a flat iron for smoothing linen, except its being much smaller.\*

But Dr. Milner's *Pax*, at the society of Antiquaries, of which there is a representation, was far exceeded in size, decoration, and style of workmanship, by two beautiful *Paxes*, impressions from which, upon paper, connect them with the history of chalcography, and are the subject of erudite inquiry and remark, in the introduction to "A Collection of One hundred and twenty-nine Fac-Similes of scarce and curious Prints, by the Early Masters of the Italian, German, and Flemish Schools, &c., by William Young Ottley, esq., F. A. S."† The execution of both these *Paxes* is ascribed by that gentleman to the inventor of chalcography, Maso, or Tommaso Finiguerra, an eminent Florentine goldsmith, who was born about the year 1400 and did not long survive 1460.

Mr. Ottley observes upon a print of a celebrated *Pax*, called the "Assumption," or "Coronation of the Madonna," which he mentions as "a work of exquisite beauty," finished by Finiguerra in 1452, for the church of S. Giovanni at Florence, where there exists another *Pax* of very fine workmanship, "the Crucifixion," by Matteo Dei, another Florentine goldsmith.

An "impression from another *Pax*, by the same artist," occasions comparative remark from Mr. Ottley, with a fac-simile engraving, and the following description:—"A *Pax*, on which are represented the Madonna seated upon a throne, with the infant Saviour in her lap; on each side of her an angel holding a lily; and below, St. Catherine, St. Lucia, and other female saints. It may be proper to observe that, in the original, the diadems, or glories, round the heads of the figures, the borders of their garments, and the wings of the two angels, are enriched by gilding. This piece, which is believed to be a genuine performance of Maso Finiguerra, is enclosed in a frame of massy silver, richly and tastefully decorated with

\* Staveley's Hist. of Churches, 191. Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities. Archaeologia, xx. 534. Nares' Glossary, art. *Pax*. Holinshed, ii. an. 1170. Littleton's Henry II., 4to. ii. 526. Liturgical Disc. of the Mass, 1669, Pt. ii. 262.

† A volume in Imperial Quarto, published by Longman and Co., Molton, and Colnaghi and Co.



chiselled work and enamel. The two letters G. R., at the bottom of the frame, are probably the initials of the person by whose order the work was executed. This highly interesting specimen was purchased

by Mr. Woodburn, at the sale of the late sir M. M. Sykes, Bart., for £315."

The attempt, on the page before last, to picture this splendid Pax, from the facsimile in Mr. Outley's volume, will afford



a correct idea of its size and form, but the margins of the preceding page are not wide enough to contain the entire ornamental frame, which so projects on each side, at the bottom, in the shape of an inverted bracket, or "blocking," that, taking the entire frame-work from top to bottom, its outline may be conceived to represent the outline of an inverted cup or chalice. Each of these side projections is drawn upon the margin of the present page; and if each be transferred, by the eye, to each corresponding outer side of the frame-work of the large engraving, the imagination will be enabled to complete the view of Finiguerra's Pax.

**GRAND REVELS OF THE PRINCE OF MISRULE.**

Queen Elizabeth, with many of her nobility and court, partook in the sports of "Prince of Misrule at Gray's Inn, who kept his state, and received ambassadors, and made progresses, with becoming dignity, from his creation before Christmas 1594, to the end of his reign on Shrove Tuesday." His history is in a quarto tract of rare occurrence, printed in 1688, with the following title:—

"GESTA GRAYORUM,

"Or the History of the High and Mighty Prince, HENRY, PRINCE OF

PEERPOOLE, Arch-duke of Sapulia and Bernardia, Duke of High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish Town, Paddington and Knightsbridge, Knight of the most Heroical Order of the Helmet, and Sovereign of the same, who reigned and died, A. D. 1594. Together with a MASQUE, as it was presented (by His Highnesses command) for the Entertainment of QUEEN ELIZABETH, who, with the Nobles of both Courts, was present thereat."

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 19

There not being extant any narrative so exact and interesting of a Christmas Revel, as this history of the Prince of Portpool, and it being a chief purpose of the *Year Book* to record certain sports and customs of our ancestors which have not before been made known in a popular manner, the adventures of this Prince and his merry court will be related, as nearly as may be, in the words of the original writer's document, yet with due care to conciseness.

The gallant gentlemen afforded by Gray's Inn at ordinary revels, and betwixt All-hallowtide and Christmas, exceeding in number those of the other inns of court, occasioned certain lovers of these sports, in the year 1594, to desire a head and leader to so gallant a company.

Such pastimes had been intermitted during three or four years, on account of sickness and discontinuances; but at length, after many consultations among the youths, and others that were most forward herein, about the 12th of December in the said year, it was determined, with the consent and assistance of the readers and ancients, that there should be elected a prince of Portpool, to govern the state through the ensuing Christmas, with witty inventions rather than chargeable expenses.

Whereupon one Mr. Henry Helmes, an accomplished Norfolk gentleman, of good parts, was chosen for so great a dignity, as being a proper personage, and very active in dancing and revelling.

There was a privy council assigned him, to advise of state matters, and the government of his dominions. He was also provided with lodgings according to his state; as a presence-chamber and a council-chamber. Officers of state, of the law, and of the house-hold, were also appointed, together with gentlemen-pensioners to attend on his person; and a guard, with their captain, for his defence.

Order was next taken to provide treasure, for the support of his state and dignity. A benevolence was granted by those abiding in his court, and, to those not in the house, letters were directed, in nature of privy seals, enjoining them to attend, and to contribute towards defraying so great a charge as was guesseed to be requisite.

If the receivers of these letters answered that they would be present in person at the sports, as divers did, and yet did not take notice of the further meaning

therein expressed, they were served with an alias. By this means, as also by the great bounty of divers honorable favorers of the pastimes, the prince's treasure was well increased. Amongst the rest, the Right Honorable Sir William Cecil, Knt., Lord Treasurer of England, being of the Society of the Inn, sent, undesired, to the prince, as a token of his lordship's favor, £10 and a purse of fine rich needle-work.

When all these things sorted so well to the general desire, and there was good hope of effecting that which was taken in hand, the following dispatch was sent by a messenger:—

“To the most Honourable and Prudent, the Governors, Assistants, and Society of the Inner Temple.

“Most Grave and Noble,

“We have, upon good consideration, made choice of a Prince, to be predominant in our State of Peerpoole, for some important causes that require an Head or Leader: and, as we have ever had great cause, by the warrant of experience, to assure ourselves of your unfeigned love and amity, so we are, upon this occasion, and in the name of our Prince Elect, to pray you that it may be continued; and, in demonstration thereof, that you will be pleased to assist us with your counsel, in the person of an Ambassador that may be resident here amongst us, and be a Minister of Correspondence between us; and to advise of such affairs as the effects whereof, we hope, shall sort to the benefit of both our Estates. And so, being ready to requite you with all good offices, we leave you to the protection of the Almighty.

“Your most Loving

Friend and Ally,

“GRAYS INN

“Dated at our Court of Grays, the 14th of December, 1594.”

This dispatch was becomingly received, and answered by the following:—

“To the most Honorable State of the *Grays*.

“Right Honourable, and most firmly United,

“If our deserts were any way answerable to the great expectation of your good proceedings, we might with more boldness accomplish the request

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 19.

of your kind letters, whereby it pleaseth you to interest us in the honour of your actions, which we cannot but acknowledge for a great courtesie and kindness (a thing proper to you, in all your courses and endeavours), and repute it a great honour intended towards ourselves: in respect whereof, we yield, with all good will, to that which your honourable letters import, as your kindness, and the bond of our ancient amity and league, requireth and deserveth.

“Your assured Friend,  
“The State of **TEMPLARIA**.”

From Templaria, the 18th of December, 1594.”

For perpetuating the renown of the worshipful Society of Gray's Inn, in respect of their Christmas Prince, and to extend the fame of the officers of his Court, their names and offices are here set forth.

THE ORDER of the Prince of PEER-FOOLE's proceedings with his Officers and Attendants at his Honorable Inthronisation; which was likewise observed in all his Solemn Marches on Grand Days, and like occasions; which place, every officer did duly attend, during the reign of his Highnesses Government.

A Marshal	} A Marshall
Trumpets	} Trumpets
Pursuivant at Arms	. Lauye.
Townsmen in the	} Yeomen of the
Prince's Livery,	} Guard, three
with Halberts	} couples
Captain of the Guard	. Grimes
Baron of the Grand Port	. Dudley
Baron of the Base Port	. Grante
Gentlemen for Entertainment	. Binge, &c.
three couples	. Williams
Baron of the Petty Port	. Lovel
Baron of the New Port	. Wentworth
Gentlemen for Entertainment	. Zukenden
three couples	. Forrest
Lieutenant of the Pensioners	. Tonstal
Gentlemen-Pensioners, twelve couples,	
viz.	
Lawson	. Rolls
Devereux	. Anderson
Stapleton	. Glascoate
Daniel	. Elken
Chief Ranger, and Master	
of the Game	. Forrest
Master of the Revels	. Lambey
Master of the Revellers	. Jevory
Captain of the Pensioners	. Cooke
Server	. Archer

Carver	. Moseley
Another Server	. Drewry
Cup-bearer	. Painter
Groom-porter	. Bennett
Sheriff	. Leuch
Clerk of the Council	. Jones
Clerk of the Parliament	
Clerk of the Crown	. Downes
Orator	. Heke
Recorder	. Starkey
Solicitor	. Dunne
Serjeant	. Goldsmith
Speaker of the Parliament	. Bellen
Commissary	. Greenwood
Attorney	. Holl
Serjeant	. Hitchcombe
Master of the Requests	. Fulds
Chancellor of the Exchequer	. Kilts
Master of the Wards and Idiots	. Ellis
Reader	. Cobb
Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer	. Briggs
Master of the Rolls	. Hellen
Lord Chief Baron of the Common Pleas	. Damporte
Lord Chief Justice of the Prince's Bench	. Crew
Master of the Ordnance	. Fitzwilliam
Lieutenant of the Tower	. Lloyd
Master of the Jewel-house	. Darlen
Treasurer of the Household	. Smith
Knight Marshal	. Bell
Master of the Wardrobe	. Couney
Comptroller of the Household	. Bouthe
Bishop of St. Giles's in the Fields	. Dandye
Steward of the Household	. Smith
Lord Warden of the four Ports	. Damporte
Secretary of State	. Jones
Lord Admiral	. Cecill (R.)
Lord Treasurer	. Marrey
Lord Great Chamberlain	. Southworth
Lord High Constable	
Lord Marshal	. Knaplock
Lord Privy Seal	. Lamphen
Lord Chamberlain of the Household	. Markham
Lord High Steward	. Kempe
Lord Chancellor	. Johnson
Archbishop of St. Andrew's in Holborn	. Bush
Serjeant at Arms, with the Mace	. Flemming
Gentleman-Usher	. Chevett
The Shield of Pegasus, for the Inner Temple	. Scovington
Serjeant at Arms, with the Sword	. Glascott
Gentleman-Usher	. Paylor

The Shield of the Griffin,  
for Grays Inn . . . *Wickliffe*  
The King at Arms . . . *Perkinson*  
The Great Shield of the  
Prince's Arms . . . *Cobley*  
THE PRINCE OF PEERPOOLE *Helmes*  
A Page of Honour . . . *Wandforde*  
Gentlemen of the Privy-  
Chamber, six couples  
A Page of Honour . . . *Butler (R.)*  
Vice-Chamberlain . . . *Butler (T.)*  
Master of the Horse . . . *Fitz-Hugh*  
Yeomen of the Guard, three  
couples  
Townsmen in Liveries  
The Family, and Followers.

Upon the 20th day of December, being St. Thomas's Eve, the Prince, with all his train in order, as above set down, marched from his lodging to the great hall, and there took his place on his throne, under a rich cloth of state: his counsellors and great lords were placed about him, and before him. Below the half-place, at a table, sat his learned council and lawyers; the rest of the officers and attendants took their proper places, as belonged to their condition.

Then, the trumpets having upon command sounded thrice, the King at Arms, in his rich surcoat of arms, stood forth before the Prince, and proclaimed his style as followeth:—

“By the sacred laws of arms, and authorized ceremonies of the same (maugre the conceit of any malcontent), I do pronounce my sovereign liege lord, SIR HENRY, rightfully to be the high and mighty Prince of Peerpoole, Arch-duke of Stapulia and Bernardia, Duke of the High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles's and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the cantons of Islington, &c., Knight of the most honourable Order of the Helmet, and Sovereign of the same.”

After this proclamation, the trumpet sounded again; and then entered the Prince's Champion, in complete armour, on horseback, and so came riding round about the fire, and in the midst of the Hall staid, and made his challenge in these words following:—

“If there be any man of high degree, or low, that will say that my Sovereign is not rightly Prince of Peerpoole, as by his King at Arms right now hath been proclaimed, I am ready here to

maintain that he lieth as a false traitor, and I do challenge, in combat, to fight with him, either now, or at any time or place appointed. And, in token hereof, I gage my gauntlet, as the Prince's true Knight, and his Champion.”

When the champion had thus made his challenge, he departed: the trumpets were commanded to sound, and the King at Arms blazoned his highness's arms, as followeth:—

“The most mighty Prince of Peerpoole, &c., beareth the shield of the highest Jupiter. In point, a sacred Imperial Diadem, safely guarded by the helmet of the great Goddesse Pallas, from the violence of the darts, bullets, and bolts of Saturn, Momus, and the Idiot: all environed with the ribands of loyalty, having a pendant of the most heroical Order of Knighthood of the Helmet; the word hereunto, *Sic vertus honorem*. For his Highness's crest, the glorious planet Sol, coursing through the twelve signs of the zodiac, on a celestial globe, moved upon the two poles, arctic and antarctic; with this motto, *Dum totum peragraverit orbem*. All set upon a chaplet: Mars turned up, Luna mantelled, Sapphire doubled, Pearl supported by two anciently renowned and glorious griffins, which have been always in league with the honourable Pegasus.”

The conceit hereof was to show that the Prince, whose private arms were three helmets, should defend his honor by virtue, from reprehensions of mal-contents, carpers, and fools. The riband of blue, with a helmet pendant, in imitation of St. George. In his crest, his government for the twelve days of Christmas was resembled to the sun's passing the twelve signs, though the Prince's course had some odd degrees beyond that time: but he was wholly supported by the griffins; for Grays-Inn gentlemen, and not the treasure of the house, was charged.

After these things thus done, the attorney stood up and made a speech of gratulation to the Prince, and therein showed the singular perfections of his sovereign; whereby he took occasion also to move the subjects to be forward to perform all obedience and service to his excellency; as also to furnish his wants, if it were requisite; and, in a word, persuaded the people that they were happy in having such a prince to rule over them. He likewise assured the prince that he also

was most happy in having rule over such dutiful and loving subjects, that would not think any thing, were it lands, goods, or life, too dear to be at his highness's command and service.

To which his highness made answer, "That he did acknowledge himself to be deeply bound to their merits, and in that regard did promise that he would be a gracious and loving prince to so well deserving subjects." And concluded with good liking and commendations of their proceedings.

Then the solicitor, having certain great old books and records lying before him, made this speech to his honor as followeth:—

"Most Excellent Prince,

"High superiority and dominion is illustrated and adorned by the humble services of noble and mighty personages: and therefore, amidst the garland of your royalties of your crown, this is a principal flower, that in your provinces and territories divers mighty and puissant potentates are your homagers and vassals; and, although infinite are your feudaries, which by their tenures do perform royal service to your sacred person, pay huge sums into your treasury and exchequer, and maintain whole legions for the defence of your country; yet some special persons there are, charged by their tenures to do special service at this your glorious inthronization; whose tenures, for their strangeness, are admirable; for their value, inestimable; and for their worthiness, incomparable: the particulars whereof do here appear in your excellency's records, in the book of Dooms-day, remaining in your exchequer, in the 50th and 500th chest there."

"*The names of such Homagers and Tributaries as hold any Signiorities, Lordships, Lands, Privileges, or Liberties under his Honour, and the Tenures and Services belonging to the same, as followeth:—*

"Alfonso de Stapulia, and Davillo de Bernardia, hold the arch-dukedom of Stapulia and Bernardia of the Prince of Peerpoole, by grand serjeantry, and castle-guard of the castles of Stapulia and Bernardia, and to right and relieve all wants and wrongs of all ladies, matrons and maids, within the said arch-duchy; and rendering, on the day of his excellency's coronation, a coronet of gold, and yearly five hundred millions, sterling

"Marotto Marquarillo, de Holborn, holdeth the manors of High and Nether Holborn by Cornage in Capite, of the Prince of Peerpoole, and rendering on the day of his honour's coronation, for every of the prince's pensioners, one milk-white doe, to be bestowed on them by the prince, for a favour, or new-year's-night-gift; and rendering yearly two hundred millions sterling.

"Lucy Negro, Abbess de Clerkenwell, holdeth the nunnery of Clerkenwell, with the lands and privileges thereunto belonging, of the Prince of Peerpoole by night-service in Cauda, and to find a choir of nuns, with burning lamps, to chant *Placebo* to the gentlemen of the prince's privy-chamber, on the day of his excellency's coronation.

"Ruffiano de St. Giles's holdeth the town of St. Giles's by cornage in Cauda of the Prince of Peerpoole, and rendering, on the day of his excellency's coronation, two ambling easie paced gennets, for the prince's two pages of honour, and rendering yearly two hundred millions sterling.

"Cornelius Combalduis, de Tottenham, holdeth the grange of Tottenham of the Prince of Peerpoole, in free and common soccage, by the twenty-fourth part of a night's fee, and by yielding yearly four quarters of rye, and threescore double duckets on the feast of St. Pancras.

"Bartholomew de Bloomsbury holdeth a thousand hides in Bloomsbury, of the Prince of Peerpoole, by escuage in certain, and rendering, on the day of his excellency's coronation, a ring to be run at by the knights of the prince's band, and the mark to be his trophy that shall be adjudged the bravest courser; and rendering yearly fifty millions sterling.

"Amarillo de Paddington holdeth an hundred ox-gangs of land in Paddington, of the Prince of Peerpoole, by petty-serjeantry, that when the prince maketh a voyage royal against the Amazons, to subdue and bring them under, he do find, at his own charge, a thousand men, well furnished with long and strong morris-pikes, black bills, or halberts, with morians on their heads; and rendering yearly four hundred millions sterling.

"Bawdwine de Islington holdeth the town of Islington of the Prince of

Peerpoole, by grand-searjentry; and rendering, at the coronation of his honour, one hundred thousand millions sterling

“Jordano Surtano de Kentish Town holdeth the canton of Kentish Town of the Prince of Peerpoole, in tail-general, at the will of the said prince, as of his manor of Deep Inn, in his province of Islington by the veirge, according to the custom of the said manor; that when any of the prince's officers or family do resort thither for change of air, or else variety of diet, as weary of court-life, and such provision, he do provide for a meas of the yeomen of the guard, or any of the black-guard, or such like inferior officer so coming, eight loins of mutton, which are sound, well fed, and not infectious; and for every gentleman-pensioner, or other of good quality, coney, pigeons, chickens, or such dainty morsel. But the said Jordano is not bound by his tenure to boil, roast, or bake the same, or meddle further than the bare delivery of the said cates, and so to leave them to the handling, dressing, and breaking up of themselves: and rendering for a fine to the prince one thousand five hundred marks.

“Markasius Burticanus and Hieronymus Paludensis de Knightsbridge do hold the village of Knightsbridge, with the appurtenances in Knightsbridge, of the Prince of Peerpoole, by villenage in bare tenure, that they two shall jointly find three hundred and fifty able and sufficient labouring men, with instruments and tools necessary for the making clean of all channels, sinks, creeks, and gutters within all the cities of his highness's dominions, and also shall cleanse and keep clean all, and all manner of ponds, puddles, dams, springs, locks, runlets, becks, water-gates, slimes, passages, strait entrances, and dangerous quagmires, and also shall repair and mend all common low and high ways, by laying stones in the pits and naughty places thereof; and also that they do not suffer the aforesaid places to go to decay through their default, and lack of looking unto, or neglect of doing their parts and duties therein.”

The tenures being thus read by the solicitor, then were called by their names those homagers that were to perform their services according to their tenures

Upon the summons given, Alfonso de Stapulia and Davillo de Bernardia came to the prince's footstool, and offered a coronet according to their service, and did homage to his highness in soleinn manner, kneeling according to the order in such cases accustomed. The rest that appeared were deferred to better leisure, and they that made default were fined at great sums, and their default recorded.

Then was a parliament summoned, but by reason that some special officers were compelled to be absent, without whose presence it could not be holden—it did not meet. Yet was a subsidy raised of the commons towards the support of his highness's port and sports; and a general and free pardon was issued, except for manifold offences therein set forth [as the same doth at large in print appear]; on which pardon having been read by the solicitor, the prince made a speech, wherein he gave his subjects to understand that, although in clemency he pardoned all offences to that present time, yet he meant not to give occasion of presumption in breaking his laws, and the customs of his dominions and government. In this speech he desired that the wronged should make their causes known to himself by petition to the master of requests: and he excused the causes of the great taxes and sums of money that were levied, because his predecessors had not left his coffers full of treasure, nor his crown furnished as became the dignity of so great a prince.

Then his highness called for the master of the revels, and willed him to pass the time in dancing: so his gentlemen-pensioners and attendants, very gallantly appointed in thirty couples, danced the old measures, and their galliards, and other kinds of dances, revelling till it was very late; and so spent the rest of their performance in those exercises, until it pleased his honor to depart to his lodging with sound of trumpets, and his attendants in order as before set forth.

This was the conclusion of the first grand night; the performances whereof increased expectation of great things to ensue: insomuch that it urged to greater state than was at the first intended. And therefore, besides all the sumptuous service that was continually done the prince in a princely manner, and besides the usual daily revels and sports, divers grand nights were appointed for the reception of strangers to the pastimes and sports.

Upon the next grand night, being Innocent's Day at night, there was a great presence of lords, ladies, and worshipful personages, expectant of a notable performance, which had been intended; but the multitude was so exceedingly great that there was no convenient room for those that were to be the actors, by reason whereof, very good inventions and conceits could not have opportunity to be applauded, which otherwise would have yielded great content to the beholders.

Upon which night the Inner Temple, the ancient friend and ally of Grays Inn, sent its Ambassador to the Prince, as from Frederick Templarius, their Emperor, who was then busied in his wars against the Turk. The ambassador came to the court of Grays, very gallantly appointed, and attended by a great number of brave gentlemen, about nine o'clock at night. Upon whose coming thither, the king at arms gave notice thereof to the prince, then sitting in his chair of state, and showed that the Templarian ambassador seemed to be of very good sort, because so well attended; and his highness ordered certain of his nobles and lords to conduct him into the hall. So he was brought into the presence with sound of trumpets, the king at arms and lords of portpoole marching before him in order; and he was graciously received by the prince, and placed in a chair beside his highness. But, before the Templarian ambassador took his seat, he made a speech to the prince, wherein he declared that his highness's great renown was famed throughout all the world, and had reached the ears of his sovereign master, Frederick Templarius, while then warring beyond sea, who had sent him his ambassador to reside at his excellency's court, which function, the ambassador said, he was the more willing to accomplish, because the state of Grays had graced Templaria with an ambassador about thirty years before, upon like occasion.

To which speech the prince of Grays made suitable answer, with commendations and welcome to the ambassador and his favorites, for their master's sake, and their own good deserts and condition.

When the ambassador was seated, and something notable was to be performed for disport and delight, there arose such a disordered tumult, that there was no opportunity to effect that which was designed; inasmuch as a great number of worshipful personages would not be dis-

placed from the stage, together with gentlewomen whose sex did privilege them; and though the prince and his officers endeavoured a reformation, yet there was no hope of redress for the present. And the lord ambassador and his train thought that they were not so kindly entertained as they expected, and thereupon would not stay longer at that time, but quitted the presence discontented and displeased. After their departure, so much of the throng and tumults did continue, as to disorder and confound any good inventions. In regard whereof, as also because the sports intended were especially for honorable entertainment of the Templarians, it was thought good not to attempt anything of account, except dancing and revelling with gentlewomen. And after such sports a comedy of errors (like to Plautus, his Menechmus,) was played by the players. So that night begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon, it was afterwards called "The Night of Errors."

This mischance was a great discouragement and disparagement to the state of Grays, and gave occasion to the lawyers of the prince's council, on the next night after the revels, to read a commission of Oyer and Terminer, directing certain noblemen and lords of his highness's council to cause enquiry of the great disorders and abuses done and committed, and of certain sorceries, enchantments, and witchcraft the night before, whereby there were raised great hurley-burles, crowds, errors, confusions, vain representations and shows, to the utter discredit of the state, and to the great damage of his highness's dominion of Portpool.

The next night judgments were preferred by the officers of the crown, setting forth that a certain sorcerer or conjurer, then prisoner, had caused a stage to be built, and certain scaffolds to be reared, and expectations raised, and had also caused divers ladies, gentlemen, and others, of good condition, to be invited to the sports, and they, and the state of Templaria, to be disgraced and disappointed, by the bringing in of crowds, and the foisting a company of base and common fellows, to the confusion of the state, and against the crown and dignity of his sovereign highness, the prince of Peerpoole.

Whereupon the prisoner so charged, being arraigned at the bar, humbly

demeaned himself to the prince, and presented a petition, which was read by the master of the requests, and set forth that the attorney and solicitor, by means of certain law-stuff, had confounded his highness and the court, to believe that those things which they saw and perceived to have been in very deed done the night before, were nothing else but fond illusions, fancies, dreams, and enchantments; and that the fault was in the negligence of the prince's council and great officers of state, by whose advice the state was misgoverned; in proof whereof, he cited instances, coupled with allegations not to be denied. This was deemed a quick boldness, and gave great offence to his highness's government: but, in the end, the prisoner was freed and pardoned, and those that were concerned in the draught of the petition were committed to the tower. The law sports of this night, in the state of Gray, being thus ended, consultation was forthwith held, for immediate reform in the prince's council, and it was concluded that graver councils should take place, and good order be maintained: to which end a watch and ward was ordained at the four ports, with whiffers under the four barons, and the lord warden to oversee all, so that none but of good quality might be admitted to the court.

On the 3rd of January, at night, there was an honorable presence from the court of her majesty, of great and noble personages, who came by invitation to the prince; namely, the Right Honorable the lord Keeper, the earls of Shrewsbury, Cumberland, Northumberland, Southampton, and Essex; the lords Bathurst, Windsor, Mountjoy, Sheffield, Compton, Rich, Burleigh, Mounteagle, and the lord Thomas Howard; Sir Thomas Heneage, Sir Robert Cecil, and a goodly number of knights, ladies, and worshipful personages; all of whom were disposed in honorable and convenient places, to their great liking and content.

When all were so placed, and settled in right order, the prince entered with his wonted state, and ascended his throne at the high end of the hall, under his highness's arms: after him came the ambassador of Templaria, with his train likewise, and was placed by the prince as he was before; his train also had places particularly assigned for them. Then, after variety of music was presented this device:—

At the side of the hall, behind the curtain, was erected an altar to the goddess of Amity; her arch-flamen stood ready to attend the sacrifice and incense that should, by her servants, be offered unto her: round about sat nymphs and fairies with instruments of music, and made pleasant melody with viols and voices, in praise of the goddess.

Then issued, from another room, the first pair of friends, Theseus and Perithous, arm in arm, and offered incense upon the altar, which shone and burned very clear; which done, they departed.

There likewise came Achilles and Patroclus; after them, Pylades and Orestes: then Scipio and Lælius: and all these did as the former, and departed.

Lastly came Graius and Templarius, arm in arm, and lovingly, to the altar, and offered their incense as the rest, but the goddess did not accept of their service, which appeared by the smoke and vapor that choked the flame. Then the arch-flamen preferred certain mystical ceremonies and invocations, and caused the nymphs to sing hymns of pacification to the goddess, and then the flame burnt more clear, and continued longer in brightness and shining to Graius and Templarius, than to any of those pairs of friends that had gone before them; and so they departed.

Then the arch-flamen pronounced Graius and Templarius to be as true and perfect friends, and so familiarly united and linked with the bond and league of sincere friendship and amity, as ever were Theseus and Perithous, Achilles and Patroclus, Pylades and Orestes, or Scipio and Lælius, and did further divine that this love should be perpetual. And, lastly, he denounced any that should seek to break or weaken the same, and forfeit happiness to their friends; and, with sweet and pleasant melody, the curtain was drawn as at the first.

Thus was this show ended, which was devised that those present might understand that the unkindness which was growing betwixt the Templarians and the Grayians, by reason of the former night of errors, was clean rooted out and forgotten, and that they were more firm friends than ever.

The prince then informed the ambassador of Templaria that the show had contented him exceedingly, because it represented that their ancient amity was so flourishing that no friendship could



equal the love and goodwill of the Grayians and Templarians.

Then his highness offered to the lord ambassador, and certain of his retinue, the knighthood of the he me and his highness ordered his king at arms to place the ambassador and his said followers, and also some of his own court, that they might receive the dignity; which being done, and the master of the jewels attending with the collar of the order, the prince descended from his chair of state, and took the collar, and put it about the lord ambassador's neck, he kneeling down on his left knee, and said to him "Sois Chivaler;" and the like to the rest, to the number of twenty-four.

So the prince and the lord ambassador took their places again, in their chairs; and the rest according to their condition.

Then Helmet, his highness's king at arms, stood forth before the prince in his surcoat of arms, and caused the trumpets to sound, and made the following speech:—

"The most mighty and puissant prince, Sir Henry, my gracious lord and sovereign prince of Peerpoole, &c. (setting forth his title at length) hath heretofore, for the special gracing of the nobility of his realm, and honouring the deserts of strangers, his favourites, instituted a most honourable order of knighthood of the HELMET, whereof his honour is sovereign, in memory of the arms he beareth, worthily given to one of his noble ancestors, many years past, for saving the life of his then sovereign; in regard as the helmet defendeth the chiefest part of the body, the head, so did he guard and defend the sacred person of the prince, the head of the state. His highness at this time had made choice of a number of virtuous and noble personages, to admit them into his honourable society; whose good example may be a spur and encouragement to the young nobility of his dominions, to cause them to aspire to the height of all honourable deserts. To the honourable order are annexed strict rules of arms, and civil government, religiously to be observed by all those that are admitted to this dignity. You, therefore, most noble gentlemen, whom his highness at this time so greatly honoureth with his royal order, you must, every one of you, kiss your helmet, and thereby promise and vow to observe and practise, or otherwise, as the case shall require, shun and avoid all those constitutions and ordinances, which, out of the records of my office of arms, I shall read unto you."

Then the king at arms took his book and turned to the articles of the order, and read them, the chief whereof followeth.

"*Imprimis*. Every knight of this honourable order, whether he be a natural subject, or stranger born, shall promise never to bear arms against his highness's sacred person, nor his state, but to assist him in all his lawful wars, and maintain all his just pretences and titles; especially his highness's title to the land of the Amazons, and the Cape of Good Hope.

"Item. No knight of this order shall, in point of honour, resort to any grammar rules out of the books *de Duello*, or such like, but shall, out of his own brave mind and natural courage, deliver himself from scorn, as to his own discretion shall seem convenient

"Item. No knight of this order shall be inquisitive towards any lady or gentleman, whether her beauty be English or Italian, or whether with caretaking she have added half-a-foot to her stature; but shall take all to the best. Neither shall any knight of the aforesaid order presume to affirm that faces were better twenty years ago than they are at this present time, except such knight shall have passed three climacterical years.

"Item. Every knight of this order is bound to perform all requisite and manly service, as the case requireth, to all ladies and gentlemen, beautiful by nature or by art; ever offering his aid without any demand thereof: and, if in case he fail so to do, he shall be deemed a match of disparagement to any of his highness's widows, or wards, female; and his excellency shall in justice forbear to make any tender of him to any such ward or widow.

"Item. No knight of this order shall procure any letters from his highness to any widow or maid, for his enablement and commendation to be advanced to marriage; but all prerogative, wooing set apart, shall for ever cease as to any of these knights, and shall be left to the common laws of the land, declared by the statute *Quia electiones libera esse debent*.

"Item. No knight of this honourable order, in case he shall grow into decay, shall procure from his highness relief and sustentation, any monopolies or privileges; except only these kinds following—that is to say, upon every tobacco-pipe not being one foot wide,

upon every lock that is worn, not being seven foot long, upon every health that is drank, not being of a glass five feet deep, &c.

“Item. No knight of this order shall put out any money upon strange returns, or performances to be made by his own person; as to hop up the stairs to the top of St. Paul’s, without intermission, or any other such like agilities or endurances, except it may appear that the same performances or practises do enable him to some service or employment, as if he do undertake to go a journey backward, the same shall be thought to enable him to be an ambassador into Turkey.

“Item. No knight of this order that hath had any license to travel into foreign countries, be it by map, card, sea, or land, and hath returned from thence, shall presume, upon the warrant of a traveller, to report any extraordinary varieties; as that he hath ridden through Venice, on horse-back, post; or that, in December, he sailed by the cape of Norway; or that he hath travelled over most part of the countries of Geneva; or such like hyperboles, contrary to the statute, *Propterea quod qui diversos terrarum ambitus errant et vagantur*, &c.

“Item. Every knight of this order shall do his endeavour to be much in the books of the worshipful citizens of the principal city next adjoining to the territories of Peerpoole; and none shall unlearnedly, or without looking, pay ready money for any wares or other things pertaining to the gallantness of his honour’s court, to the ill example of others, and utter subversion of credit betwixt man and man.

“Item. Every knight of this order shall endeavour to add conference and experience by reading; and therefore shall not only read and peruse Guizo, the French Academy, Galiatto the courtier, Plutarch, the Arcadia, and the Neoterical writers, from time to time; but also frequent the Theatre, and such like places of experience; and resort to the better sort of ordinaries for conference, whereby they may not only become accomplished with civil conversations, and able to govern a table with discourse, but also sufficient, if need be, to make epigrams, emblems, and other devices appertaining to his honour’s learned revels

“Item. No knight of this order, in walking the streets or other places of resort, shall bear his hands in his pockets of his great rolled hose, with the Spanish wheel, if it be not either to defend his hands from the cold, or else to guard forty shillings sterling, being in the same pockets.

“Item. No knight of this order shall lay to pawn his collar of knighthood for a hundred pounds; and, if he do, he shall be *ipso facto* discharged, and it shall be lawful for any man whatsoever, that will retain the same collar for the sum aforesaid, forthwith to take upon him the said knighthood, by reason of a secret virtue in the collar; for in this order it is holden for a certain rule that the knighthood followeth the collar, and not the collar the knighthood.

“Lastly. All the knights of this honourable order, and the renowned sovereign of the same, shall yield all homage, loyalty, unaffected admiration, and all humble service, of what name or condition soever, to the incomparable empress of the Fortunate Island.”

When the king at arms had read the articles of the order of the knighthood, and all had taken their places as before, there was variety of concert-music: and in the mean while the knights of the order, who were not strangers, brought into the hall a running banquet in very good order, and gave it to the prince, and lords, and others, strangers, in imitation of the feast that belongeth to all such honorable institutions.

This being done, there was a table set in the midst of the stage, before the prince’s seat, and there sat six of the lords of his privy council, who at that time were appointed to attend in council the prince’s leisure. Then the prince required them to advise him how he should best qualify himself for his future government, and each of them gave advice, as appeareth elsewhere at length, but in brief to the effect here set forth,—

The first counsellor advised war.

The second counsellor advised the study of philosophy.

The third counsellor advised the gaining of fame by buildings and foundations.

The fourth counsellor advised absoluteness of state and treasure.

The fifth counsellor advised the practice of virtue, and a gracious government.

The sixth counsellor advised to immediate pastimes and sports.

The prince, being unresolved how to determine amidst such variety of weighty counsel, resolved meanwhile to make choice of the last advice, and deliberate afterwards upon the rest; and he delivered a speech to that effect, and then arose from his speech to revel, and took a lady to dance withal, as likewise did the lord ambassador, and the pensioners and courtiers; so that the rest of the night was passed in such pastimes, which, being carefully conducted, did so delight the nobility and other gentle visitors, that Graya recovered its lost dignity, and was held in greater honor than before.

Upon the following day, the prince, attended by his courtiers, and accompanied by the ambassador of Templaria, with his train, made a progress from his court of Graya to the lord mayor's house, called Crosby Place, in Bishopsgate Street, whither he had been invited by his lordship to dinner. His highness was bravely mounted upon a rich foot-cloth; the ambassador likewise riding near him; the gentlemen attending with the prince's officers, and the ambassador's favourites going before, and the others coming behind the prince. Every one had his teather in his cap, the Grayans using white, and the Templarians using ash-colored feathers. The prince's attendants were to the number of fourscore, all bravely appointed, and mounted on great horses, with foot-cloths according to their rank. Thus they rode very gallantly from Gray's Inn, through Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, and so through Cheapside and Cornhill, to Crosby Place, where was a sumptuous and costly dinner for the prince and all his attendants, with variety of music and all good entertainment. Dinner being ended, the prince and his company revelled a while, and then returned again in the same order as he went; the streets being filled with people, who thought there had been some great prince in very deed passing through the city. This popular show greatly pleased the lord mayor and his commonalty, as well as the great lords, and others of good condition.

Shortly after this show the ambassador of Templaria was gracefully recalled to give an account of his mission, and was honorably dismissed, and accompanied homeward by the nobles of Peerpoole.

The next grand night was upon Twelfth

Day, at night. When the honourable and worshipful company of lords, ladies, and knights, were, as at other times, assembled and conveniently placed, according to their condition; and when the prince was enthroned, and the trumpet had sounded, there was presented a show concerning his highness's state and authority, taken from the device of the prince's arms, as as they were blazoned in the beginning of his reign, by his king at arms.

First, six knights of the helmet, and three others attired like miscreants, whom, on returning from Russia, they had surprised and captured, for conspiracy against his highness's government, but could not prevail on them to disclose their names. Then entered two goddesses, Virtue and Amity, who informed the prince that the captives were Envy, Malcontent, and Folly, whose attempts against the state of Graya had been frustrated by these goddesses, who now willed the knights to depart with the offenders. On their departure, Virtue and Amity promised support to his highness against all foes, and departed to pleasant music. Then entered the six knights in a stately masque, and danced a newly devised measure; and afterwards took to them divers ladies and gentlemen, and danced the galliards, and then departed with music.

Then to the sound of trumpets entered the king at arms to the prince, and proclaimed the arrival of an ambassador from the mighty emperor of Russia and Muscovy, on weighty affairs of state. And, by order of the prince, the ambassador was admitted, and he came in the attire of Russia, with two of his own country in like habits, and, making his obeisance, humbly delivered his letters of credence to the prince, who caused them to be read aloud by the king at arms; and then the ambassador made his speech to the prince, soliciting, on behalf of his sovereign, succor from the state of Graya, against the Tartars, and announcing the entrance of a ship richly laden, as a present to the prince. To which speech his highness vouchsafed a princely answer; and, the ambassador being placed in a chair near the throne, there was served up a running banquet to the prince, and the lords and ladies, and the company present, with variety of music.

Then entered a postboy with letters of intelligence concerning the state, from divers parts of his highness's provinces, and delivered them to the secretary, who

made the prince acquainted therewith, and caused them to be read openly and publicly. The first letter, from the canton of Knightsbridge, complained that certain foreigners took goods by force. The second letter, from sea, directed to the lord high admiral, advised of an invasion of Peerpoole by an armada of amazons; also letters from Stapulia and Bernardia, and Low Holborn, informed of plots and rebellion, and insurrection in those parts. After these letters were read, the prince made a long speech, complaining of the cares of his government, and appointed certain lords to suppress these disorders, and then declared his intention of going to Russia. Then, at the end of his speech, the prince, for his farewell, took a lady to dance, and the rest of the courtiers consorted with ladies, and danced in like manner; and, when the revel was finished, the prince departed on his journey to Russia, and the court broke up.

His highness remained in Russia until Candlemas, and after glorious conquests, of which his subjects were advised, they purposed to prepare for him a triumphant reception when he should return. But these good intentions were frustrated by the readers and ancients, who (on account of the term) had caused the scaffold in the hall (of Grays Inn) to be taken away and enjoined that they should not be rebuilt. Yet, notwithstanding this discomfiture, order was taken by the prince's faithful adherents to make his arrival known, by an ingenious device as followeth:—

Upon the 28th of January, the readers and all the society of the Inn being seated at dinner in the hall, there suddenly sounded a trumpet, and, after the third blast, the king at arms entered in the midst and proclaimed the style and title of his sovereign lord Sir Henry, the right excellent and all-conquering Prince of Peerpoole, and in his highness's name commanded all his officers, knights, pensioners, and subjects to attend his person at his port of Blackwallia on the first of February, there to perform all offices of obedience and subjection as became their loyalty to so gracious a sovereign.

When the coming of the prince from Russia was thus noised abroad, and it became known that his highness would come up the Thames by Greenwich, where the queen (Elizabeth) then held her court, it was expected that his highness would

land there and do homage to her majesty of England, and the rather because in Christmas there was expectation of his going thither to offer some pastime, which he had not done.

Upon the first of February the prince and his train came in gallant show upon the river Thames, and were met at Blackwall, where, being so near his own territories, he quitted his navy of ships and went with his retinue on board fifteen barges gallantly furnished with standards, pendants, flags, and streamers. Every barge had music and trumpets, and others ordnance and ammunition; and thus bravely appointed they proceeded towards the stairs at Greenwich, where the ordnance was discharged, and the whole fleet sailed round about; and the second time, when the admiral, in which the prince was, came directly before the court stairs, his highness despatched two gentlemen with the following letter to Sir Thomas Heneage, then there with her majesty,  
 “Henry, Prince of Portpoole, to the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Heneage,  
 “Most Honourable Knight,

“I have now accomplished a most tedious and hazardous journey, though very honourable, into Russia, and returning within the view of the court of your renowned queen, my gracious sovereign, to whom I acknowledge homage and service, I thought good, in passing by, to kiss her sacred hands, as a tender of the zeal and duty I owe unto her majesty; but, in making the offer, I found my desire was greater than the ability of my body, which, by length of my journey and my sickness at sea, is so weakened, as it were very dangerous for me to adventure it. Therefore, most honourable friend, let me entreat you to make my humble excuse to her majesty for this present: and to certify her highness that I do hope, by the assistance of the divine providence, to recover my former strength about Shrovetide; at which time I intend to repair to her majesty's court (if it may stand with her gracious pleasure), to offer my service, and relate the success of my journey. And so praying your honour to return me her majesty's answer, I wish you all honour and happiness.

“Dated from ship-board,

At our *Ark of Vanity*,

The 1st of February, 1594.”

The letter being delivered and her majesty made acquainted with the contents,

she graciously observed of his highness, "That, if the letter had not excused his passing by, he should have done homage before he had gone away, although he had been a greater prince than he was: yet," she said, "she liked his gallant shows, that were made at his triumphant return;" and added, "if he should come at Shrove-tide, he and his followers should have entertainment according to his dignity."

The prince and his company continued their course to the Tower, where, by the queen's command, he was welcomed with a volley of great ordnance by the lieutenant of the Tower: and, at Tower Hill, his highness's landing was awaited by men with 100 choice and great horses, gallantly appointed for all the company. So the prince and his company mounted, each of his retinue being in order according to his office, with the ensign thereof; and they rode gallantly through Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and St. Paul's church-yard, where, at St. Paul's school, one of the scholars entertained his highness with a Latin oration (as set forth in the prince's history), and the prince rewarded the speaker bountifully, and thanked all the scholars for their goodwill, and marched on his way by Ludgate and through Fleet Street, where, as during the entire progress, the streets were so thronged with people that there was only room for the horsemen to pass. In this state his highness arrived at Gray's Inn, where he was received with a peal of ordnance and sound of trumpets, and all the entertainment that his loving subjects could make.

After the prince had been thus received, and supper ended, his highness entered the hall and danced and revelled among the nobles of his court.

In like manner the day following was spent, but there was no performance because of the want of the stage and scaffolds.

At shrove-tide, the prince, in discharge of his promise, went with his nobles to the court of her majesty (queen Elizabeth), and represented certain sports, consisting of a masque in which the chief characters were an esquire of his highness's company attended by a Tartarian page; Proteus, a sea-god, attended by two Tritons; Thamesis and Amphitrite, attended by their sea-nymphs. These characters having delivered speeches, Proteus struck a rock of adamant with his trident, and they all entered the rock, and then

the prince and seven knights issued from the rock, richly attired, in couples, and before every couple there were two pigmies with torches. On their first coming on the stage, they danced a newly devised measure, and then took ladies, and with them they danced galliards, courants, and other dances. Afterwards they danced another new measure, at the end whereof, the pigmies brought eight escutcheons with the masker's devices thereon, and delivered them to the esquire, who offered them to her majesty; which being done, they took their order again, and, with a new strain, went all into the rock; and there was sung at their departure into the rock another strain, in compliment to her majesty.

It was the queen's pleasure to be gracious to every one, and her majesty particularly thanked his highness the prince of Peepoole for the good performance, with undoubted wishes that the sports had continued longer; insomuch that, when the courtiers danced a measure immediately after the masque ended, the queen said, "What! shall we have bread and cheese after a banquet?"

The queen having willed her lord chamberlain that the gentlemen should be invited on the next day, and that he should present them unto her; this was done, and her majesty gave them her hand to kiss with gracious commendations in general, and of Grays Inn, as a house she was much beholden unto, because it always studied for sports to present unto her.

On the same night there was fighting at the barriers; the earl of Essex and others being the challengers, and the earl of Cumberland and his company the defenders;—into which company the prince of Peepoole was taken, and behaved so valiantly, that to him was adjudged the prize, which was a jewel set with seventeen diamonds and four rubies, and worth 100 marks. Her majesty delivered it to his highness with her own hands, saying "That it was not her gift, for if it had, it should have been better; but she gave it to him as that prize which was due to his desert and good behaviour in those exercises; and that hereafter he should be remembered with a better reward from herself."

And thus, on Shrove Tuesday, the sports and revels of Gray's Inn and the reign of the mock prince, were ended at the court of her majesty queen Elizabeth.



CHILDREN.

Oft where the steep bank fronts the southern sky,  
By lanes or brooks where sunbeams love to lie,  
A cowslip-peep will open, faintly coy,  
Soon seen and gather'd by a wandering boy.

CLARE

The infant in arms makes known its desire for fresh air, by restlessness; it cries—for it cannot speak its want,—is taken abroad, and is quiet.

All children love to “go out;” they prefer the grass to the footpath; and to wander, instead of to “walk as they ought to do.” They *feel* that

God made the country, and man made the town.

While they are conducted along the road, their great anxiety is to leave it.—“When shall we get into the fields?”

They seek after some new thing, and convert what they find to their own use. A stick, placed between the legs, makes a horse; a wisp of grass, or a stone, drawn along at the end of a string, is a cart. On the sides of banks, and in green lanes, they see the daily issues from the great treasury of the earth,—opening buds, new flowers, surprising insects. They come home laden with unheard-of curiosities, wonderful rarities of their new-found world; and tell of their being met

by ladies whom they admired, and who spoke to them.

As children increase in years they proceed from particulars to generals—observe the weather, sun-rising and sun-setting, the changing forms of clouds, varied scenery, difference of character in persons. In a short time they know so much as to think they know enough. They enter upon life, and find experience—the school-master is always at home.

—In manhood the instincts of childhood, recollections of our old love, return. We would throw ourselves upon the bosom of Nature—but we are weaned.

—We cannot see her as we did: yet we recall, and keep representations of her features; throw landscapes and forests into portfolios, and place Claudes and Poussins in our rooms. We turn from nature herself to look at painted shadows of her; and behold pictures of graceful human forms till we dream of human perfection, and of our being, still, “a little lower than the angels.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 20.

[Original.]

TO C. ADERS, ESQ.

ON HIS COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS BY THE OLD GERMAN MASTERS.

Friendliest of men, ADERS, I never cor.e  
Within the precincts of this sacred Room,  
But I am struck with a religious fear,  
Which says " Let no profane eye enter here."  
With imagery from Heav'n the walls are clothed,  
Making the things of Time seem vile and loathed.  
Spare Saints, whose bodies seem sustain'd by Love  
With Martyrs old in meek procession move.  
Here kneels a weeping Magdalen, less bright  
To human sense for her blurr'd cneeks; in sight  
Of eyes, new-touch'd by Heav'n, more winning fair  
Than when her beauty was her only care.  
A Hermit here strange mysteries doth unlock  
In desert sole, his knees worn by the rock.  
There Angel harps are sounding, while below  
Palm-bearing Virgins in white order go.  
Madonnas, varied with so chaste design,  
While all are different, each seems genuine,  
And hers the only Jesus: hard outline,  
And rigid form, by DUREN's hand subdu'd  
To matchless grace, and sacro-sanctitude;  
DUREN, who makes thy slighted Germany  
Vie with the praise of paint-proud Italy.

Whoever enter'st here, no more presume  
To name a Parlour, or a Drawing Room;  
But, bending lowly to each holy Story,  
Make this thy Chapel, and thine Oratory.

C. LAMB.

**March 20.**

**GOOD FRIDAY**

Is the Friday before Easter. Anciently it was a custom with the kings of England on Good Friday to nallow, with great ceremony, certain rings, the wearing of which was believed to prevent the falling-sickness. The custom originated from a ring, long preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, which was reported to have been brought to King Edward by some persons coming from Jerusalem, and which he himself had long before given privately to a poor person, who had asked alms of him for the love he bare to St. John the Evangelist. The rings consecrated by the sovereigns were called "cramp-rings," and there was a particular service for their consecration. Andrew Boorde, in his Breviary of Health, 1557, speaking of the cramp, says—"The kynges Majeste hath a great helpe in this matter in halowing Crampe Ringes, and so geven without

money or petition." Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, wnen ambassador to the Emperor Charles V., wrote from Saragoza "to my Lorde Cardinall's grace," in 1518, for "some crampe ryngs," with "trust to bestowe thaym well, with God's grac?" \*

In illustration of the custom of "making the sepulchre" at Easter, there is this passage towards the end of a sermon preached by Bishop Longland before king Henry VIII. on Good Friday 1538:—"In meane season I shall exhorte you all in our Lord God, as of old custome hath here this day bene used, every one of you or ye departe, with moost entire devocyon, knelynge to fore our Sayvour Lorde God, this our Jesus Chryst, whiche has suffered soo muche for us, to whome we are soo muche bounden, whoo lyeth in yonder sepulchre; in honoure of hym, of his passyon and

• Brand.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 21.

leathe, and of his five woundes, to say five Pater-nosters, five Aves, and one Ende, that it may please his mercifull goodness to make us parteners of the merites of this his most glorious passyon, bloode, and death."

Of the remarkable usages on Good Friday there are large accounts in the *Every-Day Book*, not forgetting hot-cross-buns. They still continue to be made, and cried about the streets, as usual, though certainly in less quantities than can be well remembered.

A provincial newspaper, of about the year 1810, contains the following paragraph:—"Good-Friday was observed with the most profound adoration on board the Portuguese and Spanish men of war at Plymouth. A figure of the traitor Judas Iscariot was suspended from the bowsprit end of each ship, which hung till sun-set, when it was cut down, ripped up, the representation of the heart cut in stripes, and the whole thrown into the water; after which the crews of the different ships sung in good style the evening song to the Virgin Mary. On board the Iphigenia Spanish frigate, the effigy of Judas Iscariot hung at the yard-arm till Sunday evening, and, when it was cut down, one of the seamen ventured to jump over after it, with a knife in his hand, to show his indignation of the traitor's crime by ripping the figure in the sea; but the unfortunate man paid for his indiscreet zeal with his life; the tide drew him under the ship, and he was drowned."

		h. m.
March 20.	Day breaks . . .	4 0
	Sun rises . . .	5 58
	— sets . . .	6 2
	Twilight ends . .	7 58

Dog-violet flowers. Dr. Forster imagines that Milton refers to this species when he speaks of "violet embroidered vales."

**March 21.**

**EARL OF TOTNESS.**

George Carew, Earl of Totness, who died at the age of seventy-three, in March, 1629, was the son of a dean of Exeter, and received his education at Oxford. His active spirit led him from his studies into the army; but, in 1589,

he was created master of arts. The scene of his military exploits was Ireland, where, in the year 1599, he was president of Munster. With a small force he reduced a great part of the province to the government of Queen Elizabeth, took the titular Earl of Desmond prisoner, and brought numbers of the turbulent Septs to obedience. The queen honored him with a letter of thanks under her own hand. He left the province in general peace in 1603, and arrived in England three days before the queen's death. James I. rewarded his service by making him governor of Guernsey, creating him Lord Carew, of Clopton, and appointing him master of the ordnance for life. Charles I., on his accession, created him Earl of Totness. He was not less distinguished by his pen than his sword. In his book "*Pacata Hibernia*," he wrote his own commentaries, of which his modesty prevented the publication during life. He collected four volumes of Antiquities relating to Ireland, at this time preserved unheeded in the Bodleian Library, and collected materials for the life of Henry V., digested by Speed, into his Chronicle. Anthony Wood eulogize him as "a faithful subject, a valiant and prudent commander, an honest counsellor, a gentle scholar, a lover of antiquities, and great patron of learning." He lies interred beneath a magnificent monument at Stratford upon Avon.\*

**BACHELORISING.**

In March, 1798, died, aged eighty-four, at his house in the neighbourhood of Kentish Town, where he had resided more than forty years, John Little, Esq. His life exemplified the little utility of money in possession of such a man. A few days before his death the physician who attended upon him advised that he should occasionally drink a glass of wine. After much persuasion he was induced to comply; yet by no means would entrust even his housekeeper with the key of the cellar. He insisted on being carried to the cellar door, and, on its being opened, he in person delivered out one bottle. By his removal for that purpose from a warm bed into a dark humid vault, he was seized with a shivering fit, which terminated in an apoplectic stroke, and occasioned his death. He

\* Pennant.



had an inveterate antipathy to the marriage state, and discarded his brother, the only relative he had, for not continuing like himself, a bachelor. On examining his effects, it appeared that he had £25,000 in different tontines, £11,000 in the four per cents., and £2000 in landed property. In a room which had been closed for fourteen years were found 173 pairs of breeches, and a numerous collection of other articles of wearing apparel, besides 180 wigs hoarded in his coach-house, all which had fallen to him with other property by the bequest of relations. All his worldly wealth fell to the possession of his offending brother.\*

A man need to care for no more knowledge than to know himself, no more pleasure than to content himself, no more victory than to overcome himself, no more riches than to enjoy himself.—*Bp. Hall.*

	h. m.
<i>March 21.</i> Day breaks . . .	3 59
Sun rises . . . . .	5 56
— sets . . . . .	6 4
Twilight ends . . . .	6 1

Blue bonndstongue in full flower.  
Lesser petty chaps sings.

**March 22.**

**EASTER.**

The time of keeping Easter in England is according to the rule laid down in the Book of Common Prayer, which it may be here proper to re-state.—“Easter-Day (on which the *movable feasts* depend) is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon, or next after the twenty-first day of March; and, if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after.” In conformity, therefore, to this rule, if the 21st of March falls upon a Saturday, and a full moon happen upon that day, the next day, Sunday, the 22nd of March, must be Easter-day. It will be observed, therefore, that Easter day can never occur earlier than the 22nd of March.

Among the abundant information in the *Every-Day Book* concerning former

customs at Easter, the practice of “stoning Jews in Lent” is stated at some length. It may be added, as an historical fact, that the people of Paris were accustomed, during Holy Week and on Easter-day, to pursue the Jews through the streets with stones, and to break the doors and windows of their houses. In some provincial towns it was the practice on holidays to conduct a Jew to the church, and publicly beat him on the face. An old chronicler relates that, Aimeric Viscount de Rochechouard having visited Toulouse, the chapter of St. Etienne, in order to do him honor, appointed Hugues, his chaplain, to beat a Jew, according to annual custom at the Easter festival. Hugues performed the office so zealously, that the brains and eyes of the unhappy victim of intolerance fell upon the ground, and he expired upon the spot.\*

**THE FIRST EASTER.**

It happen'd, on a solemn even-tide,  
Soon after He that was our surety died,  
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,  
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,  
Sought their own village, busied, as they went,  
In musings worthy of the great event:  
They spake of him they lov'd, of him whose  
    life,  
Though blameless, had incurr'd per etual  
    strife,  
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,  
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.  
The recollection, like a vein of ore,  
The farther trac'd, enrich'd them still the  
    more;  
They thought him, and they justly thought  
    him, one  
Sent to do more than he appear'd to have  
    done;  
To exalt a people and to make them high  
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.  
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,  
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,  
And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,  
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.  
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,  
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,  
Explains d, illustrates, and search'd so well,  
The tender theme on which they chose to  
    dwell,  
That reaching home, the night, they said, is  
    near,  
We must not now be parted, sojourn here.—  
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,  
And made so welcome at their simple feast,  
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,

\* *Gents. Mag.*

\* *History of Paris, iii. 256.*

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 23, 24.

And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!  
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say?  
Did they not burn within us by the way?

*owper.*

		h. m.
<i>March 22.</i>	Day breaks . . .	3 57
	Sun rises . . .	5 54
	— sets . . .	6 6
	Twilight ends . . .	8 3

Crown imperial flowers.

Marsh marygold flowers.

Pilewort, with its stars of bright golden yellow, bespangles the lawns and glades

**March 23.**

EASTER MONDAY.

To the full accounts in the *Every-Day Book* of the celebration of Easter Monday and Tuesday, and the Easter holidays, in ancient and modern times, there is not anything of interest to add, unless this may be an exception—that there is a custom at this season, which yet prevails in Kent, with young people to go out holiday-making in public-houses to eat “pudding-pies,” and this is called “going a pudding-pieing.” The pudding-pies are from the size of a tea-cup to that of a small tea-saucer. They are flat, like pastry-cooks’ cheese-cakes, made with a raised crust, to hold a small quantity of custard, with currants lightly sprinkled on the surface. Pudding-pies and cherry beer usually go together at these feasts. From the inns down the road towards Canterbury, they are frequently brought out to the coach travellers with an invitation to “taste the pudding-pies.” The origin of the custom, and even its existence, seem to have escaped archæological notice. It is not mentioned by Hasted.

		h. m.
<i>March 23.</i>	Day breaks . . .	3 55
	Sun rises . . .	5 52
	— sets . . .	6 8
	Twilight ends . . .	8 5

Yellow star of Bethlehem flowers.

**March 24.**

On the 24th of March, 1603, queen Elizabeth died at Richmond Palace, in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her reign. She had been raised from a prison to a throne, which

she filled with a dignity peculiar to her character, and a sufficiency that honored her sex. She completed the reformation, restored the coin of the realm to its just value, settled the state of the kingdom, and lived, in the affections of the people, a terror to Europe. It was her policy to select ministers of great ability and address, by whom, so great was her knowledge and penetration, she never suffered herself to be overruled.

DRESS, TEMP. ELIZABETH.

We are informed by Hentzner, that the English, in the reign of Elizabeth, cut the hair close on the middle of the head, but suffered it to grow on either side.

As it is usual in dress, as in other things, to pass from one extreme to another, the large jutting coat became quite out of fashion in this reign, and a coat was worn resembling a waistcoat.

The men’s ruffs were generally of a moderate size; the women’s bore a proportion to their farthingales, which were enormous.

We are informed that some beaux had actually introduced long swords and high ruffs, which approached the royal standard, This roused the jealousy of the queen, who appointed officers to break every man’s sword, and to clip all ruffs which were beyond a certain length.

The breeches, or, to speak more properly, drawers, fell far short of the knees and the defect was supplied with long hose, the tops of which were fastened under the drawers.

William, earl of Pembroke, was the first who wore knit stockings in England, which were introduced in this reign. They were presented to him by William Rider, an apprentice near London Bridge, who happened to see a pair brought from Mantua, at an Italian merchant’s in the city, and made a pair exactly like them.

Edward Vere, the seventeenth earl of Oxford, was the first that introduced embroidered gloves and perfumes into England, which he brought from Italy. He presented the queen with a pair of perfumed gloves, and her portrait was painted with them upon her hands.

At this period was worn a hat with a broad brim, and a high crown, diminishing conically upwards. In a print of Philip II., in the former reign, he seems to wear one of these, with a narrower brim than ordinary, and makes at least

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 24.

as grotesque an appearance, as his countryman Don Quixote with the barber's basin.

The Rev. Mr. John More, of Norwich, one of the worthiest clergymen in the reign of Elizabeth, gave the best reason that could be given for wearing the longest and largest beard of any Englishman of his time; namely, "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." Mr. Granger wishes that as good a reason could always have been assigned for wearing the longest hair and the longest or largest wig.

It was ordered, in the first year of Elizabeth, that no fellow of Lincoln's Inn "should wear any beard of above a fortnight's growth."

As the queen left no less than 3000 different habits in her wardrobe when she died, and was possessed of the dresses of all countries, it is somewhat strange that there is such a uniformity of dress in her portraits, and that she should take a pleasure in being loaded with ornaments.

At this time the stays, or boddice, were worn long-waisted. Lady Hunsdon, the foremost of the ladies in the engraving of the procession to Hunsdon House, appears with a much longer waist than those that follow her. She might possibly have been a leader of the fashion, as well as of the procession.

Beneath an engraved portrait on wood of queen Elizabeth in Benlowe's "Theophila, or Love's Sacrifice, 1652," are these lines:—

'Shee was, shee is, what can there more be said?

In earth the first, in heaven the second maid."

Theophilus Cibber says these lines were an epigram by Budgell upon the death of a very fine young woman: they are the last verses of an inscription mentioned, in the "View of London, 1708," to have been on a cenotaph of queen Elizabeth in Bow church.

A proclamation, dated 1563, in the hand-writing of secretary Cecil, prohibits "all manner of persons to draw, paynt, grave, or pourtrayt her majesty's personage or visage for a time, until, by some perfect patron and example, the same may be by others followed, &c., and for that hir majestie perceiveth that a grete number of hir loving subjects are much greved and take grete offence with the errors and deformities alreedy committed

by sondry persons in this behalf, she straightly chargeth all hir officers and ministers to see to the due observation hereof, and as soon as may be to reform the errors already committed, &c."

In Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," there is a curious head of queen Elizabeth, when old and haggard, done with great exactness from a coin, the die of which was broken. A striking feature in the queen's face was her high nose, which is not justly represented in many pictures and prints of her. She was notoriously vain of her personal charms, and, affirming that shadows were unnatural in painting, she ordered Isaac Oliver to paint her without any. There are three engravings of her after this artist, two by Vertue, and on ea whole length by Crispin de Pass, who published portraits of illustrious persons of this kingdom from the year 1500 to the beginning of the seventeenth century.\*

### A STRANGE COMPLAINT.

A medical gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Leeds, received the following letter from one of his patients:

"Sur,

"I weesh yew wood koom an see me—I av got a bad kould—eel in my Bow hills—an av lust my Happy tide.

"Sur,

"Yer umbel Sarvent."—

	h. m.
<i>March</i> 24 Day breaks . . .	3 52
Sun rises . . .	5 50
— sets . . .	6 10
Twilight ends . . .	8 8
Red nettle flowers.	

### A DAY IN SPRING.

[To Mr. HOME.]

January 20, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am one of those who try to find "sermons in stones, and good in every thing," and, from a long-continued indulgence in this whim, my head has become a regular hold of "common-places," and a tolerably complete verbal concordance. The bare mention of a name will lead oftentimes to a chain of thoughts that

\* Granger.

might almost compass the world; and the most trifling incident awaken associations which if carried out into all their ramifications, would furnish materials for a twelvemonth's meditation.

This propensity forms my constant "consolation in travel," and, wherever I may direct my wanderings, I am sure to find many sources of pleasure opening before me, which arise either directly or indirectly from the scenes through which I pass. To illustrate my meaning I have subjoined a few remarks connected with a short journey undertaken in the spring of last year, at which enchanting season, having obtained a temporary respite from the fatigues of the counting-house, I secured a place by one of the *Maidstone* coaches, and started in high spirits.

Many of your readers may smile at the idea of such a "*chronikl*," as I have here "*compilt*," but, as the whole scene is laid within a reasonable distance of this mighty metropolis, I dare say some may be found who will thank you for its insertion.

It is not easy for a mind perpetually harassed to throw off its fetters instantaneously, and for this reason I suppose it was that I made no note of my proceedings till I was fairly out of sight of London. But the clear sunshine and the deep blue heavens, studded with masses of cloud, in brightness approaching to molten silver, soon exercised their witchery upon me, and forgetting the perplexities of life, amidst the gentle scenery by which I was surrounded, I first "came to myself" on the brink of a little hollow scooped like that of Cowper, by Kilwick's echoing wood,

—I judge in ancient time,  
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

A small mud-walled cottage, partially white-washed, stood at the bottom, upon a little plot of chalky ground, part of which had been fenced about and planted with cabbages and potatoes; and just at the foot of a tall perpendicular cliff, on a small round grassy hill, the verdure of which grew more and more scanty towards its extremities, till it barely powdered the rigid soil, an ill-favored mongrel lay sleeping in the sunshine. The upper edge of this cliff was fringed with coppice wood, and a straggling hazel hung carelessly over its brink, the shadows of which, as it swayed to and fro in the wind, danced upon its white ramparts, just

where the light steamy smoke, from the little hovel below, curled gracefully upwards.

In none of these details was there any thing pleasing, and yet with the whole, throwing into the scale the circumstances under which I viewed it, and the associations which it awakened, I was so delighted that I would make no ordinary sacrifice for the sake of another glimpse. We passed briskly by a considerable plantation of firs, and my head grew dizzy as their tall grey stems changed places with each other, alternately forming long and regular vistas, at the end of which enchanting glimpses of the sky were for a moment visible, and then disappeared behind the forest of bare stems, whose green leafy summits left not the grassy avenues below as garish as the brown slopes beyond, but shed over them so soft a twilight, that I looked into it with feelings of no common interest, contrasted as it was with the calm sun-light crossing here and there a solitary stem, whose festoons of foliage had been thinned by time or accident. As I saw the cones and broken twigs sprinkling the green sward, I thought of Wordsworth's "sheddings of the pining umbrage," and properly to weigh the merits of these few words was no unpleasant nor short-lived employ. I thought of those firs which live in his graphic verse, and their "composing sound," and detected myself almost involuntarily quoting these lines—

———"Above my head,  
At every impulse of the moving breeze,  
The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound."

I thought of "lively Hood," and his Plea of the Midsummer fairies, as "blue snatches of the sky" became visible at intervals through an artless break in the foliage; and of Bloomfield, when I looked on the "half-excluded light" sleeping in patches on the shadowy verdure below. From these pictures, naturally arising out of the circumstances in which I found myself, my fancy led me into a long digression, in which I called to mind those beautiful figures, in the poets quoted, which had often haunted my day dreams, and now came up successively upon "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," like stars peeping through the cool twilight, or young hopes, hallowed in their birth by those boyish tears not unfrequently shed over a fancied disappointment.

The coach suddenly drew up where a by-road branches off to the right, and the clattering of hoofs, and rumbling of wheels, were in an instant exchanged for a silence which seemed deeper from the quick transition by which we had passed into it. A beautiful meadow, sloping down with a tolerably sharp declivity from the road, and intersected by a narrow path, led toward a coppice on which the young moon looked through the dim haze surrounding it, serving by its feeble light rather to foster than dissipate the pleasing illusion which lent to the distant landscape charms to which it could not in truth lay claim. A line of stately elms stood at considerable distance from each other at the bottom of this twilight green, and, from a rustic stile by the road side, a countryman hailed us in a voice graced with the twang peculiar to that part of the world; a dialogue, conducted for a few seconds in a low tone, and ended by the customary "good night," formed no unpleasing contrast to the repose which breathed around us.

We passed rapidly onward, without any material occurrence, until we observed, from the high ground above the town whither we were destined, innumerable lights, some fixed and others disappearing at intervals, the warm glow of which suffered in contrast with the mild glories of the heavens, now powdered with living sapphires. I was roused from a long reverie into which these considerations led me by a sudden jolt, as we passed on to the rugged pavement, which reminded us that we had arrived at the end of our journey. As we crossed the bridge, I looked over the melancholy waters towards the church which stood above their brink, and, in an old ivy-grown mansion adjoining, noticed the glimmer of a lonely taper struggling through the dusky panes of an arched casement, and thought of the aptness of that simile of my favorite Wordsworth—

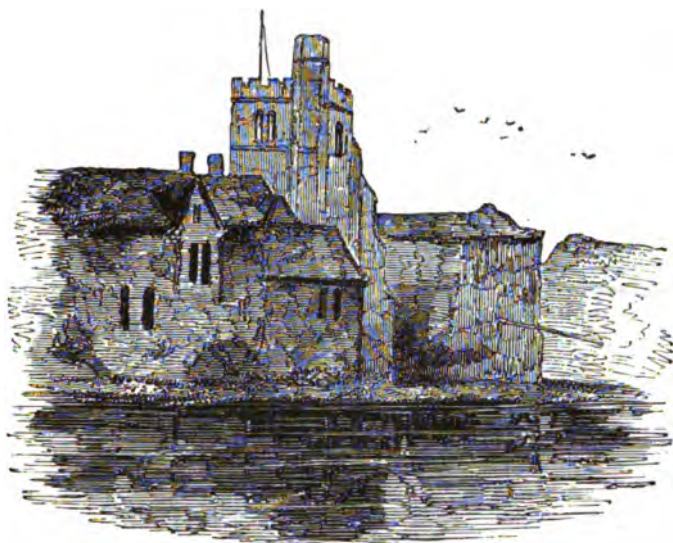
"Like to a dragon's eye, that feels the stress  
Of a bedimmed sleep,—&c."

The following morning I was up betimes and enjoying the freshness of a glorious Spring morning as I stood in the dim shadows projected by a street irregularly built, with three or four neat white gables (between which a young lime or lilac glanced and shivered in the clear cool sun light) looking into it. At its farther

end, the narrow river swept sluggishly onward, though that amusing trifler Pepys had given it credit for greater vivacity when he chronicled it as "passing swiftly by." On the opposite side the green pastures sloped down to bathe their fringes in its tide, and beyond their clear crisp rims the heavens glowed with such transcendent beauty that the veriest dolt must have felt and owned "the witchery of the soft blue sky." We passed along its margin through a dingy looking meadow, in the centre of which a noble row of elms towered high above us. The clamor of a colony of rooks, which had fixed on this spot for their habitation, though harsh in itself, formed not the least pleasing of those melodies of morn which now greeted us, and I thought of Bloomfield's "Burnt-hall" environed by tall trees, and cheered by the day-break song of woodland birds, as its smoke rose upwards in the still morning air. Under the influence of such pleasing cogitations, I attempted to "do" the scene into English metre, but stuck fast after hammering out the following stanza,—

A sun-beam slants along that line of trees,  
Mottling those frosty boughs with beauteous shade,  
Whose leafy skirts, swayed by the passing breeze,  
Appear in starry gossamer arrayed;  
Whilst o'er the spare-clad summits, ill at ease,  
The rooks wheel round their noisy cavalcade,  
Or, as on some tall treacherous spray they swing,  
Scream out their fears, and spread the cautious wing.

Our walk led us by a hedge of scented briar towards a commanding height, partially covered with clover, on the dewy surface of which I noticed about our shadows that beautiful refraction which the fancy of Benvenuto Cellini conjured into a supernatural appearance. A lovely scene stretched around us, and, in the valley below, the town which we had just left, partially hidden by the early smoke, blending as it steamed upwards with earth's morning incense, presented an appearance so enchanting, as the sun-slants struck through the silvery mists which hung over it, that, unsightly as I had thought it in detail, I looked on it now with feelings approaching to rapture. Turning to the right, I gazed on the old church tower, which, seen in shade, exhibited a bold outline against the misty amphitheatre of hills beyond it.



MAIDSTONE CHURCH.

I had wandered oftentimes up and down its long-drawn aisles, and whilst I admired the grace and beauty of its Gothic arches and lace-work windows, now despoiled of those heraldries, the warm glow of which had slept on the massive columns separating them from the nave, had thought of Byron and of Newstead with its mighty window,—

“Shorn of its glass of thousand colorings,  
Through which the deepened glories used to enter,  
Streaming from off the sun-like seraph wings.

I had heard the noble organ scattering its dulcet strains and rolling its harmonious thunders along the lofty pile, and had gazed with feelings of awe and mystery on the strange effigies, and memorials to departed greatness, with which the chancel and its side aisles abound. Amongst them I had seen two large alabaster figures,\* which, though habited in grave-

clothes, were placed side by side in an upright position, beside the altar; and I fancied that around them there breathed such an air of sanctity as had been strange to earth, since the period when they were consecrated in tears to the memory of beings superhuman both in the stature of their minds and bodies. Below them a large slab of polished marble, ornamented with their arms, stood in all its original freshness and beauty, though possibly placed there when the first faint glimmering of that day-spring from on high, which dazzled and confounded the advocates of popery, had beamed upon us, that in its light we might see light clearly.

This idea I was pleased to entertain,

John Astley and his lady, is a verbose epitaph on the defunct. Above it, in two recesses, are similar effigies, although considerably smaller, with inscriptions on stones, projecting from the monument, and fronting each other, commemorative of the right worshipful John Astley, and Margaret his wife, one of the Grev family.—“*Summer Wanderings.*”

\* Beside the altar, between two upright marble figures beautifully executed, representing St

contrary to my better judgment, which fixed the period of its erection there, perhaps to a century later, because, in those darker days to which I have referred, monuments of such forms and in similar situations were greatly coveted "to the intent they might bear the blessed body of our Lord, and the sepulture at the time of Easter." These considerations carried me back to the times of pardons, bulls, and indulgences, and I could not but think that our ancestors accomplished all that they took in hand with a zeal and promptness which would have done credit to a better cause. They ate heartily, they drank heartily, they fought heartily, and in some instances they prayed heartily, though those tears which would have cleansed their eyes from the scales of error had been suppressed by their fondly cherished hopes of human merit, and their patchwork notions of a false sufficiency. I thought of legends and martyrs and miracles, of masses and of dirges, of saints, popes, cardinals, and bishops, and all the paraphernalia of a system, in every sense of the word, imposing in the highest degree. I saw in vision a high goodly altar of fair stone formed into niches, peopled with "silver saviours and with saints of gold," and, on weighing the sarcasm couched in this line, found it borne out by facts. I thought of Chaucer's Prioress's Tale, and the young innocent prostrate on his bier:—

And after that, the abbot and him convent,  
 Han spedde them for to berie him ful faste,  
 But, when they holy water on him caste,  
 Then spake the child, when spreint was the  
 holy water,  
 And sung "O alma Redemptoris Mater!"

I had remarked too, fronting its south entrance, a Gothic tomb,\* from which the

\* On the south side of the chancel is a magnificent altar-tomb, supposed to mark the burial place of one of the Woodville or Wydoill family, who possessed the *Mote*, a seat of considerable antiquity in the neighbourhood, now occupied by lord Romney, and who was probably a benefactor to this beautiful edifice, as the arms which ornament it are to be found in other parts of the church; particularly on the wooden seats hereafter mentioned. It consists of a large slab of Bethersden marble, having indentures in which the brass figure of an *ecclesiastic* under a Gothic canopy, and three smaller effigies with similar decorations, have been inlaid. At the back, and at each end of the recess, are figures *al-fresco*, so shamefully

brass inlays had been purloined by our "reformers," whilst the Vandals of later times had so hacked and hewed about the fresco paintings which adorned it that they exhibited a pitiful wreck of vermilion and verditer, with here and there the limb of a golden nimbus or the fragment of a scroll. With some difficulty I had decyphered the first word of that well-known salutation "*Ave Maria gratia plena!*" and had mused on the ancient glories of the queen of heaven, to whom monastic austerity and knightly honor had in former times yielded equal honors. I had seen the snow-white pinnacles of a range of splendid stalls beside the altar,\* lifting their goodly summits in beauteous contrast with the gold and crimson which still disfigured this tomb, and had fancied the clear wintry moon, as it shone through the lofty windows,—

—"y print  
 With lives of many a holy seint,"

transferring their glories to this fair piece of work, and softening by its gentle light the rich depth of coloring, till it slept on their airy summits like the blush of a retiring rainbow on the brightening heavens. I had looked with the inquisitive eye of an antiquary on those indentures, from which the ancient brasses had disappeared, and, from the outline, had conjectured that

defaced, that it is impossible to say for whom they were intended. One is very like the common representations of St. Katherine, for whom it was most probably designed. Another I conclude to be a portraiture of the Virgin, as an angel is kneeling before it with a label from his mouth; the inscription which it formerly bore is so completely defaced, that not a letter is distinctly legible: the word *Mbe*, with an illuminated initial, may with some difficulty be decyphered: a fourth figure, still more imperfect, remains, and at the foot of the tomb another, habited as an archbishop, mitred and holding a crosier, which, with one something similar at the opposite extremity, is in a very creditable state of preservation. A canopy of elegant Gothic stone-work covers the whole: it consists of four arches, rising in florid pinnacles, with two of smaller dimensions on each side. These are ornamented with coats of arms, which it is impossible to describe correctly, as they have been carelessly repainted by some person ill-versed in heraldry.

\* On the south side of the altar are the remains of five very costly stone stalls, surmounted by as many turrets of open work terminating in crocketed pinnacles.

the tomb covered all that was mortal of some wealthy ecclesiastic, who probably, with an accommodating conscience, could preach against those vices which he was most forward in the practice of. I passed from the consideration of this sordid rank to the humbler orders of the priesthood, and fancied a good man of religion, announcing those glorious truths which, though not in all cases equally prized, had been no less precious in the days of Chaucer. I had seen him in the pulpit anxious to gain the ears and hearts of his people, stretching forth his neck east and west,

“As doth a dove sitting upon a berne,”

and had followed him in his other pastoral duties—for he had been one who well deserved this beautiful eulogium,—

“This noble ensample to his shepe he gaf—  
That first he wrought and afterward he taught  
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,  
And this figure he added yet thereto  
That if golde ruste what should iron do.”

I had strayed amongst the dark oak-stalls\* and raised their ponderous seats to look on the grotesque carvings beneath, and, in my fear of startling the calm and

\* The ancient oak-stalls belonging to the brethren of the College of All Saints, adjoining this edifice, still remain: they are twenty-eight in number, and are ornamented beneath the seats with carvings, consisting of foliage, flowers, armorial bearings, and grotesque heads and figures. On the *pall*, in the archiepiscopal arms, and wherever else the cross occurs, it has been hacked about so as to be almost obliterated. Surely the rage of the puritans and iconoclasts was not a zeal according to knowledge, since it led them thus to mutilate and destroy the most appropriate symbol of our holy faith.

“These ‘pals of passing gaine,’ as they are called by an early rhymester, from the extraordinary price which the Pope received for them, were bishop’s vestments, “going over the shoulders, made of sheep’s skin, in memory of Him who sought the lost sheep, and, when he had found it, layed it on his shoulders.” They were embroidered with crosses, and manufactured from the whitest fleeces which could be procured, the lambs from which they were shorn having been previously presented at the altar of St. Agnes, on the day appropriated to her worship. This knowledge of their origin rendered them peculiarly obnoxious to the reformers, and occasioned the mutilation referred to.”—*Summer Wanderings*.

quiet of the place, had riddled them with such trepidation that the very thing I was so studious to avoid came about, and they fell from my grasp with a sound that made every nerve quake within me. I had looked with a curious eye on that immense slab of grey stone\* between them, graven with the outline of a full-length figure habited as an archbishop, and, as I moralized on the end of earth’s highest honors, had turned to the memorial adjoining, or which all that could be deciphered was part of the word “*requiescit*” in a very antique character, rejoicing that the *rest* referred to had been common to our earliest ancestors, and yet remained for the followers of that pure and undefiled religion inculcated by the Gospel.

I had passed from its cool shade into the pleasant sunshine, and beside the door had noticed a monumental stone for one who had attained the vast age of five score years and four,† and had leant over the low stone wall of its church-yard listening to the rushing river below, as it leapt over the dam of an adjacent lock and hissed furiously onward.

With all these remembrances were its dark battle-nen and gleamy roof associated, as I gazed on them from the commanding height where I was now posted. The hills around rose in successive series, the summits only of each range being visible above the misty vapors that hung about their bases, whilst the sun, occasionally glancing through the shadowy groves which crowned them, imparted a semi-transparent effect to the heights thus gladdened by his cheering influences. I felt the magic of the scene, and attempted a description, in which I made no farther progress than the following stanzas:—

\* The tomb of archbishop Courteney. It consists of an immense slab of grey stone, having indents of a figure nearly as large as life, with mitre and crosier, under a Gothic canopy, and surrounded by smaller figures similarly placed. Immediately adjoining it there is a fragment of another memorial: part of the word

(Requ) IESKIT

is all that remains of the inscription.

† In the church-yard there are few epitaphs worthy of note. Near the south side of the church, however, there is one singular for the longevity of the party it commemorates:—

“Here lyeth interr’d the body of Joan Heath, who departed this life, June ye 4th. 1706. Aged 104 years.”



Look on the valley! how the sun-light  
plays,

Where those dim dewy house-tops intervene,  
So softened down, as through the pearly haze  
It trembles forth upon the noiseless scene.  
Like the meek moon-beam when its lustre strays  
O'er the still waters' melancholy sheen—  
Or those mild gleamings from the thunder-  
cloud

That seem the smiles of beauty in her shroud!

A bank of dreamy vapor hangs about  
The distant hills, whilst on its sullen face  
The nearer landscape, coldly shadowed out,  
Seems a dim picture, where the eye may trace  
Tall spire and nodding grove, but still in doubt  
Deem it some fairy scene of transient grace,  
Till the quick sun-burst streaks the motley  
height

And calls its glories into beauteous light.

So have I seen the playful breeze at morn,  
Softer than the salt sea's receding wave,  
Leap in its mirth along the flashing corn,—  
So Hope breaks forth to light us through the  
grave,

Whilst giant Faith, on stedfast wing upborne,  
Finds all that Fear can want, or Weakness crave,  
Safe where essential day knows no declining,  
Suns cannot set, nor moons withhold their  
shining.

D. A.

London.

### March 25.

#### LADY DAY.

This is the festival of the Annunciation; the manner of its observance in former times is related in the *Every Day Book*.

#### WEATHER-COCKS IN KENT.

On the 25th of March, 1672, Mr. Evelyn journeyed to the coast of Kent in an official capacity, and enters in his diary,—“I came back through a country the best cultivated of any that in my life I had ever seen; every field lying as even as a bowling-green, and the fences, plantations, and husbandry in such admirable order as infinitely delighted me—observing almost every tall tree to have a weathercock on the top bough, and some trees half-a-dozen. I learned that on a certain holiday the farmers feast their servants, at which solemnity they set up these cocks as a kind of triumph.”

		h. m.
March 24.	Day breaks . . .	3 50
	Sun rises : . . .	5 48
	— sets . . . . .	6 12
	Twilight ends . . .	8 10

Marygold flowers, here and there, on old plants of last year.

### March 26.

#### WITCH-FINDING AT NEWCASTLE.

Mention occurs of a petition in the common council books of Newcastle, dated March 26th, 1649, and signed, no doubt, by the inhabitants, concerning witches, the purport of which appears, from what followed, to have occasioned all such persons as were suspected, to be apprehended and brought to trial. In consequence of this the magistrates sent two of their sergeants into Scotland, to agree with a Scotchman, who pretended knowledge to find out witches by pricking them with pins, to come to Newcastle, where he should try such as should be brought to him, and have twenty shillings a-piece for all he should condemn as witches, and free passage thither and back. When the sergeants brought the witch-finder on horseback to town, the magistrates sent their bellman through the town, ringing his bell and crying, all people that would bring in any complaint against any woman for a witch, they should be sent for, and tried by the person appointed. Thirty women were brought into the Town Hall, and had pins thrust into their flesh, and most of them were found guilty. The witch-finder acquainted lieut. col. Hobson, that he knew whether women were witches or no by their look: but, when the said person was searching of a personable and good-like woman, the said colonel replied, and said, surely this woman is none, and need not be tried; but the Scotchman said she was, for the town said she was, and therefore he would try her: and presently he ran a pin into her and set her aside as a guilty person, and child of the devil, and fell to try others, whom he pronounced guilty. Lieut. col. Hobson proved upon the spot the fallacy of the fellow's trial of the woman, and then the Scotchman cleared her, and said she was not a child of the devil.

It appears by an extract from the registry of the parochial chapelry of St. Andrews, in Scotland, that one man and fifteen women were executed at Newcastle for witchcraft; and there is a print of this horrid execution in “Gardner's England's Grievance discovered, 1655,” reprinted at Newcastle, 1796.

When the witch-finder had done in Newcastle, and received his wages, he went into Northumberland, to try women there, and got three pound's a-piece; but

Henry Ogle, esq., laid hold on him, and required bond of him, to answer at the sessions. He escaped into Scotland, where he was made prisoner, indicted, arraigned, and condemned for such-like villany exercised in Scotland, and confessed at the gallows that he had been the death of above two hundred and twenty women in England and Scotland, for the gain of twenty shillings a-piece.\*

WITCHES AND CHARMS.

It is related, in the Life of Lord Keeper Guildford, that, upon the circuit at Taunton Dean, he detected an imposture and conspiracy against an old man charged with having bewitched a girl of about thirteen years of age, who, during pretended convulsions, took crooked pins into her mouth and spit them afterwards into bye-standers' hands. As the judge went down stairs out of the court, an hideous old woman cried, "God bless your worship." "What's the matter, good woman?" said the judge. "My lord," said she, "forty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch, and they could not, and now they would have hanged my poor son."

On Lord Guildford's first circuit westward, Mr. Justice Rainsford, who had gone former circuits there, went with him, and said that the year before a witch was brought to Salisbury and tried before him. Sir James Long came to his chamber and made a heavy complaint of this witch, and said that, if she escaped, his estate would not be worth any thing; for all the people would go away. It happened that the witch was acquitted, and the knight continued extremely concerned; therefore Rainsford, to save the poor gentleman's estate, ordered the woman to be kept in gaol, and that the town should allow her 2s. 6d. a week, for which he was very thankful. The very next assizes he came to the judge to desire his lordship would let her come back to the town. "And why? They could keep her for 1s. 6d. there, and in the gaol she cost them a shilling more."

There is a passage to the following purport, which is much to the present purpose, in the life before cited of the Lord Keeper Guildford:—"It is seldom that a poor old wretch is brought to trial

for witchcraft but there is at the heels of her a popular rage that does little less than demand her to be put to death, and if a judge is so clear and open as to declare against that impious vulgar opinion, that the devil himself has power to torment and kill innocent children, or that he is pleased to divert himself with the good people's cheese, butter, pigs, and geese, and the like errors of the ignorant and foolish rabble, the countrymen, the jury, cry, this judge hath no religion, for he doth not believe witches, and so, to show that they have some, they hang the poor wretches."

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for March, 1736, says, "the old woman must by age be grown very ugly, her face shriveled, her body doubled, and her voice scarce intelligible: hence her form made her a terror to the children, who, if they were affrighted at the poor creature, were immediately said to be bewitched. The mother sends for the parish priest, and the priest for a constable. The imperfect pronunciation of the old woman, and the paralytic nodding of her head, were concluded to be muttering diabolical charms and using certain magical gestures; these were proved upon her at the next assizes, and she was burnt or hanged as an enemy to mankind."

The subjoined recipe is from Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*:—

*"A Special Charm to preserve all Cattle from Witchcraft."*

"At Easter you must take certain drops that lie uppermost of the holy paschal candle, and make a little wax candle thereof; and upon some Sunday morning rathe, light and hold it so as it may drop upon and between the horns and ears of the beast, saying, *In nomine Patris et Filii, &c.*, and burn the beast a little between the horns on the ears with the same wax, and that which is left thereof stick it cross-wise about the stable or stall, or upon the threshold, or over the door, where the cattle use to go in and out: and, for all that year, your cattle shall never be bewitched."

According to Mr. Pennant, the farmers in Scotland carefully preserve their cattle against witchcraft by placing boughs of mountain-ash and honeysuckle in their cow-houses on the 2nd of May. They hope to preserve the milk of their cows,

\* Sykes's Local Records, Newcastle, 1824.

and their wives, by tying threads about them; and they bleed the supposed witch to preserve themselves from her charms.\*

	h. m.
<i>March 26</i> Day breaks . . .	3 47
Sun rises . . .	5 46
— sets . . .	6 14
Twilight ends . . .	8 13

Scopoli's henbane flowers.

### March 27.

March 27, 1625, king James I. died at Theobalds, in the 59th year of his age, and at the commencement of the twenty-third year of his reign in England.

James I. had many virtues, but scarcely any of them free from neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness. While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good will of all his neighbours, he was not able to preserve, fully, the esteem and regard of any. Upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Hunting and school divinity seem to have been his favorite pursuits.†

#### DRESS, TEMP. JAMES I.

Henry Vere, the gallant earl of Oxford, was the first nobleman that appeared at court, in the reign of James I., with a hat and white feather; which was sometimes worn by the king himself.

The long love lock seems to have been first in fashion among the beaux in this reign, who sometimes stuck flowers in their ears.

William, earl of Pembroke, a man far from an effeminate character, is represented with ear-rings.

Wrought night-caps were in use in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. Privy-counsellors and physicians wore them embroidered with gold and silk: those worn by the clergy were only black and white. Mrs. Kennon, the midwife, a collector of curiosities, had the night-cap of Oliver Cromwell, embroidered with black.

James appears to have left the beard in much the same state as he found it on his accession to the throne.

The cloak, a dress of great antiquity, was more worn in this than in any of the preceding reigns. It continued to be in fashion after the restoration of Charles II.

It is well known that James I. used to hunt in a ruff and trowsers.

We learn, from sir Thomas Overbury that yellow stockings were worn by some of the ordinary gentlemen in the country.

Silk garters, puffed in a large knot, were worn below the knees, and knots, or roses, in the shoes.

Wilson informs us that the countess of Essex, after her divorce, appeared at court "in the habit of a virgin, with her hair pendant almost to her feet:" the princess Elizabeth, with much more propriety, wore hers in the same manner when she went to be married to the prince Palatine.

The head of the countess of Essex seems to be oppressed with ornaments; and she appears to have exposed more of the bosom than was seen in any former period.

The ladies began to indulge a strong passion for foreign laces in the reign of James, which rather increased than abated in succeeding generations.

The ruff and farthingale still continued to be worn. Yellow starch for ruffs, first invented by the French, and adapted to the sallow complexions of that people, was introduced by Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, who had a principal hand in poisoning sir Thomas Overbury. This vain and infamous woman, who went to be hanged in a ruff of that color, helped to support the fashion as long as she was able. It began to decline upon her execution.

The ladies, like those of Spain, were banished from court, during the reign of James, which was, perhaps, a reason why dress underwent very little alteration during that period.

It may not be impertinent to remark that the lady of sir Robert Cary, afterwards earl of Monmouth, was mistress of the sweet (or perfumed) coffers to Anne of Denmark; an office which answered to that of mistress of the robes at present.

It appears from portraits that long coats were worn by boys, till they were seven or eight years of age, or upwards. The dress now worn by the blue coat boys, in London, was that of the time

\* Brand.

† Hume.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 28, 29, 30.

when the hospital was founded. We are told by dean Fell, that the famous Dr. Hammond was in long coats when he was sent to Eton school.

When James came to the crown, there was in the wardrobe in the tower a great variety of dresses of our ancient kings; which, to the regret of antiquaries, were soon given away and dispersed\*

		h. m.
<i>March 27</i>	Day breaks . . .	3 45
	Sun rises . . .	5 44
	— sets . . .	6 16
	Twilight ends . .	8 15

**March 28.**

WELSH SURNAMES.

On March 28th, 1738, died Mrs Ithell, wife of Benedict Ithell, deputy paymaster of Chelsea college, respecting whom, or Mrs. Ithell, nothing more is known than that Mrs. Ithell's death, upon this day, affords the opportunity of stating that she was wife to Mr. Ithell, and that Mr. Ithell appears, from his surname, to have been of Welsh extraction, which leads to this remark:—that almost all the Welsh families have what were anciently only baptismal ones, as Morgan, Williams, Jones, Cadwallader, Ithell, &c., with a long train of others, annexed by "Ap," which is synonymous with "Ben" in Hebrew, "Fitz" in French, "Vitz" in Russian, and "Son" in the Danish language; except that, when the Welsh adopted surnames, which is a late thing with them, they abbreviated the "Ap," by putting the final letter as the prefix to the surname: as, Powel, Parry, Proger, Prichard, Pugh, &c., instead of Ap-Owel, Ap-Harry Ap-Roger, Ap-Richard, Ap-Hugh.†

		h. m.
<i>March 28.</i>	Day breaks . . .	3 42
	Sun rises . . .	5 42
	— sets . . .	6 18
	Twilight ends . .	8 18

**March 29.**

HORSE AND MAN.

In March, 1759, the annexed appeared as an advertisement in the *Public Advertiser*.—"To BE SOLD, a fine grey mare,

full fifteen hands high, gone after the hounds many times, rising six years and no more; moves as well as most creatures upon earth, as good a road mare as any in ten counties, and ten to that; trots at a confounded pace; is from the country, and her owner will sell her for nine guineas; if some folks had her she would fetch near three times the money. I have no acquaintance, and money I want; and a service in a shop to carry parcels, or to be in a gentleman's service. My father gave me the mare to get rid of me, and to try my fortune in London; and I am just come from Shropshire, and I can be recommended, as I suppose nobody takes servants without, and have a voucher for my mare. Enquire for me at the Talbot Inn, near the New Church in the Strand.—A. R."

		h. m.
<i>March 29.</i>	Day breaks . . .	3 40
	Sun rises . . .	5 40
	— sets . . .	6 20
	Twilight ends . .	8 20

**March 30.**

In Wimbledon church, Surrey, is the following inscription by the Rev. Mr. Cook-roy, the minister,—To THE MEMORY OF JOHN MARTENS, a gardener, a native of Portugal, who cultivated here, with industry and success, the same ground under three masters [a Mr. Bish, who brought him from Portugal,—Bish Richards, esq.,—and sir Henry Banks, knight,] forty years. Though skilful and experienced, he was modest and unassuming; and though faithful to his masters, and with reason esteemed, he was kind to his fellow servants, and was therefore beloved. His family and neighbours lamented his death, as he was a careful husband, a tender father, and an honest man. This character is given to posterity by his last master, willingly, because deservedly, as a lasting testimony of his great regard for so good a servant. He died March 30, 1760, aged 66.

"To public service grateful nations raise  
Proud structures, which excite to deeds of  
praise;  
While private services in corners thrown,  
How'er deserving, never gain one stone.  
But are not lilies, which the valleys hide,  
Perfect as cedars, though the mountain  
pride!

\* Granger.  
† Nobles.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MARCH 31.

Let, then, the violets their fragrance breathe,  
 And pines their ever verdant branches wreath  
 Around his grave, who, from their tender birth,  
 Uprear'd both Dwarf and Giant Sons of Earth,  
 And, though himself exotic, lived to see  
 Trees of his raising droop as well as he.  
 Those were his care, while his own bending  
 age

His master propt, and screened from winter's  
 rage;

'Till down he gently fell; then, with a tear,  
 He bade his sorrowing son transplant him here.  
 But, though in weakness planted, as his fruit  
 Always bespoke the goodness of his root,  
 The spirit quickening, he had power to rise,  
 With leaf unfading, under happier skies."

visitors to quit the city. The portentous  
 hour, 12 o'clock, passed, and the believers  
 were ashamed of their former fears. The  
 alarm is said to have originated with two  
 noted cock-feeders, who lived near the  
 before mentioned hills; they had been at  
 a public house, and, after much boasting  
 on both sides, made a match to fight their  
 favorite cocks on Good Friday, which fell  
 on this day; but fearing the magistrates  
 might interfere, if it became public, they  
 named the cocks after their respective  
 walks, and in the agreement it was speci-  
 fied, that "Mount Beacon would meet Bee-  
 chen Cliff, precisely at twelve o'clock on  
 Good Friday." The match was mentioned  
 with cautions of secrecy to their sporting  
 friends, who repeated it in the same terms,  
 and with equal caution, until it came to the  
 ears of some credulous beings who took  
 the words in their plain sense; and, as  
 stories seldom lose by being repeated,  
 each added what fear or fancy framed,  
 until the report became a marvellous pro-  
 phecy, which in its intended sense was  
 fulfilled; for the cocks of Mount Beacon  
 and Beechen Cliff met and fought, and  
 left their hills behind them on their ancient  
 sites, to the comfort and joy of multitudes,  
 who had been infected by the epidemical  
 prediction.

		h.	m.
March 30.	Day breaks	. . .	3 37
	Sun rises	. . .	5 38
	— sets	. . .	6 22
	Twilight ends	. . .	8 33

**March 31.**

**BATH PROPHECY.**

On the 30th of March, 1809, the de-  
 struction of the city of Bath was to have  
 been effected by a convulsion of the earth,  
 which should cause "Beacon-hill to meet  
 Beechen Cliff." This inauspicious junc-  
 tion was said to have been foretold by an  
 old woman, who had derived her informa-  
 tion from an angel. This reported pro-  
 phecy rendered many of the inhabitants  
 truly unhappy, and instigated crowds of

		h.	m.
March 31.	Day breaks	. . .	3 35
	Sun rises	. . .	5 36
	— sets	. . .	6 24
	Twilight ends	. . .	8 25

**THE SEASON.**

The insect world, now sunbeams higher climb,  
 Oft dream of spring, and wake before their time.  
 Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,  
 And venture short flights where the snow-drop bings  
 Its silver bell, and winter aconite  
 Its butter-cup-like flowers, that shut at night,  
 With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,  
 Like tender maiden muffled from the cold:  
 They sip, and find their honey-dreams are vain,  
 Then feebly hasten to their hives again.  
 The butterflies, by eager hopes undone,  
 Glad as a child come out to greet the sun,  
 Beneath the shadow of a sudden shower  
 Are lost—nor see to-morrow's April flower

CLARE.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL.



APRIL.

To see thee smile, all hearts rejoice ;  
And, warm with feelings strong,  
With thee all Nature finds a voice,  
And hums a waking song.  
The lover views thy welcome hours,  
And thinks of summer come,  
And takes the maid thy early flowers,  
To tempt her steps from home.

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL.

Every page of Clare's "Shepherd's Calendar" teems with charming scenery, which the pencil might transfer, or the imagination work out upon the canvas. How joyously some of his stanzas represent

APRIL

In wanton gambols, like a child,  
 She tends her early toils,  
 And seeks the buds along the wild  
 That blossoms while she smiles ;  
 Or, laughing on, with nought to chide,  
 She races with the Hours,  
 Or sports by Nature's lovely side,  
 And fills her lap with flowers.  
 The field and garden's lovely hours  
 Begin and end with thee ;  
 For what's so sweet as peeping flowers  
 And bursting buds to see,  
 What time the dew's unsullied droos,  
 In burnish'd gold, distil  
 On crocus flowers' unclosing tops,  
 And drooping daffodil !  
 Along each hedge and sprouting bush  
 The singing birds are blest,  
 And linnet green and speckled thrush  
 Prepare their mossy nest ;  
 On the warm bed thy plains supply,  
 The young lambs find repose,  
 And 'mid thy green hills basking lie,  
 Like spots of ling'ring snows.  
 Thy open'd leaves, and ripen'd buds,  
 The cuckoo makes his choice,  
 And shepherds in thy greening woods  
 First hear his cheering voice :  
 And to thy ripen'd blooming bowers  
 The nightingale belongs ;  
 And, singing to thy parting hours,  
 Keeps night awake with songs !  
 With thee the swallow dares to come,  
 And cool his sultry wing ;  
 And, urged to seek his yearly home,  
 Thy suns the martin bring.  
 Oh ! lovely Month ! be leisure mine  
 Thy yearly mate to be ;  
 Though May-day scenes may brighter shine,  
 Their birth belongs to thee.  
 I waked me with thy rising sun,  
 And thy first glories viewed,  
 And, as thy welcome hours began,  
 Their sunny steps pursued :  
 And now thy sun is on thee set,  
 Like to a lovely eve,  
 I view thy parting with regret,  
 And linger, loath to leave.—

A correspondent selects, chiefly from our elder writers, some beautiful passages on the Spring, which bursts upon us in this sweet month. Poets sing of it as a jubilee of life, love and liberty, to nature.

THE SEASON OF SPRING.

[For the Year Book.]

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears ;  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

— I cannot restrain myself from bringing together many "a shred and patch" on the beginning of the Natural Year.—

O Spring ! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,  
 Wind-winged emblems ! brightest, best, and fairest !  
 Whence comest thou ?

Behold her approach with her flowerets,  
 And young leaves, and balmy air, and fleecy clouds, and sunny showers—

Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings ;—

And music on the waves and woods she flings,  
 And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

Hail, lovely season ! thrice beautiful in thy timid guilelessness, thy sweet confiding innocence ! I welcome thee with placid joy. To me thou hast ever brought renewed hopes and happy anticipations. I was taught by thee to listen to

The echoes of the human world, which tell  
 Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,  
 And dove-eyed pity's murmured pain, and music,

Itself the echo of the heart, and all  
 That tempers or improves man's life.

Reader—Art thou discomfited by unwelcome truths and sad realities ?—Dost thou "relapse into cutting remembrances ?"—Are thy feelings "kept raw by the edge of repetition ?"—Is thy spirit discomposed by the rude jostle of society ?—Dost thou loathe the cold glitter of false and fashionable life, the endless impertinences of worldly-minded men ?—Dost thou desire

— tranquil solitude,

And such society

As is quiet, wise, and good ?

—Hast thou been long buried in streets,

And cannot see the heavens, nor the flow  
 Of rivers, nor hill-flowers running wild  
 In pink and purple chequer, nor, up-pil'd  
 The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,  
 Like herded elephants ; nor felt, nor preat,  
 Cool grass, nor tasted the fresh slumberous air ?

—Quit the carking cares of the world,—  
 come with me for a day into the country

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL.

—and thou wilt be the better for it all the year after We will indulge in sweet thoughts and solacing interchanges of kindly feeling.—

And now we are in a quiet, rural spot, far from the busy hum of men,

—————so that a whispering blade  
Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee, bustling  
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling  
Among the leaves and twigs, might all be  
heard.

No sound strikes upon our ear but the grateful music of nature. "There is a spirit of youth in every thing."—

Through wood, and stream, and hill, and field,  
and ocean

A quickening life from the earth's heart has  
burst,

As it has ever done.

"Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier;" and, ah!—*there* is one of them—the primrose! See how it peeps from yon southern mossy bank, pale and motionless—"not wagging its sweet head,"—so hushed and still is the atmosphere, that there is not even a playful breeze abroad "to fondle the flowerets in its soft embrace." This darling flower, this early child of spring, "that comes before the swallow darts, and takes the winds of March with beauty," is my peculiar favorite. I never meet with a tuft of them for the first time, but there goes to my heart an intense feeling of their calm and innocent loveliness. They are to me heralds of young and fresh-bursting life, dear pledges of the renewed existence of nature. They tell me of the vernal joys that are at hand, awaiting me. This feeling I experience at every returning season: it is connected with many an early association. I delight to follow and trace it far back, into the years of childhood,

And find no end, in wanderir mazes lost.

I can discover nothing but "the man's thoughts dark within the infant's brain." How mysterious are the operations of the mind at that budding period! To what point of our infancy are we to refer the first dim and shadowy associations? How can we trace the early dawning of

—————t! at primal sympathy,

Which, having been, must ever be,

and which makes the same poet exclaim, in a line full of deep and philosophic thought,

"The child is father of the man!"

And then, again, by what insensible gradations do we progress, the laughing thoughtlessness of boyhood! Oh! how I love to revert to those days of careless gaiety and unrestrained freedom! Life then had no stern realities. Every object was clothed in the fairy hues of imagination. I lived and moved as in a dream; and hope was "as broad and easing as the general air." Many of my happiest moments are derived from the golden recollections intertwined with the very heart-strings of my being,—old dwellers in my bosom, that ever linger with me, And, of the past, are all that cannot pass away! Time and care make sad havoc with these aerial enjoyments.

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Youth invests all which it sees and desires with the rainbow tints of fancy;

"And by the vision splendid

Is on its way attended;

At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Yet let us press on joyfully in our course. "there be delights, there be recreations, and jolly pastimes, that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream."

What though the radiance which was once  
so bright

Be now for ever taken from our sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower!

We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind.

A thousand pure pleasures remain to us. Foremost, and the most soothing among them, is natural scenery. I lately met with a passage, written some years ago, in a periodical work, which finely and feelingly expresses all that I would say on this subject. The author, writing from a lonely spot in Switzerland, describes it, and thus proceeds:—

"During those dreams of the soul, which our hopes and wishes create, and our reason is unable to destroy,—when we wish to retire from the loud and stirring world, and, among the loveliness of some far-removed valley, to pass the days that fate may have assigned us,—where the mind endeavours to combine in one scene every beautiful image that memory can supply, or imagination picture,—it would be impossible to conceive the existence of a more lovely landscape. So sweet is this spot, that the very winds of heaven



THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL.

seem slowly and fondly to pass over it, and the little summer birds sing more cheerily amid its holy solitude. Since I have seen it, I have not been conscious of feeling any emotion allied to evil. Indeed, what could make the heart evil-disposed among such general peace and happiness? No mind can withstand the influence of fair and lovely scenery, and the calmness of a fine summer-evening, when there is nothing to prevent its sinking into the very furthest recesses of the heart. For myself, at least, I can say that I never walked with my face towards a fine setting sun, without feeling it to be, as our own most majestic poet has expressed it, 'a heavenly destiny.' Nothing tends so powerfully to extinguish all bad passions as the contemplation of the still majesty of nature."—

We started, gentle reader, for the day, with gazing on "that little pearly of pulchritude," the primrose; and now the sun is verging towards the west, "with all his gay apparelling of clouds," we will bend our sober steps homewards.—

Tell me, do you not feel happier since you left town in the morning? Do you not breathe more freely, and feel more cheerful, and "wear more of that herb called hearts-ease in your bosom?" Do you not return with gentler and kindlier dispositions towards your fellow-creatures, and with an inclination to look on the favorable aspect of things? These relaxations are green sunny resting-places in the journey of life,—“glimpses that make us less forlorn.—” But perhaps it may be the long looking forward, during the busy anxious intervals between refreshing walks, that imparts exquisite delight to these holidays. Let us, however, have as many of these as we can. Let us cherish the social and benevolent affections, and be lovers of nature, and of one another; for

— "Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Shall e'er prevail against us; or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.—"

Let us, then, go abroad in the early year, and allow "spring's first voluptuous paintings, when she breathes her first sweet kisses," to "tremble o'er our frames."

So that our disembodied thoughts,  
Loosed from the load of worlds, may high  
ascend,  
Beyond the empyrean.

In the goodly summer season, let us have  
our quiet musings, as we stroll through  
the luxuriant meadow,

Or by the osiers of a rivalet,  
Fall ankle deep in lilies of the vale,  
or pursue the chequered woodland path-  
way,

Winding through palmy fern and rushes fenny,  
And ivy banks; leading full pleasantly  
To a wide lawn, whence one can only see  
Stems thronging all around, between the swell  
Of turf and slanting branches; who can tell  
The freshness of the space of heaven above,  
Edg'd round with dark tree tops? through  
which a dove

Doth often beat its wings, and often too  
A little cloud doth move across the blue.

Let us have our morning walks on the  
breezy upland,—

Where sweet air stirs  
Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furs  
Buds lavish gold, ———

————— and greet the sun,  
Up-beaming from the valleys of the east.

And, when "the crimson pall of eve doth  
fall" upon the lantscape below us, let us  
watch its every feature as it becomes

Bathed all over with a streaming flood  
Of level light, as heaven's majestic orb  
Slow sinks behind the far-off western hills.

On those sultry days again,

When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,  
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;  
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,  
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom.

Let us seek "some fair lone beechen  
tree," and under "its cirque of shedded  
leaves," reclining on "daisies vermeil-  
rimmed and white, hid in deep herbage,"  
peruse a favorite author,

————— for books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good,  
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and  
blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness may grow.

In Autumn, too,  
When barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;  
When in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river swallows, borne aloft,  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

————— and when with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from the garden-  
croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies;

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL.

when we listen to "the sound of hollow  
aighs in the serewood," and look upon

those bright leaves, whose decay,  
Red, Yellow, or etherially pale,  
Rivals the pride of summer;

Or when, in the evenings,

"The breath of winter comes from far away,  
And the sick west continually bereaves  
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay  
Of death, among the bushes and the leaves,  
Making all bare before he dares to stray  
From his north cavern;

let us

With many feelings, many thoughts,  
Make up a meditative joy, and find  
Religious meanings in the forms of Nature.

And, last of all, "when the chill rain  
begins at shut of eve, in dull November;"  
and "winter comes to rule the varied  
year;" let us have our social comforts,  
and pleasant chat at the blazing hearth,  
and listen, with an inward consciousness  
of security, to the howling storms without,  
Which at the doors and windows seem to  
call,

As heaven and earth they would together fall;  
Yet the least entrance find they none at all;  
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy  
hall.

Let us have our healthful, bracing walks,  
during the cold, frosty weather; our  
happy christmas merriments; and our  
pleasant new year's day parties:

He who of these delights can judge, and  
spare

To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

In short, let us be cheerful, and, tempe-  
rate, and kind, and honest; and, when  
the snows of age descend upon our heads,  
and we begin to approach towards "that  
dividing streak between our visible hori-  
zon and that more clear and unstained  
hemisphere on which the sun of human  
existence rises, where it dips behind the  
remotest hills of earthly vision," may we  
hope for that easy separation, that gentle  
dissolution, so finely alluded to by Dry-  
den, in the following lines:—

Is there no smooth descent? no painless way  
Of kindly mixing with our native clay?  
There is,—but rarely shall that path be trod;

Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching  
slow

To distant fate, by easy journeys go;  
Gently they lay them down, as evening sheep  
That on their woolly fleeces softly sleep.

— And now, kind reader, I have one  
request before we part; forget not our  
worthy chronicler, friend Hone, who has  
gathered for us, into his charming pages,  
"so many a seasonable fact, and pleasant  
story." Send him a local custom, a rural  
or city meditation, an extract, nay even a  
reference or a suggestion. I pritheese  
bestir thyself in this matter, and spend  
an hour now and then in the right pleasant  
and friendly occupation of communicating  
thy portion of amusement to the pages of the  
*Year Book*. But methinks I hear thee  
say,—"I would send this, but I am sure  
friend Hone knows about it already."—  
"Out upon such half-faced fellowship!"  
Contribute cheerfully what thou hast, and  
allow not such dallying suppositions to  
form any ground of excuse. We have  
each of us our own peculiar recollections,  
our favorite authors, our curious facts,  
our choice passages; let us, then, lighten  
his labor, and contribute to the variety  
of his columns, "by joining and uniting  
in one general and brotherly resolution"  
to send whatever we think suitable and  
appropriate, and worthy of being recorded;  
for, to conclude, in the words of Milton,  
"neither can every building be of one  
form; nay, rather, the perfection consists  
in this, that out of many moderate varie-  
ties, and brotherly dissimilarities, not  
vastly disproportional, arises the goodly  
and the graceful symmetry that commends  
the whole pile and structure."

And, lastly, gentle reader, you and I  
have joggled on very pleasantly together,  
glancing, in our way, at many of the  
happy things, "the joys and the delights  
of human life," and, since we must part,  
let us remember that

————— the crown of these  
Is made of love and friendship, and sits high  
Upon the forehead of humanity.  
All its more ponderous and bulky worth  
Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth  
A steady splendor; but at the tip-top  
There hangs, by unseen film, an orb'd drop  
Of light, and that is LOVE

Edinburgh, March, 1831.

A. 77.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL.

### ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

The festival of Easter, which usually falls towards the commencement of April, is the epoch at which grass-lamb and turbot are in particular demand. Green-goose and turkey-poults also come into notice. Pork disappears from all polite tables, but roasting pigs are in request.

Holibut, in this and the two following months, is in perfect condition; it comes in as an acceptable variety at the close of Lent, along with carp, tench, and perch, which continue in season until the end of June.

But the novelty which most distinguishes April is that royal fish, the sturgeon, whose value has recently been enhanced by the discovery of a mode of dressing which places him almost on a par with turtle in richness of flavor. His flesh partakes much of the nature of veal, and admits of being roasted as such. The weight of sturgeon varies from 50lbs. to 400lbs. Young ones from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per lb.—a price of no account in the estimation of a man with money, and "a palate."

Mackarel is in season during April, May, and June. The first supply is taken off Brighton, and brought to London in vans, light vehicles upon springs, drawn by four horses, at the same rate as the stage coaches. The fish are packed in wicker baskets called pots. The mackarel brought in boats are generally caught off Margate, and in such quantities, that shortly after the commencement of the season the market is glutted with them, and they fall rapidly in price. At Torbay, in Devonshire, they are caught in immense numbers, and are often sold two or three for a penny; sometimes the glut is so great that they are thrown on the land as manure.

Mullet is in season during this and the following month only. Brighton soles are in request, and brought by the same rapid conveyance which is used for early mackarel. In warm weather the precaution is taken of gutting them.

Herrings are in abundance, and in full roe, on which account they are not so much esteemed, by epicures, as at their second appearance, late in the autumn, when they have spawned.

Ham is much in season at this time. It is the almost inseparable escort of most kinds of white meat, the prevailing ingredient in sandwiches, and the most convenient article of occasional refreshment.

The most highly esteemed hams are from Bayonne and Westphalia, but our own, from Yorkshire, well cured, are scarcely inferior in goodness and flavor.

This is the last month in which any wild-fowl, except wild pigeons are admissible on tables of taste.

### VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

(MARCH.\*)

Sow

Beans; the long-pod, toker, Sandwich, and Windsor, once or twice during the month.

Peas; Prussians, dwarf imperials, once or twice.

Lettuce; the hardy sorts. Radish; the salmon, short-top, and the red and white turnip: the two former in the first or second week; the two latter in the third or fourth.

Small salad; every fortnight.

Spinach, or spinage; in the second week for early crops.

Parsley; the curled-leaved, in the second or third week.

Asparagus; the seeds either in beds to remain, or to be transplanted.

Purslane, chervil, coriander, basil, dill, fennel, and any other sweet herbs;—also nasturtium;—all about the third week.

Beet-root, carrot, parsnip; in the third or fourth week for the main crops.

Cabbage; the red, Savoy, Brussels sprouts, Borecole, about the fourth week, if done at all this month;—also,

Turnips; the early stone, Dutch, and Swedish, or rutabaga; and

Onions; the white Spanish, in drills, for a full crop.

Sea-kale; either in beds to remain, or to be transplanted.

### Plant

Horse-radish, Jerusalem artichokes, and artichokes; in the second or third week;—also

Cuttings, slips, and roots, of balm, mint, thyme, savory; and small plants of sage, rosemary, lavender, and rue; and the roots of garlick, shallots, and phives.

Asparagus; in beds, about the fourth week.

\* The article at col. 263 should have been here, and this article there. There is no remedy at present, but to point out the blunder. In another edition it shall be rectified by transposition.

*Transplant*

Early cabbages, and autumn-sown lettuce; the former as early in the month as possible.

*Earth up*

Peas, beans, &c.

*Fork*

Asparagus-beds, if the weather be open and dry at the end of the month.

Destroy young weeds, and remove litter of every kind.

NATIONAL RENOVATION.

As in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the pertest operations of wit and subtilty, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the peop'e is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new inventions, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay; but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages—methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her like an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam: purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.—*Milton.*

**April 1.**

**APRIL FOOL DAY.**

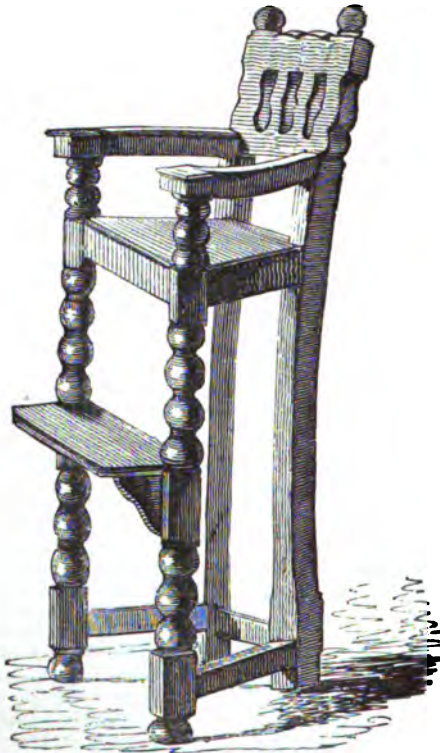
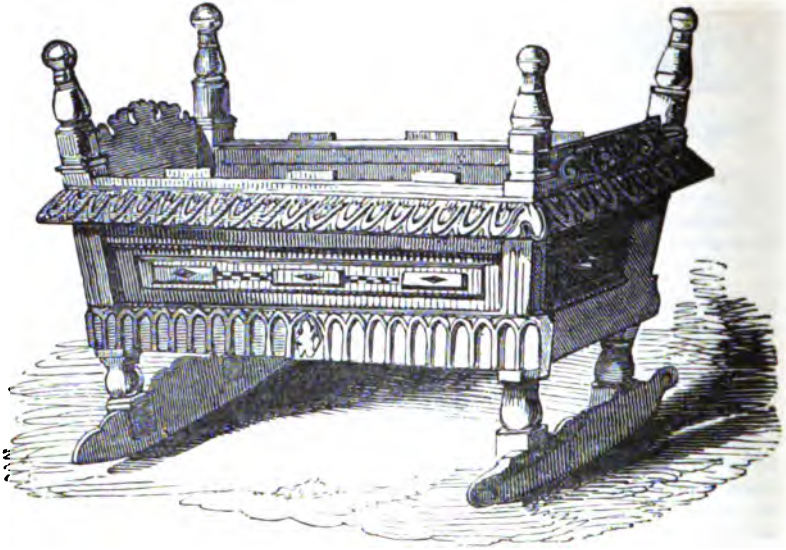
Scarcely any thing can be added to the numerous particulars in the *Every-Day Book* concerning the customs of to-day. The most popular usage that remains is referred to by the "Spectator," while telling of the Jack Puddings of England, who made merriment by appearing in a fool's coat, and committing blunders:—"But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom

which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boasts that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a half-penny worth of incle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him."

In some parts of North America the First of April is observed like St. Valentine's day, with this difference, that the boys are allowed to chastise the girls, if they think fit, either with words or blows. The practice is referred to in the following verses by a native, extracted from an American Journal.

APRIL DAY.

This day to common love is dear,  
And many a tale will sooth thine ear,  
Fond hope or frolic wit to prove;  
The theme of minstrelsy I change,  
I bring a tribute new and strange,  
A tale of hatred, not of love.  
I love thee not!—did ever zeal  
A rarer miracle reveal,  
Thy pity or thy mirth to move?  
'Tis true;—for all thy faults I guess,  
And strive to make thy beauties less—  
What more is hate, if this be love?  
Thy wit is false; for, when my cheek  
Fades with the fear that cannot speak,  
My pangs thy sparkling jest improve;  
And, while I tremble, how much guile  
Lurks in thy lip and points thy smile—  
The smile which stings, yet wakens love!  
Thine eye—a scorching fire is there;  
For, though I chide, I never dare  
The keanness of its flash to prove.  
Thy voice has won the Elf-Harp's sound—  
I hear it, and my tongue is bound,  
Or wanders into words of love.  
Behold thy faults!—yet keep them all,  
That I my senses may recall,  
Whenspell-bound in thy sphere they rove  
My malice as thy pride is great—  
There is no language fits my hate,  
Unless it tells thee—that I love!



CRADLE AND CHAIR OF JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND.

The preceding engravings are representations of the cradle and chair in which James VI. of Scotland was nursed, while under the care of the Earl of Mar, in Stirling Castle.

These articles of the nursery furniture of James I.—the first of the family of Stuart that ascended the throne of England—are now in the possession of Lady Frances Erskine. They are of oak; and the design and carving, of the cradle especially, are affirmed by the gentleman who communicates the sketches to be very beautiful.

In consequence of their being in a state of rapid decay, Lady F. Erskine caused drawings of them to be taken by Mr. W. Geikie, the able artist who sketched the spirited figure of "Allan-a-Maut" in the *Table Book*. As Archæological curiosities, which have not been published before, the present inadequate memorials of their form are placed before the reader.

The eldest cradle of which there is an engraving is the cradle of Henry VI., figured by Mr. Fosbroke, who describes it as "a wooden oblong chest, swinging by links of iron, between two posts, surmounted by two birds for ornament." In short, that early cradle is of the self same form with the children's cots, now made by the upholsterers, and commonly used in our present nurseries. The cradle with rockers, which, within recollection, was used in all families, is becoming obsolete, except in the dwellings of the poor. The late King George IV., and his brothers and sisters, all the royal family of George III., were rocked. "The rocker" was a female officer of the household, with a salary. One of the most magnificent presents sent from India by Mr. Warren Hastings to the late Queen Charlotte was a cradle, ornamented with the precious metals, and richly jewelled.

Mr. Maurice says—"The first of April was anciently observed in Britain as a high and general Festival, in which an unbounded hilarity reigned through every order of its inhabitants; for the sun, at that period of the year, entering into the sign Aries, the New Year, and with it the season of rural sports and vernal delight, was then supposed to have commenced. The proof of the great antiquity of the

observance of this annual Festival, as well as the probability of its original establishment in an Asiatic region, arises from the evidence of facts afforded us by Astronomy. Although the reformation of the year by the Julian and Gregorian Calendars, and the adaptation of the period of its commencement to a different and far nobler system of theology, have occasioned the festival sports anciently celebrated in this country on the first of April to have long since ceased; and although the changes occasioned, during a long lapse of years, by the shifting of the Equinoctial points, have in Asia itself been productive of important Astronomical alterations, as to the exact æra of the commencement of the year; yet, on both continents, some very remarkable traits of the jocundity which then reigned remain even to these distant times. Of those preserved in Britain, none of the least remarkable or ludicrous is that relic of its pristine pleasantry the general practice of making April-Fools, as it is called, on the first day of that month; but this, Colonel Pearce (*Asiatic Researches*, vol. ii. p. 334) proves to be an immemorial custom among the Hindoos." Mr. Maurice then inserts the Colonel's account of the "Huli Festival," as cited in the *Every Day Book*, and adds that "the least enquiry into the ancient customs of Persia, or the minutest acquaintance with the general astronomical mythology of Asia, would have taught Colonel Pearce that the boundless hilarity and jocund sports prevalent on the first day of April, in England, and during the Huli Festival of India, have their origin in the ancient practice of celebrating with festival rites the period of the Vernal Equinox, or the day when the new year of Persia anciently began."\*

The "Blackburn Mail," May 10, 1810, contains the following verses:—

THE ORIGIN OF ALL-FOOL DAY,

Which happened in the Isle of Chiechock, on the 7th of the moon Ni-ada, which, in the European Calendar, makes the First of April—

AN EASTERN TALE.

Ye sportive nymphs who on Parnassus play,  
Though old as ages,—young and ever gay!

\* Maurice vi. 71—74: Sketch of the Religion of the Hindoos, ii. 52—57; cited in Fosbroke's *Enc. of Antiquities*.

O hither wing from Parna's flow'ry side,  
Through aerial oceans cleave the liquid tide :  
Feed, feed your vo'try, while he sounds the  
strings,  
With gen'rous draughts from Helicon's pure  
springs !

In days of yore as orient legends sing,  
In Chiecock's isle there reign'd a righteous  
king,

The heav'nly virtues in his heart were stor'd,  
His subjects lov'd him, and the gods ador'd ;  
But still, alas ! (no modern deeds to tell)  
Infernal fiends with heavenly minds rebel.  
Th' enchanter vile, Ciongock, had decreed,  
No branch should rise of their illustrious  
breed ;

His queen was barren in her blooming prime,  
And doom'd to suffer for her grandsire's crime.  
At length a heavenly goddess intervenes,  
Pussa, the fair, a friend to virtuous queens.  
This th' enchanter heard, and, raging wild,  
Denounc'd destruction on the queen and child.  
The blue-eyed elves all hailed the happy morn  
With joys extatic, when the prince was born ;  
Their comely queen thrice kiss'd the babe, and  
cries,  
"Reign like thy sire, be virtuous, just, and  
wise."

But soon dark gloom obscur'd the blissful day ;  
High o'er the sofa upon which she lay,  
The fiend appear'd, a sable cloud within,  
With voice terrific and malicious grin,  
He awful roar'd " Deluded woman, know,  
That now and henceforth, I will be his foe !  
Her trembling soul could not sustain the fright,  
But sought the regions of eternal light !  
The guardian fair in spite of vengeance smil'd,  
Vow'd to protect and educate the child ;  
She kiss'd, she taught, and led the boy to  
fame ;  
He hopeful grew, I'Scamma was his name ;  
With guardian care she reared the youth alone,  
And plac'd him safe on his paternal throne ;  
Then scal'd a cloud, ethereal, blue, and bright,  
And to celestial worlds betook her flight.

Within the entrance of his gloomy cell,  
Respiring vengeance sat the fiend of hell ;  
High in the air the goddess queen he spies,  
And shouts of joy re-echo through the skies,  
" Now, now's the time ! " and then, on  
triumph bent,

A work of mischief was his dire intent.  
" Yes, feeble mortal ! yes, I'Scamma, know,  
That now and henceforth I will be thy foe !  
The pow'r thou hast shall soon evade thy  
sight,  
Like fleeting visions of the gloomy night,"—  
Th' enchanter thus, with voice of thunder  
cried ;

Three times he laugh'd, and three times nature  
sigh'd !

Then he rose up, through aerial fields he flew  
His beaming car, which four grey dragons  
drew ;

His awful sight inspired the earth with dread :  
And wild confusion o'er the land was spread !  
The roses wither'd and the lilies died,  
And Flora's train no healing balm supplied ;  
No tuneful notes through fragrant valleys rung,  
For terror chain'd each feather'd warbler's  
tongue

Like Sol's quick rays, the moving clouds he  
drives,  
And o'er the temple's glittering spires arrives ;  
He curb'd his steeds, and gnash'd his teeth  
with rage,

And dared the youthful monarch to engage.  
I'Scamma scorn'd his rising fame to stain,  
And vow'd to meet him, fearless, on the plain.  
He hail'd fair Pussa and the heavenly choir  
And she appear'd, in clouds of flaming fire ;  
With her right hand Ciongock she defied,  
And with her left a talisman she tried ;  
On it " *Mamu Amuda*" dreadful shone,  
He saw it and fell headlong from his throne ;  
But soon arose, and with audacious might,  
Defied the guardian queen to single fight.  
Again on high the talisman she held ;  
Again th' enchanter's vile intent was quell'd  
Yet hopeful still, and still her pow'r to mock  
Transformed himself to an o'erwhelming rock,  
But, helpless he ! Mamu Amuda's glow  
The rock dissolv'd like show'rs of vernal snow,  
At last a mighty flood he form'd, and, sad to  
say !

He, with himself, I'Scamma swept away !  
Fair Pussa saw, but saw, alas ! too late !  
And all the Island mourn'd their monarch's  
fate !

His soul celestial sought the high abodes ;  
Pussa enroll'd him in the list of gods,  
And stemm'd the roaring torrent for his sake ;  
And there I'Scamma stands, a stagnant lake.  
Thus fell the best of princes from his throne,  
But why it happen'd, know the gods alone.  
On that dread day a hallow'd fast was made,  
And yearly tributes to his mem'ry paid ;  
The parents sent their lovely offspring swift,  
To seek their god, and ask a yearly gift ;  
But *him they found not*, yet, for his dear sake,  
Cast stones of vengeance in the stagnant lake.  
" Go seek I'Scamma," says the virtuous wife.  
" He'll tell thee if I love thee as my life."

The husband goes, but *him he cannot find*,  
Yet seeks the lake to ease his vengeful mind.  
" Go seek I'Scamma of immortal fame,"  
The mother says, " Thy husband he will  
name ;"

The daughter goes ;—no soothing power  
appears,

And soon returns dissolv'd in doubtful tears.  
So did those customs to his mem'ry rise,  
From babes that lip, to sages who are wise.

From Chiecock's Isle, told by some sacred  
man,

The story got abroad, and reach'd Japan,  
From thence by story-tellers it was hurl'd  
Into these islands of the western world

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 2.

Till in its progress through the modern school,  
The hallow'd form were turn'd to ridicule;  
And thus the legend of two thousand years,  
The cause of April *All-fool Day* appears.

Cardan relates that having found among his father's papers that prayers addressed to the Virgin Mary, on the first of April, at eight in the morning, were of wonderful efficacy, provided a Pater Noster and Ave Maria were added to them, he made use of this rule of devotion on the most pressing occasions, "and found it to answer perfectly well."\*

	h. m.
<i>April 1.</i> Day breaks . . .	3 32
Sun rises . . .	5 34
— sets . . .	6 26
Twilight ends . . .	8 28

The ash flowers.  
Field rush flowers.  
Banks are covered with primroses.

**April 2.**

THE SEASON

In a we chosen library "The British Naturalist" claims a distinguished place. Its volume on "The Seasons—Spring and Summer," is now a delightful pocket companion, and, being on the table at the present moment, affords the following passages:—

ON SPRING, BIRDS, INSECTS, &c.

— It is difficult to say which of the birds is at this early season the most useful to man; they often nip off the buds of trees, but in most instances they thereby cut off in each bud a whole colony of caterpillars. Buds are never a favorite food with birds, though some of the species that remain with us, or visit us in the winter months, have recourse to them after all other kinds of food are exhausted. Generally speaking, they are all, however, in quest of insects in some stage or other

of their existence, in the spring months; and as they carry on their hunting with great vigor, until their broods be able to provide for themselves, they annually cut off as many destroyers as, but for them, would produce famine in the most fertile country.

The insects which the birds thus consume for their own food and that of their callow young, by so many myriads, have no doubt their use in the economy of nature, as well as the others. We know that the insects and the parasitical fungi consume substances of which the decomposition in the air would be disagreeable, because we find that they resort to those substances. It may be, too, that there is some good in the havoc which they commit among the vegetable tribes, however much it may interfere with our operations. The germs of life are so thick every where that there is really no room for them in the world, if the one were not so constituted as to put down the other; one single plant might be made to clothe a whole country, to the prevention of all other vegetation, in the course of a few years. Were it not for the goldfinches, thistles and ragweed would soon become intolerable; and, in spite of all the means by which they are destroyed, there is really no place free from the winged seeds of the *syngenesiæ* of Linnæus. Also, as all the buds and leaves upon a living tree are in a state fit for growing, the pruning by the insect, when not carried to excess, may be healthful to it. Before, however, we can make any remarks upon the usefulness of natural objects or events, farther than as they are useful to ourselves, we must know the whole; and how far we may yet be from that is not a measurable quantity. Still the little that we do know about it is very delightful, and never more so than when the breath of spring first wiles us into the field, wondering at every thing around us. There is a richer tone of color in the sky, and certainly in the clouds; the air, as it fans the newly loosened earth, is all perfume, without any of the heaviness of that which comes from particular substances. The turned sod shows us that we have not in all our chemical apparatus an element like the earth.\*

\* Bayle, art Cardan.

\* British Naturalist, vol. II. p. 104—106



Clear had the day been from the dawn,  
 All chequered was the sky,  
 Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,  
 Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.  
 The wind had no more strength than this,  
 That leisurely it blew,  
 To make one leaf the next to kiss,  
 That closely by it grew.  
 The flowers, like brave embroider'd girls,  
 Looked as they most desired,  
 To see whose head with orient pearls,  
 Most curiously was tyr'd.  
 The rills that on the pebbles play'd  
 Might now be heard at will;  
 This world the only music made,  
 Else every thing was still.  
 And to itself the subtle air  
 Such sovereignty assumes,  
 That it received too large a share,  
 From Nature's rich perfumes.

DRAYTON.

ALMOND-TREE, AND BEES.

Yesterday I had the pleasure to dine with a very amiable and worthy friend at his villa a few miles distant from town; and, while the company were high in mirth over the afternoon's bottle, slipped aside to enjoy half an hour's sober thought and salutary air. An almond-tree, in the centre of the garden, presented an immense tuft of flowers, covering its whole surface. Such a glow of floral beauty would at any time have been an object of admiration; but at a season when every thing else is dead, when not a leaf appears on any of the vegetable tribe besides, and the adjacent trees are bare skeletons, it claimed a peculiar share of attention.

An inquisitive eye loves to pry into the inmost recesses of objects, and seldom fails of a reward more than proportioned to the trouble of the research. Every one must have observed, that in all flowers there is an apparatus in the centre, different from the leafy structure of the verge, which is what strikes the eye at first sight; the threads which support the yellow heads in the centre of the rose, and those which serve as pedestals to the less numerous, but larger, dusky black ones in the tulip, are of this kind. Formerly, these were esteemed no more than casual particles, or the effect of a luxuriance from an abundant share of nourishment sent up to the leaves of the flower, throwing itself into these uncertain forms, as they were then esteemed. But science disclaims the supposition of nature's having made any thing, even the slightest

particle of the meanest herb, in vain; and, proceeding on this hypothesis, has discovered that the gaudy leaves which were, at one time, supposed to constitute the essence of the flower, are merely a defence to the thready matter within; which, despised as it used to be, is indeed the most essential part of the whole—is that for which almost the whole has been formed, and that alone on which the continuation of the species depends. It has been found that, of the minutest threads in this little tuft, there is not one but has a destined office, not one but joins in the common service; and that, though so numerous and apparently indefinite, every single flower on the whole tree has precisely the same number to the utmost exactness, and precisely in the same situation. Nor is it credible that there ever has been, or ever will be, through successive ages, a tree of the same kind every single flower of which will not be formed with the same perfect regularity.

In the beautiful Almond-tree before me I saw a confirmation of this accurate exactness in the care of providence. Not a flower of the millions that crowded upon the sight in every part but contained the precise number of thirty little threads; and not one of these threads but had its regularly-figured head placed in the same direction on its summit, and filled with a waxy dust, destined for impregnating the already teeming fruit. The fruit showed its downy rudiments in the centre, and sent up a peculiar organ to the height of these heads, to receive the fertilising dust when the heads should burst, and convey it to the very centre of the embryo fruit.

Such is the economy of nature in the production of these treasures; but she has usually more purposes than one to answer in the same subject. It was easy to conceive, that one of all these little receptacles of dust might have contained enough of it to impregnate the kernel of a single fruit, for each flower produces no more. Yet, surely, twenty-nine in thirty had not been created in vain. It was not long before the mystery was explained to me.

The sun shone with unusual warmth, for the season, led forth a bee from a neighbouring hive, who directed her course immediately to this source of plenty. The little creature first settled on the top of one of the branches; and, for a moment, seemed to enjoy the scene as I did. She just gave me time to admire her sleek, silky coat, and glossy wings, before she

plunged into a full blown blossom, and buried herself among the thready honors of the centre. Here she wantoned and rolled herself about, as if in ecstasy, a considerable time. Her motions greatly disconcerted the apparatus of the flower; the ripe heads of the thready filaments all burst, and shed a subtile yellow powder over the whole surface of the leaves, nor did she cease from her gambols while one of them remained whole, or with any appearance of the dust in its cavity.

Tired with enjoyment, she now walked out, and appeared to have paid for the mischief she had done at the expense of strangely defiling her own downy coat. Though some of the dust from the little capsules had been spread over the surface of the flower, the far greater part of it had evidently fallen upon her own back, and been retained there among the shag of its covering.

She now stationed herself on the summit of a little twig, and began to clear her body of the newly gathered dust, and it was not half a minute before her whole coat was as clean and glossy as at first: yet it was most singular, not a particle of the dust had fallen upon any of the flowers about her, where it must have been visible as easily as on the surface of that it was taken from.

A very labored motion of the fore legs of the bee attracted my eye, and the whole business was then immediately explained; I found she had carefully brought together every particle that she had wiped off from her body, and formed it into a mass, which she was now moulding into a firmer texture, and which she soon after delivered to the next leg, and from that, after a little moulding more, to the hinder one, where she lodged it in a round lump in a part destined to receive it; and, having thus finished her operation, took wing for the hive with her load.

It was now evident, that what had seemed sport and pastime was business to the insect; that its rolling itself about was with intent to dislodge this yellow dust from the little cases that contained it; and that this powder, the abundance of which it was easy to perceive could not be created for the service of the plant, was destined to furnish the bee with wax to make its combs, and to serve us for a thousand purposes afterwards.

The return of this single insect to the hive sent out a legion upon the same expedition. The tree was in an instant cov-

ered as thick almost with bees as with flowers. All these employed themselves exactly as the first had done, except that some forced themselves into flowers scarcely opened, in which the reservoirs of this waxy powder were not ripe for bursting. I saw them bite open successively every one of the thirty heads in the flower, and, scooping out the contents, add them to the increasing ball, that was to be carried home upon the thigh.

Such then is the purpose of nature in providing what may appear to us profusely an abundant quantity of this powder. The bee wants it, and the labour which the insect employs to get it out never fails to answer the purpose of impregnating the fruit; for a vast quantity of it is thus scattered over the organ destined to the conveying of it thither. The powder is the natural food of the bee. What is lodged in the hive is eaten by the swarm, and, after it has been retained in the stomach long enough to be divested of its nutritive qualities, it is disgorged in a state ready for moulding into real and finished wax.

In the great chain of beings no one is created solely for itself; each is subservient to the purposes of others; each, besides the primordial office to which it is destined, is a purpose, or means, of good to another, perhaps to many. How gratified is the mind that comprehends this—how infinite the wisdom of the appointment! \*

#### WHALE-FISHING.

Early in April ships are fitted out for, and sail upon their voyages, for whaling adventures in the sea which the fish inhabit.

There is a bluff whalers' song, careless in expression, but very descriptive of the occupation; and, there being nobody to object, we will have it at once from the "Collection of Old Ballads, 1726," iii. 172.—

THE GREENLAND VOYAGE, OF THE WHALE-FISHER'S DELIGHT: *being a full description of the manner of the taking of Whales on the coast of Greenland.*—TUNE.—Hey to the Temple.

Why stay we at home, now the season is come  
Jolly lads let us liquor our throats;  
Our interest we wrong, if we tarry too long,  
Then all hands, let us fit out our bows;

\* Sir John Hill.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 2.

Let each man prepare  
Of the tackling his share,  
By neglect a good voyage may be lost :  
Come, I say, let's away,  
Make no stay nor delay,  
For the winter brings whales on the coast.

Harry, Will, Robin, Ned, with bold Tom in  
the head,  
And Sam in the stern bravely stands,  
As rugged a crew if we give them their due,  
As did ever take oars in their hands ;  
Such heroes as these  
Will with blood stain the seas,  
When they join with their resolute mates,  
Who with might void of fright,  
With delight, boldly fight  
Mighty wales, as if they were but sprats.

Come coil in the warp, see the hatchets be  
sharp,  
And make ready the irons and lance ;  
Each man ship his oar, and leave nothing on  
shore  
That is needful the voyage to advance ;  
See the buoy be made tight,  
And the drug fitted right,  
So that nothing be wanting anon :  
Never doubt, but look out  
Round about ; there's a spout,  
Come away boyr, let's launch if we can.

The surf runs too high, 'twill be down by and  
by,  
Take a slatch to go off ; now 'twill do ;  
Huzza ! launch amain, for the sea grows  
again,  
Pull up briskly a stroke (boys) or two ;  
Ha, well row'd ! 'tis enough,  
We are clear of the suff,  
A yare hand heave out water space ;  
There's the whale, that's her back  
That looks black ; there's her wake,  
Pull away, boys, let's give her a chase.

Ha ! well row'd jolly trouts, pull away, there  
she spouts,  
And we gain of her briskly I find ;  
We're much 'bout her ground, let's take a  
dram round ;  
And her rising be sure let us mind :  
She's hero, just a-head,  
Stand up Tom, pull up Ned,  
We are fast, back a stern what ye may ;  
Hold on lad, I'm afraid  
She's a jade, she's so mad,  
She's a scragg, for your lives cut away.

Cut away, row ; she's off, let her go ;  
Though we met with misfortune already,  
'Tis courage must do, for the proverb you  
know,  
A faint heart never won a fair lady.  
Come, this is no disgrace,  
Pull up lads, another chase,

Our mates will be fast without doubt ;  
So what cheer ? We are near,  
She is there ; no, she's here  
Just a stern ; jolly hearts, pull about.

Pull briskly, for there she's risen very fair,  
Back a-stern, it is up to the strap ;  
Well done Tom, bravely throwed, cheerfuly  
lads, bravely rowed,  
'Tis not always we meet with mishap.  
Veer out warp, let her run,  
She will quickly have done ;  
Well done, mate ; 'twas a brave second stroke ,  
Now she jerks, who can work ?  
Veer out warp, she tows sharp ;  
Hang the blackamith ! our lance it is brok'n.

Pull a-head, hale in warp, for she tows not so  
sharp,  
She's beginning to flounce and to strike ;  
Fit a lance, let us try if we can by and by  
Give her one gentle touch to the quick :  
Bravely throwed, jolly lad,  
She is not nigh so mad  
As she was ; 't'other lance may do good ,  
Well done Tom, that was home,  
'Twas her doom, see her foam,  
She's sick at the heart, she spouts blood.

'The business is done, lance no more, let's  
alone,  
'Tis her flurry, she's as dead as a herring ;  
Let's take her in tow, and all hands stoutly  
row ;  
And, mate Sam, prythee mind well thy steering,  
The wind begins to blow,  
And the seas bigger grow,  
Every man put his strength to his oar :  
Leave to prate, now 'tis late,  
Well rowed mate, hey for Kate,  
She's a-ground, cut away, let's ashore.

Come turn up the boats, let's put on our coats,  
And to Ben's, there's a cheerupping cup ;  
Let's comfort our hearts, every man his two  
quarts,  
And to-morrow all hands to cut up ;  
Betimes leave your wives,  
Bring your hooks and your knives,  
And let none lie a-bed like a lubber ;  
But begin with the sun,  
To have done before noon ;  
That the carts may come down for the blubbe

Mr. Scoresby, in his "Account of the Arctic Regions," gives an interesting and valuable history and description of the North Whale Fishery.

He mentions a curious fact respecting the redpole, a little bird, familiar to our climate, and well known by being caged for its note. Albin says, "We are not

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 3.

sure that these birds build in England; they are found here in winter, but go away again in the spring. I never saw or heard of any of their nests being found; I rather believe they come to shun the cold." Mr. Scoresby seems to decide upon the question of its emigration. He says, "On our approach to Spitzbergen, several of the lesser redpoles alighted on different parts of the ship, and were so wearied apparently with being on the wing, though our distance from the land was not above ten miles, that they allowed themselves to be taken alive. How this little creature subsists, and why a bird of such apparent delicacy should resort to such a barren and gelid country, are questions of some curiosity and difficulty. It must be migratory; and yet how such a small animal, incapable of taking the water, can perform the journey from Spitzbergen to a milder climate, without perishing by the way, is difficult to conceive. Supposing it to take advantage of a favorable gale of wind, it must still be at least ten hours on the wing before it could reach the nearest part of Norway, an exertion of which one would imagine it to be totally incapable."<sup>o</sup>

THE RED BREAST—AN EMBLEM.

As oft as I hear the robin red-breast chaunt it as cheerfully, in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of summer; why should not wee (thinke I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary-frosty hayres of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sunne in adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sunne of prosperity! I am sent to the ant to learne industry; to the dove to learne innocency; to the serpent to learne wisdome; and why not to this bird to learne equanimity and patience, and to keepe the same tenour of my mind's quietnesse, as well at the approach of the calamities of winter, as of the springe of happiness? And, since the Roman's constancy is so commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a steady course in all weathers, and, though I bee forced with crosse-winds to shift my sailes and catch at side-winds, yet, skilfully to steere, and

hold on my course, by the *Cape of Good Hope*, till I arrive at the haven of eternall happiness? — *A. Warwick.*

	h. m.
<i>April 2.</i> Day breaks . . .	3 29
Sun rises . . .	5 32
— sets . . .	6 28
Twilight ends . . .	8 31

White oxalis flowers.  
Yellow oriental Narcissus flowers.  
Bulbous crowfoot flowers.  
A swallow or two may perhaps be seen.

April 3.

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

Welcome, welcome, feathered stranger!  
Now the sun bids nature smile;  
Safe arrived, and free from danger,  
Welcome to our blooming isle;  
Still twitter on my lowly roof,  
And hail me at the dawn of day,  
Each morn the recollected proof,  
Of time that ever fleets away!

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,  
Fond of skies serene and clear  
E'en transient storms thy joys invade,  
In fairest seasons of the year;  
What makes thee seek a milder climate?  
What bids thee shun the wintry gale?  
How knowest thou thy departing time?  
Hail! wond'rous bird! hail, swallow, hail!

Sure something more to thee is given,  
Than myriads of the feathered race;  
Some gift divine, some spark from heaven,  
That guides thy flight from place to place.  
Still freely come, still freely go,  
And blessings crown thy vigorous wing;  
May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,  
Delightful Messenger of Spring!

The preceding verses by Mr. WILLIAM FRANKLIN, a Lincolnshire miller, may welcome a letter from the author of the "History of Morley."

TO MR. HONE.

Morley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

Sir,—The time is nearly come when we may expect a visit from that most wonderful bird, the swallow. His advent in Yorkshire, as I have noticed for many years, is between the 16th and 25th of April; but, with you, in the south, it will be sooner. After perusing, for many years, with much interest, all the accounts

<sup>o</sup> Scoresby, l. 537

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 3.

and controversies which have been printed respecting this interesting traveller, I must say there is one thing with which I have been exceedingly dissatisfied. Not one person, that I know of, has ever accounted satisfactorily for these birds being invisible in their migrations to Europe or Africa. We hear or see a few solitary accounts, such as those of Adamson and sir Charles Wager, about their settling on the masts of ships; but these prove little, and, by their infrequency, are rather calculated to excite suspicion; and have, certainly, produced little conviction upon those who contend that some species (at least) of swallows abide in England all the year. The objection, you see, which perpetually recurs, is this,—“If these birds do really leave us, how comes it that their transits should not have been clearly ascertained by the ocular testimony of observant and distinguished men, ages ago? How happens it that we should only have the fortuitous accounts of obscure and common individuals?”

There are other exceptions to migration, taken by the objectors to whom I allude, such as the testimony of people who assert that swallows have been fished up out of water, or found in caves, hollow trees, &c., and restored, by warmth, to animation: but, really, Mr. Editor, it appears to me that all this nonsense may be ended at a single blow, by reference to the works of Pennant, and the writings of those eminent anatomists, Messrs. John Hunter and Bell: I shall not, therefore, notice any other than that which appears to me the grand, and very plausible objection; and this will introduce, very naturally, my own opinion,—formed, as far as I know myself, upon observation and reason, and, certainly, not gathered from the deductions of others.

Every observant man must have remarked how different are the motions of swallows, when about to disappear, from what they are at other times.—They call together,—they congregate,—they are seen in flocks high in the air, making circumvolutions, and trying, as it were, the strength of their pinions. There seems every preparation for a journey,—for an ascent into the still higher regions of our atmosphere,—for an ascent, I say, into the calm and quiet regions, where, high above those storms which agitate the ocean and the earth,—which would immerse them in the one, or drive them back upon the other; and where, far beyond the ken of

mortals, they can wing their way under the direction of an unerring guide. Yes—when, during the equinoctial gales, we see the lower clouds fitting over the disk of the sun or moon,—the waves of the sea uplifted,—and the oaks of the forest bending before the blast,—we see, also, the fleecy strata high above the tempest, quiet and unruffled; and may assure ourselves that, in ethereal space, still higher, the pretty harbinger of the spring sojourns.

How elevated, sweet, and consoling, are the reflections which naturally arise out of this hypothesis, in the mind of that man who delights to look through “nature up to nature’s God.” To me, at least (partial as I am to good analogies) these pure and peaceful tracts, with their lovely and innocent travellers, are emblematic of that upper and better world, to which the holy and the virtuous ascend when the warring elements of this life are felt no more; and, in the instinct and formation of the swallow, with the means provided for its safety by a beneficent Creator, I am reminded of the assurance that “not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without his permission” by whom “the very hairs of our heads are numbered.”

Not to trespass much further upon your columns, permit me to observe how well my observations coincide with the account of king James’s hawk, at p. 274. If, in ethereal space, a bird of this kind could fly, in a short time, to the Cape of Good Hope,—much less wonderful would it be for a swallow, under like circumstances, to reach Africa.

Yours respectfully,  
NORRISON SCATCHERD.

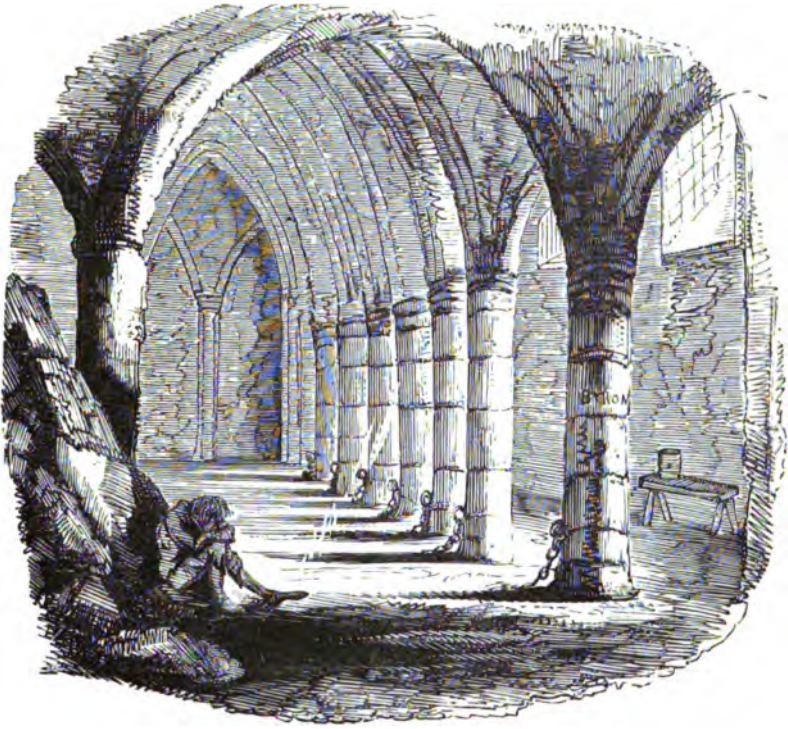
March, 1831.

	h.	m.
April 3. Day breaks . . . . .	3	27
Sun rises . . . . .	5	30
— sets . . . . .	6	30
Twilight ends . . . . .	8	33

Wall-flower flowers generally, though flowers on old plants are often out much earlier.

Blue houndstongue flowers abundantly.  
Oriental hyacinth flowers in gardens.  
Clarimond tulip begins to blow.

The golden stars of the pilewort now bespangle shady banks and slopes till May.



There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and gray  
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:  
And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,  
For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away,  
Till I have done with this new day,  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years—I cannot count them o'er;  
I lost their long and heavy score  
When my last brother droop'd and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

A drawing of the dungeon of Chillon was taken on the spot, in 1822, by W. A. D., jun., who obligingly communicated it

to the *Year Book* for its present use. On the pillar to the right is Lord Byron's name, cut deep with a knife by himself

before he wrote his poem. Until now, a view of this place has not been published.

Near this castle Rosseau fixed the catastrophe of his *Eloisa*, in the rescue of one of her children by Julia from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, caused her death.

It appears, from the notes to "the Prisoner of Chillon," that the castle of Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of alps above Boveret and St. Gingo.

Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam, black with age, on which the condemned are said to have been formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years.

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François de Bonnivard, son of Louis de Bonnivard, lord of Lunes, was born in the year 1496; he was educated at Turin: in 1510 his uncle, Jean Aimé de Bonnivard, surrendered to him the priory of St. Victor, a benefice of considerable importance adjoining the walls of Geneva.

Bonnivard eminently deserved the appellation of great for rectitude and strength of mind. He united nobleness of purpose, wisdom in counsel, and courage in execution, with variety of knowledge and vivacity of spirit. In endeavoring to secure the liberty of Geneva, he feared not the frequent loss of his own. He surrendered his ease, and expended his wealth, in endeavours to insure the happiness of his adopted country, and was cherished as one of her most zealous citizens. He served her with the intrepidity of a hero, and wrote her history with the truth and simplicity of a philosopher and the warmth of a patriot.

In 1519 Bonnivard, then three and twenty years of age, announced himself

the defender of Geneva, in opposition to the bishop and the duke of Savoy. The duke being then about to enter Geneva, at the head of 500 men, Bonnivard justly anticipated his resentment, and endeavoured to retire to Fribourg; but was betrayed by two men who accompanied him, and was sent by order of the prince to Grolée, where he was kept prisoner for two years. He seems to have escaped from that confinement, and to have been arrested in his flight by thieves, who robbed him at Jura, and replaced him in the hands of his enemies. The duke of Savoy ordered him to be shut up in the castle of Chillon, where he remained without being interrogated until the year 1536: he was then liberated by the Bernois, who had invaded the Pays de Vaud.

Bonnivard, on regaining his liberty, had the pleasure of finding that Geneva was free, and had adopted the principles of the Reformation. The republic hastened to testify her gratitude for the wrongs he had suffered in her behalf. He immediately received his citizenship, and was presented with the house formerly occupied by the vicar-general, and a pension of 200 gold crowns was assigned to him. In the following year he was admitted into the council of 200.

After having labored to render Geneva free, Bonnivard endeavoured to render her tolerant. He allowed time to the ecclesiastics, and the people of the country, to examine the propositions he submitted to them, and succeeded by the mildness of his principles; for he preached the charity of christianity.

Bonnivard's manuscripts remain in the public library, and prove that he was well-read in the Latin classics, and was learned both in theology and history. He zealously cultivated the sciences, for which he believed that Geneva would at some time become famous. In 1551 he gave his library to the state, as the commencement for its public library. Among the books are some of the most rare and beautiful editions of the fifteenth century. In the same year he constituted the republic his heir, on condition that she should employ his wealth in maintaining the foundations of the projected college. There is reason to suppose that Bonnivard died in the year 1570, but on account of a deficiency in the necrology, from July 1570 to 1571, the date cannot be exactly ascertained.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind !  
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,  
 For there thy habitation is the heart—  
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;  
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—  
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,  
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,  
 Until his very steps have left a trace  
 Vorn, as if thy cold pavement was a sod,  
 By Bonnivard !—May none those marks efface  
 For thy appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON.

April 4.

On the 4th of April, 1823, during the Taunton assizes, intense curiosity was excited by the appearance of the names of three females in the calendar, on a charge, under lord Ellenborough's act, of maliciously cutting and stabbing an old woman, a reputed "witch," with intent to murder her. The grand jury ignored the bill on the capital charge, but returned a true bill against the prisoners, Elizabeth Bryant the mother, aged fifty; Eliz. Bryant, the younger, and Jane Bryant, the two daughters, for having maliciously assaulted Anne Burges.

Mr. Erskine stated the case to the jury. The reputed witch, Ann Burges, a fine hale-looking old woman, sixty-eight years of age, of rather imposing gravity, deposed that, on the 26th of November, she went to Mrs. Bryant's house, and "I said, 'Betty Bryant, I be come to ask you a civil question; whether I bewitched your daughter?'"—She said, 'Yes, you have,—you have bewitched her for the last twelve months;' and she said she was ten pounds the worse of it, and she would be totally d—d if she would not kill me. They all came out together, and fell upon me. The little daughter drew out my arm, and held it whilst one of the others cut at it. The eldest of them said, 'Bring me a knife, that we may cut the flesh off the old wretch's arms.' They tore my arms all over with an iron nail." The old woman described the manner of the outrage. She was ill from the wounds on her arm. A woman who accompanied her came in and dragged her away, and

cried out murder, as loud as they could, and a mob assembled in the street, round the door: they did not interfere, but exclaimed that the old woman, on whom the prisoners were exercising their fury, was a witch. The mother, and the elder daughter, held the witness as she struggled on the ground, whilst the younger daughter, with the first instrument that came to her hand, a large nail, lacerated her arm in a dreadful manner. This was done for nearly ten minutes, the mob standing by nearly the whole of the time: and the old woman was rescued only by the vigorous efforts of her companion. She did not doubt that if a knife had been in the way, when she presented herself at the door, she would have been murdered.

Cross-examined.—"Do not the people of Wiviliscomb (truly or falsely, I don't say) account you to be a witch?"

The old woman (with great agitation)—"Oh dear; oh dear! that I should live to be three score and eight years old, and be accounted a witch, at last. Oh dear! what will become of me?"

"Well, it is very hard, certainly; but do they not account you to be a witch?"

It was some time before the old woman could answer intelligibly that she had never been accounted a witch in her life (God forbid!) by any one, before the prisoners circulated it about the town that she was, and that she had exercised her infernal influence over one of them. She always tried to live righteously and peaceably, without doing harm to any one. She was greatly afflicted at the injurious supposition.

An apprentice to Mr. North, a surgeon



at Wiviliscomb, deposed that, on the night in question, the prosecutrix came to him. He found her arm dreadfully lacerated. There were fifteen or sixteen incisions upon it, of about a quarter of an inch, and others an eighth of an inch deep, and from two to three inches and three inches and a half long; she bled very severely; witness dressed her arm, and, as she was healthy, it got well fast; but she was ill for more than a month, in consequence of the attack.

The counsel for the prisoners said he did not mean to deny the fact of the assault, but he wished to show the infatuation under which they had acted.

Mr. Erskine said he could adduce evidence which would show the gross delusion under which the prisoners had labored; and he was perfectly willing that they should have any benefit that they might derive from it.

An old woman, Elizabeth Collard, was then called, who said she was an acquaintance of the elder prisoner, and met her on the morning of the day of the assault, not having seen her before for a long time. The witness said, we were talking about our troubles, when she told me that her troubles were greater than mine, or any body's troubles, for they were not mortal troubles. She said her daughter had been bewitched for the last twelve months, and that she had been to consult old Baker, the Devonshire wizard, about her case, who had given her a recipe against witchcraft, and said that blood must be drawn from the witch to break the charm; she said that old Mrs. Burges was the witch, and that she was going to get blood from her. "She was in such a way, that I thought she would have gone immediately to Mrs. Burges, to have drawn blood, but I advised her not, and to let old Baker punish her, if she really was the witch."

Mr. Justice Burrough.—"Who is old Baker?"

Witness.—"On! my lord, he is a great conjuror, the people say. He is a good deal looked up to by the poor people in these parts."

Mr. Justice Burrough.—"I wish we had the fellow here. Tell him, if he does not leave off his conjuring, he will be caught, and charmed in a manner he will not like."

The witness resumed.—"I pitied the woman, she was in such a world of troubles; and, besides that, she has had a great many afflictions with her family, but she appeared to feel the bewitching of her

daughter very deeply. I asked how the witchcraft worked upon her, and she told me that, when her daughter was worked upon, she would dance and sing, just as if she was dancing and singing to a fiddle, in a way that there was no stopping her, before she dropped down, when the fiend left her. Whilst the fit was upon her, she would look *wished* (wild or frightened), and point at something, crying, there she stands! there she stands! (the witch). I felt for the daughter, very much. Her state is very pitiable, my lord."

Mr. Rodgers addressed the jury, in behalf of the prisoners. He said, that to attempt to deny that a verdict of guilty must be given against the miserable females at the bar would be to insult the understandings of the intelligent gentlemen in the box. His observations would be rather for the purpose of showing the unfortunate delusion under which the prisoners had been actuated; the infamous fraud that had been practised upon them; their miserable afflictions; and to induce the jury to give, with their verdict, a recommendation of mercy to his lordship.

Mr. Justice Burrough said that course could not be allowed, if the fact were not denied. Any observations in mitigation might be addressed to him after the verdict.

The jury found all the prisoners guilty.

Mr. Rodgers, in mitigation of punishment, begged his lordship to consider the delusion by which the unfortunate prisoners had been actuated.

Mr. Erskine said he should not say a word in aggravation of punishment. He was instructed by the prosecutors to state that they should feel fully satisfied with any sentence that might have the tendency of preventing the future operation of the belief, in those places where its greatest influence was exercised.

Mr. Justice Burrough said, if such a fellow as Baker lived in Devonshire, or in any part of the country, and pursued such practices as were ascribed to him, there was a very useful act of parliament, recently passed, which provided for the punishment of such offences; and his lordship hoped the magistrates of the county would prosecute him, and bring him to punishment. His lordship then addressed the prisoners, and sentenced each to be further imprisoned in the county gaol, for the space of four calendar months. The following are copies of the recipe and charm, against witchcraft, which Baker gave to the poor dupes:—

"The gar of mixtur is to be mixt with nalf pint of gen (*i. e.* gin), and then a table spoon to be taken mornings, at eleven o'clock, four, and eight, and four of the pills to be taken every morning, fasting, and the paper of powder to be divided in ten parts, and one part to be taken every night going to bed, in a litle honey."

"The paper of arbs (herbs) is to be burnt, a small bit at a time, on a few coals, with a litle bay and rosemary, and while it is burning read the two first verses of the 68th Salm, and say the Lord's Prayer after."

As the preparations had been taken by the ignorant creatures, it could not be ascertained what they were; but it was affirmed that, after the rites had been all performed, such was the effect upon the imagination of the poor girl who fancied herself possessed, that she had not had a fit afterwards. The drawing of blood from the supposed witch remained to be performed, in order to destroy her supposed influence.\*

#### CUNNING MEN

[For the Year Book.]

The following is a copy of an application from two "learned clerks" to king Henry VIII., for lawful permission to show how stolen goods may be recovered; to see and converse with spirits, and obtain their services; and to build churches. It was given to me a few years ago, by a gentleman in the Record office, where the original is deposited. I believe it has never yet appeared in print. The document is signed "Joannes Consell, Cantab; et Joan. Clarke, Oxonian, A.D. 1531." It appears that the license desired was fully granted by the first "Defender of the Faith;" who indeed well deserved that title, if he believed in the pretensions of his supplicants. A. A. R.

#### To King Henry VIII.

My sufferynt lorde, and prynce moste gracys, and of all crystians the hedde, whych yn this realme of Yngland moste excellent doe dwelle, whoys highness ys most woorthy of all due subjection: where-

fore we, as subjects true, cume unto your majestye moste woorthy, syllinge to shewe sych cunyng and knowledge, as God of his hyness hath sent and geyven unto us: the wyche shall (whythe hys infinite grace) pleyse your dygnyte so hey, and be for the comfort and solace off all your realme so ryall. The wyche knowlege, noi longe agonne happenyd to us (I trust in God) by good chance and fortune; and to use yt to your noble pleysure yt is very necessary and expedient. Truly we have yt not by dayly study and laboure of extronomy, but we have yt by the dilygent laboure and drawyt of others, exelent and perfyt men (as ever was any) of that facultye. Notwithstanding, we have studyed the speculation of yt by there wrytyng, whyche was dyffyculte and peynfull for us. Wherefore we mykely desire your grace to pardon us to practys the same, not only for the altyed of our mynde, but specyally for your gracys pleasure; for wythout your pardon yt is unlaueful: neverthelesse, wyth your lycense, yt is marvyllus precyus, and of all treasure moste valyant, as the thyng itself dothe shewe, yn the whyche theys sayng here folowing be conteyned thereyn.

1. Pryncypally, yt showys how a man may recover goodys wrongfully taken away; and yt is true, as the auctor dothe say, the whyche affermys all the wooter seyings that we will bring.
  2. Secundarily ys to procure dygnyte of the sprytes of the ayre.
  3. Thirdly ys to obtayne the treasure that be in the sea and the erthe.
  4. Fourthly ys off a certeyn noyntment to see the sprytys, and to speke to theym dayly.
  5. Fyftly ys to constreyne the sprytys of the ayre to answer truley to suche questions as shall be asked of theym, and in no degree to be dyssetefulle.
  6. Syxtly to have the famylyarte of the sprytys, that they may serve you bodely, as men, and do your commandment in all thyngs, wythout any dyssete.
  7. Sevenly ys to buylde chyrches, bryges, and walls, and to have cognycyon of all scyencys, wythe many wooter woorte things; the whych ye shall knowe after thys, yf yt pleyse your grace.
- And now, consequently, ye shall here the pystell of freere Roger Bacon, the whych he wrytt lyinge in his dethe bedde, certifyng the faculte that we have spokeyn upon; and that ys this:—

\* Newspaper of the time.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 4.

*The Epistle of Roger Bacon.\**

My beloved brother, Robert Sennahoi,† receive this treasure which even I, brother Roger Bacon, now deliver to thee; namely, the work on necromancy, written in this little book. It bears the test of truth, for whatsoever was to be found in it I have often proved; and it is known to every one that I have formerly spoken many wonderful things. And thou art not doubtful, but well assured, that had I not possessed this volume I should never have been able to accomplish any thing important in this particular art. Moreover, even now must I declare the same unto thee, for every thing set down in this book doth most plainly avouch itself. Of these my words may the most high God bear witness, and so judge me in the tremendous day when he shall pass sentence.

And now, oh my sincerest friend Robert, my brother Sennahoi, I entreat thee, that thou wilt most diligently pray to God for me, and particularly, also, for the soul of brother Lumberd Bungey, of my kindred,‡ who, at my desire, most faithfully translated into the Latin tongue, from the work of holy Cyprian, this same book, which he also sent to me; and hence it is, that with all my heart I beseech that you will pray, not for me only, but also for him; for indeed I believe that my last hour is close at hand, and that death will forthwith overtake me; therefore in this manner have I written. Not only thee, my dear brother, but even you, all dwellers upon earth, do I implore that you do especially pray that I, and he, and indeed all souls already departed, may be received into calm and quiet repose. This my unfeigned wish have I, thy brother Roger Bacon, written in my ultimate struggle with death, now present with me in my bed. Oh, my most amiable Sennahoi, prosper thou in our Lord Jesus Christ. Again and again I implore thee, that thou suffer not thyself in any manner to forget

\* I have ventured to translate this "Epistle," which, in the original document, is in Latin. A. A. R.

† I do not recollect meeting with this name elsewhere. A. A. R.

‡ "*Consanguinitatis meae.*" The friendship of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungey has been familiar to me from my early childhood; but I never heard of their relationship until I saw this letter. A. A. R.

me, and that thou wilt wholly remember me in all, even thy least prayers and supplications: also, I pray that I may be kept in mind by all good men; but for this purpose, to all of you to whom this work shall come, this same little book (certified to me by Lumberd Bungey) shall fully suffice. And scarcely shall you be able to bring forward one of a more excellent nature, for nothing can be more excellent than it is; because, whatsoever was formerly mine, by means of this book did I obtain it. Farewell.

CHARADES, RIDDLES, &c.

[For the Year Book.]

A certain denomination, or heading, in the *Year Book*, has brought to my mind a charade which appeared in some publications last year, and which with its three companions form the best set of those kinds of riddles which I have ever read. It is as follows:—

My first was dark o'er earth and air,  
As dark as she could be!  
The stars that gilded her ebon hair  
Were only two or three;  
King Cole saw twice as many there  
As you or I could see.  
"Away, king Cole," mine hostess said,  
"Flagon and cask are dry;  
Your nag is neighing in the shed,  
For he knows a storm is nigh."  
She set my second on his head,  
And set it all awry.  
He stood upright upon his legs—  
Long life to good king Cole!  
With wine and cinnamon, ale and eggs,  
He filled a silver bowl;  
He drained the draught to the very dregs,  
And he called the draught my whole.

There can be no doubt of the solution of this, after your recipes for "night caps." Christmas time and winter nights are the proper seasons for riddles, which serve to drive "*ennui*, thou weary maid," away.

One of the earliest riddles which we have perhaps on record\* is that propounded by the Sphinx, which, if we may believe report, was productive of any thing but mirth to the Thebans. This celebrated enigma, having the Greek before me,† I thus translate:—

\* The very ancientest I find by the *Every-Day Book*, vol. 2, 26, is in Judges xiv. 14—18.

† Brunck's *Sophocles*, just before *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

There is a thing on earth that hath two feet,  
 And four, and three (one name howe'er),  
 Its nature it alone of earthly things,  
 Of those that swim the deep and fly the air,  
 Doth change; and when it rests upon most  
 feet,  
 Then (strange to tell!) then are its steps less  
 feet.

For which puzzling enigma *Œdipus*  
 returns an answer, which runs thus,—

Listen, unwilling, ill-starred bird awhile,  
 List to my voice which ends thy dreadful guile.  
 Thou meanest man, who just after his birth,  
 Like animals, four-footed, crawls the earth;  
 But, being old, takes, as third foot, a staff,  
 Stretching his neck, by old age bent in half.

Since the time of the Theban *Œdipus*,  
 how many enigmas, and various kinds of  
 riddles, have been invented! The letters  
 of the alphabet have proved a fruitful  
 source; witness lord Byron's celebrated  
 enigma on the letter H. Then the one  
 on O, and a pithy one on E, which for  
 its shortness I give:—

The beginning of eternity, the end of time  
 and space,  
 The beginning of every end, and the end of  
 every place.

PILGRIMIC.

	h. m.
<i>April 4.</i> Day breaks . . .	3 24
Sun rises . . .	5 28
— sets . . .	6 32
Twilight ends . . .	8 36

Starch hyacinth flowers.  
 Crown imperial in full flower.  
 Great saxifrage begins to flower.

**April 5.**

On the 5th of April, 1603, James VI.  
 left Scotland to ascend the English throne,  
 under the title of James I., upon the  
 death of queen Elizabeth, who, by her  
 will, had declared him her successor.  
 The letter from the council, communi-  
 cating this fact, was addressed "Right  
 high, right excellent, and mighty prince,  
 and our dread sovereign Lord."

	h. m.
<i>April 5.</i> Day breaks . . .	3 21
Sun rises . . .	5 26
— sets . . .	6 34
Twilight ends . . .	8 39

Dogs-tooth violet is in full blow in the  
 gardens.  
 The black-cap arrives.

**April 6.**

On the 6th of April, 1199, died Richard  
 I., commonly called *Cœur de Lion*. He  
 was the first king of England who applied  
 the plural term to the regal dignity.

Bertrand de Born, a troubadour so  
 early as the last half of the twelfth cen-  
 tury, refers to Richard *Cœur de Lion* in  
 the verses below, by this appellation—

"THE LORD OF OC AND NO."

The beautiful spring delights me well,  
 When flowers and leaves are growing;  
 And it pleases my heart to hear the swal  
 Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing  
 In the echoing wood;  
 And I love to see, all scattered around,  
 Pavilions, tents, on the martial ground;  
 And my spirit finds it good  
 To see, on the level plains beyond,  
 Gay knights and steeds caparison'd.

It pleases me when the lancers hold  
 Set men and armies flying;  
 And it pleases me to hear around  
 The voice of the soldiers crying;  
 And joy is mine

When the castles strong, besieged, shake,  
 And walls, uprooted, totter and crack;  
 And I see the fœmen join,  
 On the moated shore all compassed round  
 With the palisade and guarded mound.—

Lances and swords, and stained helms,  
 And shields dismantled and broken,  
 On the verge of the bloody battle scene,  
 The field of wrath betoken;  
 And the vassals are there,  
 And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead;  
 And, where the mingled strife is spread,  
 The noblest warrior's care

Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head,  
 The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer,  
 Or banqueting, or reposing,  
 Like the onset cry of "Charge them" rung  
 From each side, as in battle closing,

Where the horses neigh,  
 And the call to "aid" is echoing loud;  
 And there on the earth the lowly and proud  
 In the foss together lie;

And yonder is piled the mangled heap  
 Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons! your castles in safety place,  
 Your cities and villages too,  
 Before ye haste to the battle scene;  
 And, Papiol! quickly go,  
 And tell the Lord of "Oc and No"  
 That peace already too long hath been!

\* Tales of the Minnesingers



CURIOUS TREE, NEAR LOOSE, IN KENT.  
[For the Year Book.]

I have heard that Master Isaac Walton's "Angler" proved a good physician in a recent case, when medicine had done its worst. A lady, hypochondriacally affected, was enabled, through its perusal, to regain or obtain that serenity which distinguished its worthy author, and which she had lost. And who can dwell on those pastoral scenes wherein he expatiates, without acknowledging their renovating influence, and living them over again! I defy any one, who has heart and eyes, to con over the passage subjoined, without a feeling of the fresh breeze rushing around him, or seeing the fleet clouds chase one another along the sky, as he drinks in the varied sounds of joy and gratulation with which the air is rife.

———"Turn out of the way a little, good scholar," says the contemplatist,

"towards yon high honey-suckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently on the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows. Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was this way a fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre—the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam."

The magic of these lines lies in their artlessness; they are poetry or prose, as the reader pleases, but, whether he wills it

or not, they are "after nature." And surely there are many others who, like honest Isaac, can find "tongues in trees" as they lie dreaming in their summer shade, and see "the brave branches fan the soft breeze as it passes, or hear the leaves whisper and twitter to each other like birds at love-making." Nor are those few who have sat entranced beneath the friendly shelter of some twilight bower, listening to the "rocking wind," till suddenly it has died away, and is succeeded by the still shower, rustling on their leafy covert; and, as the serene and tender sun-gleams steal again through the twinkling thicket, have risen from their sojourn, mightier and better men, to go forth "musing praise, and looking lively gratitude."

Such has been oftentimes my experience; and very probably considerations of this kind possessed me as, wearied by a long walk, I sat down in a fresh flowing meadow to make the sketch copied in the engraving which precedes this article. It represents the twin-trunks of an alder, growing near the pretty "rivulet that loseth itself under ground, and rises again at Loose, serving thirteen mills," mentioned in the annotations to Camden's Britannia.\* Both trunks spring from the same root, and may have been at one time united; but a fissure having been made, possibly for some such superstitious purpose as that mentioned in the *Table Book* (vol. ii. col. 465), but more probably by accident or decay, the living bark has closed round the separate stems, and given them the singular appearance of entire and independent trees, growing very lovingly side by side.

D. A.

In 1827 many of the trees in Camberwell Grove, Surrey, which had died from unknown causes, were doomed to fall. One of these, a leafless, leprous thing, remained standing for some time after its brethren had been felled, presenting an appearance strikingly picturesque. The fact is mentioned in a note to the following poem, from an unpretending little work, with the title of "Bible Lyrics and other Poems."

THE LAST OF THE LEAFLESS.

Last of the leafless' withered tree!  
Thou shalt not fall unsung,  
Though hushed is now the minstrelsy  
That once around thee rung.

\*Kent, in describing the course of the Medway.

The storm no more thy scourge shall be,  
The winds of heav'n thy tongue ·  
Yet hast thou still a lively part,  
Within one wayward rhymester's heart

And in thy bare and sapless crest  
His dreaming fancy sees  
More beauty than it e'er possesseth,  
When, shiv'ring in the breeze,  
The sun stole through its summer vest,  
To light thy brethren trees,  
And thoughts came o'er him in his trance,  
Too deep for mortal utterance.

Like Moses on the desert strand,  
Unmoved at Egypt's boast,  
When God revealed his mighty hand  
To guard the favor'd coast:  
Spared in the wreck thou seem'st to stand  
Amidst a fallen host,  
Rearing thy powerless arm on high,  
To call down vengeance from the sky.

Or, like some heart-sick exile here,  
Despising Mammon's leaven,  
"The fear of God his only fear"—  
His only solace—heaven!  
Thou standest desolate and drear,  
Blasted and tempest-riven;  
Triumphant over every ill,  
And seared, yet "looking upward" still.

Preserved whilst thousands fall away,  
The sun-beam shall not smite  
That homeless sojourner by day,  
Or baleful moon by night;  
So whilst those hosts that round thee lay  
Attest the spoiler's might,  
Like him whose "record is on high,"  
To thee no deadly hurt comes nigh!

Yet thou must periah, wither'd tree!  
But shalt not fall unsung,  
Though hushed is now the minstrelsy  
That once around thee rung,  
The storm no more thy scourge shall be,  
The winds of heav'n thy tongue:  
Yet hast thou still a lively part  
Within one wayward rhymester's heart.

I desire to increase the calm pleasures of my readers, by earnestly recommending "Bible Lyrics, and other Poems," whence the preceding verses are taken. If one competent judge, who purchases this little five shilling volume, should differ with me in opinion concerning its claims to a place in the book-case, I am content to abstain from all claim to regard, and not to urge my notions on subjects of criticism.

On the 6th of April, 1895, died, at the age of eighty-nine, Dr. Richard Busby, the celebrated master of Westminster school. He educated most of the emi-

nent men who filled the great offices of state about the period he flourished. They regarded him as their father, though a severe one; and he obtained a prebend's stall at Westminster.

Dr. Robert South, the son of a London merchant, was educated at Westminster school, by Dr. Busby, who, finding him idle but able, disciplined him into learning, by which he rose to eminence. South shone as a polite scholar, and a brilliant wit. Swift left his wit at the church porch; South carried it into the pulpit. It is said that he could "be all things to all men." He preached for and against the Independents and Presbyterians, but adhered to the church when it became triumphant. He was the panegyrist of his highness Oliver, lord protector, and after his death treated him with sarcastic irony, in a sermon before Charles II., who, pleased and turning to Rochester, said, "Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop; remind me when a vacancy offers." He talked of wearing the "buff coat" for James II. against Monmouth, and, in James's distress, "the divine assistance," assisted to seat William III. upon James's throne. Yet he was not covetous. The canonry of Christ Church, a stall at Westminster, the rectory of Islip, and a Welsh sinecure, were all the preferments he would accept. Their revenues were too confined for his liberality; and he gave away part of his paternal patrimony so secretly that it could never be traced. He valued an old hat and staff which he had used for many year, and refused not only a mitre but even archiepiscopal dignity. He was an able controversialist, but not in the habit of commencing or declining controversies. He bore a long and painful malady with cheerful fortitude, and died at the age of eighty-three, on the 8th of July, 1716. He was publicly buried with great honors to his memory. Many of his sermons are excellent.

## April 7.

On the 7th of April, 1786, the celebrated catacombs of Paris were consecrated with great solemnity.

For many centuries Paris had only one public place of interment, the "Cemetery des Innocens," originally a part of the royal domains lying without the walls, and given by one of the earliest French kings as a burial-place to the citizens, in an age when interments within the city were forbidden. Previously to the conversion of this ground into a cemetery, individuals were allowed to bury their friends in their cellars, courts, and gardens; and interments frequently took place in the streets, on the high roads, and in the public fields. Philip Augustus enclosed it, in 1186, with high walls, and, the population of Paris gradually increasing, this cemetery was soon found insufficient. In 1218 it was enlarged by Pierre de Nemours, bishop of Paris, and from that time no further enlargement of its precincts was made. Generation after generation being piled one upon another within the same ground, the inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes began, in the fifteenth century, to complain of the great inconvenience and danger to which they were exposed; diseases were imputed to such a mass of collected putrescence, tainting the air by exhalations, and the waters by filtration; and measures for clearing out the cemetery would have been taken in the middle of the sixteenth century, if disputes between the bishop and the parliament had not prevented them. To save the credit of the burial-ground, a marvellous power of consuming bodies in the short space of nine days was attributed to it. Thickness speaks of several burial-pits in Paris, of a prodigious size and depth, in which the dead bodies were laid side by side, without any earth being put over them till the ground tier was full: then, and not till then, a small layer of earth covered them, and another layer of dead came on, till, by layer upon layer, and dead upon dead, the hole was filled. These pits were emptied once in thirty or forty years, and the bones deposited in what was called "le Grand Charnier des Innocens," an arched gallery, which surrounded the burial-place. The last grave-digger, Francois Pontraci, had, by his own register, in less than thirty years, deposited more than 90,000 bodies in that cemetery. It

		h. m.
April 6.	Day breaks . . . . .	3 19
	Sun rises . . . . .	5 24
	— sets . . . . .	6 36
	Twilight ends . . . . .	8 41

Grape hyacinth, and most of the hyacinths and narcissi, blow fully in the gardens.

was calculated that, since the time of Philip-Augustus, 1,200,000 bodies had been interred there.

In 1805 the council of state decreed that the "Cemetery des Innocens" should be cleared of its dead, and converted into a market-place, after the canonical forms, which were requisite in such cases, should have been observed. The archbishop, in conformity, issued a decree for the suppression and evacuation of the cemetery. The work went on without intermission, till it was necessarily suspended during the hot months; and it was resumed with the same steady exertion as soon as the season permitted. The night-scenes, when the work was carried on by the light of torches and bonfires, are said to have been of the most impressive character: nothing was seen save crosses, monuments, demolished edifices, excavations, and coffins—and the laborers moving about like spectres in the lurid light, under a cloud of smoke.

It fortunately happened that there was no difficulty in finding a proper receptacle for the remains thus disinterred. The stone of the ancient edifices of Paris was derived from quarries opened upon the banks of the river Bièvre, and worked from time immemorial without any system, every man working where and how he would, till it became dangerous to proceed farther. It was only known as a popular tradition that the quarries extended under great part of the city, till the year 1774; when some alarming accidents aroused the attention of the government. They were then surveyed, and plans of them taken; and the result was the frightful discovery that the churches, palaces, and most of the southern parts of Paris were undermined, and in imminent danger of sinking into the pit below them. A special commission was appointed in 1777, to direct such works as might be required. The necessity of the undertaking was exemplified on the very day that the commission was installed: a house in the Rue d'Enfer sunk ninety-one feet below the level of its court-yard. Engineers then examined the whole of the quarries, and propped the streets, roads, churches, palaces, and buildings of all kinds, which were in danger of being engulfed. It appeared that the pillars which had been left by the quarriers in their blind operations, without any regularity, were in many places too weak for the enormous weight above, and in most places had

themselves been undermined, or, perhaps, had been erected upon ground which had previously been hollowed. In some instances they had given way, in others the roof had dipped, and threatened to fall; and, in others, great masses had fallen in. The aqueduct of Arcueil, which passed over this treacherous ground, had already suffered shocks, and an accident must, sooner or later, have happened to this water-course, which would have cut off its supply from the fountains of Paris, and have filled the excavations with water.

Such was the state of the quarries when the thought of converting them into catacombs originated with M. Lenoir, lieutenant-general of the police. His proposal for removing the dead from the Cemetery des Innocens was easily entertained, because a receptacle so convenient, and so unexceptionable in all respects, was ready to receive them. That part of the quarries under the Plaine de Mont Souris was allotted for this purpose; a house, known by the name of "la Tombe Isoire," or Isouard, (from a famous robber, who once infested that neighbourhood), on the old road to Orleans, was purchased, with a piece of ground adjoining; and the first operations were to make an entrance into the quarries by a flight of seventy-seven steps, and to sink a well from the surface, down which the bones might be thrown. Meantime, the workmen below walled off that part of the quarries which was designed for the great charnel-house, opened a communication between the upper and lower vaults, and built pillars to prop the roof. When all these necessary preliminaries had been completed, the ceremony of consecrating the intended catacombs was performed, and on the same day the removal from the cemetery began.

All the crosses, tombstones, and monuments which were not reclaimed by the families of the dead, to whom they belonged, were carefully removed, and placed in the field belonging to la Tombe Isoire. Many leaden coffins were buried in this field; one of them contained the remains of Madame de Pompadour. Thus far things were conducted with the greatest decorum; but, during the revolution, la Tombe Isoire was sold as a national domain, the leaden coffins were melted, and all the monuments destroyed. The catacombs received the dead from other cemeteries, and served also as receptacles



for those who perished in popular commotions or massacres.

Upon the suppression of the convents and various churches, the remains discovered in them were removed and deposited in this immense charnel-house, but, from the breaking out of the revolution, the works were discontinued, and so much neglected, that, in many places, the soil fell in, and choked up the communications; water entered by filtration; the roof was cracked in many places, and threatened fresh downfalls; and the bones themselves lay in immense heaps, mingled with the rubbish, and blocking up the way. In 1810 a regular system of piling up the bones in the catacombs was adopted. To pursue his plans, the workmen had to make galleries through the bones, which, in some places, lay above thirty yards thick. It was necessary also to provide for a circulation of air, the atmosphere having been rendered unwholesome by the quantity of animal remains which had been introduced. The manner in which this was effected was singularly easy. The wells which supplied the houses above with water were sunk below the quarries, and formed, in those excavations, so many round towers. M. de Thury merely opened the masonry of these wells, and luted into the opening the upper half of a broken bottle, with the neck outwards; when fresh air was wanted, it was only necessary to uncork some of these bottles. Channels were made to carry off the water, steps constructed from the lower to the upper excavation, pillars erected in good taste to support the dangerous parts of the roof, and the skulls and bones were built up along the walls.

There are two entrances to the catacombs, the one towards the west, near the barrier d'Enfer, by which visitors are admitted; and the other to the east, near the old road to Orleans, which is appropriated to the workmen and persons attached to the establishment. The staircase descending to the catacombs consists of ninety steps, and, after several windings, leads to the western gallery, which is under, and in a perpendicular line with trees on the western side of the Orleans road. From this gallery several others branch off in different directions. That by which visitors generally pass extends along the works beneath the aqueduct d'Arcueil, and brings them to the gallery du Pont Mahon. A soldier, named Dé-

cure, who had accompanied marshal Richelieu in his expedition against Minorca, being employed in those quarries, discovered a small excavation, to which he sunk a staircase, and descended there to take his meals, instead of accompanying the other workmen above ground. In his leisure hours, Décure, who had been long a prisoner at the forts of the Port Mahon, employed himself, from 1777 to 1782, in carving a plan of that port. When it was finished, he formed a spacious vestibule, adorned with a kind of Mosaic of black flint. To complete his work, this ingenious man determined to construct a staircase, but, before he had completed it, a mass of stone fell, and crushed him so seriously as to occasion his death. The following inscription, upon a tablet of black marble, is placed in the gallery du Port Mahon:—

Cet ouvrage fut commencé en 1777,  
Par Décure, dit Beauséjour, Vétéran  
de Sa Majesté, et fini en 1782.

Décure's stone table and benches are still preserved in the quarry which he called his saloon. At a short distance from this spot are enormous fragments of stone (Logan-stones?) so nicely balanced, on a base hardly exceeding a point, that they rock with every blast, and seem to threaten the beholder. About a hundred yards from the gallery du Port Mahon, we fall again into the road of the catacombs. On the right side is a pillar formed of dry stones, entirely covered with incrustations of gray and yellow calcareous matter; and 100 yards further on is the vestibule of the catacombs. It is of an octagonal form. On the sides of the door are two stone benches, and two pillars of the Tuscan order.

The vestibule opens into a long gallery, lined with bones from the floor to the roof. The arm, leg, and thigh bones are in front, closely and regularly piled together, and their uniformity is relieved by three rows of skulls at equal distances. Behind these are thrown the smaller bones.

This gallery conducts to several rooms, resembling chapels, lined with bones variously arranged; and in the centre, or in niches of the walls, are vases and altars, some of which are formed of bones, and others are ornamented with skulls of different sizes. Some altars are of an antique form, and composed of the solid rock.

Among the ornaments is a fountain, in which four golden fish are imprisoned.

They appear to have grown in this unnatural situation; three of them have retained their brilliant color, but some spots have appeared upon the fourth, which render it probable that exclusion from light may produce, though more slowly, the same effect upon them that it does upon vegetables. The spring which rises here was discovered by the workmen; the basin was made for their use, and a subterranean aqueduct carries off the waters.

The different parts of the catacombs are named, with strange incongruity, from the author or the purport of the inscription which is placed there. Thus, there is the *Crypta de la Verité*, the *Crypta de la Mort et de l' Eternité*, and the *Crypta de Néant*, the *Allée de Job*, and the *Crypte de Caton*, the *Crypte de la Résurrection*, and the *Crypte de la Fontaine*. Virgil, Ovid, and Anacreon have each their crypts, as well as the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel; and Hervey takes his place with Horace, Malherbes, and Jean-Baptiste Rousseau. The inscriptions are numerous.

The album which is kept at the catacombs is not a little characteristic of the French nation; it contains a great many effusions of sentiment, a few of devotional feeling, and numerous miserable witticisms and profligate bravadoes.

There are different calculations as to the number of bones collected in the catacombs. It is, however, certain that they contain the remains of at least 3,000,000 of human beings.

Two cabinets have been formed by M. de Thury, in this immense depository of the dead. One is a mineralogical collection of all the strata of the quarries; the other is a pathological assemblage of diseased bones, scientifically arranged. There is likewise a table, on which are exposed the skulls most remarkable either for their formation, or the marks of disease which they bear.

In the month of April, 1814, the Russian troops formed a camp in the plain of Mont Souris. As soon as they learned that the catacombs were beneath it, they inspected the entrance, and eagerly visited the vast subterranean sepulchre. In passing through the various galleries they manifested close observation, and expressed sentiments of piety. The catacombs are objects of visit and investigation with all curious travellers.\*

CAUTION TO MAIDENS.

*Vivets*

Doete de Troies, a lady of the thirteenth century, is presumed to have written the following verses:—

When comes the beauteous summer time,  
And grass grows green once more,  
And sparkling brooks the meadows lave  
With fertilizing power;  
And when the birds rejoicing sing  
Their pleasant songs again,  
Filling the vales and woodlands gay  
With their enlivening strain;  
Go not at eve nor morn, fair maids,  
Unto the mead alone,  
To seek the tender violets blue,  
And pluck them for your own;  
For there a snake lies hid, whose fangs  
May leave untouch'd the heel,  
But not the less—O not the less,  
Your hearts his power shall feel.\*

April 7, 1738, died John King, a celebrated printseller in the Poultry. He left behind him a property of £10,000. It would be pleasant to collectors to know more of his profession, from Peter Stent, George Humble, and others in the reigns of Charles I. and II. In that of William III. John Bullfinch flourished; and Granger mentions Rowlet, as selling the print of Dobson: but the celebrated mezzotinter Smith was a kind of monopolizer of the trade. John Overton, of whom there is a portrait, at the age of sixty-eight, in 1708, appears to have succeeded him as, in his day, the principal vender of engravings. Granger conjectures Overton to have been descended from the family of a place of that name in Hants, but Noble imagines that he was in some way concerned with Scott, who was the most eminent bookseller in Europe, and resided in Little Britain, then the grand emporium for books of every description. Several of the trade were men of learning; and there the literati went to converse with each other. They could do this nowhere so well as at Overton's; especially if they wished to know any thing relative to foreign literature, as he had warehouses at Frankfort, Paris, and other places. He contracted with Herman Moll, of St. Paul's Church Yard, to purchase his trade; but, Moll failing, he lost half the £10,000 he owed him. The next great printseller, after King, was Mr. John Bowles, at the Black Horse, in Cornhill, a catalogue of whose maps, prints, &c., dated

\* History of Paris, iii. 324—352.

\* Lays of the Minnesingers.

1764, shows that he had a considerable stock; and it is well known that he left a large property. He removed from Cornhill; and the Gentleman's Magazine thus notices his death:—"April 8, 1757, died Mr. Thomas Bowles, the great printseller, late of St. Paul's Church Yard."

**BLACK LETTER.**

The late Mr. Bindley, chairman of the Board of Stamps, was one of the most diligent bibliomaniacs. At the sale of his collection, many rare books, which he had picked up for a few shillings, sold for more than the same number of pounds Herbert's "Dick and Robin, with songs, and other old tracts, 1641," which cost him only 2s., was bought by Mr. Heber for £10. A volume, containing Patrick Hannay's "Nightingale, and other poems, with a portrait of the author, and a portrait of Anne of Denmark, by Crispin de Pass, 1622," bought for 6s., was sold for £35. 14s. Five of Robert Green's productions, which altogether cost Mr. Bindley only 7s. 9d., brought £41. 14s. An account of an "English Hermite, or Wonder of his Age, 1655," one "Roger Crab, who could live on three farthings a week, consisting of four leaves, with a portrait," sold for £5. 10s. A short history of another prodigy, Mr. Marriot, "The Cormorant, or Great Eater, of Gray's Inn," who always ate twelve pounds of meat daily, 1652, brought £14. 14s.; and Leuricke's "Most Wonderful and Pleasaunt History of Titus and Gisippus," 1562, a poem of only ten pages, and a contemptible but extremely rare production, sold for £24. 13s. 6d.

**LITERARY BLUNDERS, &c.**

A gentleman, who inherited from his father a considerable library, observed to Mr. Beloe, the bibliographer, that Mr. "Tomus," whose name was on the back of many of the books, must certainly have been a man of wondrous erudition to have written so much!

Mr. Forsyth, in his "Beauties of Scotland," says, the Scotch have carried the practice of cultivating mosses to a great extent. He means reclaiming them. "The Irish," says the author of "Thoughts on the State of Ireland," "are now happily in the way of cementing all their old deficiencies."

A theological commentator praises providence for having made the largest rivers flow close to the most populous towns.

Auctioneers are capital blunderers. They frequently assume the privilege of breaking Priscian's head; and very droll are the flourishes they sometimes make. It is now "a house within itself;" and if "an unfinished one—with other conveniences." A "saie of a nobleman" is common with them; and they have frequently "a cabinet secretary" to sell. A working table for your wife, they call a "mahogany lady's." Ask them what sort of a library is for sale, and they will answer gravely, "a library of books." They call household furniture, which is the worse for wear, "genuine;" a collection of curiosities, "a singular melange of items;" any thing costly, "perfectly unique;" gaudiness, "taste;" and gilding, "virtù"

	h. m.
<i>April 7.</i> Day breaks . . .	3 16
Sun rises . . .	5 22
— sets . . .	6 38
Twilight ends . . .	8 44
Wood anemone fully flowers.	
Large daffodil comes into flower.	
Ramshorns, or male orchis, flowers.	

**April 8.**

April 8, 1663, is the date of the first play bill that issued from Drury Lane Theatre.

[Copy.]

By his Majesty his Company of Comedians, at the New Theatre, in Drury Lane, This day, being Thursday, April 8, 1663, will be acted a Comedy, called

**THE HVMOVROVS LIEVTENANT.**

- The King . . . Mr. Winterset.
- Demetrius . . . Mr. Hort.
- Seleris . . . Mr. Bvrt.
- Leontivs . . . Major Mahon.
- Lieutenant . . . Mr. Glyn.
- Cela . . . Mrs. Marshall.

The Play will begin at 3 o'clock exactly  
Boxes 4s., Pit 2s. 6d., Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d., Upper Gallery, 1s.

**THE TENTH WAVE (see p. 31.)**

[For the Year Book.]

Sir Thomas Browne's assertion upon this matter has been strongly controverted by many writers, and supported by others, between whose opinions I shall not pretend to decide. The last place in which

I have met with an allusion to the idea is in Maturin's Sermons, where occurs the figurative expression "the tenth wave of human misery." His volume, travelling across the Atlantic, caused the subject to be discussed in America, as appears by the subjoined extract from the New York Gazette. August 5, 1823:—

"Hartford, August 4.

"*The tenth Wave.*—An expression in one of Mr. Maturin's works to this effect, the 'tenth wave of human misery,' induced a gentleman who communicated the result in a Boston paper last summer to watch and see if the largest and most overwhelming wave was succeeded by nine and only nine smaller ones, and he satisfied himself that such was the fact. But this seems to be no new thought of Mr. Maturin. A valued friend has turned us to two passages in Ovid, in which he expressly mentions the phenomenon. One is in his *Tristia Elegia 2*, lines forty-ninth and fiftieth.

"*Qui venit hic fluctus, fluctus superemmet omnes:*  
*Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.*"

Meaning a wave which succeeds the ninth, and (of course) precedes the eleventh, overtops the others.

"The other is in the *Metamorphoses*, book 11th, line 530.

"*Vastius insurgens decimas ruit impetus undas.*

Or, in other words, the force of the tenth wave is greater than that of any other.

"We should like to know if it be true, and, if so, what is the reason of it. Perhaps some friend of ours, who may visit the sea shore for his health or amusement this season, may furnish us with an answer to one or both of these questions. It is not an idle subject; for it is well known that landing through the surf is dangerous, and, if it be ascertained that this is true, it may save some boats and some lives."

J. B——n.

Staffordshire Moorlands.

[To Mr. Hone.]

Sir,

In the *Year Book*, page 31, is an allusion to the tenth wave. Whatever might have been the knowledge and experience of Sir Thomas Browne, it is not necessary here to enquire; but that, very often, such a phenomenon as the tenth

wave is to be seen I am well assured. At the conclusion of my "*Ornithologia*," page 434, under the head *Valedictory Lines*, is a note relative to this subject which perhaps you will be good enough to transfer to your pages. It is true an impertinent, and, I will add at the same time, ignorant critic, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, thought proper some years ago to animadvert on this allusion of mine to the tenth wave in no very courteous or measured terms; but the everlasting laws of nature are not to be overturned by critics, who know little or nothing about those laws.

The tenth wave has excited the attention of the poets. Maturin somewhere speaks of the tenth wave of human misery. In turning over lately some of our older poets, I met with an allusion to the ninth wave; in whose works I do not now recollect. Ovid alludes to it in his *Tristia Elegia 2*, and also in his *Metamorphoses*, lib. xi.; but what he says it is not necessary here to repeat.

This notion of the tenth wave has long been entertained by many persons conversant with the sea-shore: I have often heard it when I was a boy, and have repeatedly watched the waves of the sea, when breaking on the shore (for it is to this particular motion that the tenth wave, as far as I know, applies), and can state that, when the tide is ebbing, no such phenomenon as the tenth wave occurs; but when the tide is flowing, some such is often observable; it is not, however, invariably the tenth wave: after several smaller undulations, a larger one follows, and the water rises. This is more distinctly seen on a sandy or smooth muddy shore, of more or less flatness.

As names in authentication of facts are of some importance, I add mine to this communication.

I am, dear Sir,  
Sincerely yours,  
JAS. JENNINGS.

March 1831.

	h. m.
April 8. Day breaks . . . .	3 13
Sun rises . . . .	5 20
-- sets . . . .	6 40
Twilight ends . . . .	8 47

The Van Thol tulip is in full flower while the standard tulips remain, as yet, unopened.

April 9.

Raffaello Sanzio the eminent painter, was born April 9th (March 28th, O. S.) 1483, at Urbino in the states of the church. His father was himself a painter, though an indifferent one. Raphael, while yet a boy, took leave of his parents, with great fondness on both sides, to go under the care of Pietro Perugino, one of the earliest masters of modern art. Pietro's style was crude and monotonous, but he had a talent for expression, and thus the finest part of his disciple's genius remained uninjured; he afterwards introduced his old master by his side, in his famous picture of the school of Athens. On quitting Perugino, he designed at Sienna; but was drawn to Florence, by the fame of Da Vinci and Michael Angelo. After improving his manner by the admiration of their works, he fell with equal zeal and patience to the study of the ancient sculptures; and formed a style of sweetness and power which placed him on the throne of his art. His genius was original, easy, and fertile. His fame was at its height in his life-time; and he lived to see his school support it. His disciples, one of whom was the famous Giulio Romano, were so attached to him, that they followed him about like a guard of honor. He was one of the most handsome, graceful, and good-tempered of men. His life was comparatively short, and apparently full of pleasing images. His death is said to have been owing to the mistaken treatment of a nervous fever, but it is understood that his intense sense of the beautiful devoured him; yet, in some of his works, there is great absence of the love of rural nature. In his picture of Parnassus, instead of a luxuriance of laurel-trees, in the back ground, he has divided it into

three uniform parts with three little patches of them, and the Castalian stream issues out of an absolute rain-spout. As a painter of humanity, in all its varieties of thought as well as beauty, he was never approached. The translation of his works upon copper is more difficult than that of most painters, because he deals so much in delicacy of expression.\*

ART IN THE CITY.

In the present year, 1831, many private lovers of art have associated with its professors, in the midst of the metropolis under the denomination of "The City of London Artists and Amateurs' Conversation." The meetings of this society are held in the evening at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate-hill; and at each meeting there is a succession of fresh and delightful specimens of drawing, painting, and sculpture. A guinea a year, which is the sole expense, constitutes a member, with certain privileges of introduction to the friends of members. So laudable and spirited a purpose in behalf of art in the city has the strongest claims on residents. Strange to say, this is the first endeavour to form an occasional association of artists and amateurs eastward of Temple Bar. The meeting on the 17th of March was highly gratifying; another on the 23d of April closes the season until the winter.

	h. m.
<i>April 9.</i> Day breaks . . .	3 11
Sun rises . . .	5 18
— sets . . .	6 42
Twilight ends . . .	8 49

Moorwort flowers.  
Primroses and dog-violets flower on every roadside bank, and slope.

\* The Indicator.

VIOLETS.

Not from the verdant garden's cultured bound,  
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,  
We sprung; but nurslings of the lonely vale,  
'Midst woods obscure, and native glooms were found  
'Midst woods and glooms, whose tangled brakes around  
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn  
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn  
Deep on her foot impress'd an impious wound.  
Then prone to earth we bowed our pallid flowers,  
And caught the drops divine; the purple dyes  
Tinging the lustre of our native hue:  
Nor summer gales, nor art-conducted showers,  
Have nursed our slender forms, but lovers' sighs  
Have been our gales, and lovers' tears our dew  
*Lorenzo de Medici, by Mr. Roscoe.*



THE RAVEN AT HOOK, HANTS.

A correspondent who made the sketch,\* obligingly transmitted it for the present engraving, with this intimation, that it represents "the old Raven Hostelrie" at Hook, on the great western road between Murrell-green and Basingstoke. The house, which faces the south, was built in 1653; the original portion now standing is the kitchen and stair-case; and this kitchen is remarkable for having been the temporary residence of "Jack the Painter," the incendiary who fired Portsmouth dock-yard, on the 7th of December, 1776.

The real name of this man was James Aitken; he was also called Hill, otherwise Hind. He seems to have acquired the appellation of "Jack the Painter" from having been apprenticed to a painter at Edinburgh, where he was born, in Sep-

tember, 1752. At the age of twenty-one curiosity led him to take a voyage to America. He traversed several of the colonies, working at his trade; left America in March, 1775; and, in October following, enlisted at Gravesend, as a soldier, by the name of James Boswell, in the thirty-second regiment. This was during the war with America, towards which country he conceived strong partiality. His military life was brief, and spent in deserting and enlisting into different regiments, and devising means for destroying the English dock-yards. The fire which he effected at Portsmouth dock-yard broke out in the upper loft of the rope-house. It was discovered and quenched soon after it broke out, but not before it had effected considerable damage; and, though the fire was presumed to have been maliciously done, there was no clue to the fact until more than a month afterwards, when, in the great hemd-house,

\* W. A. D. JUN., who likewise communicated his drawing of the Prison of Chillon, engraved at p. 209.

there was discovered a tin box, peculiarly constructed, with matches partly burnt, and spirits of wine at the bottom. This box was found in the centre of a large quantity of combustible substances, from too much hemp having been placed over it, the air had become excluded, and the matches had gone out for want of air; nad they burnt down to the spirits of wine, the whole place would have been in a blaze, and stores destroyed sufficient for the rigging of fifty sail of the line.

It appears that the night after this nefarious act he left Portsmouth, for London, and went to doctor Bencraft, a gentleman in the American interest, living in Downing-street, to whom he hinted what he had done, and what further he designed. He was repulsed by the doctor, and, quitting London without money, broke into, and robbed a house at High Wycombe, went to Oxford, where he ineffectually attempted two others, and succeeded in entering one at Fairford, which he plundered of goods, about fifty shillings in money, and a metal watch. The watch he disposed of at Bristol, where he meditated incendiary purposes, but, not finding things to his mind, went on to Plymouth, with a design to set fire to the dock-yard there. He scaled the top of the wall, on two different nights, but, upon hearing the watchmen in conversation each time, he abandoned the attempt, and returned to renew his design upon Bristol.

Bristol quay was then crowded with shipping, and he secretly boarded, in the night time, the Savannah la Mar, near the crane, and the ship Fame at another part of the quay, and set them on fire. The flames were almost immediately discovered and extinguished, or vessels of an immense value would have been burned. The watch in this port was afterwards so strict, that he could not effect his villany by boarding the shipping; but he lingered in that city, and marked a stable on the quay, in order to set fire to it, with the hope of the flames communicating to the merchantmen. This, however, he desisted from, at the moment he was about to enter, in consequence of observing a man lying in a cart near the place. He was more successful in Quay-lane, where he introduced a quantity of combustibles, which he fired by means of a slow match, and instantly left the town. On looking back, and not seeing the flames ascend, he returned part of the way, till he heard an alarm of the city being on fire. Upon

this news he retraced his steps to Sodbury, and crossed the country, through Mashfield and Chippenham, to Calne, where he broke open a house, and then quitted the town, leaving a pistol, with other things in a parcel, in the church-porch.

These incendiary acts, in time of war, alarmed the whole nation, and government offered a reward of £500 for their discovery: certain circumstances occasioned "Jack the Painter" to be suspected as the perpetrator. He was sought and traced, and taken prisoner in the kitchen of the "Raven at Hook," while handing a black-jack of foaming ale among the other frequenters of the house. Upon his trial at Winchester Assizes, on the 6th of March, 1777, the chief witness against him was one Baldwin, who had visited him in prison, and to whom he had disclosed the manner of his setting fire to the rope-house at Portsmouth. Upon this testimony, which was amply corroborated, he was found guilty, and received sentence of death. On the 10th of the same month he was executed at the dock-gates, on a gibbet sixty-four feet and a half high, formed from the mizen-mast of the Arethusa, and afterwards hung in chains on Blockhouse beach. He behaved with decency, seemed penitent, acknowledged the justness of his sentence, and advised the government to vigilance.

The damage effected at Portsmouth, by this criminal, is said to have amounted to £60,000. He was led, from his trial, through the dock-yard, and shown the devastation he had caused. Some years after his execution a party of sailors took down his skeleton, placed it in a sack, and left it chimney in the corner of a public-house at Gosport.\*

#### April 10.

April 10, 1736, died at Vienna, aged 73, Prince Eugene, a celebrated commander in conjunction with the great duke of Marlborough of the allied armies. He was so popular in England that a maiden lady bequeathed to him £2500 and a gardener £100.

St. Helen's church, at Worcester, has a set of bells cast in the time of queen Anne, with names and insertions which record the victories gained in that reign, as follow:—

\* Ann. Register. Genis Mag. Univ. Mag. Slight's Chronicles of Portsmouth, 1828.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 10.

1 *Blenheim.*

First is my note, and Blenheim is my name;  
For Blenheim's story will be first in fame.

2. *Barcelona.*

Let me relate how Louis did bemoan  
His grandson Philip's flight from Barcelona.

3 *Ramilies.*

Deluged in blood, I, Ramilies, advance  
Britannia's glory on the fall of France.

4. *Menin.*

Let Menin on my sides engraven be;  
And Flanders freed from Gallic slavery.

5. *Turin.*

When in harmonious peal I roundly go,  
Think on Turin, and triumphs on the Po.

6. *Eugene.*

With joy I hear illustrious Eugene's name;  
Fav'rite of fortune and the boast of fame.

7. *Marlborough.*

But I for pride, the greater Marlborough bear;  
Terror of tyrants, and the soul of war.

8. *Queen Anne.*

The immortal praises of queen Anne I sound,  
With union blest, and all these glories crowned.

The inscriptions on these bells are dated 1706, except that on the seventh, which is dated 1712.

LOQUACIOUS BELLS.

[For the Year Book.]

I can see no reason why the pompous "lords of the creation" (as we call ourselves) should monopolize the noblest endowments, as well as the choicest treasures, of nature; I can find no sufficient argument for believing that every talent which adorns humanity must of necessity be confined to humanity:—can nothing else in life walk on two legs, because man has only two to walk upon? May nothing else in the universe speak a word, because he has "the gift of the gab?"—Such a creed is as causeless as it is conceited.

Nature, ay! and even art, step forward to humble his pride and presumption; the very works of his own hands emulate his boasted powers, and claim that rank in the vast scale of being from which his favorite and fashionable "exclusiveness" would enviously reject them. Man boasts of being the only creature endowed with language; while a mere piece of machinery, an inanimate bell, has often been known to hold forth most sensible discoursing! We all know a bell has a long

tongue, then why should it not employ it articulately? What though its head be empty! *That* is but the peculiarity of most of our verbose declaimers! I shall proceed to instance a few cases of undoubted credibility, where bells have tinkled in human phraseology: I say but a few cases; for, were I to produce all the good things they have said, I should complete another volume of *Bell's Letters*, inasmuch as there is not a church bell in the world but what has *toll'd* something to somebody!

We, all of us, have heard of the pleasant and encouraging counsel which the merry bells of London gave to the desponding Whittington. "Turn again Whittington, lord mayor of London," sung the tuneful peal: he turned, and was lord mayor of London to his heart's content. (I believe he held the office four times.) So much respect has been paid to the words of vocal bells, that their responses have frequently been considered perfectly oracular.

When poor Panurge is (very reasonably) perplexed upon the hazardous subject of matrimony, and is consulting every variety of divination, anxiously longing to *divine* that his lot will be *heavenly*, "Hearken," quoth Friar John, to the Oracle of the Bells of Varennes; what say they?" "I hear and understand them," quoth Panurge, "their sound is, By my thirst, more uprightly fatidical than that of Jove's Great Kettles in Dodona. Hearken, 'Take thee a wife, take thee a wife, and marry, marry, marry; for if thou marry thou shalt find good therein, herein, herein a wife, thou shalt find good; so marry, marry, marry.'\* I will assure thee I will be married!" But a short time after, when the Friar had descanted upon the certainty of his being unfortunate in his connubial choice, the omenous peal rang with a sadder signification; "In good faith," said Panurge, "I speak now seriously unto thee, Friar John, I think it will be the best *not* to marry: hearken to what the bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them: 'Do not marry; marry not, not, not, not, not; marry, marry not, not, not, not, not: if thou marry, thou wilt miscarry, carry, carry, thou'lt repent it, resent it,' &c. &c

\* Rabelais, book iii. chap. 27 and 28. How could a wife taken upon such recommendation prove other than an old vixen? She needs must be a Beldam!



We are informed in the "Menagiana,"\* that this pleasant episode is copied from a sermon of John Rolinuis, doctor of Paris, &c., monk of Cluny—on widowhood. In the doctor's discourse it was told of a certain widow, who went to consult the curé of her parish, whether she should marry her servant. The curé, like a wise man, always gave her that advice which he saw she was pre-determined to follow: and at last referred her to the bells of the church to settle the doubtful question. The bells rang, and the widow distinctly heard them say, "*Prends ton valet, prends ton valet*" (Take your servant, take your servant), and accordingly she submitted to their better judgment, and married him. Unfortunately, however, the servant proved a bad master to his mistress, and the good woman went immediately to reproach the curé for his infamous conduct! He excused himself by declaring she must have misunderstood the monition of the bells; he rang them again, and then the poor lady heard clearly, "Ne le prends pas; ne le prends pas" (don't take him, don't take him).

The latter version of the story has been cast into English metre, and cooked up into a capital comic song, well known to all frequenters of melodious meetings, concerting clubs, and harmonic *hassemblies*. The burden of the song explains to us the reason of the bells chiming with such a different meaning:

"As the bell tinks, so the fool thinks,  
As the fool thinks, so the bell tinks;"

and, furthermore, gives us the important and interesting information of the name of the servant whom the good widow wedded: it was John. Well indeed has it been observed that the English borrow nothing of foreign origin, without leaving it vastly improved!

The poets are under (and confess it) the greatest obligation to the garrulity of bells; to the professors of the "*bell-science*" (as poetry was wont to be called), the bells relax their accustomed brevity of speech, and become diffuse and anecdotal: thus sings the first living poet of the day; "the first," do I say? ay! he is *More*.

\* Menagiana, 63, in "Table Talk," Constable's Miscellany, vol. x. I should have imagined that a bell could not avoid giving an approving omen: I should have thought a *clapper must applaud!*

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth and hope, and that sweet time  
When first I heard their soothing chime."<sup>†</sup>

There is but one more instance which I shall produce of a bell holding rational discourse with a poet; but it is one in which the language it employed was without ambiguity, and the result of which was of the greatest importance to the listener, and of eminent advantage to the literary world. To the advice of a bell we are indebted for the beautiful poem of the "King's Quair." The amiable and unfortunate James I. of Scotland informs us, at the commencement of the poem, that he was lying in bed one morning, when the reminiscence of all he had seen and all he had suffered, from his earliest youth, completely prevented the return of slumber; it was then that, as he expresses it,

"Wery for-lyin, I listnyt so daynlye,  
And sone I herd the bell to matins ring,  
And up I rose, na langer wald I lye;  
But now how trowe se such a fantasye  
Fell me to my mynd, that ay me thought  
the bell,

Said to me, Tell on man, qubat the befell."<sup>‡</sup>  
The astonished monarch reasoned with himself upon this extraordinary command; he argued with himself, "This is my uwin ymaginacion;" but, happily for us, ultimately he obeyed the injunction, and, as he confesses,

I sat me down,  
And further withal my pen in hand I take  
And maid a cross, and thus begouth my  
buke."<sup>‡</sup> P. P. PIPPS.

	h. m.
April 10. Day breaks . . .	3 8
Sun rises . . .	5 16
— sets . . .	6 44
Twilight ends . . .	8 52

Stock gilliflower begins to flower in gardens.

The sycamore in young leaf.

\* Moore's Melodies.

† King's Quair, canto i. stanza 11. In modern orthography it should run thus, "Weary with lying, I listen'd suddenly, And soon I heard the bell to matins ring, And up I rose, nor longer would I lie; But now, how trow ye? such a fantasie Fell me to my mind, that aye methought the bell,

Said to me, Tell on, man, what thee befell"  
‡ "This is my own imagination.—And  
"I sat me down,  
And forth withal my pen in hand I took,  
And made a cross, and thus began my book."  
P. P. P.

## April 11.

April 11, 1689. The prince of Orange and his-wife the princess Mary, daughter of James II., were crowned at London and filled the throne vacated by her exiled father, who by this ceremony, and their acceptance of the memorable bill of rights, was utterly cashiered and excluded.

## DRESS, TEMP. WILLIAM AND MARY.

In this reign we find Dryden complaining that "our snippers (tailors) go over once a year into France, to bring back the newest mode, and to learn to cut and shape it."

The fashions underwent some changes. Gentlemen wore their coats cut straight before, and reaching below the knee, with lace in front, and often buttoned to the bottom, without pockets on the outside; large cuffs, laced and buttoned, but no collar. The vest reached nearly to the knee. It was frequently fringed with gold or silver. Frogs or tassel, adorned the button-holes. The breeches fitted close, and reached below the knee; the shirt was ruffled, and generally with lace; the cravat long, plain, or entirely of point; shoes square-toed, the heel high; the buckles were large: the boots were worn high and stiffened; and the hats were cocked, and of a moderate size. We may reasonably suppose that the gentlemen dressed in the Dutch rather than in the French fashions; but the monarch seldom varied his dress.

But the peruke was the greatest article of extravagance. It was of French origin, and now expanded to an enormous size. Louis XIV. wore a profusion of false hair. A preposterous wig was so essentially necessary to this great monarch, that he was never seen without it: before he rose from his bed, his valet gave him his forest of peruke, and even his statues were loaded with enormity of wig. Nothing could be more absurd than the appearance of generals in armour, covered to the pomels of their saddles with false hair, frosted with powder. The beaus had their coats on the shoulders and back regularly powdered, as well as their wigs. All orders, professions, and ages, wore flowing perukes; but the higher the rank, the greater the abundance of hair. Boys of rank were subjects to this folly as well as their fathers; and many could barely remember ever having worn their natural

locks. The wig, which was originally intended, like Otho's, to imitate in color the deficient hair and to hide baldness, was now uniformly white, and by its preposterous magnitude appeared to swell the head to a most unnatural size. If the idea was taken from the vast curling mane of the lion, it ought to have been solely adopted by the military; but the peruke covered the head of the lawyer and the medical man, in proportion to the dignity of each. It would have been considered the height of insolence for a counsellor to have worn as large a wig as a judge, or an attorney as a barrister. The clergy took example by their metropolitan. The modest Tillotson was wigged, and the fashion descended to the humble curate. John Baptist Thiers, D. D., a French ecclesiastic, wrote an elaborate work against perukes and false hair, especially as worn by the clergy, entitled "Histoire de Peruques, a Paris, 1690," a duodecimo of above five hundred closely printed pages. Shammerée was wig-maker in ordinary to the London beaus in this reign, who had for their undress the scratch, requiring neither frizzling nor buckling, but rectified instantly from any little disorder by passing the comb over it. The large flaxen perriwigs were, by a wag, called the silver fleece. Charles II.'s reign might be called that of black, this that of white wigs.

Ladies wore their dresses long and flowing, and were copyists of the French, yet scarcely so much as they have been since. They flounced their coats; a fashion which Mr. Noble whimsically imagines might have been derived from Albert Durer, who represented an angel in a flounced petticoat, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise. The ruffles were long and double, and the hair much frizzed and curled. Jewels, pearls, and amber, were worn in the hair; and ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, ornamented the stomacher and shoulders.

The ladies, following the queen's example, began to work with their needles. Mr. Noble mentions, that he saw a great deal of queen Mary's needle-work, and that he had a valuable necklace of hers, of the finest amber, which he presented to Dr. Green, of Litchfield, with a pair of shoes of the queen's, which had been given to him by the late John Scott Hylton, Esq., whose maiden aunt was dresser to her majesty, and had received many articles at her royal mistress's death, in lieu of her salary, besides what she had received

from her majesty in her life time. There was a pair of golden fillagree sleeve-buttons, small and elegant, and under the fillagree was the hair of King William.

The head-dress was more like a veil than a cap, and thrown back; the sides hung below the bosom. This head-dress gradually diminished to a caul with two lappets, known by the name of a "mob." The shoes had raised heels and square toes, were high on the instep, and worked with gold, and always of the most costly materials.

The gloves of both sexes were of white leather, worked, but not so extravagantly as in the reign of Charles I.

The ladies were not encumbered with hoops, but to increase the size behind they wore "the commode," which gave additional grace, it was thought, to the swimming train.

	h. m.
<i>April 11.</i> Day breaks . . .	3 5
Sun rises . . .	5 14
— sets . . .	6 46
Twilight ends . . .	8 55

Dandelion flowers generally in the meadows.

The wryneck is sometimes heard about this day.

#### THE WOODLARK

In the opinion of many this is the best song-bird in the kingdom. Mr. Albin is warm in his praise:—"He is not only, as some have said, comparable to the nightingale, for singing, but, in my judgment, deserving to be preferred before that excellent bird; and, if he be hung in the same room, will strive with him for the mastery. If brought up from the nest, and caged in the same room with a nightingale, he will learn his notes, and, as it were, incorporate them with his own."

The woodlark is of great beauty, both in shape and plume; his breast and belly are of a pale yellowish hare-color, faintly spotted with black; the back and head are party-colored, of black and reddish-yellow, a white line encompassing the head, from eye to eye, like a crown or wreath. It is something less, and shorter bodied than the common skylark, and sits upon trees, which that bird seldom or never does

A gentleman who made many accurate observations on birds, says, the male woodlark is flat headed, and full behind the ears, with a white stroke from each nostril, forming a curve line over the eye, and almost meeting behind the neck; the whiteness of this line, and its extension behind the neck, are the best signs to distinguish the male: they are full-chested, long from the neck to the shoulder of the wing, narrow on the vent, with a long lightish tail, and the two corner feathers touched with white; long in body, and carries himself upright; some of the feathers under the throat have small stripes; they have three small white feathers on the top of the shoulder, and a long heel.

The female is narrow-headed, and brown over the eyes, flattish from the breast to the belly, and round at the vent; short-heeled, and has only two whitish, dull, or cream-colored feathers on the shoulder; the curve-line of her head reaches but a little beyond the eye.

The male is likewise known by his greater size, by the largeness and length of his call; by tall walking about the cage; and, at evening, by the doubling of his note, as if he were going to roost. Length of heel, largeness of wing, and the setting up of the crown upon the head, are said by some to be certain signs of the male; yet they do not always prove true: the strength of song cannot deceive, for the female sings but little. This distinguishes birds that are taken at flight-time; those caught at other seasons sing soon afterwards or not at all. There are not any certain marks of distinction in nestlings, unless it be that the highest colored bird usually proves a male. Very few are brought up from the nest; for it is difficult, even with the utmost care, to rear them.

The wood-lark is very tender, breeds almost as early as the blackbird, and the young are ready to fly by the middle of March. The female builds at the foot of a bush or a hedge, or where the grass is rank and dry, under turf for shelter from the weather. Her nest is made of withered grass, fibrous roots, and such like matter, with a few horse hairs withinside at the bottom; it is a small and very indifferent fabric; has hardly any hollow or sides, and the whole composition scarcely weighs a quarter of an ounce. She lays four eggs, of a pale bloom color, beautifully mottled and clouded with red, yellow, &c

The young of the wood-lark are tender and difficult to bring up from the nest. If taken before they are well feathered, they are subject to the cramp, and commonly die. They should be put into a basket with a little hay at the bottom, where they may lie clean and warm, and be tied close down. Feed them with sheep's heart, or other lean flesh meat, raw, mixed with a hard-boiled egg, a little bread, and hemp seed bruised or ground, chopped together as fine as possible, and a little moistened with clean water. Give them every two hours, or oftener, five or six very small bits, taking great care never to overload the stomach.

The bird, when wild feeds upon beetles, caterpillars, and other insects, besides seeds.

The wood-lark will take no other than his own melodious song, unless weaned from his nest; in that case he may be taught the song of another bird.

Branchers, which are birds hatched in spring, are taken in June and July, with a net and a hawk, after the manner of sky-larks. They harbour about gravel pits, upon heath and common land, and in pasture fields. For fear of the hawk, they will lie so close that sometimes they suffer themselves to be taken up with the hand. They soon become tame.

They are taken with clap-nets in great numbers in September. These are accounted better birds than those caught at any other time of the year, because, by keeping them all the winter, they become tamer than birds taken in January or February, and will sing longer, commonly eight or nine months in the year.

January is another season for taking wood-larks. When caught at that time they are very stout good birds, and in a few days afterwards they will sing stouter and louder than birds taken in September, but not during so many months.

The wood-larks, whenever taken, should be fed alike with hemp seed bruised very fine, and mixed with bread and egg hard boiled, and grated or chopped as small as possible. When first caught, he will be shy for a little time. Sift fine red gravel at the bottom of his cage, and scatter some of his meat upon it; this will entice him to eat sooner than out of his trough; but that mode may be left off when he eats out of the trough freely.

In a great measure his diet should be the same as the sky-lark's. Give him no turf, but often lay fine red gravel in his

cage; and when not well, instead of gravel, put mould full of ants, which is the most agreeable live food you can give him. Or give him meal-worms, two or three a day; and a little saffron or liquorice sometimes in his water. If relaxed, grate chalk or cheese among his meat and his gravel. He will eat any kind of flesh meat minced fine, which he may now and then have for change of diet, always leaving some of his constant meat in the cage at the same time, that he may eat which he will. A gentleman, very fond of wood-larks, fed them constantly with a composition of pease-meal, honey, and butter, thoroughly mixed, rubbed into small granules, and dried in a dish before a fire. Of this meat he made enough at one time to serve six or eight birds for six weeks or two months. This has become a very usual food for them.

Great care should be taken of the wood-lark, for he is very tender. Some think it necessary to wrap a piece of cloth round the perches in very cold weather. His diet, water, and gravel, should be often shifted.

#### A WALK TO ELTHAM.

[For the Year Book.]

On the 25th of December last we left Camberwell, intending to keep "Christmas," after the fashion of many of our former monarchs, in the old palace at Eltham.\*

The morning was fair, with a sprinkling of snow on the ground, and a bright sun above us. As we were to join some friends in the Kent road, we shaped our course in that direction, and joined it just by that ancient pool, known ever since the days of Chaucer, and perhaps earlier, by the name of "St. Thomas à Watering." For here the pilgrims on their journey to Canterbury, usually made a halt; and hence, I suppose it assumed the name of that "holy blissful martyr," though Mr. Bray (Surrey, vol. iii.) seems to think that a chapel or chantry, dedicated to that

\* Henry III., in 1270; Lionel, his son, and regent during his absence, in 1347; Richard II., Henry IV., V., and VI., and Edw. IV., which last fed 2000 persons here daily at his expense.—*Lycome*.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 11.

saint, stood formerly somewhere about the spot.

But, be this as it may, the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" makes this mention of it—

And forth we riden a litel more than pas  
Unto the watering of Saint Thomas—  
And ther our hoste began his hors arest.

The air was keen and frosty, but the remembrance of Dan Chaucer and his jolly company issuing from the Tabarde in Southwark, on a clear, cool, fresh, spring morning, to wander on a pilgrimage by the very track which we were now pursuing, brought before the mind's eye such sweet fancies and gentle imaginings, that I could almost have "wallowed in December's snows" by thinking of the "soft" season.

Whanne that Aprilis with his shoures sote,  
The draughte of March hath forced to the rote.

Four "merry souls and all agog," we moved at a brisk pace along the Kent road, determined to find matter for mirth in every thing. We passed Hatcham, an ancient hill mentioned in Domesday Book, but consisting now of but few houses, and met with nothing worthy of record till we reached New Cross.

"Lo! Defeford!" as Chaucer says, cried A., as the thickly congregated houses of that town burst upon our view; amongst which the low grey-stone turret of St. Nicholas, and the lofty spire of St. Paul's churches, were conspicuous; of this last, Dr. Conyers was formerly rector, and some of your readers may recollect the compliment paid him by Cowper—

— The path to bliss  
Is open, and ye cannot enter; why?  
Because ye will not, Conyer would rep.y—  
And he says much which many may dispute  
And cavil at with ease, but none refute.

We crossed the Ravensbourn, and began to ascend Blackheath hill, but struck out of the road by the "Cavern," which you may, or may not, believe was excavated by Jack Cade and his merry men all, who mustered on the heights above it, a force of nearly 100,000. As we were none of us disposed to see the "fine water" issuing from the spring at its farther extremity, forced up against its will by means of a spasmodic old pump, as ricketty, withal, as a flag-staff in a gale

of wind, we passed onward by a "basket-maker's villa," tastefully decorated with an inscription in what we agreed to be "broken English;" the style and title of the said craftsman being thus set forth—

BASKETM  
AKER

"Finem respice!" said the thoughtful H., as he stared, with lack-lustre eye, at the odd-looking supernumerary terminating its first line—

"Ερηνη! Ερηνη!"

exclaimed the inveterate G.—a small dealer in left-off puns—to his wondering companion, who was gazing intently at all that piece or parcel of the memorable inscription, situate, lying, and being next below it, in the vain hope of finding the letter which his friend's announcement declared to be forthcoming.

We were now scrambling up from the pebbly gulph immediately above the Cavern, straining, as O. said, every nerve to come at "the Point," a bleak, and commanding slip of green turf connected with the heath, from which, though we missed the view, we could view the sight, till the "churlish chiding of the wintry wind" bade us begone about our business.

We passed a clump of firs, whose "sea-like sound" had often soothed me in my summer musings beneath their shade; and made for Lee Lane, along which we journeyed, marvellously diverted with the odd-looking villas which line it, till we reached the Maidstone road, by that well known Hostelrie the "Tiger's Head."

We kept along the highway till a stile on our right hand invited us to cross the fields towards the palace of which we had as yet seen nothing. A beaten track promised us at all events the chance of arriving somewhere, and it was almost a matter of indifference whether we reached Eltham or not.

"The palace!" cried A., with more than ordinary enthusiasm—as he discovered its mean gable crowning the rising grounds in the distance.\*

[Wete ye

\* Some notion of this view is attempted to be conveyed in the next page by an engraving from a sketch taken in the summer when playful children were amusing themselves with their nursery-waggon in the meadows.



ELTHAM PALACE FROM THE MEADOWS.

“Wete ye not wher standeth a litel towne  
 “Upon the Maidston rode as ye go down?  
 “There may ye see a (faire and goodly sight),  
 “That stately place, King John his palace hight!”

“What! Chaucer again,” exclaimed G., somewhat good-naturedly. “Not so,” replied A., “but my own rhyme of Eltham, fashioned a little after the old school to be sure;” and so we went on lovingly together again, till we reached an old road, from which we soon escaped through a park-like meadow to the left, and arrived without farther let, hindrance, or impediment, eventually at this same palace.

We sought admission, which was readily granted, and gazed with delight at the curiously carved oak rafters, with their rich pendants, which at one time sustained the roof, but were now themselves staid up by stout timbers placed against them, much to the injury of their fine effect. The windows on each side struck us as peculiarly fine, reaching, as they do, almost the entire height of the building. The quiet of the place was not without its effect, and, as we felt a mysterious gravity stealing over us, we thought of bluff Harry the Eighth, and

his “stil Christmasse,” holden within these walls; for the prevalence of the plague, in 1526, constrained him to suppress the mirth and jollity which are the usual concomitants of that festive season.

“*Item. To the Kyng his mynstrelles for playing before their majesties!*” ejaculated A., as his eye caught the remains of the old orchestral loft at the eastern end of the building.—“That, Sir, was the music-gallery,” said our guide; “here the king’s table used to stand, and there was the grand entrance,” pointing to the stately window in one of those “pretty retiring places,” with curiously groined roofs, which jut out on each side the hall at its western extremity.

We looked about us for some time in silent wonderment, till the chill dusky atmosphere, through which the “glad gildy stremes” of sun-light were struggling, caused us simultaneously to seek again the cheering influences of the open day. We made our exit on the opposite side from that on which we had entered

and after exchanging a few broad grins with the grotesque heads, here and there gracing the angles of this ancient pile, departed from the place with those indescribable emotions which dreams of the "olden tyme" usually awaken.

D. A.

**April 12.**

12th April, 1814, there was a general illumination in London, with great public rejoicings, which lasted three days, for the restoration of Peace with France.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round,  
To thoughtless youth its pleasure yields,  
And lures from cities and from fields,  
To sell their liberty for charms,  
Of taudry lace and glittering arms;  
And when Ambition's voice commands  
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round;  
To me it talks of ravaged plains,  
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,  
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,  
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans,  
And all that Misery's hand bestows,  
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

SCOTT of Amwell.

		h. m.
April 12.	Day breaks . . . .	3 3
	Sun rises . . . .	5 12
	— sets . . . .	6 48
	Twilight ends . . .	8 57

Heartsease or pansy in full flower.  
Apricot trees in full bloom.  
Early cherry trees in bloom.

**April 13.**

ROSEMARY.

MR. HONE,

The properties fancifully ascribed to certain herbs and flowers were regulated by an alliterative connexion between the flower and that which it was held to denote. Thus rosemary, as you have shown at p. 38, stood for remembrance and rejoicing, gilliflowers for gentleness, marygold for mirth and marriage; and so on. This appears from a ballad quoted partially by Mr. Douce, occurring in Robinson's "Handfull of Pleasant Deites, p. 84," 16mo. It is entitled a "Nosegaie alwayes sweet, for lovers to send for

tokens of love at Newyere's Tide, or for fairings, as they in their minds shall be disposed to write." The stanza most in point I transcribe:—

"Rosemarie is for remembrance  
Between us daie and night;  
Wishing that I may alwaies have  
You present in my sight."

In Rowley's "Noble Soldier, 1634" some of the characters who have conspired to kill the king enter with sprigs of rosemary in their hats, and one of them says—

"There's but one part to play; shame has done her's,  
But execution must close up the scene;  
And for that cause these sprigs are worn by all,  
Badges of marriages, now of funeral."

I may add that, in Staffordshire, the use of rosemary at weddings and funerals, but particularly at the latter, is still common.

J. B.—n.

*Staffordshire Moorlands.*

		h. m.
April 13.	Day breaks . . . .	3 0
	Sun rises . . . .	5 11
	— sets . . . .	6 49
	Twilight ends . . .	9 0

Crown imperials in full blow.

Fear, *hyrus communis*, in blossom.

Broods of young geese begin to appear on the commons and waters.

**April 14.**

A melancholy tale is connected with the annals of London Bridge. The son of Sir William Temple, the bosom counsellor of William of Nassau, yet the honest adviser of James II., when his father declined to take a share in the new government, accepted the office of secretary at war. His interest procured the release of Captain Hamilton from the tower, where he was confined on a charge of high treason. His liberation was obtained by Mr. Temple, upon a promise from Captain Hamilton that he would repair to the earl of Tyrconnel, then in arms for King James, in Ireland, and persuade him to submit. On arriving in that country, Hamilton immediately joined the insurgents, and led on a regiment to the attack of King William's troops. The taunts of rival cour-

tiers, and the ingratitude of one whom he had so loved and trusted, threw Mr. Temple into a profound melancholy. On the 14th of April, 1689, he hired a boat on the Thames, and directed the waterman to shoot the bridge; at that instant he flung himself into the cataract, and, having filled his pockets with stones, immediately sunk. He left a note in the boat to this effect:—"My folly in undertaking what I was unable to perform has done the king and kingdom a great deal of prejudice; I wish him all happiness, and abler servants than John Temple."

MIXED CONDITION OF HUMAN LIFE.

There is, in this world, a continual interchange of pleasing and greeting accident, still keeping their succession of times, and overtaking each other in their several courses: no picture can be all drawn in the brightest colours, nor a harmony consorted only of trebles; shadows are needful in expressing of proportions, and the bass is a principal part in perfect music; the condition here alloweth no unmeddled joy; our whole life is temperate, between sweet and sour, and we must all look for a mixture of both: the wise so wish: better that they still think of worse, accepting the one, if it come with liking, and bearing the other without impatience, being so much masters of each other's fortunes, that neither shall work them to excess. The dwarf groweth not on the highest hill, nor the tall man loseth not his height in the lowest valley; and, as a base mind, though most at ease, will be dejected, so a resolute virtue, in the deepest distress, is most impregnable.—*R. Southwell, 1569.*

	h. m.
<i>April 14.</i> Day breaks . . .	2 57
Sun rises . . . . .	5 9
— sets . . . . .	6 51
Twilight ends . . .	9 3

Wood sorrel flowers in plenty.  
Blackthorn begins to blossom.  
The nightingale sings.  
This is cuckoo-day in Sussex.

**April 15.**

BIRDS.—THE SKY-LARK.

While the morning is yet cold, there are but a few complaining chirps, and the

birds chiefly appear in short flights, which have much the appearance of leaps, under the hedges. As the morning gets warm, however, a few are found running along the furrows, and one brown fellow, perched on a clod, partially erecting a crest of feathers, and looking around him with a mingled air of complacency and confidence, utters a "churr-ee" in an under tone, as if he were trying the lowest and the highest notes of an instrument. The notes are restrained, but they have enough of music in them to cause you to wish for a repetition. That, however, does not in general come; but instead of it there is a single "churr" murmured from a little distance, and so soft as hardly to be audible; and the bird that was stationed upon the clod has vanished, nor can you for some time find out what has become of him. His flight is at first upward, and bears some resemblance to the smoke of a fire on a calm day, gradually expanding into a spiral as it rises above the surface. But, no sooner has he gained the proper elevation, than down showers his song, filling the whole air with the most cheerful melody; and you feel more gay, more glee and lifting up of the heart, than when any other music meets your ear. The opening of the day and of the year comes fresh to your fancy, as you instinctively repeat—

"Hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings."

We have many songsters, and the spring is the season when they make all the country one orchestra; but the countryman's bird, the bird that is most naturally associated with the freshness of the vernal day and the labors of the field, is the lark.—

The time when the lark is first in song, and the general appearance and habits of the bird, render it a favorite; and even the boys, in their nesting excursions, hold the humble couch of the lark in a sort of veneration. In regions warmer than England, where vegetation is apt to suffer from locusts, the lark is very useful, as it feeds its young with their eggs; and as snails and worms are the food of the young birds in all countries, and the principal food of the parents in the breeding season, it is a most useful bird every where.

The bird is the very emblem of freedom: floating in the thin air, with spreading tail and outstretched wings, and moving its little head, delightedly, first to one side and then to the other, as if it would



communicate its joy around; it at last soars to such an elevation that, if visible at all, it is a mere dark speck in the blue vault of heaven; and, carolling over the young year, or the young day, while all is bustle and activity, the airy wildness of the song makes its whole character more peculiar and striking.

The lark is peculiarly the bird of open cultivated districts, avoiding equally the lonely wilds, and the immediate vicinity of houses, woods, and coppices. The small annual weeds that ripen their seeds upon stubble, after the crops are removed, are its favorite food. It runs along and picks them from the husks, and sometimes scrapes for them with its claws; and then in winter it shifts its quarters. From September to February, the time that they are mute, they collect in vast masses; and have a partial migration. The extent of that migration is not very well understood; because the wide dispersion of the birds in single pairs during the breeding season, and the great accumulation in one place for the remainder of the year, give it an appearance of being greater than it really is. Their habits, which are always those of free range, whether in the air or upon the ground, necessarily make them shift their quarters when the snow is so deep as to cover the tops of the herbaceous plants; but even in winter they are not partial to sea side places. The safety of the lark from birds of prey consists in the closeness with which it can lie, and the similarity of its color to that of the clods. It is said to assume the surface and tint of a heap of wet mud by ruffling its plumage. When in the air it is generally above those birds that beat the bushes; and, if they attempt to approach it, it does not come down in the parabola, which is its usual form of path for alighting, but drops perpendicularly, like a stone, and sometimes stuns itself by the fall. On these occasions, too, it will fly towards any open door, or dash itself against the glass of a window. It has less fear of man than many of the little birds; and, from the glee with which it sings over the fields when farm-work is going on, and the frequency with which it alights to pick up larvæ, cysalids, and worms, as these are disclosed by the operations of the plough or the harrow, one would almost be tempted to suppose that they actually enjoy the society of man and laboring in his company; while their early and joyous songs

call him up in the morning. The natural history of the lark, taken with all its times and associations, would however embrace the greater part of rustic nature throughout the year; as for eight months it is in song, and for the rest of the year it is captured and sold for food.

Abundant as larks are in Hertford and Northamptonshire, and some other open cultivated counties of England, they are not near so numerous as on some parts of the continent. The plains of Germany swarm with them; and they are so highly prized, as an article of food, that the tax upon them at the city of Leipzig produces nearly a thousand pounds yearly to the revenue.\*

The ensuing song was written by Bernard de Ventadour, a troubadour attached to Eleanor of Guienne, who went into the north to marry Louis VII., and afterwards became the queen of Henry II. of England.

When I behold the lark upspring  
To meet the bright sun joyfully,  
How he forgets to poise his wing  
In his gay spirit's revelry,  
Alas! that mournful thoughts should spring  
E'en from that happy songster's glee!  
Strange, that such gladdening sight should  
bring

Not joy, but pining care to me!  
I thought my heart had known the whole  
Of love, but small its knowledge proved  
For still the more my longing soul  
Loves on, itself the while unloved;  
She stole my heart, myself she stole,  
And all I prized from me removed;  
She left me but the fierce control  
Of vain desires for her I loved.

All self-command is now gone by,  
E'er since the luckless hour when she  
Became a mirror to my eye,  
Whereon I gazed complacently.  
Thou fatal mirror! there I spy  
Love's image; and my doom shall be,  
Like young Narcissus, thus to sigh,  
And thus expire, beholding thee.

	h. m.
April 15. Day breaks . . .	2 54
Sun rises . . . . .	5 7
— sets . . . . .	6 53
Twilight ends . . . . .	9 6

Yellow alysson flowers.  
Yellow willow wren arrives.  
Swallow, *hirunda rustica*, arrives.

\* British Naturalist, ii. 110, &c.

## April 16.

On the 16th of April, 1717, died Richard Guinnet, esq., of Great Huntingdon, Gloucestershire, who had been educated at Christ-church, Oxford, under Dr. Gastrell, and entered of the Middle Temple; whence, from ill health, he retired into the country, and abandoned his profession. He was an admirer of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, the subject of the next notice, but their union was suspended from prudential motives. After waiting sixteen years, and when Dr. Garth had pronounced he could not survive, he urged his immediate marriage with the lady. She told him, to prevent his importunity, she would be his in six months. He replied, with a deep sigh, "Ah! madam, six months now are as much as sixteen years have been; you put it off, now, and God will do it for ever." The poor gentleman retired to his seat in the country, made his will, and left Mrs. Thomas £600; and sorrow was her "food ever after:" he died within the six months. He was a man of piety, prudence, and temperance, and author of a little piece, entitled "An Essay on the Mischief of giving Fortunes with Women in Marriage," 1727, 12mo., and of various poems, interspersed in the me noirs of Pylades and Corinna.

Mrs. Thomas was the child of a lady who, after living in all the luxury or forensic splendor, was obliged, in widowhood, to shelter herself and her only child in obscurity. The dowager lady Wentworth losing her daughter Harriot, the mistress of the ill-fated duke of Monmouth, said to the mother of Mrs. Thomas, "I am indebted to your late husband; but I know not, nor you, how much; for his books were, I find, burnt in the fire which happened in his chambers in the Temple. Let me do better than pay you; let your daughter be my adopted child." The separation was abhorrent to maternal feelings, and lady Wentworth would hear no apologies, but, dying in a few years, left an estate in Stepney, of £1500 per annum to her chambermaid. The mother of Mrs. Thomas fell a victim to an adventurer, who spent the wreck of her fortune, which had only been £1000, in attempting to transmute the common metals into gold. She was prevailed on to take an elegant house in Bloomsbury, where, under the familiar names of Jack, and Tom, Will, and Ned, the dukes of Devon, Bucking-

ham, Dorset, and other noblemen met, to concert the expulsion of James II. at the risk of their lives and fortunes, and the ruin, if ruin there could be, to Mrs. Thomas and Elizabeth. The revolution made no alteration in the situation of the widow and her daughter, except a profligate offer to the latter, and the promise of a place at court to her lover, Mr. Gwinnet. These proposals were received with indignant contempt. By Mr. Gwinnet's premature death, Elizabeth became entitled to his bequest of £600, but his brother suppressed the will, and tarnished the poor girl's reputation. She finally compromised with him for the receipt of £400. Half of this he paid, and the money was surrendered to her mother's creditors, but he led her from court to court, for the recovery of the remaining £200, until, at the threshold of the house of peers, he paid the money. Besides pecuniary distress, she endured, for several years, great personal misery, from a chicken bone, swallowed inadvertently.

Some letters of Mr. Pope to Mr. Henry Cromwell fell into her hands, and, while in confinement for debt, she sold them to Curl, who published them. This transaction excited Mr. Pope's resentment and vengeance; and she died under his displeasure at wretched lodgings in Fleetstreet, on the 3rd of February, 1730, at the age of 56, and was buried in St. Bride's church. Her memoirs, with the letters between her and Mr. Gwinnet, under the assumed names of Corinna and Pylades, are curious. Dryden humanely commended her verses; and she had been visited by Pope. In her extraordinary history there is much to excite pity for her fate. Her life, though virtuous, was spent in "disappointment, sickness, lawsuits, poverty, and imprisonment;" for though her talents were not above mediocrity, she was flattered by friends, and praised by poets. This stimulated her to "write for the booksellers," and she experienced the hardships of ill-directed drudgery. She might have been happier, had she known how to labor with her hands, and once tasted the fruits of useful industry.\*

Edward Ward, commonly called "Ned Ward," was a publican in Moorfields, who wrote many pieces, of much popu-

\* Noble.

larity in their day. In 1706, for his "Hudibras Redivivus," which reflected upon the queen and the government, he was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, and to pay forty marks, and give security for good behaviour for a year. Mr. Granger says, "There is in his writings a vulgarity of style and sentiment borrowed from, and adapted to, most of the scenes of low life, in which he was particularly conversant. He mistook pertness and vivacity for wit; and distortion of thought and expression for humor: all which are abundantly exemplified in what he published, both of verse and prose." His best performance is the "London Spy," which Jacob, in his "Lives of the Poets," deservedly complimented as a "celebrated work." In this book there is much of curious detail concerning the manners of the times. Ward died in 1731, at about the age of seventy.

DRESS, TEMP. ANNE.

While speaking of persons who lived in the reign of queen Ann, it may not be out of place to mention the dress of that period, when French fashions were imported, much to the satisfaction of the youthful and gay, though they were greatly disapproved by the aged and sedate.

Gentlemen contracted the size of their wigs, and, for undress, tied up some of the most flowing of their curls. In this state they were called Ramillie wigs, and afterwards tie-wigs; but were never worn in full dress. The cravat had long ends, which fell on the breast; it was generally of point lace; but sometimes only bordered or fringed. The coat had no collar, was long, open at the bottom of the sleeves, and without cuffs, and edged with gold or silver from the top to the bottom, with clasps and buttons the whole length, and at the opening at the sleeve. Young gentlemen often had the sleeves only half way down the arm, and the short sleeve very full and deeply ruffled. An ornamental belt kept the coat tight at the bottom of the waist. The vest, and lower part of the dress, had little clasps, and was seldom seen. The roll-up stocking came into vogue at this period, and the sandal was much used by the young men; these were finely

wrought. Elderly gentlemen had the shoe fastened with small buckles upon the instep; and raised, but not high, heels.

Ladies wore the hair becomingly curled round the face. A flowing coil, or rather veil, of the finest linen, fastened upon the head, and fell behind it. This prevailed till the high projecting head-dress was restored, after it had been discontinued fifteen years. Swift, when dining with Sir Thomas Hanmer, observed the duchess of Grafton with this ungraceful Babel head-dress; she looked, he said, "like a mad woman." The large necklace was still used, though not constantly worn. Ear-rings were discontinued. The bosom was either entirely exposed, or merely shaded by gauze. Most of the silver money of this reign has the royal bust with drapery; the gold pieces are without. The queen commanded that the drapery should appear upon both. The chemise had a tucker or border above the boddice, which was open in front, and fastened with gold or silver clasps or jewellery: the sleeves were full. The large tub hoop made its appearance in this reign. The apology for it was its coolness in summer, by admitting a free circulation of air. Granger says, "it was no more a petticoat, than Diogenes's tub was his breeches." Flounces and furbelows prevailed in this reign, and became ridiculously enormous. Embroidered shoes continued in fashion. Ladies and gentlemen had their gloves richly embroidered.

Queen Ann strictly observed decorum in her dress, and appears to have made it her study. She would often notice the dress of her domestics of either sex, and remark whether a periwig, or the lining of a coat, were appropriate. She once sent for Lord Bolingbroke in haste; and he gave immediate attendance in a Ramillie, or tie, instead of a full bottomed wig, which so offended her majesty, that she said, "I suppose his lordship will come to court, the next time, in his night-cap."

		h. m.
April 16.	Day breaks . . . .	2 52
	Sun rises . . . .	5 5
	— sets . . . .	6 55
	Twilight ends . . . .	9 8

\* Noble.

\* Noble

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 17, 18.

Bulbous crowfoot in flower.  
 Late daffodil flowers.  
 Wild yellow tulip flowers.  
 Barbary tree in leaf.  
 The redstart appears; the female comes,  
 usually, a few days before the male.

April 17.

On the 17th of April, 1790, Dr. Benjamin Franklin died at Philadelphia, at eighty-four years of age. His public career is well known; his private life, written by himself, is full of counsels and cautions and examples of prudence and economy.

A TRICK OF FRANKLIN'S.

The following letter from the doctor at Paris was published by the gentleman to whom it was addressed:

[Copy.]

I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum: I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little.

	h. m.
April 17. Day breaks . . .	2 49
Sun rises . . .	5 3
— sets . . .	6 57
Twilight ends . . .	9 11

Star anemone in full flower.  
 Tubeflowered daffodil, *Narcissus bicolor*,  
 flowers

April 18.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

When grass grows green, and fresh leaves  
 spring,  
 And flowers are budding on the plain,  
 When nightingales so sweetly sing,  
 And through the greenwood swells the strain,

Then joy I in the song and in the flower,  
 Joy in myself, but in my lady more;  
 All objects round my spirit turn to joy,  
 But most from her my rapture rises high.

Bernard de Ventadour

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Of this delicious songster it is not, at present, proposed to say more than relates to the taking and ordering of branchers and old birds.

Branchers are caught in July, or at the beginning of August; old birds at the latter end of March, or beginning of April; those taken in March, or before the 12th of April, are esteemed the best. Birds taken after that day seldom thrive.

Their haunts are usually in a wood, coppice, or quickset hedge, where they may be taken in a trap-cage, made on purpose, baited with a meal-worm. Place the trap as near as possible to the place where the bird sings. If it is in the middle of a hedge, or a place where he feeds, before you fix the trap, turn up the earth about twice the bigness of the trap; for, where the ground is newly turned up, he looks for food, and, espying the worm, comes presently to it; if he does not appear soon, then turn up a fresh spot of earth, larger than the former, and you will quickly have him, for he will not leave the place where he resorts. It is customary with this bird to settle, or seize upon one particular place as his freehold, into which he will not admit any but his mate.

Nightingales are likewise taken with lime-twigs, placed upon the hedge near which they sing, with meal-worms fastened at proper places to allure them.

As soon as you have taken one, tie the tips of his wings with some thread (not strained too hard), to prevent his beating himself against the top and wires of the cage; he will grow tame the sooner, and more readily eat. He should be put into a nightingale's back cage; if placed in an open one, darken one side with cloth or paper; and hang him, at first, in some private place, that he be not disturbed. Feed him once in an hour and a half, or two hours, with sheep's heart and egg shred small and fine, mingling amongst this food some ants, or meal-worms. No nightingale will at first eat the sheep's heart or egg, but he must be brought to it by degrees, for his natural food is worms, ants, caterpillars, or flies; therefore, taking the bird in your hand, open his bill with a stick made thin at one end

and give him three, four, or five pieces, according as he will take them, as big as peas; then set him some meat mingled with store of ants, that, when he goes to pick up the ants, he may eat some of the heart and egg with it. At first shred three or four meal-worms in his meat, the better to entice him, that so he may eat some of the sheep's heart by little and little, and, when he eats freely, give him less of ants, &c., and, at last, nothing but sheep's heart and egg. You should take some of this meat with you when you go to catch nightingales, and in an hour or two after they are taken force them to eat, by opening the mouth and cramming them. Take care that the meat be not too dry; moisten it by sprinkling a little clean water upon it, as you prepare it. Birds that are long in feeding, and make no "curring" or "sweeting" for eight or ten days, seldom prove good. On the contrary, when they are soon familiar, and sing quickly, and eat of themselves without much trouble, these are sure tokens of their proving excellent birds. Those which feed in a few hours, or the next day after they are taken, and sing in two or three days, never prove bad. Tie the wings no longer than till the bird is grown tame.\*

When nightingales their lulling song  
For me have breathed the whole night long,  
Thus soothed, I sleep;—yet, when awake,  
Again will joy my heart forsake,  
Pensive in love, in sorrow pining  
All other fellowship declining:  
Not such was once my blest employ,  
When all my heart, my song, was joy.  
And none who knew that joy, but well  
Could tell how bright, unspeakable,  
How far above all common bliss,  
Was then my heart's pure happiness;  
How lightly on my fancy ranged,  
Gay tale and pleasant jest exchanged,  
Dreaming such joy must ever be  
In love like that I bore for thee.  
They that behold me little dream  
How wide my spirit soars from them,  
And, borne on fancy's pinion, roves  
To seek the beauteous form it loves:  
Know, that a faithful herald flies  
To bear her image to my eyes,  
My constant thought, for ever telling  
How fair she is, all else excelling.  
*Bernard de Ventadour.\**

\* Allin.

\* Lays of the Minneingers.

OPINION.

Where there is much desire to learn, there will of necessity be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the waking.—*Milton.*

STUDY AND EDITORSHIP.

Study is a weariness without exercise, a laborious sitting still, that racks the inward and destroys the outward man; that sacrifices health to conceit, and clothes the soul with the spoils of the body; and, like a stronger blast of lightning, not only melts the sword, but consumes the scabbard

Nature allows man a great freedom, and never gave an appetite but to be instrumental of enjoyment, nor made a desire but in order to the pleasure of its satisfaction. But he that will increase knowledge must be content not to enjoy, and not only to cut off the extravagances of luxury, but also to deny the lawful demands of convenience, to forswear delight, and look upon pleasure as his mortal enemy.

He must call that study that is indeed confinement; he must converse with solitude; walk, eat, and sleep, thinking; read volumes, devour the choicest authors, and (like Pharaoh's kine), after he has devoured all, look lean and meagre. He must be willing to be sickly, weak, and consumptive; even to forget when he is hungry, and to digest nothing but what he reads.

He must read much, and perhaps meet little; turn over much trash for one grain of truth; study antiquity till he feels the effects of it; and, like the cock in the fable, seek pearls in a dunghill, and, perhaps, rise to it as early. This is

"Esse quod Arcesilas aerumnasique Solones,"—to be always wearing a meditating countenance, to ruminate, mutter, and talk to a man's self for want of better company; in short, to do all those things which, in other men, are counted madness, but, in a scholar, pass for his profession.—*South.*

	h. m.
<i>April 18.</i> Day breaks . . .	2 46
Sun rises . . .	5 1
— sets . . .	6 59
Twilight ends . . .	9 14
Ground ivy, or alehoof, abundantly in flower.	
The trillium flowers	



PEG TANKARD FROM GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

This ancient cup, with a handle and cover to it, exactly in the form of a modern tankard, is of oak, and has been lackered, especially in the inside, with a strong varnish, probably with a view to its preservation. It contains exactly two quarts of ale measure. Within-side there were originally eight pegs, which divided the contained liquor into equal quantities of half a pint each. The four uppermost of these pegs remain, and the holes from which the remaining four have fallen are discernible. On the lid is carved the

crucifixion, with the Virgin on the right, and St. John on the left of the cross. The knob on the handle, designed for raising the cover, represents a bunch of grapes. The twelve apostles are carved round the body of the cup, with their names on labels, under their respective figures. Each holds an open book, except St. Peter, who bears a key, St. John, who supports a chalice, and Judas Iscariot, who grasps at a purse. Beneath the labels of the apostles are birds, beasts, and full blown flowers of different kinds;

and under these again are serpents, which, by two and two, joining their heads together, form strange monsters. The three feet on which the cup stands, and which descend an inch below the body of it, consist of as many figures of lions couchant. With the exception respecting the pegs, the cup is as perfect as when it first came out of the workman's hands.

This peg tankard is one of the very few articles which were saved from Wardour castle, by Blanch, lady Arundel, who nobly defended that edifice against sir Edward Hungerford, and colonel Strode, in the absence of her husband, who had raised a regiment of horse, and joined Charles I., at Oxford. In one of the old inventories of the effects belonging to Wardour castle, this cup is mentioned as having been brought from the ancient abbey of Glastonbury, and was so much valued by the lady Arundel, that, upon surrendering the castle, she withdrew this cup, and certain articles of her property, and, retiring to Winchester, retained it as long as she lived. It may be allowable, perhaps, to observe that the earl of Arundel, upon his return from Oxford, finding his forces insufficient for the recapture of his castle, sprung a mine under it, and reduced it to ruins.

King Edgar, in order to restrain the prevailing habit of drunkenness which had been introduced among his subjects by the Danes, caused pins or pegs to be fixed in drinking-cups, and ordained a punishment to those who drank below their proper marks. Dr. Milner imagines that this prince would not have attempted to enforce such a law upon the nation at large, unless the people had been in some degree prepared for it, by seeing it already observed in their different religious communities; and he assigns several reasons for presuming that this peg-tankard was in use in the abbey of Glastonbury before the Norman conquest. One of his strong grounds for this great antiquity is, that, with the exception of three, whose proper emblems are deduced from Scripture itself, the apostles are without the distinctive marks which, from about the eleventh or twelfth century, are usually affixed to their figures. A stronger ground is, that the letters which compose the inscriptions are of forms as old as the tenth or eleventh century, if not older.

Dr. Milner concludes his dissertation upon this peg-tankard, by saying, "The size of this cup, and the pegs at equal

distances in the inside, together with the traditionary account of the family to which it belongs, seem clearly to point out the use for which it was intended, namely, for several persons to drink out of, in stated quantities, on particular occasions." But the doctor immediately adds, "Hence we may safely call this curious antique a *grace-cup*, *poculum charitatis*, or *wassel-bowl*."\* With sincere respect for doctor Milner's deservedly high reputation as an antiquary, the present writer cannot assent to this inference: he is wholly ignorant of any fact which can warrant the supposition that the wassail bowl and the peg-tankard are one and the same.

Mr. Rhodes bought, at Yarmouth, a wooden tankard, with brass pins, which he presented to doctor Pegge. It had on its side these subjects.—Solomon enthroned, with the queen of Sheba before him; Absalom suspended on a tree from his horse, and Joab on horseback, thrusting a spear through his side; David above, playing on a harp; Jacob's dream; Abraham's sacrifice; under the handle, God creating Eve: on the rim, over the figures, were inscriptions relating to them. On the lid was a representation of Abraham entertaining three Angels.†

Some of these peg-tankards, or peg or pin-cups, are yet to be found in the cabinets of antiquaries; and from their former use may be traced some common current terms. We say of a person who is much elated, he is in a "merry pin," which, no doubt, originally meant he had drank to that "pin," or mark, which had rendered him less sedate than usual.‡ Cowper says of John Gilpin he was "in merry pin."

#### DEMOLITION OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CROOKED LANE LONDON.

On Sunday morning the 20th of March, 1831, a crowded congregation assembled at the above church, on the occasion of the celebration of divine service for the last time, preparatory to the pulling down of the edifice for the approaches to the New London-bridge. "A sermon was to have been preached by the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Dakins, for the benefit of Bridge,

\* Archæologia. xi.

† Gents. Mag. lxx. 369

‡ Brady's Clavis Calendaria.

Candlewick, and Dowgate Ward schools; and the church, which was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, and is peculiarly neat and handsome, with numerous tablets on its walls, to the memory of the dead, presented at the commencement of the service a very interesting spectacle. All the pews, and the different aisles, were filled to excess. The charity children, accompanied by the organ, sang with impressive effect, 'Before Jehovah's awful Throne,' in which they were joined by the voices of numerous individuals in the congregation, whose feelings were evidently touched with the solemnity of meeting for the last time in the church. Just about the conclusion of the reading of the second lesson, part of the mortar in the cornice of the ceiling over the altar where the rector was stationed fell down. Immediate alarm seized the congregation, and the larger portion, under apprehension that the church was falling, rushed with terror towards the door. For several minutes the screams and thronging for escape were appalling, while strenuous efforts were made to compose the minds of those who remained, by assuring them that no danger was to be apprehended. The Rector went into the reading desk, where he earnestly entreated the congregation to return to their seats, and directed the singing of the 93d psalm. This had partly proceeded, and the congregation was gradually re-assembling, when a second and somewhat larger fall of mortar from the same spot instantaneously renewed the terror, and compelled the service to be abruptly concluded, to the great injury of the collection for the charity, and the regret and dismay of the persons assembled.

"It has been stated that great blame is attributable to the city authorities, in consequence of their permitting the excavations for the London-bridge approaches to extend so near to the church, before the time that it could cease to be used for divine service; and it is particularly to be regretted that the committee of the corporation have intimated their intention to withdraw their promised contribution of 20*l.* to the charity schools in aid of the sermon, because, as they allege, greater haste was not adopted towards removing the monuments from the church; but the reverend Rector cheerfully acceded to an application, made to him in the vestry-room by the trustees, to preach his intended sermon next Sunday morning, at St.

Magnus church, for the charity, which has also materially suffered in its funds from the numerous houses lately pulled down to the London-bridge approaches."

On the following Sunday, March 27, in pursuance of the intimation in the preceding statement, which is extracted from *The Times* journal, the rector of St. Michaels, the Rev. William Whitfield Dakins, D. D., F. S. A., accompanied by their royal highnesses the duke of Cambridge, and the duke of Gloucester, delivered a discourse for the benefit of the ward schools at the spacious and handsome church of St. Magnus the Martyr, London Bridge, which in addition to its own parishioners accommodates the parishioners of St. Margaret, and henceforth receives the parishioners of St. Michael's Crooked Lane. The Rev. Mr. Leigh, rector of St. Magnus, and the Rev. Mr. Durham, master of St. Paul's school, assisted in the celebration of the service. Dr. Dakins preached from 1 *Samuel* vi. 6: "And they said, if ye send away the ark of the God of Israel, send it not empty, but in anywise return him a trespass offering." In the course of his sermon the Doctor adverted to the question "on the consistency of taking down a sacred edifice, and providing for the spiritual wants of its congregation," in reference to the church of St. Michaels, Crooked-Lane, the Doctor observed "The consistency in the instance before us, is grounded, according to statement, upon the broad principle of necessity; for the accomplishment of a grand and noble design. If it has been acted upon with due regard to the requirements of justice and dignity towards private as well as public interests, with tender respect for amiable, kind, and christian affections, with a view at the same to provide for religious obligations, as well as temporal purposes, then the necessity is justified by the best motives. Still the demolition of a parish church is, for many reasons, a serious and lamentable reflection." The reverend Doctor adverted with much feeling to the disinterment of the remains, and the removal of the several monuments of the deceased of his flock. The disturbance of the worship of his parishioners, on the preceding sabbath, within their own edifice afforded solemn remark, and led to earnest appeal in behalf of the children of the schools. The service closed with a contribution in aid of the funds, from the united congregation of the three parishes



It was aided by several visitors who were attracted by the intelligence of the terrifying accident which dispersed the congregation.

**April 19.**

On the 19th of April, 1710, four American leaders or chieftains of the Six Indian Nations, between New England and Canada, were conveyed, under the dignified title of kings, from their lodgings at an upholsterer's, in two of queen Anne's coaches, to an audience of her majesty at court; when they professed the strongest attachment to the English interest, in opposition to that of France, and requested the queen to send them troops for their defence, and missionaries to instruct them in the Christian religion. They were graciously received, and as graciously received such presents as were thought most acceptable to their liking. There is a mezzotinto engraving of their portraits by Faber, and another in the same style by Simon. The *Spectator* contains a paper, pretended to have been left by one of them at his lodgings, expressing his observations upon our manners and customs, St. Paul's Church, the animals called whig and tory, and many other circumstances. It is highly entertaining and in Addison's happiest manner.\*

**CHANGE OF NAME.**

By the accident of birth, or by some other capricious circumstance, many persons undergo much mortification and annoyance, from bearing some absurd or unpronounceable surname. An act of parliament, or licence, to change a name, may be necessary in certain cases, where it is distinctly directed by deed or will to be obtained; but in all other cases a name may be changed at pleasure, without any expense whatever. In the case of Barlow v. Bateman, 3 P. Will. 66; Sir Joseph Jekyll, M. R., says, "Surnames are not of very great antiquity, for, in ancient times, the appellations of persons were by their christian names, and the places of their habitations, as Thomas of Dale; viz., the place where he lived. I am satisfied the usage of passing acts of parliaments for the taking upon one a surname is but modern, and that any person may take

upon him what surname, and as many surnames, as he pleases, without an act of parliament." The same opinion has been lately expressed by Lord Tenterden in the case of Doe v. Yates, 5 Barn and Ald. 544.: "A name assumed by the voluntary act of a young man," said his lordship, "at his outset into life, adopted by all who know him, and by which he is constantly called, becomes, for all purposes that occur to my mind, as much and effectually his name as if he had an act of parliament." It is proper to observe that the case of Barlow v. Bateman, 2 Bro. Parl. Ca. 272., although it reversed Sir Joseph Jekyll's decision, does not interfere with this principle, but was decided upon its special circumstances. See Leigh v. Leigh, 15 Ves. 100, 111; 1 Roper on Legacies, 725.

It may therefore be laid down, that any person who chooses to change his name may do so; and, if he do it when young, so much the more complete will be the alteration.

Concerning names derived from local residence, see Camden's Remains, ed. 1637, 141; 3 B. and A. 552 n. A singular custom exists to this day in Wales, amongst the lower orders. If John Thomas have a son named David, he is called David John, and not David Thomas,—after the Christian name of his father.\*

**PUNNING MOTTOES ON NOBLE NAMES.**

[For the Year Book.]

1. *Cavendo tutus*—Safe in being cautious.  
William Spencer *Cavendish*, Duke of Devonshire.
2. *Templa quam dilecta*—How beloved are thy temples!  
Richard *Templr*, &c., Duke of Buckingham, &c., and Earl *Temple*, &c.
3. *Forte scutum salus ducum*—A strong shield is the safety of commanders.  
Hugh, Earl *Fortescue*.
4. *Ne vile fano*—Offer no disgrace to the shrine, or *fane*.  
John *Fane*, Earl of Westmorland.
5. *Pie repono te*—Rest in pious confidence.  
Charles Herbert *Pierrepoint*, Earl Mansvers.
6. *Festina lente*—Temper haste with prudence; or (a more literal translation) *Go on slow*.

\* Noble.

\* Legal Observer, Feb. 5, 1831.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 20.

Earl of *Onslow*.

7. *Manus justa nardus*—The just hand is as precious ointment.

Viscount *Maynard*.

8. *Ver non, semper viret*—The spring does not always flourish; or *Vernon* always flourishes.

Lord *Vernon*.

9. At *spes non fracta*—But my hope is unbroken.

John *Hope*, Earl of *Hopetoun*.

10. *Fare fac*—Speak, act.

Lord *Fairfax*.

11. *Numini et patriæ asto*—I stand by my God and my Country.

Lord *Aston*.

12. *rov ἀσπευέλι εὐεξα*—In order to excel. This is a motto round the garter in the crest of Lord *Henniker*. To those who are not Greek scholars it is necessary to remark, that the last Greek word in this motto is pronounced in the same way as the name of *Henniker*.

13. *Ne vile velis*—Wish for nothing mean.

Henry *Neville*, Earl of *Abergavenny*.

14. *Deum cole, regem serva*—Worship God, honor the King.

John Willoughby *Cole*, Earl of *Enniskillen*.

15. *I dare*—Robert Alexander *Dalsell*, Earl of *Carnwath*. A favorite and near kinsman of Kenneth I., having been taken prisoner by the Picts, was slain, and exposed hanging on a gibbet. The King, exceedingly grieved at this indignity, offered a great reward to any one who would undertake to recover the body; but the danger of the attempt was so imminent that, for some time, no one could be found to adventure it, till the ancestor of this family came forward, and said to the King, "*Dall Zell*," which, in the ancient Scottish language, signified, "*I dare*," and, having successfully performed his undertaking, took *Dalzell* for his surname, and a naked body suspended on a gibbet for his armorial ensigns.

16. *Vero nil, verius*—Nothing is more certain than truth, or nothing is more true than *Vere*.

*Vere* *Beaucherk*, Lord *Vere*. This title is now extinct.

The authority for these mottoes is *Debrett's Peerage*.

J. K.

	h. m.
<i>April</i> 19. Day breaks . . .	2 43
Sun rises . . .	4 59
— sets . . .	7 1
Twilight ends . . .	9 17

Narrow-leaved *Narcissus* flowers.

The snake appears.

**April 20.**

On the 20th of April, 1721, died Louis *Laguerre*, an artist of note in his days; his remains were interred in the cemetery of St. Martin's in the Fields. He was a Catalan by descent, a Parisian by birth, a god-son of Louis XIV., and a favorite with William III. He had been educated for the priesthood, but an impediment in his speech occasioned him to follow the arts to which he was devoted, as his father-in-law, John *Tijore*, the iron balustrade founder, had been, who said, "God had made him a painter, and there left him;" alluding to that simplicity of character which forbade his seizing advantages that presented themselves to him. *Laguerre* studied under *Le Brun*, came to England in 1683, with *Ricard*, and both were employed by *Verrio*. At the age of twenty he obtained considerable reputation, by executing the greater part of the painting at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Much of his work still remains on the ceilings and stair-cases of several noblemen's houses, and particularly in the saloon at *Blenheim*. His principal works are, the *Labor of Hercules*, in chiaro oscuro, in the apartments at Hampton Court, allotted to him by William III., for whom he repaired the valuable picture, the *Triumph of Julius Cæsar*, by *Andrea Mantegna*; which he did in a masterly manner, by imitating the original, instead of new-clothing them with vermilion and ultramarine, as *Carlo Maratti* did the works of *Raphael*. His son *John* relinquished the pencil to sing upon the stage, and *Laguerre*, then declining with dropsy, went to the theatre in *Drury Lane* to hear him, and there died before the "*Island Princess*" began. He seems to have been an obliging unoffending man. As member of a society of virtuosi, who met in *Drury Lane*, he painted around their room a *Bacchanalian* procession, in chiaro oscuro. His mode of ornamenting the grand apartments of palaces and noblemen's houses was satyriized by *Pope's* well-known lines.—

“ On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La-  
guerre.”

The younger Laguerre is supposed, by lord Orford, to have become a scene-painter; but he died very poor, in March, 1746. His set of prints of “ Hob in the Well ” had a great sale.\*

CURIOSITIES AND SECRETS OF NATURE.

[For the Year Book.]

The following extracts are from a book in my possession, entitled “ The Magick of Kirani, King of Persia, and of Harpocraton; ” printed in the year 1685, “ a work much sought for by the learned, but seen by few,” and “ published from a copy found in a private hand.”

An account of the medical virtues of the stork, which is described as being “ a very good bird,” contains this account of a bird-battle. “ Presently, when the spring comes, they (the storks) proceed all together, like an army, and fly in divers figures, as wild geese and ducks; and all sorts of birds fly out of Egypt, Lybia, and Syria, and come into Lycia, to a river called Zanthus, and in the same place they engage in battle with ravens and crows, and magpies, and vultures, and with all carnivorous fowl; for they know the time aforehand, and all come hither. The army of storks put themselves in battalia on one side of the river; and the crows, and vultures, and all the carnivorous birds tarry on the other side of the river. And they tarry the whole sixth month for battel, for they know the days whereon they are to engage. And then a cry is heard to the very heavens, and the shedding of the blood of the wounded birds is seen in the river, and the plucking off of many feathers, of which the Lycians make feather beds. And after that the field is cleared they find the crows, and all carnivorous birds, torn in pieces; likewise storks and pelicans, and no small number of such as are of their side; for many of the birds fall down dead in the battel. And this contention among them, and victory, on whether side soever it falls, is a sign to all men. For, if the army of storks be conquerors, there will be riches, and abundance of bread-corn, and other fruits on the earth; but, if the crows get the better, there will be a multitude of sheep and oxen, and other scur-

\* Noble.

footed beasts. And the storks have another certain, excellent, natural quality. For when the parents are grown old, and are not able to fly, their children, on every side, carry them upon their wings from place to place, and also maintain them; and, if they be blind, their children feed them: this retribution, and due gratitude from children to parents, is called antipe-largia, i. e. stork-gratitude. And, if any one take the heart of a stork, conqueror in war, and tie it up in the skin of a hawk, or of a vulture, that is conquered, and write on the heart, ‘ because I have conquered mine enemies,’ and shall tie it to his right arm, he that carries it will be invincible by all, and admirable in war, and in all controversies, and his victory will be irrefragable and great.”

Perhaps it would be as well, before proceeding further, to speak a little of the book which furnishes these particulars. Harpocraton describes himself as travelling in the country of Babylon, and as coming to little Alexandria, a city seventeen Persian miles distant from Seleucia, and near Babylon, where he met with an old man, a Syrian captive, skilled in foreign learning, who showed him every thing remarkable.—“ And when we came to a certain place, about four miles distant from the city, we saw a pillar, with a great tower, which the inhabitants say they brought from the edifice of Solomon, and placed it there for the health and cure of the men of that city. Looking, therefore, well upon it, I found it was written in strange letters; the old man, therefore, agreed to interpret the letters to me, and expounded them to me in the Eolich tongue.” The receipts of this book, then, are from this pillar; those of Kirani are supposed to have been the great gift of the Agarenes to him.

The descriptions of natural history are, in some instances, very singular.—“ There is a tree in India called peridexion, whose fruit is sweet and useful, so that doves also delight to tarry in it; and the serpent fears this tree, so that he avoids the shadow of it; for, if the shadow of the tree go towards the east, the serpent flies towards the west; and if the shadow of the tree reach towards the west, the serpent flies towards the east: and the serpent cannot hurt the doves, because of the virtue of the tree; but if any of them straggle from the tree, the serpent, by its breath, attracts it and devours it. Yet, when they fly, or go together neither the

serpent nor the spar-hawk can, or dares nurt them. Therefore the leaves or bark of the tree, suffumigated, avert all evil that is of venomous beasts."

Every person is acquainted with the popular notion that the pelican feeds her young with her blood, but it was affirmed, anciently, to have been for a much more wonderful purpose. "*Papilio* is a bird, by the river Nile, which is called a pelican and lives in the fens of Egypt; she loves her brood extremely well, when, therefore, the young ones are hatched, and grown a little, they continually heat the old ones in the face; but they, not being able to endure it, cuff their young ones, and kill them; then, moving the bowels of compassion over them, they lament their young ones, which they killed; the same day, therefore, the mother, to get her children, tears open her sides, and shedding her own blood over her children, she revives them, and they rise again, in a certain natural manner." Heralds should be aware of this, on account of its different signification on certain coats of arms. "But a Peacock is a more sacred bird. Its eggs are good to make a golden color, and so are goose eggs; and when a peacock is dead, his flesh does not decay, nor yield any stinking smell, but continues as it were embalmed in spices."

To continue the extracts—"A swallow which, in the spring, raises all people by singing; and it has such actions as these: If any one take its young ones, and put them in a pot, and when it is luted up, bake them, then, opening the pot, if he considers, he will find two young ones kissing one another; and two turning one from the other. If therefore, you take those two that kiss one another, and dissolve them in oil of roses, or give the ashes in drink, it is a love potion; but you may dissolve this, if you give a little of the ashes of those that turn one from another in ointment or drink.—If any one cut out the tongue of a goose alive, and lay it upon the breast of a man or woman asleep, they will confess all that ever they have done.—For love between a man and his wife. If a man carry the heart of a male crow, and a woman the heart of a female, they will agree between themselves all their life-time; and this miracle is certain.—To open locks, doors, bolts, and to tame wild beasts, and to be beloved of all, and to acquire all things, that whatever you please may be done for you. If you stop the hole of a tree, in which the young

ones of a woodpecker are, he shall carry the herb which he knows, and, touching it, it opens; for, if it be made of clay or chalk, the dirt will fall; if of stone, it bursts; if a wooden board or an iron plate be so fastened with nails, all things cleave and break in pieces, upon the touch of the herb, and the woodpecker opens and takes out her young ones. If any one, therefore, have got this herb, he will do many things which are not now lawful to mention, as of the most divine nature, which man cannot perform. If, therefore, any man engrave a woodpecker on the stone dendrites, and a sea-dragon under its feet, and enclose the herb underneath it which the woodpecker found and carried, every gate will open to him, and bolts and locks; savage beasts will also obey him, and come to tameness; he shall also be beloved and observed of all, and whatever he hath a mind to he shall acquire and perform. Thus far nature; but he that carries it shall learn those things that are in the goats; shall open locks, and loose chains, shall pacify all wild beasts by the will which is in heaven shall assuage the waves of the terrible sea, shall chase away all devils, and shall appear good to all men." So, then, this secret in the tale of master Peter Block, in the German tale of "the Treasure Seeker," which was thought a novelty, has been known for centuries. There is a tale, of a tub being made a receptacle for the dresses of succeeding generations, and at the end of a century turned upside down, opened at the bottom, and lo! they are new fashions.

But, to return: the description of a hyena is remarkable.—"The hyena is a four-footed animal, savage, and ambiguous; for this creature is born female, and, after a year, turns male, and then, for the next year, turns female again, and brings forth, and gives suck: and the gall of this animal, being sweet, has efficacy for a miracle; and a great miracle is made of it: and this is the composition:—Take the eyes of the fish glaucus, and the right eye of the said hyena, and all that is liquid of the said hyena; dissolve all together, and pot it up in a glass vessel, covering it well. If, therefore, you will show a great miracle, when you have set a light, mix the fat of any creeping thing, or four-footed beast, you please, with a little of the foresaid composition; if you anoint the wick of the lamp or candle, they will think it is the beast of which it is the fat,

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 21.

whether of a lion, bull, serpent, or any other creature. If, therefore, you will work a miracle, or a phantom, put a little fat of what animal or wild beast you please, with a little quantity of the confection, upon burning coals, in the middle of the house, and the beast will appear whose fat you mixed with it. And you may do the same with birds. And if you mix a little sea-water with the composition, and sprinkle among the guests, they will all fly, thinking that the sea is in the midst of them."

These extracts were designed to extend to other curious receipts, but they may be deferred without inconvenience, perhaps, to a future period.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

		h. m.
April 20.	Day breaks . . . .	2 40
	Sun rises . . . .	4 57
	— sets . . . .	7 3
	Twilight ends . . . .	9 20

British snowflake flowers.

Martin, *hirundo urbica*, arrives; but is not common till the second week in May.

**April 21.**

On the 21st of April, 1142, died Peter Abelard, whose story in relation to Eloisa is rendered familiar by the versification of Pope.

Abelard had some religious opinions at variance with those of the church, and, being condemned by a council held at Sens, set out for Rome, in 1139, to appeal to the pope. Upon reaching the abbey of Cluny, Pierre le Venerable received him with distinction, and dissuaded him from prosecuting his journey. He spent two years at this abbey in exemplary piety, when, being attacked by an acute disease, he removed for change of air to the priory of Saint Marcel, near Châlons-sur-Saone, where he died on the 21st of April, 1142, at the age of sixty-three years, and was interred in the chapel of the priory, in a tomb built by Pierre le Venerable.

The remains of Abelard did not repose long in this situation. Heloisa acquainted the abbot of Cluny that her husband had promised that his body should be deposited at the abbey of the Paraclete, which he himself had founded. Pierre le Venerable caused the body to be disinterred, and conveyed to the Paraclete, where it was deposited in a chapel, called Petit Moustier.

Heloisa died on the 7th of May, 1163, and, in conformity to her will, was buried in the same tomb as her husband. In 1497 their bodies were placed in separate coffins, transferred to the grand church of the abbey, and deposited in tombs at the entrance of choir. In 1630 the abess Marie de la Rochefoucauld caused the two tombs to be placed in the chapel de Trinité. Madame Catherine de la Rochefoucauld formed the project of erecting a new monument to the memory of the founder and first abess of her monastery; it was executed in 1779, and consisted of figures, formed of a single block of stone, representing the three persons in the Trinity, upon an equal base. At the dissolution of the monasteries, in 1792, the principal inhabitants of Nogent-sur-Seine went in grand procession to the Paraclete, to transfer the remains of Abelard and Heloisa to a vault in their church, and the rector pronounced an address adapted to the occasion.

In 1799, M. Lenoir, keeper of the Musée des Monumens Français, obtained permission to transport the remains of Abelard and Heloisa to Paris. For this purpose he repaired to the church of Nogent, on the 23rd of April, 1800, accompanied by the magistrates of the city, and the remains were surrendered to him. They were in a leaden coffin, divided by a partition, and bearing on the sides the names of Abelard and Heloisa. Upon opening the coffin many of the bones of both were found in good preservation. The tomb built for Abelard for Pierre le Venerable at the priory of Saint Marcel was at that time in the possession of a physician at Châlons, who sent it to M. Lenoir. In this tomb, from which the body of Abelard had been removed nearly seven centuries before, the remains were deposited, and placed in a sepulchral chape, constructed from the ruins of the Paraclete. This chapel is now the most picturesque and interesting ornament in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.\*

		h. m.
April 21.	Day breaks . . . .	2 37
	Sun rises . . . .	4 56
	— sets . . . .	7 4
	Twilight ends . . . .	9 23

Narrow waved Narcissus, *Narcissus augustifolius*, flowers.

The cuckoo is commonly heard. The wryneck, or cuckoo's mate heard, daily.

\* History of Paris, iii. 36.



AN APRIL SHOWER.

— It is really a smart shower, but April rain seldom lasts. What a quantity of water! It flows as clear as chrystal.

— Look at those children shrinking below their heavy umbrella—the youngest cuddles under the elder one's cloak; putting it aside to let in the fresh warm air, and look out upon all around. I warrant they are merry ones in a fine day, or before a winter's fire.

— It a shower, indeed! The thirsty earth eagerly drinks the streams; and in a few days will pay abundantly for its needful refreshment. For these rains we shall have loads of grass and flowers; we may expect a fine summer and good crops of grain and fruit. The huddling young ones think nothing of these matters. Poor things! they are ignorant that momentary deluges in the spring will yield them ample stores of delight by and by; but then, in the sunny days they will overheat themselves in the meadows, and eat fruit to intemperance, and get fevers and in-

digestions. Poor things! "The young ones think the old ones fools—but the old ones know the young ones to be so."

But do we know *ourselves*? In the tempests of life we cling and cower, and see nothing beyond the turmoil; and we drive on to the end of our journey, not ignorant, but regardless that a storm of adversity is often succeeded by a harvest of prosperity. And we call the adversity a trial; but how do we bear the greater trial of prosperity? We then abuse the good within our power, and pamper ourselves; become proud-spendthrifts or mean misers; not recollecting what we were, and not knowing what we are. And as we crawl, or bluster towards our graves, we complain of the evils of life—most of them having been of our own making, and the rest not received as lessons for self-examination, but as interruptions to a happiness we were continually seeking, and which, when found, was joyless. Are we wiser than children in a shower?

**April 22.**

There is a folio sized etching of a whole length portrait of John Bigg, the Dinton Hermit, in a clouted dress, with the following inscription:—"John Bigg, the Dinton Hermit, baptized 22d April, 1629, buried 4th April, 1696. Browne Willis gives the following particulars of this man out of a letter written to him by Thomas Herne, dated Oxon, Feb. 12, 1712. He was formerly clerk to Simon Mayne, of Dinton, one of the judges who passed sentence on king Charles the First. He lived at Dinton (Co. Bucks), in a cave, had been a man of tolerable wealth, was looked upon as a pretty good scholar, and of no contemptible parts. Upon the Restoration he grew melancholy, betook himself to a recluse life, and lived by charity, but never asked for any thing but leather, which he would immediately nail to his shoes. He kept three bottles, that hung to his girdle; viz., for strong and small beer, and milk: his shoes are still preserved: they are very large, and made up of about a thousand patches of leather. One of them is in the Bodleian Repository, the other in the collection of Sir John Vanhatten, of Dinton, who had his cave dug up some years since, in hopes of discovering something relative to him, but without success. This print is etched from a picture in the possession of Scroop Bernard, Esq., of Nether Winchendon, Bucks."

**"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."**

A town fear'd a siege and held consultation  
Which was the best method of fortification;  
A grave skilful mason said, in his opinion,  
That nothing but stone could secure the dominion;  
A carpenter said, though that was well spoke,  
It was better by far to defend it with oak;  
A currier, wiser than both these together,  
Said, "try what you please—there's nothing like leather."

*Old Spelling Book.*

Belonging to the reign of queen of Anne there is another portrait of another remarkable character—one Thomas Baskerville, of Bayworth, in the parish of Sunningwell, near Abingdon, author of a Journal of his Travels through a great part of England in the years 1677 and 1678, which is still in manuscript. He was a person of learning and curiosity, particularly in his younger days, when he

was commonly known to the Oxford students by the nickname of the king of Jerusalem; but in the latter one he grew musty and unfit for conversation. In figure and dress he affected some of those singularities which naturally adhere to recluse speculation and habitual retirement" Baskerville lived to a very advanced age. His portrait was engraved when he was only 70. Many of his MSS. went with the Harleian Collection to the British Museum. He died about 1705.

	h. m.
<i>April 22.</i> Day breaks . . . .	2 35
Sun rises . . . .	4 54
— sets . . . .	7 6
Twilight ends . . . .	9 25
Marsh marigold flowers plentifully.	

**April 23.**

**ST. GEORGES'S DAY.**

Accounts of this saint, and the celebration of his festival, are in the *Every Day Book*.

**WILKES AND 45.**

[For the Year Book.]

On the 23rd of April, 1763, John Wilkes published the "North Britain, No. 45," which was ordered by the House of Commons to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

It is a curious coincidence that Wilkes's name, and the offices he was successively elected to fill were composed of 45 letters, as will be found in the following lines:—  
The Right Honourable John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London.

- John Wilkes, Esquire, Sheriff for London and Middlesex.
- John Wilkes, Esquire, Knight of the Shire for Middlesex.
- John Wilkes, Esquire, Alderman for Farringdon Without.
- John Wilkes, Esquire, Chamberlain of the City of London.

HENRY BRANDON.

**MARY-LE-BONE GARDENS.**

*Morley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.*

MR. HONE.—If your ideas shall correspond with those of a writer in page 318 of your *Year Book*, a few lines upon the subject of Mary-le-bone may not be unacceptable. My grandfather, a rector of North Tidmouth, in Wiltshire was, I

think, also connected with the old church at the former place; at all events he occasionally officiated at that church. He rented the fine ancient structure nearly opposite thereto, called "Mary-le-bone Manor House," a view of which, with the gardens, park, and environs, as they appeared in Queen Elizabeth's reign, I have in my possession; and the engraving, perhaps, may be had of Messrs. Nichols, Son, and Bentley. Tradition reports, that this was a palace of Elizabeth; from her it came by grant to the Forsyths, and thence to the Duke of Portland. The plate alluded to is "dedicated to the noblemen and gentlemen educated at this noble mansion;" where, in the early part of the last century, a considerable school was kept by a Mr. De la Place, whose daughter, my grandfather, the Rev. John Fountayne, marrying, succeeded him in the school. About 1786, or 7, as I should think, he died, and in 1791 the house was pulled down, and some livery stables were upon the site of it when I was last in London. Having been at this school, from my infancy almost, down to about 1790, I have a perfect recollection of this fine and interesting house with its beautiful saloon and gallery, in which private concerts were held occasionally, and the first instrumental performers attended. My grandfather, as I have been told, was an enthusiast in music, and cultivated, most of all, the friendship of musical men, especially of Handel, who visited him often and had a great predilection for his society. This leads me to relate an anecdote which I have on the best authority, but first I must speak of Mary-le-bone Gardens:—

Until 1735, or 7, the public had free access to these gardens; but, the company becoming very respectable, the manager demanded a shilling on admission. The Evening Post, of March 19th, announced, "On Monday next, the 31st of March, the bowling-green will be opened by order of the nobility and gentry." Towards the middle of the century these gardens seem to have been on the decline. In 1790 they were nearly built over, and had, some time, been disused. A wooden, or boarded house, adjoining upon our playground, was used, it seems, as a theatre of pugilism, or a show for wild beasts.

While Mary-le-bone gardens were flourishing, the enchanting music of Handel, and probably of Arne, was often heard from the orchestra here. One evening, as my grandfather and Handel were walking

together and alone, a new piece was struck up by the band. "Come Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "let us sit down and listen to this piece—I want to know your opinion of it." Down they sat, and after some time the old parson, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to—It's very poor stuff." "You are right Mr. F.," said Handel, "it is very poor stuff—I thought so myself when I had finished it." The old gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologise; but Handel assured him there was no necessity; that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and his time for the production limited; and that the opinion given was as correct as it was honest. I relate this anecdote by way of admonition to those who imagine that all music which is foreign, or by a great composer, must be "fine;" and because I have often been disgusted by the affectation and folly of people who will applaud a piece of vocal music merely because it is Italian, and for the sake of display, while they can sit unmoved by the enchanting compositions of Calcott, King, Webbe, and many of our old musicians.

Mary-le-bone was a sweet place in the days of my youth, but now, alas! how changed! Our only walk, beyond the play ground, was to "Primrose-hill," and "Green Berry-hill," across "Welling's Farm." I well remember we used to gather sorrel, or goose-grass (greensauce it is here called); and we were permitted to buy "alicampane," and "parliament," at the gingerbread stalls by our way side. I cannot, however, look back to the "haunt of my boyish days," with the same "pleasant reminiscence" as your correspondent (though among relations) A large public school I found a Pandemonium. I thought (as Lord Brougham is reported to have said some years ago of "another place") "that I had got into a den of lions;" the world had few charms, and my life was a burthen to me. From what I have seen of "Grammar Schools," in the last century, I can imagine what they were in the 17th; and from what I have known of parents and schoolmasters I can well believe the anecdote of Ascham, respecting Lady Jane Grey and her tutor, Aylmer, though few such as Aylmer have been known.

"What a piece of work is Man!"  
how curious and wonderful the construction and operations of the human intel-



lect! I can remember 'Mary-le-bone in 1790 better than the lakes of Cumberland, &c., which I saw only in 1828; my recollection traverses every room in the palace, or manor-house. I can remember persons and events, then before me, more distinctly, by far, than such as engaged my notice only last year. I remember the "Jew's Harp," and another house kept by one Karleton (if I spell the name right), perhaps the "Old Queen's Head." I remember the fine gardens and mulberry trees, and seeing Lunardi, or Blanchard, in his balloon high over them. I remember anecdotes of Dr. Arne, and many eminent men; and especially of those wonderful men, Samuel and Charles Wesley, who, when children, were stars of the first magnitude in the musical world, and lived at or near Marylebone. But time and space fail me, and I have, perhaps, intruded too far upon your columns.

Yours, very respectfully,  
NORRISON SCATCERD.

		h. m.
April 23.	Day breaks . . . .	2 32
	Sun rises . . . .	4 52
	— sets . . . .	7 8
	Twilight ends . . .	9 28

Harebells flower abundantly in fields, shady glades, and woods; and contrasts finely with the white daisy and the yellow of the crowfoot.

**April 24.**

On the 24th of April, 1723, died at Billingbeare, in Windsor Forest, Grey Nevil, Esq., of whom there is a mezzotinto portrait by G. White, after a painting by Dahl in 1720. He was descended from the family of the earl of Abergavenny. His great ancestor, Sir Henry Nevil, knight, a gentleman of the bedchamber to king Edward VI., received a grant from that sovereign of the manor of Wargrave hundred, in Berkshire, of which he was deprived by queen Mary, but which was restored to him by Elizabeth. Mr. Grey Nevil was very popular among the dissenters, and was elected a member of parliament for Abingdon in 1705; for Wallingford and Wendover in 1708; for Wallingford in 1710; for Berwick upon Tweed in 1714; and with lord Barrington, as representatives for the latter place, presented to king George I. a memorable

address of attachment to the Brunswick family, signed by about 600 persons. The influence of his personal character, and great landed property, with his ability, and devotion to the principles of the Revolution of 1688, rendered him an able supporter of the government. Mr. Noble speaks of his "great singularities," and alleges, as an instance, that on May 5, 1723, a sermon was preached at his funeral by Mr. Jeremiah Hunt, a dissenting minister, who apologizes in the preface, for not giving a character of the deceased, by quoting this clause from his will.—"I give to my Rev. friend, Mr. Jeremiah Hunt, pastor to the congregational church at Pinner's Hall, the sum of £— to preach a sermon on the last chapter of St. James, provided he makes no mention of my name in the said sermon: I would have it printed." There is no singularity in this, unless it be deemed singular for an upright man to do what may seem to him to be upright in the face of all men. Mr. Nevil was an able, honest, unflinching servant of his constituents in the house of commons.

**WAGES OF PARLIAMENT MEN.**

By an act of parliament in 1544, temp. Henry VIII., 100 acres of meadow and 100 of pasture land at Maddingley, in Cambridgeshire, are declared to be of the yearly value of £10, and to be let to hire to John Hinde, serjeant at law, for that sum yearly, to the use and intent that the profits thereof should be for the fees and wages of the knights in parliament for the county of Cambridge. In consequence of this appropriation, the land was called the shire manor, and is so termed in the act of parliament.

		h. m.
April 24.	Day breaks . . . .	2 29
	Sun rises . . . .	4 50
	— sets . . . .	7 10
	Twilight ends . . .	9 31

Moonwort, or Irish honesty, flowers in plenty.  
Buttercups begin to appear.

**April 25.**

**ST. MARK.**

The custom of the dumb cake on St. Mark's eve, and the usages upon this festival, are related at sufficient length in the *Every-Day Book*.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 26.

PRIVATE ENDS.

On Monday the 25th of April, 1825, in a lecture at the Leeds Philosophical Hall, Mr. Michael Sadler, mentioned, as a strange instance of perverted taste, the case of a respectable gentleman in the county of Derby, who has a strong *penchant* for the halters in which malefactors have been executed, and who, having made friends with the Jack Ketches of all the neighbouring counties, has collected a large number of nooses which have done their duty, and which now hang as lines of beauty, with the names of their former tenants attached to each, round a museum in his house. He is known as "a cut and come again customer" to the finisher of the law in London.

		h. m.
April 25.	Day breaks . . . .	2 26
	Sun rises . . . .	4 48
	— sets . . . .	7 12
	Twilight ends . . .	9 34

Standard tulip begins to blow.  
 Clarimond tulip still in full flower.  
 Van Thol tulip declining.

April 26.

On the 26th of April, 1731, was interred, in Bunhill Fields burying-ground, the celebrated Daniel De Foe. The memoirs of his remarkable life and times have been lately written, with fidelity and ability, by Mr. Walter Wilson, who says "His latter writings all lead to the conclusion that he considered himself upon the verge of another world, and was setting his house in order, that he might not be taken by surprise. With a resolute purpose to

devote his energies, so long as they continued, to the improvement of mankind, we observe a growing indifference to passing scenes, and an elevation of mind that raised his contemplations to spiritual objects. Those religious impressions which he had imbibed early, and carried with him through life, were sharpened by the asperities of his situation. They became his solace under the frowns of the world, and the staff of his old age. Disciplined in the school of affliction, he had been taught submission to the hand that inflicted it; and aware of the difficulties that beset a conscientious adherence to the path of duty, he made them a motive for vigilance, and frequent self-examination. In one of his latest publications, he says, 'I know not whether of the two is most difficult, in the course of a Christian's life, to *live well* or to *die well*.' In a former work, he has the following reflections suggested by a future state. 'I believe nothing would contribute more to make us good christians, than to be able to look upon all things, causes, and persons here, with the same eyes as we do when we are looking into eternity. Death sets all in a clear light; and when a man is, as it were, in the very boat, pushing off from the shore of the world, his last views of it being abstracted from interests, hopes, or wishes, and influenced by the near view of the future state, must be clear, unbiassed, and impartial.' With a mind elevated above the grovelling pursuits of the mere worldling, and steadily fixed upon the scenes that were opening to him as he approached the boundaries of time, De Foe could not be unprepared for the change that was to separate him from his dearest connexions. The time of his death has been variously stated; but it took place upon the 24th of April, 1731 when he was about seventy years of age."

Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less  
 Than worm or mite, or shadow can express,  
 Was nothing, shall I live, when every fire  
 And every star shall languish and expire?  
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,  
 And through the radiant files of Angels move!  
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,  
 See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,  
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,  
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?  
 All that has being in full concert join,  
 And celebrate the depths of LOVE DIVINE.

Yours.

THE YEAR BOOK.—APRIL 28.

		h. m.
April 26.	Day breaks . . . .	2 23
	Sun rises . . . .	4 46
	— sets . . . .	7 14
	Twilight ends . . .	9 37

Chequered daffodil flowers.  
Cowslip, or pagel, abundantly in flower.  
This is called cowslip day; and village girls gather the flowers for garlands.

**April 27.**

THE ORCHESTRA—A LENT INTERLUDE.  
[For the Year Book.]

What droppings in there are of musical personages, vocal and instrumental! How they succeed each other! the solo and concerto performers waiting their appointed time to be ushered by polite handing and recumbent smiles. How dissimilar in contour, age, and size!

To an impatient and refined ear the tuning is dissonant; but to an imaginative taste the high leaping of the smallest strings, treble pipes, tubular squeaking, deep rumbling of the screwed skins—the blast of brass, the low bass notes, are at once so mingled in indescribable motion, as to effect a more unique and nonsyllabled intonation than the best composers have produced, and all with a view to unison—the production of harmony by discords.

The band once set off, the conductor leads, sometimes at a rapid, and sometimes a slow pace; some hold on, some hold off, some rest against the bars with breathless care, ready to start again, give chase, relief, or swell, as the notes prescribe. Feet correspond with heads, elbows with fingers, eyes with scores, gamuts, and themes. If some brows are knit and features distorted while charming the auditory, others are smooth and calm as the unruffled waters of summer. Their smiles are as the rays of the tones, reflected on admiring and sympathising listeners, whose spirits inhale the sweetness of the melody.

A peep at an orchestra is irresistibly droll. In spite of subdued feelings, and of a nature kind to all science, the assemblage of vocalists, with voices raised to the highest pitch, arms fixed to the firmest purpose, the war of strings, carnage of rosin, escape of air, crashes of sound, and earnestness of all engaged in the conflict, is to me immeasurably humorous.

—An orchestra, like “Quarle’s Em-

blems,” is emblematical. The fondness of childhood is imaged by the love of simple melody and pretty cadences—the enamoured passions of youth by the confident and skillful use of the instruments—the state of manhood by the full dispassion.

J. R. Prior

		h. m.
April 27.	Day breaks . . . .	2 20
	Sun rises . . . .	4 44
	— sets . . . .	7 16
	Twilight ends . . .	9 40

Bell-shaped squil flowers  
Gentianella abundantly in flower.  
Yellow gorse in full flower.

**April 28.**

On the 28th of April, 1738, Shakspeare’s tragedy of Julius Cæsar was performed at Drury-lane theatre, for the purpose of raising a subscription for a monument to his memory, which was afterwards erected in Westminster Abbey.

The first collection of anecdotes of English composition is “Shakspeare’s Jest Book,” an elegant reprint, by Samuel Weller Singer, esq., of three tracts, containing—

1. “The Hundred Merry Tales,” 1557. It is to this book that Beatrice alludes, when she asks Benedict, “Will you tell me who told you that I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales?”

2. “Tales and Quicke Answeres, very merry, and pleasant to rede.” 1556. It contains 114 tales.

3. “Mery tales, Wittie Questions, and Quicke Answeres, very pleasant to be rede. 1567.” This collection is alluded to by sir John Harrington, in his “Ulysses upon Ajax,” where he says, “Lege the boke of Mery Tales.” The general design of the book is to expose the friars, who preached against Erasmus as a heretic, including, however, some of no particular bent.

It is imagined, on the presumed internal evidence of the two following passages from Shakspeare’s sonnets, that he was lame.

Sonnet 37.

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis’d  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance  
give,  
That I in thy abundance am suffic’d,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Sonnet 88.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
 And I will comment upon that offence:  
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.

		h. m.
April 28.	Day breaks . . .	2 17
	Sun rises . . .	4 43
	— sets . . .	7 17
	Twilight ends . .	9 43

Creeping crowfoot appears here and there.

Hedge mustard flowers.  
 Many apple trees in blossom.

April 29.

On the 29th of April, 1652, Mr. Evelyn observes, in his diary,—“ Was that celebrated eclipse of the sun, so much threatened by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation, that hardly any one would work, nor stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abused by ignorant and knavish stargazers.”

A LOVE SONG.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,  
 With night we banish sorrow;  
 Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,  
 To give my love good morrow.  
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow:  
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,  
 To give my love good morrow.  
 To give my love good morrow,  
 Notes from them all I'll borrow  
 Wake from thy nest, robin-red-breast,  
 Sing, birds, in every furrow:  
 And from each bill let music shrill  
 Give my fair love good morrow.  
 Black bird and thrush, in every bush,  
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,  
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,  
 Sing my fair love good morrow.  
 To give my love good morrow,  
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Thos. Heywood, 1638.

		h. m.
April 29.	Day breaks . . .	2 13
	Sun rises . . .	4 41
	— sets . . .	7 19
	Twilight ends . .	9 47

Soft cranebill flowers.  
 Herb Robert flowers.  
 Dalibarda flowers.

April 30.

THE MEADOWS IN SPRING.

[For the Year Book.]

These verses are in the old style; rather homely in expression; but I honestly profess to stick more to the simplicity of the old poets than the moderns. and to love the philosophical good humor of our old writers more than the sickly melancholy of the Byronian wits. If my verses be not good, they are good humored, and that is something

'Tis a sad sigh  
 To see the year dying;  
 When autumn's last wind  
 Sets the yellow wood sighing  
 Sighing, oh sighing!

When such a time cometh,  
 I do retire  
 Into an old room,  
 Beside a bright fire;  
 Oh! pile a bright fire!

And there I sit  
 Reading old things  
 Of knights and ladies,  
 While the wind sings:  
 Oh! drearly sings!

I never look out,  
 Nor attend to the blast;  
 For, all to be seen,  
 Is the leaves falling fast:  
 Falling, falling!

But, close at the hearth,  
 Like a cricket, sit I;  
 Reading of summer  
 And chivalry:  
 Gallant chivalry!

Then, with an old friend,  
 I talk of our youth;  
 How 'twas gladsome, but often  
 Foolish, forsooth  
 But gladsome, gladsome

Or, to get merry,  
 We sing an old rhyme  
 That made the wood ring again  
 In summer time:  
 Sweet summer time!

Then take we to smoking,  
 Silent and snug:  
 Nought passes between us,  
 Save a brown jug;  
 Sometimes! sometimes!

And sometimes a tear  
 Will rise in each eye,  
 Seeing the two old friends,  
 So merrily;  
 So merrily!

And ere to bed  
 Go we, go we,  
 Down by the ashes  
 We kneel on the knee ;  
 Praying, praying !  
 Thus then live I,  
 Till, breaking the gloom  
 Of winter, the bold sun  
 Is with me in the room !  
 Shining, shining !  
 Then the clouds part,  
 Swallows soaring between :  
 The spring is awake,  
 And the meadows are green,—  
 I jump up like mad ;  
 Break the old pipe in twain ;  
 And away to the meadows,  
 The meadows again !

EPSILON.

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID.

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outside of tissue ; for, though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions ; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul ; she rises, therefore, with chanticleere, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter ; for never came almond-glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity ; and, when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind to do well. She bestows her year's wages at the next fair, and, in choosing her garrants

counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none ; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones ; yet they have their efficacy in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them ; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition ; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.\*

If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man,—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart,—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the hearts of the ambitious.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

SUN RISE.

When the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to mattins, and bye-and-bye gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God ; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a full fair light, and a face, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly ; so is a man's reason and his life.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

	h. m.
April 30. Day breaks . . .	3 10
Sun rises . . .	4 39
— sets . . .	7 31
Twilight ends . . .	6 50

Tooshwert flowers.  
 Peerless primrose flowers.

\* Sir T. Overbury.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY.



MAY.

How lovely now are lanes and balks,  
For lovers in their Sunday-walks!  
The daisy and the butter-cup—  
For which the laughing children stoop  
A hundred times throughout the day,  
In their rude romping Summer play—  
So thickly now the pasture crowd,  
In a gold and silver sheeted cloud,  
As if the drops of April showers  
Had woo'd the sun, and changed to flowers.

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY.

The following delightful verses are rendered very closely into our language by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, from the old German of earl Conrad of Kirchberg, a minnesinger of the twelfth century—

### SONG.

May, sweet May, again is come,  
 May that frees the land from gloom ;  
 Children, children, up, and see  
 All her stores of jollity !  
 On the laughing hedgerow's side  
 She hath spread her treasures wide ;  
 She is in the greenwood shade,  
 Where the nightingale hath made  
 Every branch and every tree  
 Ring with her sweet melody ;  
 Hill and dale are May's own treasures ;  
 Youths rejoice ! In sportive measures  
     Sing ye, join the chorus gay !  
     Hail this merry, merry May !

Up then, children ! we will go  
 Where the blooming roses grow ;  
 In a joyful company  
 We the bursting flowers will see :  
 Up, your festal dress prepare !  
 Where gay hearts are meeting, there  
 May hath pleasures most inviting,  
 Heart and sight and ear delighting ;  
 Listen to the birds' sweet song,  
 Hark ! how soft it floats along :  
 Courtly dames ! our pleasures share ;  
 Never saw I May so fair :  
 Therefore dancing will we go ;  
 Youths rejoice, the flow'rets blow !  
     Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !  
     Hail this merry, merry May !

In May every field with hedgerows and bushes is a birdmeadow. During the middle and latter part of the vernal season the business of nest-making takes place, and the first broods are hatched, fledged, and fly before the close of the period, during which time the male birds are in full song. Each bird has a note or a modulation of notes peculiar to himself, yet many decidedly imitate the notes of others. The blackcap, the thrush, and many other birds mock the nightingale ; and hence, in the north and west of England, where nightingales do not abound, the note of these mocking songsters is less musical and less varied. To note the average days on which birds arrive, by listening to their notes as well as by seeing them, is a very pleasant amusement during the bright fine weather of a vernal morning. The cooing of the ringdove, the wild pigeon, and the turtle, is characteristic of the spring ; but the great mark of the vernal season is the well known song

of the cuckoo. His voice is heard through all May ; he becomes noarser, and sings seldom in the solstitial season ; before the commencement of the æstival he ceases his note, and emigrates. The cuckoo in general builds no nest, but deposits her solitary egg in the nest of another bird, generally the hedge sparrow's, though she occasionally resorts to that of the water wagtail, titlark, &c., by whom the egg is hatched. Early in the season, the cuckoo begins with the interval of a minor third ; the bird then proceeds to a major third, next to a fourth, then a fifth, after which his voice breaks out without attaining a minor sixth. An old Norfolk proverb says,

In April the cuckoo shows his bill,  
 In May he sing, night and day,  
 In June he changes his tune,  
 In July away he fly,  
 In August away he must.

The insects of the vernal season are numerous, and there are certain fine days in which thousands of species make their first appearance together. The early sulphur butterfly, which is the first in the last season, is now seen every fine day, and is soon followed by the tortoiseshell, the peacock, and lastly by the white cabbage butterflies.

During the vernal season the march of vegetation, the development of leaves on the trees and the flowering of plants, is rapid. From the very commencement to the end of the period, some new flower is added every day. Early in May the creeping crowfoot in the uplands, and the buttercups in the low meadows, clothe the grass with a brilliant golden yellow, while in other places on shady slopes, and on ground over which the trees may have been newly felled, the field hyacinth covers the whole surface with its rich blue flowers ; the meadow lychnis succeeds, until all are cut down in the great mowing of meadow hay. During this period the banks are still covered with primroses and violets, and here and there with pilewort ; in the hedges the black thorn first, and wards the white thorn, blossom. In the chard a succession of blossoms on the plum, the cherry, the pear, and the apple trees impart unspeakable beauty to the scene. The husbandman looks with a prospective pleasure at these promises of plenty in the orchard, and daily tends and watches the " setting " of the fruit.

The gardens teem and glow with varieties of the richest flowers. The bright

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY.

ultramarine blue of the *Cynoglossum Omphalodes*, and of the *Veronica Chamaedrys*, which covers every bank in May, and the blue harebell, is as common as the yellow crowsfoot. Early in the month the standard tulips are in full blow and exhibiting every stripe, tint, and variety of color. Towards the middle of the month the rich crimson of the piony and the bright lig it red of the monkey poppy come into blow at nearly the same time, yet there are individual plants of the monkey poppy which always blow a month later than the rest, beginning early in June, and continuing far into the solstitial season. The young plants propagated from these do the same, and may be called a permanent variety, belonging to the solstitial instead of the vernal Flora, and vies with the common garden poppy, a fine ornament of the summer solstice. The yellow poppy now flowers fully, and continues to blow sparingly all the summer.

E'en roads, where danger hourly comes,  
 Are not without its purple blooms,  
 Whose leaves, with threat'ning thistles round  
 Thick set, that have no strength to wound,  
 Shrink into childhood's eager hold  
 Like hair; and, with its eye of gold  
 And scarlet-starry points of flowers,  
 Pimpernel, dreading nights and showers,  
 Oft called "the Shepherd's Weather-glass,"  
 That sleeps till suns have dried the grass,  
 Then wakes, and spreads its creeping bloom  
 Till clouds with threatening shadows come—  
 Then close it shuts to sleep again:  
 Which weeders see, and talk of rain;  
 And boys, that mark them shut so soon,  
 Call "John that goes to bed at noon:"  
 And fumitory too—a name  
 That superstition holds to fame—  
 Whose red and purple mottled flowers  
 Are cropped by maids in weeding hours,  
 To boil in water, milk, and whey,  
 For washes on a holiday,  
 To make their beauty fair and sleek,  
 And scare the tan from summer's cheek;  
 And simple small "Forget-me-not,"  
 Eyed with a pin's-head yellow spot  
 I' the middle of its tender blue,  
 That gains from poets notice due:—  
 These flowers, that toil by crowds destroys  
 Robbing them of their lowly joys,  
 Had met the May with hopes as sweet  
 As those her suns in gardens meet;  
 And oft the dame will feel inclined,  
 As childhood's memory comes to mind,  
 To turn her hook away, and spare  
 The blooms it loved to gather there!

*Clare.*

Towards the close of the vernal season the weather gets warmer, and is generally fine and dry, or else refreshed by showers; it is, however, seldom hotter than what may be called temperate, and the nights, when the wind is northerly, are still cold. The blossoms of the fruit trees gradually go off, the grass in the meadows gets high, and partially obscures the yellow ranunculi which decorated them in spring, and by the first week in June the setting in of the solstitial season is manifest by the blowing of a new set of plants and the absence of dark night.\*

### ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

Turtle, the great West Indian luxury, generally arrives about the latter end of May, or the beginning of June, though from the uncertainties of a sea voyage no exact period for its first appearance can be fixed. In 1614 it was so unusually late that at the magnificent banquet given in Guildhall to the Emperor of Russia and to the King of Prussia, on the 18th of June, there was no turtle to be had. A supply was announced at Portsmouth on the very day, but as this civic dignity, like other great personages, requires much time to dress, he could not possibly be present on the occasion. Great was the disappointment of the corporation. An alderman might have apostrophised with as much fervor as Macbeth did on the absence of Banquo at supper, and with more sincerity—

Here had we now our table's honor roof'd,  
 Were the grac'd person of our turtle present.

Consolation, however, was probably derived from the satisfactory assurance that the arrival of the long-expected guest, after he had braved the perils of the sea, would afford another festival, for the express purpose of welcoming, and beholding him in all his glory.

The weight of a turtle varies from thirty to 500 or 600 pounds, and the price from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per lb. The cooking is generally performed by a professed "artist," whose fee is from one to two guineas. Epicures of note have been known to prefer it cut into steaks and broiled, to be eaten with melted butter, Cayenne pepper, and the juice of a Seville orange, and say that the flesh thus simply dressed retains more of its true flavor than when made into callipash and callipee.

\* Dr. T. Forster, Ency. of Nat. Phenomena.



## THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY.

Calf's head, which is susceptible of as many culinary operations as the head of an ingenious cook can devise, forms the basis of a soup called mock-turtle, and, in cases of emergency, may serve as an augmentative ingredient to real turtle soup.

Buck venison is now introduced at polite tables, and continues in season until the end of September. The price of a prime haunch is from three to five guineas. The next best joint is the neck, which is proportionably lower in value. The shoulders, breast, and scrags, generally fetch from ten to fourteen pence a pound. Forest venison is the smallest and finest flavored. In the choice of this rich meat the principal criterion is the fat, which in a young buck will be thick, bright, and clear, the cleft smooth and close: a wide tough cleft denotes age.

Salmon, sturgeon, lobsters, turbot, had-dock, eels, and whittings, as well as crabs, prawns, and shrimps, continue generally through the summer season. After the close of this month, the John dory and the gurnet are no longer admissible. In addition to eels, carp, tench, and perch, the prince of fresh-water fish, the trout, is produced, and forms a very favorite repast during the remainder of the summer,

### SEASONABLE, PERHAPS —

An old Hebrew says, "Every man of understanding knoweth wisdom," and "they that were of understanding in sayings became also wise themselves, and poured forth exquisite parables."

Among the sayings and counsels of this ancient writer, he advises to "refrain thyself from thine appetites" and he helps a man who is "given to appetite," with a reason or two—"If thou givest thy soul the desires that please her, she will make thee a laughing-stock to thine enemies that malign thee.—Take not pleasure in much good cheer, neither be tied to the expense thereof.—Be not made a beggar by banqueting upon borrowing, when thou hast nothing in thy purse; for thou shalt lie in wait for thine own life, and be talked on."

There is much, and better matter, to the purpose, in the Book with which the preceding writer's work is occasionally bound.

### VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

#### Sow

Indian corn, the dwarf variety, as early in the month as possible; dwarf kidney

beans, for a full crop, about the first week, and again towards the end of the month.

Scarlet and white runners, either in drill or seed beds; in the second week.

Peas and beans for succession crops, as the earlier sowings appear above ground.

Carrots, for drawing young; once or twice.

Broccoli, purple caps, for autumnal supply; in the third or fourth week.

Portsmouth, white and purple, for the following spring; in the first week.

Borecole, Brussel's sprouts, and any of the brassica tribe, for succession crops; during the month

Turnip, the Dutch, and Swedish; once or twice.

Cucumbers, either for picklers or for late supply; about the second week.

Onions, for drawing while young, or for bulbs, to plant in the spring; in the third week.

Lettuce, the coss or capuchin, for salads; at any time.

Scorzoner, salsafy, skirret; in the first or second week.

#### *Plant*

Potatoes, the winter main crops throughout the month.

#### *Transplant*

Cabbages from the seed beds; and cauliflowers.

Celery into nursery rows, or some of the strongest plants into the final trenches, for early autumnal use; in the fourth week.

Attend to regularity, order, and neatness.

#### *Epitaph on a Gardener.*

Beneath this sod an honest gardener's laid,  
Who long was thought the *twisp* of his trade;  
A life of many years to him was known,  
But now he's wither'd like a rose o'erblown.  
Like a transplanted flower be this his doom,  
Fading in this world, in the next to bloom.

In a garden there is always something required to be done, which, in the doing, tendeth to compose the mind, if it be turmoiled; or affordeth pastime, if it be weary of calmness. Therefore it is that the business of a garden is a quiet and pleasant recreation to all who are over-fatigued with thought, or disturbed with the cares of the world; and hence the wisest actors in human affairs, and the best benefactors to mankind, have in the ending of life sought gardening as a solace

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 1.

### THE CALL OF THE MAY.

Arise, ye true lovers, arise! Of your love  
Think only, and let the glad spirits be gay:  
This bright month of May, from your bosoms remove  
Every care-bringing thought, nor permit it to stay.  
Be joyful, be faithful: never allowing  
One bitter remembrance the joys to outweigh  
Of those sweet recollections the season's bestowing;  
'Tis the mandate of love, and the claim of the May.  
Then look to yourselves, those glad pleasures enjoying  
In the hearts of the good that may blamelessly stay;  
To smile, and to sport, and to sing, none denying,  
While grief takes his flight from your spirits to-day;  
Array'd in the green festive robe of the season,  
At the feast quick and ready the fair to obey,  
Each true to his vows, never dreaming of treason;  
'Tis the mandate of love, and the call of the May.

*Christine de Pisan.*

### May 1.

#### MAY DAY.

In Shakspeare's play of King Henry VIII. there is a grand procession to the christening of the princess Elizabeth. The approach of the pageant attracts into the palace yard a multitude, who are desirous of catching a glimpse of the spectacle: their noise and tumult distract the porter at the palace gate—"an army cannot rule 'em"—he scolds and rates in vain; and his man says to him

Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible  
(Unless we sweep them from the door with  
cannons)

To scatter em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May day morning; which will never be.

It were needless to require evidence beyond this record, by our great observer of men and manners, that our ancestors

—rose up early, to observe

The rite of May,

There is "more matter for a May-morning," and the afterpart of a good "May-day," in our old chroniclers and best poets, than could be compressed into such a volume as this. Great were the assemblages and outgoings from the city, on a May-day morning to fetch in May.

More than 130 columns, and fourteen engravings, describe and illustrate this festival in the *Every-Day Book* and *Table Book*, and yet there still remains some seasonable information concerning May-day merriments and usages.

Olaus Magnus, who wrote in the sixteenth century, relates that the southern

Swedes and Goths, that are very far from the Pole, have a custom, that on the first day of May, when the sun is in Taurus, there should be two horse troops appointed of young and lusty men, as if they were to fight some hard conflict. One of these is led on by a captain, chosen by lot, who has the name and habit of winter. He is clothed with divers skins, and armed with fire-forks; and casting about snow-balls and pieces of ice, that he may prolong the cold, he rides up and down in triumph, and he shows and makes himself the harder, the more the icicles seem to hang from their stoves. The chieftain of the other troop is for summer, and is called captain Florio, and is clothed with green boughs and leaves, and summer garments that are not very strong. Both these ride from the fields into the city, from divers places, one after another, and with their fire-spears they fight, and make a public show, that summer hath conquered winter.

Both sides striving to get the victory, that side more forcibly assaults the other which on that day seems to borrow more force from the air, whether temperate or sharp. If the winter yet breathes frost, they lay aside their spears, and, riding up and down, cast about upon the spectators ashes mingled with live sparks of fire taken from the graves, or from the altar; and they who in the same dress and habit are auxiliary troops cast fire-balls from their horses. Summer, with his band of horse, shows openly his boughs of birch, or tiel-tree, which are made green long before by art, as by the heat of their stoves and watering them, and privately brought in as

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 1.

if they newly came from the wood. But, because Nature is thus defrauded, those that fight for winter press on the more, that the victory may not be got by fraud; yet the sentence is given for summer by the favorable judgment of the people, who are unwilling to endure the sharp rigor of winter any longer; and so summer gets the victory with the general applause of them all, and he makes a gallant feast for his company, and confirms it by drinking cups, which he could scarcely win with spears.

This sport is spoken of by Olaus Magnus as "the custom of driving away the winter, and receiving of summer."

Our neighbours of France were great observers of May-day. In the journal of Charles VI., who commenced his reign in 1380, it is recorded that the "May" planted annually at the gate of the palace was cut from the Bois de Boulogne, a wood in which the sovereigns of the first race, when they dwelt in the palace of Clichy, were accustomed to sport, and in which the troops of Charles X. bivouacked the night before his departure into exile from the palace of St. Cloud.

In 1449 the fraternity of master goldsmiths of Paris agreed, as an act of devotion, to present, annually, in the church of Notre Dame, to the Virgin, on the first of May, at midnight, a "May," or May-bough, before the principal door of the church of Notre Dame. They elected a prince for one year only, who was to settle the expenses of the "May."

The "May" was placed on a pillar, or shrine, in the form of a tabernacle, in the several faces of which were small niches, occupied by different figures of silk, gold, and silver, representing certain histories, and below them were explanatory inscriptions in French verse. The "May" remained at the great door from midnight till after vespers the next day, when it was transported, together with the pillar, before the image of the Virgin, near the choir, and the old "May" of the preceding year was removed into the chapel of St. Anne, to be kept there also a year. This ceremony was regularly observed till 1607, when the goldsmiths presented to the church a triangular tabernacle of wood, very curiously wrought, in which three paintings were enclosed; these paintings were presented and changed annually,

instead of the "May," and the old ones hung up in the chapel of St. Anne.\*

In the *Every Day Book* there is Stow's ample account of "Ill May Day," or the rising of the London 'prentices into fatal fray, on May-day, 1517, which occasioned the setting up of that great May-pole, or "shaft," from which the adjoining parish and church of St. Andrew were called St. Andrew Undershaft. It appears from the following ballad, that, to prevent a similar occurrence by reason of the great crowds on the festival, the old armed watch of the city was thenceforth set up on May-eve. On account of the former popularity of this almost forgotten "garland," it is here inserted verbatim.

THE STORY OF ILL MAY DAY, in the reign of king HENRY the Eighth, and why it was so called; and how Queen KATHERINE begged the lives of two thousand LONDON Apprentices.—To the Tune of Essex Good Night.

Peruse the stories of this land,  
And with advisement mark the same,  
And you shall justly understand  
How Ill May Day first got the name.  
For when king Henry th' eighth did reign  
And rul'd our famous kingdom here,  
His royal queen he had from Spain,  
With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Katherine nam'd, as stories tell,  
Some time his elder brother's wife;  
By which unlawful marriage fell  
An endless trouble during life:  
But such kind love he still conceiv'd  
Of his fair queen, and of her friends,  
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,  
Their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered  
Within our kingdom here to stay,  
Which multitude made victuals dear,  
And all things else from day to day;  
For strangers then did so increase,  
By reason of king Henry's queen,  
And privileg'd in many a place  
To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,  
And who but strangers bore the bell?  
Which was a grief to English men,  
To see them here in London dwell:  
Wherefore (God-wot) upon May-eve,  
The 'prentices a-maying went,  
Who made the magistrates believe,  
At all to have no other intent:

But such a May-game it was known,  
As like in London never were;  
For by the same full many a one  
With loss of life did pay full dear:

\* History of Paris, i. 577.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 1.

For thousands came with Bilboe blade,  
As with an army they could meet,  
And such a bloody slaughter made  
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran with blood,  
In every street where they remain'd ;  
Yea, every one in danger stood,  
That any of their part maintain'd :  
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,  
Beyond the seas though born and bred,  
By 'prentices they suffer'd wrong,  
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,  
No warlike troops could them withstand,  
Nor could by policy prevent,  
What they by force thus took in hand .  
Till, at the last, king Henry's power  
This multitude encompass'd round,  
Where, with the strength of London's tower,  
They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,  
On sign-posts at their masters' doors,  
By which the rest were kept in awe,  
And frighted from such loud uproars .  
And others which the fact repented  
(Two thousand 'prentices at least)  
Were all unto the king presented,  
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,  
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go,  
To Westminster, there to be tried,  
With ropes about their necks also :  
But such a cry in every street,  
Fill then was never heard or known,  
By mothers for their children sweet,  
Unhappily thus overthrow'n ;

Whose bitter moans and sad laments,  
Pussess'd the court with trembling fear ;  
Whereat the queen herself relents,  
Though it concern'd her country dear .  
What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood,  
Have London's stately streets been wet,  
Yet will I seek this country's good,  
And pardon for these young men get ;

Or else the world will speak of me,  
And say queen Katherine was unkind,  
And judge me still the cause to be,  
These young men did these fortunes find :  
And so, disrob'd from rich attires,  
With hair hang'd down, she sadly hies,  
And of her gracious lord requires  
A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms  
Yet budding green, these youths I crave ;  
O let them not have timeless tombs,  
For nature longer limits gave :  
In saying so, the pearly tears  
Fell trickling from her princely eyes ;  
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,  
And says, stand up, sweet lady, rise ;

The lives of them I freely give,  
No means this kindness shall debar,  
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live  
To serve me in my Bullen war :  
No sooner was this pardon given,  
But peals of joy rung through the hall,  
As though it thundered down from heaven,  
The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which (kind queen) with joyful heart,  
She gave to them both thanks and praise,  
And so from them did gently part,  
And lived beloved all her days :  
And when king Henry stood in need  
Of trusty soldiers at command,  
These 'prentices prov'd men indeed,  
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For, at the siege of Tours, in France,  
They show'd themselves brave Englishmen :  
At Bullen, too, they did advance  
Saint George's ancient standard then ;  
Let Touraine, Tournay, and those towns  
That good king Henry nobly won,  
Tell London's 'prentices' renowns,  
And of their deeds by them there done.

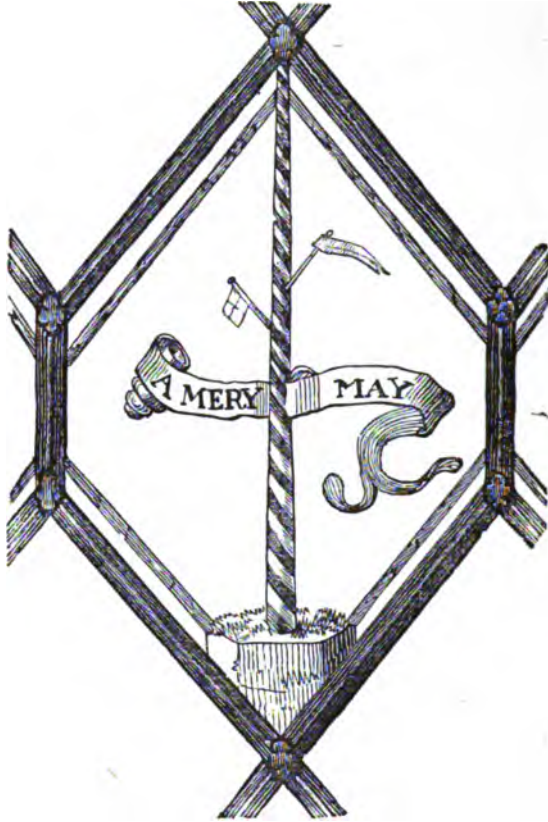
For Ill May-day, and Ill May-games,  
Perform'd in young and tender days,  
Can be no hindrance to their fames,  
Or stains of manhood any ways :  
But now it is ordain'd by law,  
We see on May-day's eve, at night,  
To keep unruly youths in awe,  
By London's watch, in armour bright

Still to prevent the like misdeed,  
Which once through headstrong young men  
came :  
And that's the cause that I do read,  
May-day doth get so ill a name.

The old May-pole was painted with various colors. On the next page is an engraving of one as it appears in Mr. Tollett's painted glass window, at Betley in Staffordshire, "which exhibits, in all probability, the most curious as well as the oldest representation of an English May-game and morris dance that is any where to be found."\* Concerning this dance and the window further particulars will be stated hereafter. Upon Mr. Tollett's May-pole are displayed St George's red cross, or the banner of England, and a white pennon, or streamer, emblazoned with a red cross, terminating like the blade of a sword, but the delineation thereof is much faded.†

\* Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, ii. 445.

† Malone's Shakspeare, 1821 xvi. 425.



MAY DAY.

[For the Year Book.]

Up like a princess starts the merry morning,  
In draperies of many-colored cloud ;  
And sky-larks, minstrels of the early dawning,  
Pipe forth their hearty welcomes long and loud ;  
The enamoured god of day is out a-maying,  
And every flower his laughing eye beguiles—  
And with the milkmaids in the fields a-playing  
He courts and wins them with effulgent smiles—  
For May's divinity of joy begun  
Adds strength and lustre to the gladdening sun,  
And all of life beneath its glory straying  
Is by May's beauty into worship won,  
Till golden eve ennobles all the west  
And day goes blushing like a bride to rest.

JOHN CLARE.

Among the additions to "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by sir Philip Sidney, knight," we have an account of a rural mask, or May-game, performed at

Wanstead, in honor of queen Elizabeth, which begins by stating that "Her most excellent Majestie walking in Wanstead Garden, as she passed down into the grove there

came suddenly, among the train, one apparelled like an honest man's wife of the countrie; where crying out for justice, and desiring all the lords and gentlemen to speak a good word for her, shee was brought to the presence of her Majestie, to whom upon her knees shee offered a supplication, and used this speech:—

“Most fair ladie I for as for other your titles of state statelier persons shall give you, and thus much mine own eies are witness of, take here the complaint of mee poor wretch, as deeply plunged in miserie as I wish to you the highest point of happiness.

“Onely one daughter I have, in whom I had placed all the hopes of my good hap, so well had shee with her good parts recompensed my pain of bearing her, and care of bringing her up; but now, alas! that shee is com to the time I should reap my full comfort of her, so is shee troubled, with that notable matter which we in the countrie call matrimonie, as I cannot chuse but fear the loss of her wits, at least of her honestie. Other women think they may bee unhappily combed with one master husband; my poor daughter is oppressed with two, both loving her, both equally liked of her, both striving to deserve her. But now lastly (as this jealousy forsooth is a vile matter) each have brought their partakers with them, and are at this present, without your presence redress it, in some bloodie controversie; now sweet Ladie help, your own way guides you to the place where they encomber her. I dare stay here no longer, for our men say in the countrie, the sight of you is infectious.”

The speech, &c., was delivered by a female called “the *Suitor*,” who finally presented the queen with a written supplication, in verse, and departed.

“Herewith the woman-suitor being gon, there was heard in the wood a confused noise, and forthwith there came out six shepherds, with as many foresters, haling and pulling to whether side they should draw the *Ladie of May*, who seemed to incline neither to the one nor the other side. Among them was master *Rombus* a schoolmaster of a village thereby, who, being fully persuaded of his own learned wisdom, came thither with his authoritie to part their fray; where for answer hee received many unlearned blows. But the Queen coming to the place where she was seen of them, though they knew not her estate, yet something there was which made

them startle aside and gaze upon her: till old father *Lulus* stepped forth (one of the substantiallest shepherds) and, making a leg or two, said these few words:—

“May it pleas your dignitie to give a little superfluous intelligence to that which, with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth shall deliver unto you. So it is, right worshipful audience, that a certain shee creature, which wee shepherds call a woman, of a minsical countenance, but (by my white lamb) not three-quarters so beauteous as yourself, hath disannulled the brain-pain of two of our feattoustr young men. And will you wot how? By my mother *Kit's* soul, with a certain fransical ma-ladie they call love; when I was a young man they called it flat follie. But here is a substantial schoolmaster can better disnounce the whole foundation of the matter, although in sooth, for all his loquence, our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkship; com on, com on master schoolmaster, bee not so bashless; we say that the fairest are ever the gentlest: tell the whole case, for you can much better vent the points of it than I.”

Then came forward master *Rombus*, and in the manner of “*Lingo*,” in the “*Agreeable surprise*” (a character undoubtedly derived from this *Rombus*), he made “a learned oration” in the following words: “Now the thunderthumping *Jove* transfund his dotes into your excellent formositie, which have with your resplendant beams thus segregated the enmitie of these rural animals: I am *Potentissima Domina*, a schoolmaster, that is to say, a pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenal frie, wherein (to my laud I say it) I use such geometrical proportion as neither wanted mansuetude nor correction; for so it is described, *Porcare Subjectos et debellire Superbos*. Yet hath not the pulcritude of my virtues protected mee from the contaminating hands of these plebeians; for coming, *solummodo*, to have parted their sanguinolent fray, they yielded mee no more reverence than if I had been som *Pecorius Asinus*. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi, verbus sapiento satum est*. But what said that Trojan *Aeneas*, when hee sojourned in the surging sulks of the sandiferous seas, *Hæc olim memorasse juvebit*. Well, Well, *ad propositos reverteto*; the puritie of the veritie is, that a certain *Pulcra puella profecto*, elected and constituted by the integrated determination of all this topographical region, as the sovereign ladie of this dame *Maie's*

month, hath been *quolanmodo* hunted, as you would say, pursued by two, a brace, a couple, a cast of young men, to whom the craftie coward *Cupid* had *inquam* delivered his dire-dolorous dart."

Here the "*May-Ladie*" interrupted his speech, at which master *Rombus* in a great chafe, cried out—"O *Tempori*, O *Moribus*! in profession a childe, in dignitie a woman, in years a ladie, in *cateris* a maid, should thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the superscription of a fool, O *Tempori*, O *Moribus*!"

Then the *May-Lady* said again, "Leave off good latine fool, and let mee satisfie the long desire I have had to feed mine eies with the onely sight this age hath granted to the world."

The poor schoolmaster went his way back, and the *May-Lady* kneeling down, thus concluded a speech to her Majesty: "Indeed so it is, that I am a fair wench, or els I am deceived, and therefore by the consent of all our neighbours have been chosen for the absolute ladie of this merrie month. With me have been (alas I am ashamed to tell it) two young men, the one a forrester named *Therion*, the other *Espilus*, a shepherd, very long even in love forsooth. I like them both, and love neither; *Espilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the livelier. *Therion* doth mee many pleasures, as stealing me venison out of these forrests, and many other such like prettie and prettier services, but withal hee grows to such rages, that sometimes hee strikes mee, sometimes hee rails at mee. This shepherd *Espilus* of a milde disposition, as his fortune hath not been to mee great service, so hath hee never don mee any wrong, but feeding his sheep, sitting under som sweet bush, sometimes they say hee records my name in doleful verses. Now the question I am to ask you, fair ladie, is, whether the many deserts and many faults of *Therion*, or the very small deserts and no faults of *Espilus*, bee to oe preferred. But before you give your judgment (most excellent ladie) you shall hear what each of them can say for themselves in their rural songs."

Here *Therion* in six verses challenged *Espilus* to sing with him. And "*Espilus*, as if hee had been inspired with the muses, began forthwith to sing, whereto his fellow Shepherds set in with their recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes; and so of *Therion's* side did the forresters, with the cornets they wore about their necks like hunting horns in baudrikes."

At the close of this contest between *Therion* and *Espilus*, they jointly supplicated the queen's determination. "But as they waited for the judgment her Majesty should give of their deserts, the shepherds and forresters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellows had sung better, and so whether the estate of shepherds or forresters were the more worshipful. The speakers were *Dorcas* an old shepherd, and *Rirus* a young forrester, between whom the schoolmaster *Rombus* came in as a moderator."

To the shepherd *Dorcas*, who achieved his best, the forester *Rirus* answered,—"The shepherd's life had som goodness in it, because it borrowed of the cuntries quietness something like ours, but that is not all; for ours, besides that quiet part, doth both strengthen the bodie, and raise up the minde with this gallant sort of activitie. O sweet contentation! to see the long life of the hurtless trees, to see how in streight growing up, though never so high, they hinder not their fellows; they only enviously trouble which are crookedly bent. What life is to bee compared to ours, where the very growing things are ensamples of goodness? wee have no hopes but we may quickly go about them, and going about them we soon obtain them."

The *May-Lady* submitted to the decision of the queen in a short speech, and "it pleased her majesty to judge that *Espilus* did the better deserve her."

Upon this judgment, "the shepherds and forresters made a full concert of their cornets and recorders, and then did *Espilus* sing."

Finally, at the end of the singing and the music, the *May-Lady* took her departure with this speech to her majesty: "Ladie, yourself, for other titles do rather diminish than add unto you, I and my little companie must now leave you. I should do you wrong to beseech you to take our follies well, since your bountie is such as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wish you good night, praying to God, according to the title I possess, that as hitherto it hath excellently don, so henceforward the flourishing of *May* may long remain in you, and with you."

And so ended this May-game at Wanstead.

THE MAIDENS' PORTION.

[To Mr Home.]

Sir—The following particulars of a

## THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 1.

singular bequest, under the above title, I have for some years past heard of, but a few weeks ago I visited the place purposely to get some information respecting it, which I obtained very readily from the clerk of the Parish, on telling him that it was for you.

It appears that John Herman, a native of Sutton Coldfield, and a prelate in the reign of Henry VIII., was promoted by that monarch to the see of Exeter, in the eleventh year of his reign; and in consequence of this part of the kingdom being but thinly inhabited at that time, owing to its having been the resort of William the Conqueror and several kings after him, for indulging in their favorite diversion of hunting, this bishop of Exeter was extremely desirous to increase its population, as will appear from his having established the "Maidens' Portion," as recorded upon his tomb, in Sutton Coldfield church—"So great was his affection for this his native place that he spared neither cost nor pains to improve it and make it flourish. He procured it to be incorporate by the name of a warden and society of the king's town of Sutton Coldfield, granting to them and to their successors for ever the chase, park, and manor. He built two aisles to the church, and an organ; he erected the moot (or town) hall, with a prison under it, and a market place; also fifty-one stone houses, two stone bridges (one at Curdworth, and one at Water-Horton); paved the whole town, gave a meadow to poor widows, and for the improvement of youth founded and endowed a free grammar school. He built Moor Hall, where he spent the latter part of his life in hospitality and splendor, saw for many years the good effect of his munificence, and died in the 103rd year of his age, in the year of our Lord 1555."

Bishop Herman directed that upon his death a certain sum of money should be so invested and the interest be equally divided and given annually to four poor maidens, natives or long residents of Sutton, of unexceptionable good character, who should have been married in the past year. This latter condition was obviously to encourage wedlock in order to increase the population.

The interest at first was £20, and consequently it was £5 each; but subsequently, owing to its having lain dormant and money having risen, the interest is increased to £100 or £25 each.

The bequest is announced in the parish church annually by the clerk, and is given

away on the *first of May*. There are usually eight or ten applicants, whose respective merits are tried by the warden and corporation, by whose decision the sums are awarded.

Natives of the place are of course preferred; but if four cannot be found of good character and with other qualifications then the longest residents are taken.

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM PARR.

*Birmingham*, December 1826.

It is mentioned by a correspondent that a girl of Raine's charity school, at St. Georges in the East near London, is selected annually on *May-day*, and married with £100 for her portion, from the funds of the school, according to ancient custom.

### WARE HAWK.

On the first of May 1826, in a field called the Hollies, belonging to Sir Edward Smythe, Bart., of Acton Burnell in Shropshire, a flock of pigeons, and eight or ten crows, were all busily seeking food. A hawk, sailing in the air over them, pounced on one of the pigeons, and dispersed both crows and pigeons. In the course of a few seconds one of the crows seemed to recollect himself, and flew swiftly at the hawk with the courage and daring of a game cock. The hawk was compelled to defend himself, and forced to release his prey, which, with the loss of a few feathers, flew after its company, while a furious engagement for about two minutes ensued, in which the crow succeeded in driving off the adversary. At the close of the conflict the hero joined his brother crows, who, from their seats on the surrounding trees, had witnessed the combat: with a few croaks he seemed to say "I have rescued the captive," and the sable company all set up a loud cawing, as if singing "Io Pœan" to the victor!

All this passed under the eye of a steady young man, who happened to be in the next meadow, and was struck mute with astonishment. \*

### HAWTHORN.

A few years ago Mr. Taylor, of Morton, received the silver medal of the Society of

\* Shrewsbury Chronicle.



THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 2.

hedges may be formed, in a more expeditious manner than usual, by cutting the roots of this shrub into small pieces, and planting them with the top one-fourth of an inch above the ground; the upper end of each piece may be marked when cutting, by giving it two cuts, and the lower end but one. The spring is the best time to plant the sets; of those planted by Mr. Taylor, not five in one hundred were lost.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

The first of May stands in the church calendar as the festival day of these apostles, respecting whom, and for large accounts of the celebration of May-day, reference may be had to the *Every-Day Book*.

MAY.

Up, up, let us greet  
The season so sweet,  
For winter is gone:  
And the flowers are springing,  
And little birds singing,  
Their soft notes ringing,  
And bright is the sun!  
Where all was drest  
In a snowy vest,  
There grass is growing  
With dew-drops glowing  
And flowers are seen  
On beds so green.  
All down in the grove,  
Around, above,  
Sweet music floats;  
As now loudly rying,  
Now softly sighing,  
The nightingale's plying  
Her tuneful notes,  
And joyous at spring  
Her companions sing.  
Up, maidens, repair  
To the meadows so fair  
And dance we away  
This merry May!

*Godfrey of Nifen, 13th Century.\**

	h.	m.
May 1.—Day breaks . . . . .	2	7
Sun rises . . . . .	4	37
— sets . . . . .	7	23
Twilight ends . . . . .	9	53

Bulbous crowsfoot flowers beautifully in the meadows.

Lords and ladies, or the flowers of the *Arum maculatum*, are under the hedges and shady places.

\* *Lays of the Minnesingers.*

Red campion flows plentifully.

Bugle, yellow rattle, male orchis, and female orchis, flower.

May, or whitethorn, flowers sparingly. Gardens, fields, and meadows begin to assume their richest liveries. The trees are in young green leaf, and every hedge and bush seems in flower. The orchards are delightful, when in full blossom at this time.

This is the bird-month. Swallows and martins have all arrived. The nightingale and thrush continue to delight the ear by night, the voice of the cuckoo is heard by night and by day, and all the birds are in full song.

May 2.

William Camden, the illustrious explorer of our antiquities, who was born in the Old Bailey, on the 2d of May, 1551, relates concerning the objects of worship with our forefathers, as follows,—

SAXON DEITIES.

*Mercury* whom they called *Woodan*, his sacrifices were men, and the day consecrated to him the fourth of the week, which we therefore at this day call Wednesday. The sixth they consecrated to Venus, whom they called *Frea* and *Frico*, whence we call that day Friday, as Tuesday is derived from *Tuisco*, the founder of the German nation. They also worshipped the goddess *Herthus*, i. e. their mother earth, imagining that she interested herself in the affairs of men and nations. In a temple (called in their vulgar tongue *Ubsola*, the furniture whereof is all of gold) the people worshipped the statues of three gods. *Thor*, the most powerful of them, has a room by himself in the middle; on each side of him are *Woodan* and *Frico*; the emblems of them are these:—*Thor* they take to be the ruler of the air, and to send as he sees convenient thunder and lightning, winds and showers, fair weather and fruit. *Woodan*, the second, is more valiant; it is he that manages wars, and inspires people with courage against their enemies. *Frico*, the third, presents men with peace and pleasure, and his statue is cut with a *terminus*, as sometimes seen in representations of the god of gardens. They engrave *Woodan* armed, as *Mars* is with us. *Thor* seems to be represented with the sceptre of Jupiter.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 3.

THE SPRING SHOWER.

Away to that sunny nook ; for the thick shower  
Rushes on stridingly: Ay, now it comes,  
Glancing about the leaves with its first dips,  
Like snatches of faint music. Joyous thrush,  
It mingles with thy song, and beats soft time  
To thy bubbling shrillness. Now it louder  
falls,  
Pattering, like the far voice of leaping rills ;  
And now it breaks upon the shrinking clumps  
With a crash of many sounds,—the thrush is  
still.

There are sweet scents about us ; the violet  
hides

On that green bank ; the primrose sparkles  
there :

The earth is grateful to the teeming clouds,  
And yields a sudden freshness to their kisses.  
But now the shower slopes to the warm west,  
Leaving a dewy track ; and see, the big drops,  
Like falling pearls, glisten in the sunny mist.  
The air is clear again ; and the far woods  
Shine out in their early green. Let's onward,  
then.

For the first blossoms peep about the path,  
The lambs are nibbling the short dripping  
grass,

And the birds are on the bushes.

*Knight's Quarterly Magazine.*

"For so have I seen a lark rising from  
his bed of grass, and soaring upwards,  
singing as he rises, and hopes to get to  
heaven, and climb above the clouds ; but  
the poor bird was beaten back by the  
loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his  
motion made irregular and inconstant,  
descending more at every breath of the  
tempest than it could recover by the vi-  
brations and frequent weighings of his  
wings ; till the little creature was forced  
to sit down, and pant and stay till the  
storm was over, and then it made a pros-  
perous flight, and did rise and sing as if  
it had learned music and motion from an  
angel, as he passed sometimes through  
the air, about his ministries here below."

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

	h.	m.
May 2.—Day breaks . . . .	2	3
Sun rises . . . .	4	36
— sets . . . .	7	24
Twilight ends . . . .	9	57

Pike, geranium flowers scantily.  
Wall speedwell flowers in fields and on  
walls.

The common marigold of last year's  
plants are in flower. Its seedlings flower  
in July.

May 3.

The driving boy, beside his team  
Of May month's beauty now will dream,  
And cock his hat, and turn his eye  
On flower, and tree, and deepening sky,  
And oft burst loud in fits of song,  
And whistle as he reels along ;  
Cracking his whip, in starts of joy—  
A happy, dirty, driving boy.

TALLIS'S LITANY

May 3, 1751, the anniversary festival  
of the sons of the clergy was held at St.  
Paul's cathedral, upon which occasion, by  
order of the dean, was revived the an-  
cient manner of chanting the Litany, as  
composed by Dr. Tallis, music-master to  
Henry VIII. The collection at the church  
and dinner, and at a previous rehearsal,  
with a benefaction of £50 from the Apollo  
Academy, amounted to £1140. 16s., which  
was the largest sum ever before contrib-  
uted.

HORSEMANSHIP.

May 3, 1758, a wager was laid at  
Newmarket, by a young lady, that she  
would ride 1000 miles in 1000 hours,  
which she accomplished in little more  
than a third of the time."

WHIPPING TOMS, LEICESTER.

[To Mr. Hoae.]

Sir—If you consider the following ac-  
count of a Shrovetide custom at Leicester  
worth preserving in your amusing miscel-  
lany it is much at your service.

On the south-western side of Leicester,  
and adjoining to the remains of its ancient  
castle, once the residence of the powerful  
and warlike earls of Leicester, and also  
of several of our early monarchs, and in  
the spacious hall of which the assizes and  
other courts for the county are still held,  
is a large open space in the shape of a  
cross, forming in the centre a handsome  
square surrounded by large and principal-  
ly old fashioned mansions, occupied by  
the wealthy manufacturers and bankers of  
that thriving town. This space is called  
"the Newark," i. e. Newworks, being ad-  
ditions and outworks made principally by  
John of Gaunt, with whom the castle was  
a favorite residence. It is open at three  
of the extreme ends of the cross, two of  
which are entered by ancient embattled  
gateways and the fourth is a *Cul-de-sac*.

• Boyle's Chronology

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 4.

So much for the locality, which during the afternoon of Shrove-Tuesday is the scene of considerable mirth. In this space several (I think three) men, called "Whipping Toms," each being armed with a large waggon whip and attended by another man carrying a bell, claim the right of flogging every person whom they can catch, while their attendant bell-man can keep ringing his bell. If you have occasion to go to any of the houses in the place a small gratuity secures you from a whipping. The amusement consists in surrounding the bell-man, and silencing his bell; for during the cessation of ringing the whipper is powerless: this however is a service of some hazard and requires the combined address and activity of the young men who take part in the frolic. As soon however as a whipping Tom finds his companion silenced, and subject to the laugh of the spectators, he hurries with his attendant bell to the rescue, and the scene becomes one of considerable mirth and animation, and many daring attempts are often made to capture the succoring bell, and increase their amusement on the one hand, and to liberate the captured bell and get both whips into action on the other. By the three outlets escape is easy, and the fourth contains a space dignified by the name of little London, within which if attained you are entitled to sanctuary. The bustle, activity, and address occasioned by the attempts to "silence the dreadful bell," or to cross the space in defiance of the whipping Toms, together with the mishaps of the luckless wights who are unsuccessful in the attempt, and the boisterous mirth of the spectators when successful, render it a scene of gaiety and humor to which the young look forward with considerable animation.

I have vainly endeavoured to ascertain the origin and antiquity of this custom: none of the inhabitants are able to afford any information respecting it. The town and neighbourhood contain several objects interesting to the antiquarian and general enquirer, of which I will cheerfully furnish you some brief notices if you consider them worth your acceptance, and remain

Yours, truly,  
J. C. B.

		h. m.
May 3.	Day breaks . . .	2 0
	Sun rises . . .	4 34
	— sets . . .	7 26
	Twilight ends . . .	10 0

Cross flower flowers.  
Poetic narcissus flowers  
Germander speedwell flowers abundantly.  
Stock gilliflowers are out in profusion.  
Common wallflower is numerous in flower.

May 4.

4th May, 1733, died Mr. John Underwood, of Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire. At his burial, when the service was over, an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed a small piece of white marble with this inscription, "Non omnis Moriar, 1733." Then the six gentlemen who followed him to the grave sang the last stanza of the 20th Ode of the second book of Horace. No bell was tolled, no one was invited but the six gentlemen, and no relation followed his corpse. His coffin was painted green. He was laid in it with all his clothes on; under his head was placed Sanadon's Horace, at his feet Bentley's Milton, in his right hand a small Greek Testament, with this inscription in gold letters, ΕΛΜΙ ΕΝ ΤΩ ΣΤΑΥΡΩ, J. U., in his left hand a small edition of Horace, with this inscription, "Mvsis Amicus, J. U.," and Bentley's Horace, *sub podice*. After the ceremony the six gentlemen returned to his house, where his sister had provided a cold supper; and, on the cloth being removed, they sang the 31st Ode of the first book of Horace, drank a cheerful glass, and went home about eight. Mr. Underwood left nearly 6000*l.* to his sister, on condition of her observing this his will; he ordered her to give each of the gentlemen ten guineas, and desired they would not come in black clothes. The will ends thus:—"Which done, I would have them take a cheerful glass, and think no more of *John Underwood*."\*

	h. m.
May 4. Day breaks . . .	1 56
Sun rises . . .	4 32
— sets . . .	7 28
Twilight ends . . .	10 4

Early piony flowers.  
Pasque flower appears daily.  
Slender narcissus flowers.

\* Gent's. Mag

**May 5.****SHARK AND BOY.**

5th May, 1803, at Ongar Point, on the coast of Java, John Walker, aged 13, boatswain's boy of the Ganges East Indiaman, then lying at anchor, was swimming close to the ship, when he was discovered by a shark, which immediately approached him, and in spite of the exertion of a boat's crew alongside, who instantly endeavoured to intimidate the hungry monster, he seized the unfortunate boy, by including within his mouth the whole of the right leg, and more than half the thigh. He pulled the boy with him beneath the water, in the presence of upwards of 100 men, who were spectators of the scene, and kept him below for nearly two minutes, in which time he had torn off the leg and thigh to the extent above-mentioned. The boy once more made his appearance on the surface of the water, and the shark turned upon his back, with his jaws again extended, to finish his prey, when a lad from the boat struck him with the boat-hook, and by the same instrument laid hold of the boy, and dragged him aboard. The boy had lost a vast deal of blood; the stump was dreadfully lacerated, and the bone so splintered as to require amputation close to the hip joint. Under all these untoward circumstances, the poor fellow recovered within three months from the date of the operation, and the fleet, compassionating his extraordinary case, subscribed upwards of 280*l.* for him.\*

For more than three years previously to 1792 the abolition of the slave trade, carried on from the coast of Africa to the West-India islands, by British subjects, was warmly agitated in the parliament of Britain; and a committee of the house of commons appointed to examine witnesses during two successive sessions of parliament, collected a great body of evidence, which was printed for the information of the members. As this formed a large volume in folio, an abridgment of the whole was made and printed also, for the use of the members, and several abridgments of this abridgment were afterwards published throughout the nation. The people, in general, warmly espoused the abolition, and petitions were presented to parliament, from almost every class of persons in the kingdom, praying that this

\* *Rombay Courier.*

traffic, which they deemed a disgrace to humanity, and a reproach to the name of Christians, might be abolished. In 1792 the house of commons resolved, in a committee of the whole house, that the slave-trade was improper to be continued; but, on account of certain considerations of expediency, determined that its abolition should be gradual, and a bill was passed, permitting the trade, under certain limitations, to be carried on till the 1st of January, 1796, after which it was to be totally prohibited. When this bill was carried to the house of lords, the peers found it inconsistent with their dignity to admit evidence which had not been taken at their own bar; and, as their examination of witnesses could not be closed during the then session of parliament, the bill was necessarily lost for that year. In the mean time the claims of certain parties, whose "vested interests" were likely to be affected by the abolition of the traffic, were represented by the following

**PETITION**

*To the Right Honorable, &c.*

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioners are a numerous body, and, at present, in a very flourishing situation, owing chiefly to the constant visitation of the shipping of your island.

"That, by hovering round these floating dungeons, your petitioners are supplied with large quantities of their most favorite food—human flesh.

"That your petitioners are not only sustained, by the carcasses of those who have fallen by distempers, but are frequently gratified with rich repasts from the bodies of living negroes, who voluntarily plunge into the abodes of your petitioners, preferring instant destruction by their jaws, to the imaginary horrors of a lingering slavery.

"That, among the enormous breakers and surfs which roll on the shores of your petitioners, numbers of English boats are destroyed, the crews of which usually fall to their lot, and afford them many a delicious meal; but, above all, that large vessels, crowded with negroes, are sometimes dashed on the rocks and shoals, which abound in the regions of your petitioners, whereby hundreds of human beings, both black and white, are at once precipitated into their element, where the gnawing of human flesh, and the crashing of bones, afford to your petitioners the highest grati-

fication which their natures are capable of enjoying.

"Thus benefited, as your petitioners are, by this widely-extended traffic, a traffic which has never before been molested, it is with the utmost indignation they hear that there are in Britain men, who, under the specious plea of humanity, are endeavouring to accomplish its abolition.—But your petitioners trust that this attempt at innovation, this flourishing of the trumpet of liberty, by which 'more is meant than meets the ear,' will be effectually frustrated.

"Should the lower branch of the legislature be so far infatuated by this new-fangled humanity as seriously to meditate the destruction of this beneficial commerce, your petitioners have the firmest reliance on the wisdom and fellow-feelings of the lords spiritual and temporal of Great Britain.

"Your petitioners know that the truly benevolent will ever be consistent,—that they will not sacrifice one part of animated nature to the preservation of another,—that they will not suffer sharks to starve, in order that negroes may be happy;—yet your petitioners are apprehensive that the baleful influence of this philanthropic mania is already felt, even within the walls of your lordships; wherefore they crave to be heard by counsel, at the bar of your august assembly, when, notwithstanding the wild ravings of fanaticism, they hope to evince that the sustenance of sharks, and the best interests of your lordships, are intimately connected with the traffic in human flesh.

"Fearful of becoming tedious, your petitioners have only to add, that, should the abolition take place (which the god of sharks avert!) the prosperity of your petitioners will inevitably be destroyed, and their numbers, by being deprived of their accustomed food, rapidly diminished. But, on the other hand, should your lordships, in your legislative capacity, scorn the feelings of the vulgar, and nobly interfere, either openly, or by procrastination, to preserve this invigorating trade from the ruin that now seems to await it, your petitioners, and their wide-mouthed posterity, as by nature urged, will ever prey, &c."

Heav'n speed the canvass, gallantly unfurl'd  
To furnish and accommodate a world,  
To give the pole the produce of the sun,  
And knit the unsocial climates into one.—

Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave  
Impel the fleet whose errand is to save,  
To succour wasted regions, and replace  
The smile of opulence in sorrow's face,—  
But ah! what wish can prosper, or what  
prayer,

For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,  
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge and span,  
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?  
COWPER.

"What greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who, with his dreary eyes, looks to heaven, and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together; than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the very soul to listen for ease and light, and when he perceives there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows, at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that their joy is within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her redeemer: so is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee; and he feels his life returning; for, to be miserable is death; but, nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below, so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted and thankful persons."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

	h. m.
May 5.—Day breaks . . .	1 54
Sun rises . . .	4 31
— sets . . .	7 29
Twilight ends . . .	10 8

Oaks are in young leaf.  
Elms have their leaves nearly expanded.  
Early cherry-trees go out of blossom.



MAUSOLEUM OF THE TALBOTS, DORKING CHURCH.

As the clock struck four in the afternoon of Thursday, the 31st March last, we left the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, for the purpose of visiting Boxhill, a romantic spot in the vicinity of Dorking,

Surrey. The sky was cloudless, and the sun, which had shone forth for several hours, had so tempered the air, that in spite of a keen easterly wind, we felt happy enough. By "easy roads" we soon got

quit of the city and suburbs, and passed quietly onward towards our destination.

We had resolved on sojourning for the night at Dorking, a place of little note, except for a peculiar breed of fowls, supposed to have been introduced there by the Romans,\* because similar ones are mentioned by Columella in his "Husbandry."

We alighted at the Red Lion, and recalled the pilgrim-poet's description of the 'Tabard'—

—the chambres weren wide,  
And well we weren esed atte beste.

Under the influence of a comfortable fire and a hearty meal, we grew presently mighty merry, and set off for a walk by star-light through the town. The church bells were chiming "Hanover" as we returned, and their music softened and subdued by distance brought forcibly to mind those beautifully descriptive lines of Cowper's—

How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear,  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.

The evening was passed chiefly in planning our proceedings for the next day, and talking over such matters of interest as arose out of our journey, or were connected with the various objects which we had noticed during our ride, the result of which was the catalogue here inserted:

*Item.* A Pegasus or flying horse, "up-standing, uncovered," with dragon-like wings, and a nose boring the moon, in the paddock of a suburban villa not far distant from Morden—"I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ground, but that's not to the point," as Shakspeare says.

*Item.* The parish church of Morden, which hath no antiquity and little beauty to recommend it.

*Item.* The church of St. Dunstan, at Cheam, wherein lie the remains of Jane, Lady Lumley, a "booke-maker," in those simple days when there were no lawyers.

*Item.* The very romantic town of Ewell, with its pretty church and church-yard.

*Item.* The downs at Epsom, with the windows of the grand stand, red-hot in the setting sun. Also, the town itself,

\* The Stane-street, or Roman-road, from Arundel to Dorking, is said to have passed through the church-yard of this place.

and a "very irregular" church, in the cemetery whereof ye may note this strange epitaph:—

Here lieth the carcase  
Of honest Charles Parkhurst,  
Who ne're could dance or sing,  
But always was true to  
His Sovereign Lord the King,  
Charles the First.

Ob. Dec. XX. MDCCIV.  
stat. LXXXVI.

*Item.* The church of Lered, otherwise Letherhead, built in old time by an Abbot of Chertsey, with a pretty cross of wood above it.

*Item.* The massy tower of Mickleham, with a wondrous small cone upon it, like unto an ELEPHANT in his night-cap! very neat and sightly withal, and garnished with good store of ivy.

*Item.* A sign-board daintily painted with a jockey *asure*, and *or*, on a courser *proper*, swinging in front of a certain house, known as the "Horse and Groom," where Guthrie compiled some of his works.

*Item.* Burford bridge, a pretty structure with three arches, nigh unto which is a charming house of entertainment called "the Hare and Hounds," and above it the wooded heights of Box-hill, which rose as we rose through the dim twilight, after such solemn fashion that there was something of mystery and fear in the feelings with which we looked upon them. But other than these things saw we little, except only the mean church tower of Dorking, as we entered its long but still street. And so ends the catalogue.

We retired to rest, and the "heavy honey-dew of slumber" soon fell on us. I awoke betimes and found the morning cold and cloudy, with occasional gusts of wind. A rookery fronted my window, and for some time I watched its tenants alternately rising above the tree tops and dropping again suddenly, or wheeling off towards a green hill at no great distance, not indeed "without caws," but certainly with no very apparent motive. Beside the pleasant colloquies of this assembly, my ears were greeted with the clatter of a wheelbarrow jumping over the paved court beneath, and the shrill music of a solitary cock—

— with noisy din,  
Scatt'ring the rear of darkness thin.

But notwithstanding these morning melodies I arose, from very restlessness, an hour before my usual time, and paid a visit to the church, a neat building, though!

the roof being of slate-stone gives it rather a slovenly appearance. It is screened on the north by gentle slopes, prettily diversified and exhibiting many spots of singular beauty. Against the wall, on this side, I noticed an erection, green with lichens, and scanty tufts of grass, shattered, and fast verging to decay, which I have since learned is a mausoleum of the Talbot family, of Chert Park, near Dorking. The ivy, clustering round one of the massy buttresses supporting the tower, chattered and shivered to the chiding wind as it swept past it, toying with my paper whilst I stood to make the drawing here copied, and I felt the solemnizing influence of the scene which I was endeavouring to transfer to my sketch-book. But the blank air of desolation and solitude investing these mouldering objects—the dark scowling sky, and the sobbing of the elements around me, admitted of no such embodying, though they filled the mind with deep and mysterious musings of “ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence.” The iron railings surrounding this burial place, disjointed, and profusely covered with rust—the fractured pediment—and the bald escutcheon, exhibiting but few and faint traces of that gilding which had once covered the greater part of it, and entirely divested of its other tinctures, preached forcibly the passing nature of all earthly things, and led the thoughts onward to that changeless state, in which neither moth nor rust corrupteth, and where “each hath all, yet none do lack.”

After breakfast we lost no time in visiting Box-hill, which had been the main object of our journey; and, quitting the town, proceeded by Deepdene, until a road on our left promised us an opportunity of arriving speedily at our destination. But our expectations were not so soon realized, for after crossing a field or two to our right we found the “romantic mole” interposed between us and the hill, though we lost nothing by our ramble, as it afforded us a fine view of the rising grounds about us, with occasional patches of sunshine resting on them, and transforming the young foliage, as it breathed over it, to a pale primrose hue, which was strikingly contrasted with the warm, intense, ruddy light, tinging the natural velvet of a thatched cottage near at hand, till it flamed out against the dull, cold back-ground, “a glorious thing, and a beautiful.”

Owing to this mistake of ours we were

obliged to retrace our steps beside the river, amusing ourselves with culling simples, and thinking, as we gazed on the sunlit shallows which presented a variety of tints, of these sweet and pleasant verses of the Farmer's boy—

Sweet health I seek thee! hither bring  
The balm that softens human ills,  
Come on the long-drawn clouds that fling  
Their shadows o'er the Surry hills;  
Yon green-topt hills, and far away!  
Where late, as now I freedom stole,  
And spent one dear delicious day,  
On thy wild banks romantic Mole!\*  
Aye there's the scene, beyond the sweep  
Of London's congregated cloud,  
The dark brow'd wood, the headlong steep  
And valley paths, without a crowd!  
Here, † Thames, I watch thy flowing tides—  
Thy thousand sails am glad to see;  
But, where the Mole all silent glides,  
Dwells peace, and peace is wealth to me.

We passed the stream by a bridge over the dam of Mr. Dewdney's mill, and after crossing a few fields began to ascend the hill, occasionally halting to look back on the charming scenery below us, till we reached the wood on its summit and threw ourselves down upon the fresh fragrant box, or the mossy sod, covered with violets, to expatiate at our ease on the vast extent of country before us, pounded by the loftier ridge of Leith-hill, the tower on which forms a conspicuous object.

We made our way for some little distance through the wood, till a green walk offered us easier progress, and, after wandering amidst the yew-groves which abound on this delightful spot, came round to that part of the hill immediately above Burford bridge, and looked down on the tranquil Mole, “which, coming to Whitehill, upon which the box-tree grows in great abundance, hides itself, or is rather swallowed up at the foot of it, and for that reason the place is called ‘Swallow.’” So, at least, says Camden, though we were not fortunate enough to stumble upon this same “Swallow.” There seems to be little doubt that Box-hill and Whitehill are identical, and this mention of it proves the trees upon it to be of earlier origin than those suppose who assign the reign of Charles the Second as the period of their introduction here.

After a long and noisy debate, relative to our farther proceedings, we returned round the same side of the hill, though somewhat higher, until we reached a bleak

\* Boxhill,

† Shooter's-hill.



and barren tract, laid down in our maps as Headley-heath, along which we journeyed northward with little besides our own good company to amuse us, though after some time we caught a few glimpses of exquisite scenery to our right; and presently a bold range of hills opened before us, beautifully chequered with shade and sun-shine.

We reached Walton-heath without any material occurrence, and passed an encampment of gypsies in a sheltered nook, consoling themselves over a crackling fire, the red flame of which flickered in the sun light, and gave to their dark and savage countenances a still fiercer cast. From the covert of a tattered blanket, not far distant, we saw in rapid succession four or five "wee things todlin, stacher" onwards, to their reckless parents, half clad, and without any "fecherin noise an' glæ," and beside the group a couple of donkeys, apparently possessed of kinder feelings than their masters, resting their chins on each other's shoulders.

The picturesque little church of Walton on the hill soon appeared on our left, and we crossed the heath and several pleasant fields towards it, and at length entered the church yard. We had understood that some Roman bricks were built into this edifice, but on examination it appeared to have been so extensively repaired as to present almost the appearance of a new erection. The tower is singularly neat, and were it not finished rather abruptly might be classed amongst the most pleasing structures of the kind. I chose a sunny corner of the church-yard, where a group of fowls were beating their wings in the dust, and apparently welcoming the birth of "proud pied April," to make a sketch of it, and the clever weathercock sur-



mounting it. The cock seemed a little disconcerted at my unceremonious intrusion, and walked off with an ill grace, expostulating loudly on my conduct.

I could see through one of the windows some "heraldries" in stained glass, and two small paintings, apparently of scripture subjects; and outside the building, on the

north side, noticed a low arched recess which might formerly have screened some sepulchral effigy. From a wooden memorial I copied the following lines, which have much the character of those letters usually appended to "last dying speeches":

"Dear Husband,

Since my life is past, love did remain while life did last; but now no sorrow for me make; pray love my children for my sake."

From this place we "took to the road again," and proceeded quietly enough towards a majestic tree, one of those "glossy-rinded beeches" which Dyer might have had in his eye when alluding to the adjacent downs of Banstead. On the opposite side of the common stands a quiet hostellerie, known as the Red Lion; and somewhat wearied with our pilgrimage we shaped our course towards it, and were soon seated in one of its snug apartments, on the walls of which we noticed several paintings. That of which our hostess seemed most proud was a wishy-washy compound of red-lead, indian-ink, and cabbage-green, labelled in large letters "The Red Lion." "The long tailed Parakeet," and its companion a golden pheasant, daintily embossed on a fair half sheet of foolscap,—in frames, properly hung, as they deserved to be, for they were "black with gilt,"—and view of Canonbury Tower, were also conspicuous amongst the embellishments of this little room. But the choicest bit of art was a portrait in oil, of superior execution, exhibiting such a child-like roguishness of expression, and so pretty an air of *non-chalance*, that I felt much interested in it, and questioned the proprietor concerning its history, but could only learn that it had been in the house "twenty years."

We resumed our walk, and came presently in sight of Banstead church, with a



spire considerably out of the perpendicular, which "G." naturally enough accounted for by supposing that the poorness of the soil might make it *lean*, much in the same manner as it affects the mutton hereabout, which being fed on "short commons,"\* though very delicate, is remarkable for its smallness. Now lest any should think this fact a mere "figure or phantasy," coined for the use of certain punsters of our company, I adduce the testimony of Dyer, from whose "Fleeces" these lines are quoted :—

Wide airy downs  
Are health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep,  
All arid soils, with sand or chalky flint,  
Or shells diluvian mingled ; and the turf  
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,  
Be thy regard ; and where low tufted broom,  
Or box, or berry'd juniper arise ;  
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech,  
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust,  
And where the dappled deer delights to bound ;  
Such are the downs of Banstead, edged with woods,  
And towery villas.

From these "downs" the view northward is very extensive and beautiful, the pretty church and village of Cheam forming a conspicuous object to the left, over which the prospect stretches as far as Highgate and Hampstead ; and the heights of Norwood being distinctly visible on the right. We halted for some minutes, looking with pained gaze at the "lyric lark" hanging high above us in the sunny air, and pouring forth such a flood of minstrelsy, that I caught myself unconsciously repeating that childish ditty of Wordsworth—

Up with me ! up with me ! into the clouds ;  
For thy song, lark, is strong.

We soon reached Sutton, where we purposed dining, and, having given orders accordingly, adjourned to the church, on the north wall of which we expected to find an inscription soliciting our prayers for the good estate of William Foul, and Alice, his mother, which formerly appeared there. But in this we were disappointed, for a new erection has been raised on that side the building ornamented with the arms here represented.

\* Borrowed—J. L.



but exhibiting nothing of this "olde, olde, very olde," relic of those darker days, when the heedless dead were by common consent—

—doomed to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in their days of nature  
Were burnt and purged away.

The door standing open we ventured into the church, and found it "upholden in wondrous good repair," and not barren of "remarkables," amongst which the gorgeous marble monument of dame Dorothy Brownlow, beside the altar, claimed our first attention. She is represented in a recumbent posture, with three sorrowing infants about her, and four cherubs above, in a dish of hasty pudding garnished with slices of gilt gingerbread. From a more humble memorial opposite, I copied these verses—

This monument presents unto your views  
A woman rare, in whom all grace divine,  
Faith, Love, Zeal, Piety, in splendid hue,  
With sacred knowledge perfectly did abide.  
Since, then, examples teach, learn you by this  
To mount the steppes of everlasting bliss.

We explored the church-yard, and laughed heartily, when perhaps we ought to have been more seriously inclined, at this flaming epitaph on a butcher of the 19th century—

A steady friend to truth, a heart sincere,  
In dealing strictly just, in conscience clear,  
Here Boorer lies,—Oh stone record his name,  
Virtues like these may others boast the same,  
When pitying sorrow drops a tender tear,  
The last sad tribute to a friend sincere !

On our return to the inn we found that the name of our host corresponded with that of the worthy individual whose death had been thus honorably recorded. And certainly we found his ale as "clear" as his namesake's conscience, and his chops as "tender" as his kinsfolk's tears. We quitted our hospitable quarters about five o'clock, and before we reached Streatham experienced a heavy fall of rain, which promised little intermission, so that we gladly availed ourselves of the first con-

veyance homeward; and thus ended the day's eventful history.

*Camberwell, April 1831.*

D. A.

stopped, and she never received it afterwards.

### May 6.

#### ISAAC AND PETER OLIVER.

Horace Walpole's mention of the sale of an historical miniature by Peter Oliver, in May 1726, suggests this as an opportunity to allude to the performances of Peter, and his distinguished father, Isaac Oliver.

Mr. Granger says, there never appeared in England, nor perhaps in the whole world, a greater master in miniature than Isaac Oliver. He painted a few pieces of history, but generally portraits; which have so much truth and delicacy, as never to have been equalled, but by the smaller works of Holbein. He died in the reign of Charles I. Peter died in 1654. In portraits he was comparable with his father. Granger adds, that the head of Peter Oliver's wife is supposed to be the most capital of his works.

The greater part of the collection of pictures made by Charles I., among which were several of the Oliver's, being dispersed in the troubles, Charles II., who remembered and was desirous of recovering them, made many inquiries about them after the restoration. At last he was told that Peter Oliver's widow was living at Isleworth and had many of their works. The king went very privately and unknown to see them, and the widow showed several finished and unfinished. Charles asked if she would sell them; she replied she had a mind the king should see them first. He then discovered himself, on which she produced others which she seldom exhibited. The king desired her to set her price: she said she did not care to do that with his majesty, she would leave it to him; but she promised to look over her husband's books, and let his majesty know what prices his father, the late king, had paid. The king took away what he liked, and sent a message to Mrs. Oliver with the option of £1000 or an annuity of £300 for her life. She chose the annuity. Some years afterwards it happened that Charles's mistresses had begged all or most of these pictures, which Mrs. Oliver being told of, she said that if she thought that the king would have given them away to such—[sort of people]—he never should have had them. This reached the court, the poor woman's annuity was

The name of Oliver appears to have been connected with the arts from the time of James I., to whom John Oliver was master-mason. His descendant, of the same name, was one of the three commissioners for regulating the plan of building the city of London after the great fire in 1666. Aubrey says, that he was the city surveyor, and that he became possessed of a great part of the MS. designs and sketches of Inigo Jones. This John Oliver, who is presumed to have been son to James, a younger brother of Peter Oliver's, is also presumed to have been the painter of the Saving of St. Peter from prison, on a glass window, at Christ-Church, Oxford, inscribed, "J. Oliver, aetat. suæ 84, anno 1700, pinxit deditque." The finest specimen of his minute works, sun-dials with flies, insects, and butterflies, is (or was) in the parlour window of the rectory house at Northill in Bedfordshire, where he had been employed to make a window of exquisitely finished blazing for the chancel of the church. One of his best performances is a sun-dial, with the arms of archbishop Sheldon, and a view of the theatre at Oxford, now in Lambeth palace.

	h.	m.
May 6.—Day breaks . . .	1	49
Sun rises . . .	4	29
— sets . . .	7	31
Twilight ends . . .	10	11

Lesser stitchwort flowers.

Rough crowsfoot flowers.

Lilacs are in flower.

European globeflower is frequently in flower; though in some situations it blows a fortnight later.

Field Sherrardia flowers generally.

### May 7.

#### MAY POLES AND PLAYS.

A letter of this date in the time of the Commonwealth is pointed out by a correspondent, I. H. S., with this remark, "that, previously to the restoration, most classes had adopted the maxim of the vicar of Bray, and were making 'right merrie,' on being, in a great measure, freed from the restraint in which the peculiar doctrines of the rulers of the nation had for a long time held them."

[Copy.]

“Newcastle, the 7th day of May, 1660.

“Sir,—The country as well as the town abounds with vanities, now the reins of liberty and licentiousness are let loose. May-poles, and Plays, and Juglers, and all things else now pass current; sin now appears with a brazen face. That wicked spirit amongst men, that formerly was curbed and restrained, doth now audaciously and impudently show itself with boasting and gloriation.”\*

GROOM PORTER

[For the Year Book.]

Whether the decorous spectacle described in the Year Book at pp. 25, 60, of royalty throwing dice at the Groom Porter's, is still exhibited I cannot say; but that the custom was observed so late as a century since is proved by the first number of the Gentleman's Magazine, which after describing various other ceremonies at Court on Twelfth Day, 1731, proceeds:—“At night, their Majesties play'd at hazard with the Nobility, for the benefit of the Groom Porter; and 'twas said the king won 600 guineas, the queen 360, the princess Amelia twenty, the princess Caroline ten, the earl of Portmore and duke of Grafton several thousands.”

I cannot refrain from adding the paragraph which immediately succeeds, because, taken in connexion with the preceding, it describes a delightful mode of dispensing equally those “laws which were made for ev'ry degree”—

“At night, Mr. Sharpless, high constable of Holborn division, together with several of his petty constables, went to search a notorious gaming-house behind Grays Inn Walks, by virtue of a warrant under the hands and seals of the right honorable Lord Delawar, and eleven

\* Loud call to England, 1660, p. 24.

other of His Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex; but the gamesters having previous notice they all fled, except the master of the house, who, being named in the warrant, was apprehended, examined, and bound in a recognizance of £200 penalty, pursuant to the old statute of 33 Henry VIII.”

Certainly there is nothing more commendable than even-handed justice.

Some farther allusions to the practices at the Groom Porter's may be collected from old plays,—

“He will win you, By irresistible luck, within this fortnight, Enough to buy a barony. They will set him Upmost at the Groom Porter's, all the Christ-mas.”—*Jonson's Alchemist*, Act 3.

“Faith! ill company, and that common vice of the town, gaming, soon ran out my younger brother's fortune; for, imagining, like some of the luckier gamesters, to improve my stock at the Groom Porter's, I ventured on and lost all.”—*Mrs. Behn's Widow Ranter*, Act 1.

“O happy man! I shall never need to sneak after a lord, to sing catches, to break jests, to eat and rook with him. I'll get me a pack of fox-dogs, hunt every day, and play at the Groom Porter's at night.”—*Shadwell's True Widow*, Act 3.

J. B.—n.

Staffordshire Moorlands.

	h. m.
May 7.—Day breaks . . .	1 45
Sun rises . . .	4 27
— sets . . .	7 33
Twilight ends . . .	10 15

Yellow asphode flowers.

Water avens flower numerously.

Asiatic globe-flower blows with orange colored flowers.

Columbine sometimes flowers.

Herb Benet comes into flower.

Horse-chestnut in flower.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king,  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring;  
Cold doth not sting: the pretty birds do sing  
Cuckow, juggle, juggle, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lamba frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day;  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay  
Cuckow, juggle, juggle, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit;  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckow, juggle, juggle, pu we, to witta woo.

T. Nash, 1600.



CHESSMEN DESIGNED BY FLAXMAN.

The annexed notice is by a gentleman who possesses a set of elegant chessmen, which he most obligingly lent, for the purpose of drawings being made from such of the pieces as might be selected. Six engravings are executed, including the king and queen above.

FLAXMAN'S CHESSMEN.

[For the Year Book.]

In this country the game of chess is generally played with pieces either of wood or ivory, just sufficiently carved at the top to denote their different character and power, and with turned bases. In many of our shops for articles of eastern luxury, sets of chessmen of elaborate workmanship, and costly material, are exhibited, to attract the notice of the "passers by," while it is not generally known that the late distinguished sculptor, John Flaxman, R. A., of whom it has been justly said, that "he was the first

of our countrymen who united poetry with sculpture, executed for Messrs. Wedgwood, of Etruria, a series of models for a set of chessmen, which, for beauty of design, and variety of attitude, are unrivalled. It is to be regretted that, from the close of Messrs. Wedgwood's establishment in London, no further information relative to these specimens of elegant pottery can be obtained than that "the moulds are still in existence."

As you, Mr. HONE, have thought designs from some of these "pieces" would form a pleasing embellishment to the *Year Book*, I will endeavour to give some little description of them.

The *kings* and *queens* are statues of about three inches and a-half, standing on circular pedestals of three quarters of an inch in height; the postures of the black king and queen are very bold and striking; but the expression of simple dignity in the white king and queen [engraved above] is particularly interesting.

The *bishops* are from one mould. Could your readers see the cast, I think they would acknowledge that the figure could not be surpassed. The spirit of religion and meekness has never been developed in a purer form; the countenance, the attitude, the fall of the drapery, are all inexpressibly beautiful.

The *knights* are likewise from the same mould: the grouping of the man and horse is very graceful, and the action highly spirited and characteristic.

The *castles*, also alike, represent a square "Donjon keep," with a single turret, or watch tower, at one angle of the battlements.

The *pawns*, about two inches in height, are figures of men at arms, bill-men and bow-men, in various positions of offence or defence: the attitude of a wounded warrior, and of another who is about to hurl a large stone on his enemy, is very good.

Every figure in this set of chessmen is modelled with anatomical correctness, and, in the movements of the game, they form very beautiful groups, and impart to it an additional interest.

R. R.

## A LESSON ON THE GAME.

[For the Year Book.]

A few evenings ago, my friend Jamieson called at my chambers to play a game of chess. He has taste in the fine arts, as well as skill in the game, and I produced a set of Flaxman's chess-men, by Wedgewood, which I deem it good fortune to possess, and which I think must be the pieces alluded to in the *Year Book*, p. 271.

We had just concluded a game, and were admiring the beauty of the bishop, when a card was brought to my friend. "Tis from a country client," said he, "I must attend to him." "You can see him in the next room," I replied, "and in the mean time I will endeavour to amuse myself with one of Carrera's situations." Jamieson retired, and I was soon deep in the study of the sixteenth problem. With the assistance of pen and paper to note my moves, I was enabled to master it without reference to the printed solution; and, in expectation of my opponent's return, I arranged the pieces on the board for a fresh game. Upon raising my eyes, I was surprised to find my friend's chair occupied by a very quaint looking person,

whose style of dress reminded me of Vandyk's picture of the earl of Arundel, only that my visitor's garments did not appear to have been made with quite so much care as that nobleman's are represented to have been.

I can hardly describe my sensations; but they were not those of fear. I looked upon a manly brow, illumined by a clear blue eye, and, although the general expression of the face was as I have before termed quaint, the smile that played over the features was highly characteristic of benevolence. Yet I was uneasy; for I felt myself in the presence of an unearthly being, and anxiously waited for him to communicate the object of his visit.

"My name," said the unknown, "is not strange to you: I am Don Pietro de Carrera; and I have been so much pleased with the patient attention which you have bestowed upon that problem, that, if you will listen to me, I will teach you a lesson on the game which you may find of great service in your path through life."

I bowed, and, as stenography is one of the arts I have studied professionally, I instinctively took up the pen I had just used. I was enabled to write every word that fell from his lips. This circumstance now appears to me to be very extraordinary. The sounds he uttered were in a strange language—it must have been the spirituality of his communication which went direct to my understanding.

Carrera resumed—"From the earliest age of civilized society, the game of chess has been considered a study which would amply repay the steady application and serious reflection necessary to acquire its perfect knowledge. In my day its professors were sought after, and entertained as the friends of the great, and the companions of princes—those times are long since past, and I cannot regret, that, with the general diffusion of knowledge, this game, which was once 'the science of the few,' is now the never-failing source of rational enjoyment to the many. The studious, the wise, the good, in every clime have considered it a noble recreation; following the example of the early masters of its mysteries, they have recorded for the benefit of posterity the result of their practice; and the moralist has formed from it many a pleasing and instructive allegory.

"The work before you contains my

principles of the game of chess. I intended to have given in a concluding chapter some remarks on the application of those principles to the game of life.—

“The *Board* may be considered the field of life, chequered with good and evil, on which man is to play his game and be rewarded according to his deserts.

“The *Pawns* may be looked upon as representing those feelings which are first excited by circumstances, and form barriers to those stronger passions which I would represent by the superior pieces. Happy is the man, who, by care and attention to his pawns, maintains that barrier, behind which he may surely bring his pieces into play. But in the game of life, as in chess, the players are generally anxious for early distinction; and, to the imprudence of suffering the passions to escape from their line of defence, most of the difficulties and dangers that immediately beset them may be traced.

“The *Castle*, moving over the board in direct lines, represents that innate sense of justice pervading every human breast, which, however attacked, when properly maintained, cannot be conquered. Strong in its own might, it forms a bulwark of defence at home, while it controls and punishes at a distance the errors of the adversary.

“The *Knight*, eccentric in his movements, but regulated by fixed principles of action, portrays that feeling of honor which, deviating from the beaten course, seeks for adventures. He often proves a firm friend in the hour of need; yet his roving propensity sometimes carries him far from succor, and he falls a victim to his chivalrous nature.

“By the walk of the *Bishops* may be considered the religious feeling which is continually crossed by the movements of ordinary life: as they never leave the color of the square they start from, they are typical of a firm faith.

“Ambition may find a representative in the *Queen*; combining the power of the castle and bishop, she roams over the field; like the ambitious of the world, she requires great support from the lower pieces, and is frequently cut off when she ventures too boldly to attack.

“The *King*, only moving one square at a time, while every direction is open to his choice, is highly characteristic of Prudence. He seldom moves unless forced, shelters himself behind, and claims the succor of Justice, Honor, Religion and

Ambition. The rule which gives the game to the party who deprives the opponent's king of the power of motion proves that the inventors of the game, unlike the levellers of the present day, were firm loyalists, and duly impressed with the divinity that ‘doth hedge a king.’”

I here felt a touch on my elbow, and my pen fell from my hand, “Confound it, what a blot!” I exclaimed; and, as I spoke, I was surprised to see a cloud, from which issued a most delicious fragrance, pass over the face of Carrera. On its clearing away, I discovered the features of Jamieson.—

My friend laughed immoderately. “Why Granville,” said he, “when I returned, your candle snuffs were of portentous length; I trimmed them, and as you did not acknowledge the obligation, but continued your writing, I quietly took a cigar; and have been enjoying, for this half hour, the sight of a man making hieroglyphics in his sleep.”—“Hieroglyphics do you term them,” I replied, I will send them to friend Howe, and should he deem them worthy of a page in his *Year Book*, I hope they may not send any of his readers to sleep.

A. I

March, 1831.

WRITERS ON CHESS—PLAYERS AT THE GAME—CHESSMEN.

[For the Year Book.]

Much learning has been wasted, to very little purpose, in tracing the origin of the game of chess: it has been referred by some to the *περρεια*, and by others to the *πλυσθιον* of the Greeks. Some have considered it to bear a resemblance to the *Latrunculus*, some to the *Alveus*, of the Romans. Some, again, have believed it to be the invention of the Chinese, and some, of the Hindoos; but, after all, the question remains in as much uncertainty as at first. It is clear, however, that the Greek and Roman games were games of chance: in chess chance has no part; and, in so far, the games, as played by the Chinese and Hindoos, from times “beyond which the memory of man reacheth not,” resemble that of the present day; varying, as they both do, their similarity is sufficient to prove that, in essentials, they are the same, and, therefore, that the game, as played in Europe, whoever may have been the inventor, was brought from the east.

That, even in Europe, the game may boast considerable antiquity, is proved by the existence of a book written by Dacciesole, a Dominican friar, so early, according to Hyde, as 1200. This book is the same as that translated by Caxton, from an edition published about the year 1460, in French, and now so rare; it having been amongst the first, if not the very first work printed by him on the introduction of the art into this country. The next in date, it having been published in the year 1512, is that by Damiano, a Portuguese, whose work was originally written in Spanish and Italian; it consists of the openings of the games, known by players as "the Giuoco Piano," and "the Queens pawn two;" and, although nearly four hundred years old, is considered a guide to the best play of that particular opening, and is the root from which the variations of the anonymous Modenese, Lolli, Dal Rio, &c., have been made to spring. The characters of his pieces in the Diagrams, containing "Ends of Games," or Problems difficult of solution, which conclude the volume, are so singular and obsolete in form as scarcely to be intelligible without the text; it is proper, however, to observe that these positions are from a still earlier work, by Lucena, printed at Salamanca, about the year 1495, which work is exceedingly scarce, and contains other positions than those given by Damiano; and it may not improbably be surmised that even Lucena had taken his positions from those by Vicent, published in the Catalan language, of a date, it is conjectured, somewhat earlier still.

A knowledge of the forms and names of pieces, as given in the above work, by Dacciesole, six hundred years ago, may not be uninteresting here. The king and queen alone possess the characters of our pieces; his alfin, or bishop, is a lawyer, seated with a book outspread on his knees; and the distinction is drawn, that he on the white is of civil, and he of the black of criminal law. The knights are on horseback, in full armour. The rooks are men on horseback, but unarmed. The king's rook's pawn is a husbandman, with billhook in hand, and a pruning knife in his girdle. The knight's pawn is a smith, with hammer and trowel. His bishop's pawn is armed with a pair of shears and a knife, with an ink-horn at his button-hole, and a pen behind his ear. His own pawn is known by a wand-measure and

scale, and by a purse of gold. His queen's pawn is seated with a book in one hand, and a phial in the other,—his girdle being furnished with divers surgical instruments. His queen's bishop's pawn bears in one hand a glass of wine, in the other a loaf, and at his girdle is suspended a bunch of keys. His queen's knight's pawn carries keys and compasses, and an open purse. And the queen's rook's pawn, with dishevelled hair, and in rags, displays four dice in one hand, and a crust of bread in the other; a bag being suspended from his shoulder. All which, Caxton, in his translation, has thus pithily defined:—

**Labourers, and tillage of the earth.**  
**Mythes, and other workes in yron and metals.**  
**Drapers and makers of cloth, and notaries.**  
**Marchaunts and chaungers.**  
**Physiciens and cirurgiens and apotecaries.**  
**Taverners and hostlers.**  
**Guardes of the cities, and tollers, and customers.**  
**Atchaules, players at dysse, and the messagers.**

It would, however, appear that the chess-boards of former times were on a much more extended scale than those of our era. Mention is made, by Twiss, of the remains of a set of pieces belonging to Charlemagne, in the eighth century, which he had seen at St. Denys; of these fifteen of the pieces, and one pawn only, were remaining, the latter six inches in height, representing a dwarf; but, of the former, excepting only the king, who was on a throne eight inches square at its base, and stood a foot high, he professes himself incapable of giving any description. It does not appear that any one has seen these pieces since his time, so that, probably, they have been lost or destroyed amidst the convulsions of the latter part of the last century. Those used by prince Eugene, and seen by Philidor, at Rotterdam, were three inches in height, and of solid silver, chased, no ways differing in color, but represented in the costumes of the European and Asiatic soldiery. A splendid set, even as works of art, were also in the possession of the celebrated Van der Werf, who had himself carved them, in box and ebony; and they are said to have supplied him with the occupation of his entire leisure during eighteen years. They were all busts, carved on pedestals; the kings with lions' skins



thrown over their shoulders, the paws crossing in front; the bishops with fools' caps and bells; the knights were horses' heads with flowing manes; and the pawns, eight whites, and eight negroes, of various expressions and ages. But, perhaps, the most splendid set on record was the one brought to this country for the purpose of sale, some years since; they were all of the purest red and white cornelian;—but the price demanded was so large, that it is not believed that they met with any purchaser here: indeed, however fitted for the cabinet, or the boudoir, as ornaments or accessories, chessmen so splendid can be of little use to the real player; and it has been generally observed of those who had expended considerable sums in the purchase of such, that, after the novelty had worn off, they have reverted with satisfaction, for all practical purposes, to their old, substantial, black and white, wooden ones.

Various attempts have been made by the learned—amongst whom Sir William Jones, and the late Mr. Christie, are most conspicuous—to assimilate the names of our pieces with those used in the east, without, however, much success. Caprice may, perhaps, have influenced the christening them, as much as intention; and it can matter very little, so long as their powers are universally retained. Connected with this subject, however, it does appear a little singular that the sober and religious English should have named the *fool*—the fool, or madman—a bishop; whilst they have preserved the names of the king, the queen, the knight, and the foot-soldier, or pawn. To reconcile some apparent absurdities in this nomenclature, a small tract appeared some thirty years since,—acknowledged, it is understood, by the painstaking player known as the anonymous editor of Philidor,—proposing to substitute for the queen, minister; for the pawn, commoner, &c., &c.; and to entitle the operation called “castling,” “closeting,” &c. This proposal, however, like all others that have been ostensibly made for varying the game, or its terms, from established usages, met with no encouragement; and now, like the same gentleman's “scale of powers,” is only referred to for the purpose of a passing smile.

It does not appear that, until the commencement of the last century, any considerable skill in the game was cultivated in England, whilst, amongst the Italians, its refinements had been most elaborately analysed, and its professors were establish-

ing to themselves a fame which the skill of players of a more recent date has in vain attempted to rival. In confirmation of this fact, the best players of the present century have done little more to elucidate the game than to give translations, occasionally, from the most esteemed amongst them. In this way have appeared, in an English dress, the works of Damiano, Salvio, Gianutio, Ruy Lopez, &c. &c., by Sarratt; and since, the very accurate and valuable translations by Lewis, of Greco, Carrera, &c., &c.; and that by Bingham, of Dal Rio, the most instructive, perhaps, of all; though it were certainly to be wished that it had been edited by a more experienced player. Up to the time of the appearance of these translations, the only standard work on the game, in England, was that by Philidor; but, treating on little more than one opening, he may perhaps be said to have fettered, rather than expanded, the genius of the English student, inasmuch as, professing as it does to be an analysis of the game, players were led to imagine all openings not recognized by him as bad play; and thus some of the most instructive, if by chance they occurred, were neglected or despised. Still, however, the knowledge was scattered over many volumes; a great portion of it was also much too refined for the mere student: and a work that should convey just as much of instruction as he would be able to appreciate, has always been a desideratum. Players in this country will therefore have seen, with much satisfaction, the first portion of a work by Mr. Lewis,—to whose perseverance the game already owes so much,—which is intended to contain every information requisite for the perfect development of the pieces in all the usual openings. This work is preceded by a few apt, but general, rules of great value; and, in the illustration of “the Bishops close game,” “the Kings Knight's Game,” “the Queen's Bishops pawns game,” and of “the Kings Gambit,” so far as in the three first parts it has gone, leaves nothing to be desired.

Whilst it may be, however, doubted, whether the best players of late years have not been found in France, the question is one of comparative individual strength, that has never been tried; in number, the French certainly exceed us, and so, perhaps, of the generation that has passed away; for, without naming Philidor, in whose constitution the *faux brillant* appears to have been at least as evident as

the profound, the names of the marquis de Grosminy, the chevalier de Feron, the chevalier du Son, Verdoni, and de Lagalle, amongst the players of the last century, and Du Bourblanc, Le Preton, and La Bourdonnaye, of this, are a host, against which we have only to oppose Sarratt, and Lewis,—beyond dispute the two ablest players that England has produced.

Notwithstanding, the game is perhaps played more generally by the Germans, than in either of the nations to which we have referred, eminently suited as it is to their peculiar temperament—wary, profound, cautious, and persevering—and, accordingly, that country has produced many fine players.

A singular instance of the estimation in which it has been heretofore held by them occurs in a work written by Silberschmidt, entitled "Chess Secrets," and referred to by Dr. Netto, in one lately published by him; by which it appears that a certain dignitary of the church of Halberstadt, in Prussia, had been, for some offence, banished from that city to the village of Ströbeck, when, for the amusement and occupation of his leisure, he took some pains to instruct the natives in the game of chess; finding apt scholars, and gratified with the opportunity of "improving their manners and morals," he took much pains to render them creditable players, and, subsequently, when, after his recall, he became bishop of Halberstadt, he conferred certain municipal privileges on the village of his banishment, of which, according to another writer, they were to be deprived, if beaten at chess; but, in addition, he bestowed a more valuable benefit in the erection and endowment of a free-school, which still exists, and in which the game must be taught. The fame of their skill attracted thither, in the year 1651, Frederick William, of Brandenburg, who, in return for the amusement they had afforded him, and in token of the estimation in which he held their play, presented to them a magnificent carved chess-board, having on its obverse a table for the game of the "Courier," together with two sets of chessmen, the one of ivory, but the other of silver,—one half of the latter being gilt, by way of distinction: this set, however, it is supposed, the churchmen of Halberstadt considered too valuable for a paltry village,—accordingly, they were borrowed by them, and never returned. The necessity of protecting themselves from the

impertinences of strangers, induces the inhabitants to decline playing, unless for money, and, accordingly, many persons have lost to them. It appears, however, that they have not been always equally fortunate; for, on a certain occasion, a friend of Silberschmidt, one N. N., indulging the knight errantry of a true chess-player, challenged their provost, and beat players, and, after a contest of considerable duration, at the sign of the Chess-board and Marble, came off victorious. Now, it was natural that the aforesaid N. N. should be desirous of carrying off some trophy, and he therefore applied for a certificate; it was given, stating simply the fact; and, "alas, to confess," such is the term, that N. N. "had carried off the victory." This important document was signed and sealed with the corporation seal: but no sooner had he obtained it than, probably in alarm for their privileges, they were desirous of withdrawing it, and no intreaties were at first spared to recover possession of it. Finding these of no avail, they offered money, increasing their estimate of its value, until, had he been so disposed, he might have realized to very considerable advantage. N. N., however, valued his honor too highly, and, not content with inflexibly bearing his certificate away, he has rather ungallantly published it to the world—"alas," to the utter discomfiture of the men of Ströbeck.

Meanwhile, the various works on art and science, the encyclopædias, &c., professing to give instruction, and to contain knowledge on all matters within the circle of human attainment, contained no reference to the abundant works in Italian, German, &c., from which real information on the game of chess might have been acquired; but, contenting themselves with an elaborate rifacimento of Dr. Hlydc's researches, and the addition of a few bald anecdotes from the French Encyclopédistes, they contrived to cover a certain portion of space, without affording, to such as might consult them, one sentence of real instruction or useful knowledge.

It has been a question amongst players how far the capacity for conducting a game without seeing the board—the moves of the pieces being indicated by a third person—should be admitted as evidence of a superior, or first rate talent for the game. Without affecting to decide that question, it is not to be doubted that players of a very inferior grade have frequently excelled in this particular exhibition of memorial tenacity,

whilst it is on record that many ancient players,—Salvo, Paolo Boi, Zerone, Medrano, Ruy Lopez, &c. &c., notoriously first rate in their day, played under such restrictions up to within nearly a pawn of their strength; that Sacchieri could play equally well four games at a time, although Philidor's vanity led him to rank the talent so highly, that, in his ostentatious notice of some of the games played by him, at Parsloes, &c., against three adversaries at a time, he prefaces it by an apology for a statement which he professes to give "lest posterity should not credit the possibility of the fact." Philidor probably did not, any more than other great men, calculate on the much slandered "march of intellect," or that it would take chess in its course. He either did not know, or never supposed that posterity would—the works on the game then confined to the libraries of the curious. He was mistaken. The effect has been that an increased love for the game has spread over the country—that clubs have been formed—that coffee houses and divans have been opened for the game—that hundreds play at it where it was scarcely possible, a few years since, to find an adversary,—and that a liberal education can hardly be said to be complete without a knowledge of this "science" according to Leibnitz,—but, certainly, this most interesting and scientific of all games.

March, 1831.

R. B.

ANTIQUITY OF CHESS—ORIGIN OF THE QUEEN.

[For the Year Book.]

There are, perhaps, as many countries which lay claim to the honor of the invention of chess, as there were cities which contended for the birth of Homer. I shall briefly enumerate a few of the numerous inventors of this most rational amusement, and then offer, with all due submission, a mere conjecture of my own.

(1.) Strutt (in his celebrated work, which has been lately edited by a particular friend to science, and to myself,) informs us that John de Vigney assigned the invention to a Babylonian philosopher—Xerxes—in the reign of evil Merodach, whose object it was "to proclaim a wicked king," &c. Strutt agrees that "it made its first appearance in Asia."

(2.) Seneca attributes the origin of the game to Chilo, the Spartan, one of the seven sages of Greece.

(3.) Sir William Jones has left us a poem entitled "Caissa," the first idea of which was taken from Vida, "in which (says he) the invention of chess is practically ascribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India."

(4.) Gibbon, treating upon the learning and wisdom of the Brahmins, continues, "To admonish kings that they are strong only in the strength of their subjects, the same Indians invented the game of chess, which was likewise introduced into Persia under the reign of Nushirvan."

(5.) Chaucer tells us it was

— "Athalus that made the game

First of the chess, so was his name."

And Cornelius Agrippa informs us that Attalus, king of Asia, is said to be the inventor of games of chance.

(6.) Peter Texiras is certain it is of Persian origin, inasmuch as the name of every piece is derived from that language.

(7.) Kennett agrees with those who attribute the invention to Palamedes, prince of Eubœa, during the siege of Troy,—an excellent time for becoming a proficient in the game!

(8.) Others will give the merit to Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, who is said to have devised the pastime to divert his idle army; to whom (I imagine) Burton alludes when he tells us that the game was "invented, some say, by the generall of an army in a famine, to keep souldiers from mutiny." He gives Bellonius as his authority.

(9.) The Arabians claim the honor for their countryman, Sissa, or Sida. And

(10.) A manuscript in the Harleian Collection pronounces Ulysses to be the inventor. In fact, so many were the competitors for the honor of the discovery, that Herodotus considered it worthy of record, that the Lydians did not lay claim to the merit of the invention of chess.

Among such a host of contending evidence it is impossible for us to decide the question: but we may fairly offer any conjecture which is founded upon the internal testimony of the game itself. I shall, at any rate, assume the permission of so doing. We must observe in the machinery of the game, that, strangely inconsistent with our ideas of propriety and probability, "the queen" is the chief character in the contest. She is not merely the soft excitement of the war,—the Helen for whom mighty monarchs will fight and fall; she is not the nigh-

minded instigator of hostility, who bids her king go forth with her blessing to the battle: no, she is the active, undaunted, indefatigable leader of the army,—herself a host!

This occupation is, certainly, as inconsistent with the character of an Asiatic princess of the days of yore as with that of a modern belle; for all history informs us that the eastern queen was no more than the humble slave, and inanimate amusement, of her royal spouse. There is but one oriental lady in the pages of ancient annals who acted the part of the queen of chess,—who fought, and who conquered,—and that lady is Semiramis. To her reign, therefore, do I attribute the invention of chess. It is indisputably of Asiatic origin, and of very great antiquity. The earliest writer upon the subject who appears to have given it any serious consideration places its birth (as we have seen above) in Babylon: and, moreover, the institution of the game would, at that particular period, have been not only probable in appearance, but politic in practice. It would have been, during that reign, not *only* a pleasant amusement, but a piece of most delicate flattery to the royal heroism; it would then have been an entertaining method of teaching her idle subjects that their empress was their lord and their leader,—the gainer of their glory,—the palladium of their prosperity. I can discover no other way of explaining the extraordinary regulations of the game.

The objects, which have been assigned as contemplated by the inventors of chess, appear to me most unsatisfactory. "It was constructed (says one party) for the purpose of teaching a king humility: to show him he is supported solely by the exertions of his subjects." This is true; but it also instructs him that at the king's downfall the whole nation must perish; and it does any thing but teach him to submit to restraint, when it proves that the commonweal must be ruined when even the king is *check'd* on all sides. "It was invented (says another exposition) to withdraw the attention of the hungry from the contemplation of their hunger." But starvation has a voice, which, like every other ventriloquism, can be heard both far and near! Montaigne thought so lightly of the interest of the game, that he writes, "I hate and avoid it, because it is not play enough:" and as to the "moral" of the amusement, he declares

that it produces all the malevolent passions, "and a vehement desire of getting the better in a concern, wherein it were more excusable to be ambitious of being overcome." Burton pronounces it to be "a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate." The wife of Ferrand, count of Flanders, allowed her husband to remain in prison, when she could easily have procured his liberation, in consequence of their mutual hatred produced by chess-playing! And history gives us many other instances of the vindictive feeling which this "moral" pastime generates. Pliny informs us that Numidia Quadratilla used always to send her grandson out of the room when "she used to relax her mind with a game of chess."—And Ovid instructs the lover to be especially particular in allowing his lady-love to win the game: the triumph of his skill might cost him the heart of his indignant antagonist.

It will, probably, be objected to my humble conjecture, "that the *queen* used *not* to be the leading piece upon the board; that the ancient name for that piece was "*fers*," or "*ferce*,"—which, Hyde says, is obviously derived from the Persian "*phéz*," or "*pherzan*," a general, or chief counsellor,—a title by which that piece was distinguished in the east: and that *must* be the original name of the piece, because all the terms of the game were derived from the Persian." To this, I shall briefly reply that I doubt the derivation from such a source: and, secondly, that the piece we call the "*queen*" has been supposed to be a female, as long as the game has been known in Europe.

First. It is asserted that the same terms in the game are used by all the world, and that those terms are of Persian origin: for instance "*check-mate*," which is derived from "*shâk-mât*,"—"the king is conquered." To this I must reply, that the French never used that term: their expression—indicative of the politeness of the nation—was "*ave*,"—"hail," to the king,—a Latin salutation; and the idea of deriving "*check*" from "*shâk*" is too ridiculous to require further comment. In the oldest MSS. quoted by Strutt, the names of the men are as English as they are now. The bishop is called "*the archer*;" the castle is termed "*rook*," or "*roc*;" and if, indeed, "*roc*" be a Persian word, signifying (properly) a rock, I think we have a word very much like it in our own language.

Secondly. The queen I will maintain to have always been considered a *lady*, whatever her appellation might have been. In the Harleian MSS., where she is called "fers," she is also termed "reyne," and "regina." In the account of the Fanciful Dance, performed before queen Whims, which was neither more nor less than a large game with animate chessmen—(such as, we read in actual history, that John, duke of Austria, and a certain duk of Weimar, were wont to have played in a large hall, purposely chequered black and white, where their servants moved, a-la-chessmen, at their bidding),—Rabelais enumerates the performers, and calls them "a king, a queen, two archers," &c., and she is characterised, throughout, as acting the part of a lady. Chaucer, in his "Booke of the Duchesse," introduces the sorrowful John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, lamenting the death of Blanch, his consort, and makes him complain that he had played at chess with fortune, when

"With her false draughts full diverse  
She stale on me and toke my fers."

Which "fers" evidently means his duchesse; for he continues, that

"Through that draught I have borne  
My blisse : alas, that I was borne"—

And now his only wish is to die.

I hope it will be acknowledged that there is some foundation for my conjec

ture that the game of chess was invented out of compliment to Semiramis, inasmuch as there appears no other way of accounting for the particular character enacted by "the queen."

P. P. PIPPS.

March, 1831.

THE KNIGHTS' LEAPS.

MR. HONE—The subjoined Knights' grand leaps over the whole Chess-board are much at your service for the *Year Book*.

CHESS BOARD NUMBERED to enable the reader to perform the leaps.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64

Leap 1. From 4 to 21 to 6 to 16 to 31 to 48 to 63 to 53 to 59 to 49 to 43 to 28 to 38 to 55 to 61 to 44 to 34 to 17 to 2 to 12 to 22 to 39 to 56 to 62 to 45 to 51 to 57 to 42 to 25 to 19 to 36 to 30 to 13 to 7 to 24 to 14 to 8 to 23 to 40 to 46 to 29 to 35 to 52 to 58 to 41 to 26 to 9 to 3 to 18 to 1 to 11 to 5 to 15 to 32 to 47 to 64 to 54 to 60 to 50 to 33 to 27 to 37 to 20 to 10 to 4.

Leap 2. From 19 to 4 to 21 to 6 to 16 to 31 to 48 to 63 to 46 to 36 to 30 to 40 to 55 to 61 to 51 to 57 to 42 to 25 to 10 to 20 to 35 to 52 to 62 to 56 to 39 to 24 to 7 to 13 to 3 to 9 to 26 to 41 to 58 to 43 to 28 to 45 to 60 to 50 to 33 to 18 to 1 to 11 to 5 to 15 to 32 to 22 to 12 to 2 to 17 to 27 to 37 to 47 to 64 to 54 to 44 to 34 to 49 to 59 to 53 to 38 to 23 to 8 to 14 to 29 to 19.

Leap 3. From 1 to 11 to 17 to 2 to 19 to 9 to 3 to 13 to 7 to 22 to 16 to 6 to 12 to 27 to 21 to 4 to 10 to 25 to 42 to 57 to 51 to 61 to 55 to 40 to 23 to 8 to 14 to 24 to 39 to 56 to 62 to 52 to 58 to 41 to 26 to 20 to 5 to 15 to 32 to 38 to 48 to 63 to 53 to 59 to 49 to 43 to 28 to 34 to 44 to 29 to 35 to 45 to 30 to 36 to 46 to 31 to 37 to 47 to 64 to 54 to 60 to 50 to 33 to 18 to 1.

Leap 4. From 9 to 3 to 20 to 5 to 22 to 16 to 6 to 12 to 2 to 17 to 11 to 1 to 18 to 33 to 27 to 37 to 31 to 46 to 63 to 48 to 54 to 64 to 47 to 53 to 59 to 49 to 34 to 28 to 38 to 32 to 15 to 21 to 4 to 10 to 25 to 35 to 29 to 39 to 56 to 62 to 45 to 55 to 61 to 44 to 50 to 60 to 43 to 58 to 12 to 42 to 57 to 51 to 41 to 26 to 36 to 30 to 40 to 23 to 8 to 14 to 24 to 7 to 13 to 19 to 9.

Leap 5. From 25 to 10 to 4 to 14 to 8 to 23 to 29 to 19 to 2 to 17 to 27 to 21 to 31 to 16 to 6 to 12 to 18 to 1 to 11 to 28 to 22 to 32 to 15 to 5 to 20 to 26 to 9 to 3 to 13 to 7 to 24 to 30 to 40 to 55 to 61 to 51 to 57 to 42 to 36 to 46 to 63 to 48 to 38 to 44 to 34 to 49 to 59 to 53 to 47 to 64 to 54 to 37 to 43 to 33 to 50 to 60 to 45 to 39 to 56 to 62 to 52 to 58 to 41 to 35 to 25.

The leaps may be commenced on any given square

March 12, 1831.

W.

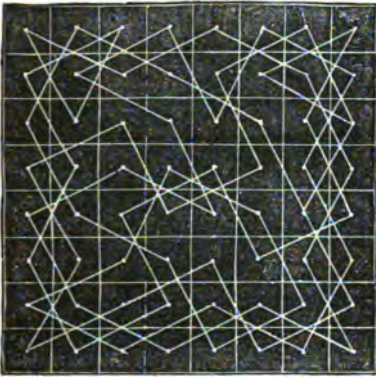
THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 7.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAPS OVER THE CHESS BOARD.

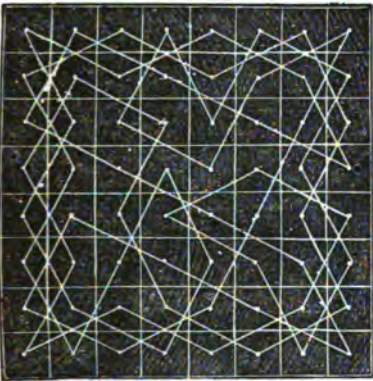
Diagrams of the moves.

Order of the moves.

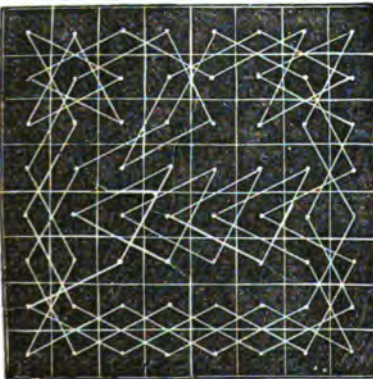
1



2



3



1

50	19	48	1	52	3	34	37
47	64	51	20	33	36	53	4
18	49	30	63	2	21	38	35
29	46	61	12	41	32	5	54
60	17	42	31	62	13	22	39
45	28	11	16	25	40	55	6
10	59	26	43	8	57	14	23
27	44	9	58	15	24	7	56

2

41	48	29	2	43	4	27	62
30	19	42	47	28	63	44	5
49	40	1	20	3	46	61	26
18	31	50	35	64	11	6	45
39	56	21	10	51	60	25	12
32	17	34	55	36	9	52	7
57	38	15	22	59	54	13	24
16	33	58	37	14	23	8	53

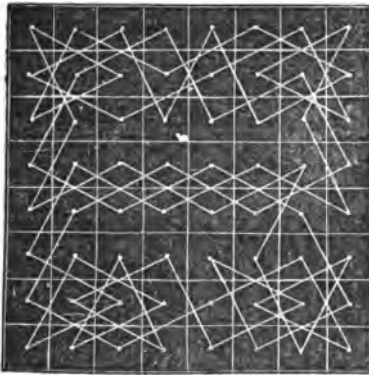
3

1	4	7	16	37	12	9	26
6	17	2	13	8	27	38	11
3	64	5	36	15	10	25	28
18	35	14	47	50	53	56	39
63	48	51	54	57	40	29	24
34	19	46	49	52	55	58	41
45	62	21	32	43	60	23	30
20	33	44	61	22	31	42	59

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 7.

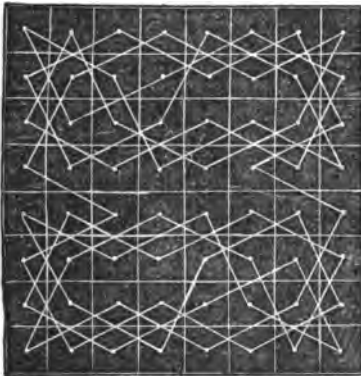
THE KNIGHT'S LEAPS OVER THE CHESS BOARD.

4



12	9	2	33	4	7	62	59
1	34	11	8	63	60	31	6
10	13	64	3	32	5	58	61
35	54	15	28	37	56	17	30
14	27	36	55	16	29	38	57
53	50	47	44	41	18	23	20
26	45	52	49	24	21	42	39
51	48	25	46	43	40	19	22

5



18	9	28	3	24	15	30	5
27	2	19	16	29	4	23	14
10	17	8	25	12	21	6	31
1	26	11	20	7	32	13	22
54	45	64	39	52	43	58	33
63	38	53	44	57	40	49	42
46	55	36	61	48	51	34	59
37	62	47	56	35	60	41	50

VARIOUS COMMUNICATIONS ON CHESS.

CHESS ANECDOTES, &c.

(For the Year Book.)

This most ingenious and fascinating game is of very great antiquity, and, perhaps, there is no game that can boast so general a study and practice; for, though various games on cards may be more commonly pursued in some parts of Europe, chess is not only an object of extensive attention in Europe, but played with incomparably more frequency in Asia.

Al Amin, khalif of Bhagdat, was earnestly employed at this game when his capital residence was on the point of being taken by assault. Tamerlane the Great is recorded to have been engaged at chess during the decisive battle between

him and Bajazet. King John of England insisted upon concluding his game before he gave an audience to the deputies from Rououen, coming to apprise him that their city was besieged.

King James I. styled this game a philosophic folly. His son, Charles I., was at chess when told that the Scots had finally determined upon selling him to the English; and he did not seem any way discomposed, but coolly continued his game. Charles XII., of Sweden, when surrounded, in a house of Bender, by the Turks, barricaded the premises, and then coolly set down to chess: this prince always used the king more than any other piece, and thereby lost every game; not perceiving that the king, although the most considerable of

all, is impotent, either to attack his enemies or to defend himself, without the assistance of his people.

The game is said to have been invented by the wife of Kavan, king of Lanca (Ceylon), in order to amuse him with an image of war (*field war*, I suppose), while his metropolis was closely besieged by Kama, in the second age of the world. According to sir William Jones's Chronology of the Hindoos, Kama appeared on earth 3800 years ago.

The Chinese draw a river on the chess-board, but they have no piece representing a ship, which the Hindoos have, and which has the power of a modern bishop. The Chinese, instead of a ship, use a chariot.

The Chinese call this game *choke-choo-hong-ki* (the play of the science of war). The Burmhan name for chess is *chit-thu-reen*, a term applied by them either to a generalissimo, or warfare; an etymologist might perhaps trace it as a corruption of the Sanscrit *cha-tur-anga* (the four angas, or members, of an army). The Persians' game and table are both called *shutrang*, or, more commonly, *shutrung*.

The piece we call the queen, the hon. Daines Barrington derives from the Persian *phers*, or general, and exposes the absurdity of calling this piece a queen, by asking how we are to metamorphose a foot soldier, or pawn, into a queen, as admitted in the English game. The blunder appears to have arisen from French gallantry. *Verge*, in French, is *virgo*; and, consorting with the king, they, by a very natural transition, made their virgin a queen.

The bishop (formerly *fil*, an elephant), the knight (originally *aswa*, horse), the rooks (at first *rat'huan*, armed chariot, or *rookh*, a hero), and the pawn (from *peon*, an attendant), are the pieces which, with the king and queen, are played with in European games.

C. J. HAMPTON.

March 2, 1831.

CHess MEMORANDA.

[For the Year Book.]

The learned Hyde has undertaken to show, from undoubted authorities, that chess was first invented in India, and passed from thence to Persia, before the year of Christ 576, and from Persia to Arabia.

Sir William Jones is of the same opinion. He says, "If evidence were required to prove this fact, we may be satisfied

with the testimony of the Persians, who, though as much inclined as other nations to appropriate the ingenious inventions of foreign people, unanimously agree that the game was imported from the west of India, in the sixth century of our æra."

The honorable Daines Barrington, in his "Historical Disquisition on the game of Chess," asserts and maintains the claim of the Chinese as inventors. Du Halde cites a Chinese treatise, by which it appears that it is the favorite game of that country, and a Chinese MS. is in existence, which relates that, 379 years after the time of Confucius, or 1965 years ago, Hung Cochu, king of Kiangnan, sent an expedition into the Shense country, under the command of a mandarin, called Hansung, to conquer it. After one successful campaign, the soldiers were put into winter quarters, where, finding the weather much colder than they had been accustomed to, and being also deprived of their wives and families, the army in general became clamorous to return home. Hansung, upon this, revolved in his mind the bad consequences of complying with their wishes. The necessity of soothing his troops, and reconciling them to their condition, in order to complete his operations in the following year, appeared urgent, and therefore, after much consideration, he invented the game of chess, as well to amuse his men in their vacant hours, as to inflame their military ardor, the game being wholly founded on the principles of war. The stratagem succeeded. The soldiers forgot, in their mimic contests, the inconveniences of their post. In the spring the general took the field again, and in a few months added the rich country of Shense to the kingdom of Kiangnan, by the defeat and capture of its king, Choupayuen. On this conquest Hung Cochu assumed the title of emperor, and Choupayuen slew himself.

Of the European nations the Italians were the first who became acquainted with this ingenious game, which was probably introduced among them by the first crusaders, who, before the destruction of the eastern empire, often remained for some time at Constantinople.

Hyde supposes that chess was first known in England about the time of the conquest, because the court of Exchequer

\* *Archæologia*, ix



THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 7.

was then first established; but we find in Gale's edition of Hist. Ramsieins (c. 85) that, when bishop Etheic obtained admission to Canute the great, upon some urgent business, about midnight, he found the king and his courtiers engaged at play, some at dice, and others at chess. From Hist. Olai Magni (p. 572), we learn that when a young nobleman applied for permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, the parent commonly made a trial of his temper by playing with him at dice or chess, before he gave him an answer.

From the treatise entitled "Ye game yt Chesse," and printed by Caxton, in 1474, it appears that this game was not uncommon during the reign of Edward IV. The mention, and especially the extreme rarity, of this book, may excuse the following extract from it.—

"This book is deuyded and departed into four traytyes and parties

"The first traytye.

"How the play of chesse was fyrst founden, and vnder what kyng. Ca. . . . . i

"Who fonde first the play of the chesse. Ca. . . . . ii

"Wherefore the play was fonden and maad. Ca. . . . . iii

"The second traytye.

"The forme of a kyng, his manners and estate. Ca. . . . . i

"The fourme and manners of a queene. Ca. . . . . ii

"The condicion and forme of the Alphyns. Ca. . . . . iii

"The ordre of chyalrye of knyght-hode, her offycers and manners. Ca. . . . . iiiii

The forme and manner of rookes. Ca. . . . . v

"The thyrd traytye.

"The offices and maners of labourers. Ca. . . . . i

"The manner and offyce of a smyth. Ca. . . . . ii

"The office of notaries, aduocates, scriueners, and drapers or cloth-makers. Ca. . . . . iii

"The manners of marchauntes and changers. Ca. . . . . iiiii

"The forme of physiciens, leches, spycers, and apotycaries. Ca. . . . . v

"Of tauerners, hostelers, and vitailers. Ca. . . . . iiiii

"Of keepers of townes, receyuers of custom, and tollenars. Ca. . . . . vii

"Of messagers, currours, rybauldes, and players at the dyse. Ca. . . . . viiii

"The fourth traytye.

"Of the chesse-borde in genere, how it is made. Ca. . . . . i

"The draught of the kyng, and how he meueth him in the eschequer. Ca. . . . . ii

"Of the meuyng of the queene, and how she yssueth out of her place. Ca. . . . . iiiii

"Of the yssue of the alphyns. Ca. . . . . iiiii

"Of the meuyng of the knyghtes. Ca. . . . . v

"Of the yssue of the rookis, a id of her progresse. Ca. . . . . vi

"Of thyssue of the comyn peple, whom the pawnes represente. Ca. . . . . vii

"Of the epilogacion, and recapitulacion of thys book. Ca. . . . . viii."

The book ends with these words:—"And by thys maner it happend that the kyng, that tofore tyme had ben vycetous, and disordynate in his luyng, was made iust and vertuous, debonayr, gracious, and ful of vertues vnto all peple. And a man that luyth in thys world wythout vertues, luyeth not as man, but as a beste. Theenne late every man, of what condicion he be that redyth or hereth this litel book redde, take therby ensaumple to amende hym.—Explicit, per Caxton." This is the first book that was ever printed in England.

It is certain that chess was a fashionable amusement in most houses of rank, in the time of Richard III. Elizabeth was a chess player, and Charles the Martyr is supposed to have been a player at this game, though he advises his son against it because it is "overwise."

In France this game seems to have been known at an earlier period than in England. Carte avers that, at a chess match between Henry I., before his accession to the throne of England, and Louis le Gros, son of Philip of France, which took place at Philip's court, in 1087, Louis having ost several games to Henry, and much money, threw the chess men at Henry's face, who retaliated the affront by flooring Louis with the board, and was proceeding to kill him outright, when his elder brother, Robert, timely interposed. John of Salisbury relates that, in a battle between the French and English, in 1117, an English knight, seizing the bridle of Louis le Gros, and crying out "*the king's taken,*" Louis struck him to the ground with his sword, saying, "Ne scais tu pas qu'aux echecs on ne prend pas le roy?" "Dost thou not know that at chess the king is never taken?" In the reign of Charles V., of France, the king, according to Froissart, played at this game with the duke of Burgundy.

It has been shown that this game was popular among the English, before the introduction of cards; this may account

for the "checquers" placed at the doors of public houses, which might have originally been intended to advertise the people that their favorite amusement could be enjoyed within. Brand, however, is of a different opinion; "the *checquers*," saith he, "were originally intended, I should suppose, for a kind of draught-board, called *tables*, and showed that there that game might be played. From their color, which was red, and the similarity to a lattice, it was corruptly called *the red lettuce*, which word is frequently used by ancient writers to signify an ale-house."

These necessarily hasty and imperfect observations may conclude with honest Caxton's "Description of the Pieces and Pawns," as it stands with its modernised autography, in the Rev. T. Frogual Dibdin's "Typographical Antiquities."

*"Description of the Pieces."*

"THE KING must be thus made: for he must set in a chair clothed in purple, crowned on his head; in his right hand a sceptre, in his left hand an apple of gold."

"Thus ought THE QUEEN to be made: she ought to be a fair lady, sitting in a chair, and crowned with a crown on her head, and clad with a cloth of gold, and a mantle above furred with ermine; and she should sit on the left side of the King, for the ampletions and embracings of her husband."

"THE ALPHYNS [OR BISHOPS] ought to be made and formed in manner of judges sitting in a chair, with a book open before their eyes; and that is because that some causes be criminal, and some civil."

"THE KNIGHT ought to be made all armed upon an horse, in such wise that he have an helm on his head, and a spea in his right hand, and covered with his shield, a sword and a mace in his left side; clad with an hawberk, and plates before his breast, leg-harness on his legs, spurs on his heels, on his hands his gauntlet, his horse well broken and taught, and apt to battle, and covered with arms."

"THE ROOKS, which be vicars and legates to the King, ought to be made like a knight upon a horse, and a mantel and hood furred with *meneuyer*, holding a staff in his hand."

*"Description of Pawns."*

"The *first Pawn* that is in the play of the chess, signifieth a *man of the Common People*, for they be all called *piesons*; that is as much as to say, *footmen*. And then we will begin at the pawn which standeth

before the rook on the right side of the King, for as much as this pawn appertaineth to serve the vicar or lieutenant of the King, and other officers under him, of necessaries of victual. And this manner of people is figured and ought to be made in the form and shape of a man, holding in his right hand a spade or shovel, and a rod in the left hand. The spade or shovel is to delve and labour therewith the earth, and the rod is to drive and conduct withal the beasts unto her pasture. Also, he ought to have on his girdle a crooked hatchet for to cut off the superfluities of the vines and trees."

"The *second Pawn*, that standeth before the knight on the right side of the King, hath the form and figure of a man as a *Smith*, and that is reason; for it appertaineth to the knight to have bridles, saddles, spurs, and many other things made by the hands of smiths; and [he] ought to hold a hammer in his right hand, and in his left hand a dolabre; and he ought to have on his girdle a trowel."

"The *third Pawn*, which is set before the Alphyn on the right side, ought to be figured as a *clerk*, and it is reason that he should be so (here the reasons, not very interesting ones, are specified); and this pawn ought to be made and figured in this manner: he must be made like a man that holdeth in his right hand a pair of shears, or forcetis (forceps), and in the left a great knife, and on his girdle a penner and inkhorn, and on his ear a pen to write with."

"The *fourth Pawn* is set before the King, and is formed in the form of a man holding in his right hand a balance, and the weight in the left hand, and before him a table, and at his girdle a purse full of money, ready for to give to them that require it; and by this people be signified the *merchants* of cloth, linen, woollen, and of all other merchandizes."

"The *fifth Pawn*, that is set before the Queen signifieth the physician, spicer, and apothecary, and is formed in the figure of a man; and he is set in the chair as a master, and holdeth in his right hand a book; and an ample, or a box with ointment in his left hand; and at his girdle his instruments of iron and of silver, for to make incisions, and to search wounds and hurts, and to cut apostumes."

"The *sixth Pawn*, which standeth before the Alphyn on the left side, is made in this form; for it is a man that hath the right hand stretched out as to call men, and holdeth in his left hand a loaf of bread

and a cup of wine; and on his girdle hanging a bundie of keys; and thus resembleth the taverners, hostlers, and sellers of victual."

*The seventh Pawn.* "The guards and keepers of cities be signified by the seventh Pawn, which standeth on the left side before the knight, and is formed in the semblance of a man holding in his right hand great keys, and in his left a pot and an ell for to measure with, and ought to have on his girdle a purse open."

*The eighth Pawn.* "The ribalds, players at dice, and the messengers and Couriers ought to be set before the rook, for it appertaineth to the rook, which is the vicar of the King, to have men convenable (convenient) for to run here and there to enquire and espy the places and cities that might be contrary to the king. And this Pawn that representeth this people ought to be formed in this manner: he must have the form of a man that hath long heeris (hairs), and black, and holdeth in his right hand a little money, and in his left hand three dice, and about him a cord instead of a girdle, and ought to have a box full of letters."

The following are a few additional anecdotes and remarks:—

Dr. Robertson relates in his History of Charles V. that John Frederic, elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by Charles, was condemned to death. The decree was intimated to him while at chess with Ernest of Brunswic, his fellow prisoner. But, a short pause, and making some reflection on the irregularity and injustice of the emperor's proceedings, he turned to his antagonist, whom he challenged to finish the game. He played with his usual ingenuity and attention; and, having beat Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction which is commonly felt on gaining such victories. He was not, however, put to death, but set at liberty after five years' confinement.

In the chronicle of the Moorish kings of Granada we find it related, that, in 1396, Mehemed Balba seized upon the crown, in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in one continual round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful; and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he despatched an officer to the fort of Salabreno, to put his brother Juzof to death, lest that prince's adherents should form any obstacle to his son's succession. The alcaide found the

prince playing at chess, with an alfagu or priest. Juzof begged hard for two hours' respite, which was denied him; at last, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finish the game, but before it was finished a messenger arrived with the news of the death of Mehemed, and the unanimous election of Juzof to the crown.

We have a curious anecdote of Ferrand, Count of Flanders, who having been accustomed to amuse himself at chess with his wife, and being constantly beaten by her, a mutual hatred took place; which came to such a height, that, when the count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bornnés, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release.

The chess-board of Tamerlane was a parallelogram, having eleven squares one way and twelve the other.

Subjoined is an "Explanation of the position, powers, and moves of the pieces on the Chinese Chess-board, or, *Ching Ke*, (Royal Game.)"

"As there are nine pieces, instead of eight, to occupy the rear rank, they stand on the lines between and not within the squares. The game is consequently played on the lines.

"The King, or Chong, stands in the middle line of the row. His moves resemble those of our King, but are confined to the fortress marked out for him.

"The two princes, or fou, stand on each side of him, and have equal power and limits.

"The mandarins, or tchong, answer to our bishops, and have the same moves, except that they cannot cross the water, or white space in the middle of the board, to annoy the enemy, but stand on the defensive.

"The Knights, or rather-horses, called *màd*, stand and move like ours in every respect.

"The war-chariots, or tchè, resemble our rooks or castles.

"The rocket-boys, or paö, are pieces whose motions and powers are unknown to us. They act with the direction of a rocket, and can take none of their adversary's men that have not a piece or pawn intervening. To defend your men from this attack it is necessary to open the line between either to, take off the check on the King, or to save a man from being captured by the paö. Their operation is, otherwise, like that of a rook. Their stations are marked between the pieces and pawns.

"The five pawns, or ping, make up the number of the men equal to that of our board. Instead of taking sideways, like ours, they have the rook's motion, except that it is limited to one step, and is not retrograde. Another important point, in which the ping differs from ours, is that they continue in *statu quo*, after reaching their adversary's head quarters. The posts of the ping are marked in front."

I remain, &c.

I. F. R.

Walworth, March 1831.

[From the same correspondent.]

MR. HONE,

Since my last I have gathered some farther particulars respecting chess, part of which I met with in a tour through the Gentleman's Magazine.

And first, with respect its origin, I find quoted from the "Opus Arithmeticum," of Dr. Wallis, that "One Sessa, an Indian, having first found out the game of chess and showed it to his prince Shehram, the king, who was highly pleased with it, bid him ask what he would for the reward of his invention; whereupon he asked that, for the first little square of the chess-board, he might have one grain of wheat given him; for the second two, and so on, doubling continually according to the number of squares in the chess-board which was sixty-four. And when the king, who intended to give a noble reward, was much displeased that he had asked so trifling a one, Sessa declared that he would be contented with this small one. So this reward he had fixed upon was ordered to be given him, but the king was quickly astonished, when he found that this would rise to so vast a quantity, that the whole earth itself could not furnish so much wheat."

Concerning chess-men it is stated that "The third piece of chess, which we call a *bishop*, the French *fool*, the Spaniards *alferez*, and the Italians *alfiere sergeand*, in the east was the figure of an elephant, whose name (*fit*) it bore. The fifth piece, which we call a *rook*, and the French *tou*, is called by the eastern people the *rokk*, and the Indians make it of the figure of a camel, mounted by a horseman with a bow and arrow in his hand. The name of *rokk*, which is common both to the Persians and Indians, signifies in the language of the last a sort of camel used in war, and placed upon the wings of their armies by way of light horse. The rapid

motion of this piece, which jumps from one end of the board to the other, agrees with this idea of it; it was at first the only piece that had motion."

According to Leland's "Collectanea" it appears, that "Fulco (Fitzwaren) primus, had six sunnes, Fulco, William, Garine, Philip, John, and Alane; John, sun to king Henry, and Fulco fell at variance at chestes, and John brake Fulco hed with the chest borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow that had almost killed him." John seems never to have forgiven this blow, as he deprived Fulco of the title of Wittington, gave him the government of the Marches, and endeavoured to have him killed, or to get him into his power, but at last pardoned and employed him in Zealand, where he did noble feats.

Again—"There is a story of two persons of distinction, the one lived at Madrid, the other at Rome, who played a game of chess at that distance. They began when young, and though they both lived to a very old age, yet the game was not finished. One of them dying, appointed his executor to go on with the game. Their method was, each don kept a chess board, with the pieces ranged in exact order, in their respective closets at Madrid and Rome: having agreed who should move first, the don informs his play-fellow at Rome, by letter, that he has moved his king's pawn two moves; the courier speedily returns, and advises his antagonist that the minute after he had the honor to receive this, he likewise moved his king's pawn two paces, and so they went on."

In my former letter I ventured an opinion respecting the origin of *chequers* at the doors of public houses. In the Gents. Magazine, lxiii. 531, a correspondent states that "the earl of Arundel, in the reign of Phillip and Mary, had a grant to licence public houses, and part of the armorial bearings of that noble family was a chequered board, wherefore the publican, to show that he had a licence, put out that mark as part of his sign." In vol. lxiv. 737, another contributor writes, "I think it was the great earl of Warrenne, if not, some descendant or heir near him, not beyond the time of Rufus, had an exclusive power of granting licences to sell beer. That the agent might collect a tax more readily, the door posts were painted in chequers, the arms of Warren then, and to this day."



CHESSMEN DESIGNED BY FLAXMAN.

Should either of these statements be correct, I deduce therefrom that my imputation of the origin of *chequers* to chess *alone* is not unfounded, and particularly as it is stated, in Dr. Rees's Encyclopaedia, that at one time the popularity of this game among the nobility was so great that "no fewer than 26 English families have emblazoned *chess-boards* and chess rooks in their arms."

I am, &c.

J. F. R.

Walworth, April 13, 1831.

PHILIDOR.

Andrè Danican, a native of Drieux, near Paris, who had the *sobriquet*, or nickname, of *Philidor*, given him by the king of France, after an Italian musician of that name, was not more noted as the first chess-player than for his musical compositions. He published his "Analyse du Jeu des Echecs," in 12mo., Lond. 1745. He died on the 31st of August, 1795, at the age of sixty-nine. He enjoyed to the last a strong retentive memory, which long rendered him remarkable. He was a member of the Chess Club near thirty years. His meek qualities caused him to be no less esteemed as

a companion than he was admired for that extraordinary skill in the difficult game of chess which pre-eminently distinguished him. Two months before his death, he played two games blindfold at the same time, against two excellent chess-players, and was declared the victor. What seemed most to have shaken his constitution, and to have hastened his decease, was the refusal of a passport to France to see his family, who lived there, before he paid the last debt of Nature. This was rendered more bitter on its being intimated that he was a suspected character, and had been denounced by a committee of French informers. From that moment his philosophy forsook him—his tears were incessant—and he sunk into the grave without a groan.\*

May 8.

THE SEASON.

Each hedge is cover'd thick with green ;  
And, where the hedger late hath been,  
Young tender shoots begin to grow  
From out the mossy stumps below.  
But woodmen still on Spring intrude,  
And thin the shadow's solitude,  
With sharpened axes felling down



CHESSMEN DESIGNED BY FLAXMAN.

The oak-trees budding into brown,  
Which, as they crash upon the ground,  
A crowd of laborers gather round.  
These, mixing 'mong the shadows dark,  
Rip off the crackling, staining bark;  
Depriving yearly, when they come,  
The green woodpecker of his home,  
Who early in the Spring began,  
Far from the sight of troubling man,  
To bore his round holes in each tree  
In fancy's sweet security;  
Now startled by the woodman's noise  
He wakes from all his dreary joys.

*Clara.*

	h. m.
May 8. Day breaks . . . .	1 41
Sun rises . . . .	4 26
— sets . . . .	7 34
Twilight ends . . . .	10 19

Celandine, king's-spear, and Welsh-  
poppy in flower.

**May 9.**

In May, 1732, died John Erskine, the eleventh earl of Mar. He was knight of the thistle, twice secretary of state, a promoter of the Union, and had been repeatedly returned one of the sixteen peers to

represent Scotland in parliament. Finding himself deprived of all his offices, and suspected by the ministry of George I., he openly avowed those principles which it is supposed he secretly entertained in support of the Pretender and commanded an undisciplined and half armed multitude which was defeated by the king's troops. He effected his escape and joined the hope of his party at Rome; but quitting this service he went to Geneva, where he was arrested. Regaining his liberty, he retired to Paris, which he left, depressed by misfortune, for Aix-la-Chapelle, where he died in the arms of his affectionate daughter, Frances, who had been the faithful companion of his afflictions. The earl of Mar was twice married. His first lady was Margaret, daughter of Thomas Hay, earl of Kinnoul, by whom he had issue, John, who died an infant, and Thomas, Lord Erskine. His second countess was Frances, daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, duke of Kingston. She effected his escape in an ingenious manner, by dressing him in woman's clothes. George I. allotted this lady her jointure, as if her lord had been actually dead; and permitted his friends to purchase his estates, valued at £1678 per annum, for

the use of his son, who, by attain of blood, was reduced to a commoner.\*

The treasure of the deep is not so precious,  
As are the concealed comforts of a man  
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air  
What a delicious breath marriage sends for'h!  
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock  
Is like a banquet house built in a garden,  
On which the Spring's chaste flowers take de-  
light

To cast their modest odours.—

Middleton, 1657.

		h. m.
May 9.	Day breaks . . . .	1 38
	Sun rises . . . .	4 24
	— sets . . . .	7 36
	Twilight ends . . .	10 22

Solomon's seal flowers.

Common comfrey, Forster's comfrey (Symptetum Forsteri), and Scotch comfrey flower.

The swift is sometimes first seen to day; the general arrival is usually a week later.

### May 10.

#### WHIT SUNDAY.

According to the rule in the calendar by which Easter Sunday may fall at the earliest on the 22d of March, Whit Sunday, which is the seventh Sunday after Easter, may fall at the earliest on the 10th of May.

#### WHIT SUNDAY CUSTOMS.

On Easter-eve and Whitsunday-eve, the *Font-hallowing* was one of the many various ceremonies in early times. The writer of a MS volume of Homilies in the Harleian Library, No. 2371, says, "in the beginning of holy church, all the children weren kept to be chrystened on thys even, at the font-hallowyng; but now, for enchesone that in so long abydyng they might dye without chrystendome, therefore holi church ordeyneth to chrysten at all tymes of the yeare; save eyght dayes before these Evenys, the chyld shalle abyde till the fest hallowing, if it may safely for perill of death, and ells not."

Among the ancient annual church disbursements of St. Mary at Hill, in the city of London, the following entry sometimes occurs:—"Water for the Font on Whitsun Eve, *id.*"

*Strewing the Church.* Collinson, in his History of Somersetshire, speaking of Yatton, says, that "John Lane of this parish, gent., left half an acre of ground, called the Groves, to the poor for ever, reserving a quantity of the grass for strewing the church on Whitsunday."

*Alms Houses.* Mr. A. Wood says that "there were no alms houses, at least they were very scarce, before the Reformation; that over against Christ Church, Oxon, is one of the ancientest. 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. These were the days when England was famous for the grey goose quills."<sup>a</sup>

		h. m.
May 10.—	Day breaks . . .	1 34
	Sun rises . . . .	4 22
	— sets . . . .	7 38
	Twilight ends . .	10 26

Blue-bottle flowers.

Monkey poppy sometimes flowers.

Mouse-ear flowers on warm banks; its general flowering is a week later.

Dandelion covers the fields, after flowering, with round downy poppy like heads, which children puff away and call "blowers."

### May 11.

#### WHIT MONDAY.

The rule in the calendar, stated yesterday, applies to this day.

Many particulars concerning usages at Whitsuntide are stated in the *Every-Day Book*.

Whitsuntide was formerly one of the seasons greatly preferred for marrying, and in which a great many weddings were performed before the passing of the marriage act. Previous to the operation of that law, one George Keith, an episcopal Scotch minister who had been "driven from Scotland," says the rev. Mark Noble, "for his attachment to episcopacy," settled in London; and, to procure a maintenance, set up a marriage-office in the Fleet, and carried on the trade, since so successfully pursued by the "Blacksmith" of Gretna Green. Few persons so much injured the public morals, or caused so much distress in families, as this unworthy man and his brethren. They had their setters, or

\* Noble

<sup>a</sup> Brand L. 231.

barkers, to ask people passing in the streets whether they wanted a clergyman to marry them. Keith and his journey, men one morning, during the Whitsun holidays, at May Fair Chapel, locked together a greater number of couples than had been married at any ten churches within the bills of mortality. He had transferred his practice from the Fleet to May Fair, where he continued to officiate for many years, till he was again obliged to take refuge in the Fleet. At length the Bishop of London excommunicated him, and caused the sentence to be repeated in May Fair Chapel. In 1700, Keith published "The Guide; or, the Christian Pathway to Everlasting Life,"—yet he was an utter disgrace to the clerical character. He frequently performed the marriage ceremony while he and the parties he united were in a state of brutal intoxication.

The "Adventurer," speaking of "signs," observes, that the "hand and pen" properly belonged to the schoolmasters, "though the very reverend and right worthy order of my neighbours, the Fleet parsons, have assumed it to themselves, as a mark of marriages performed without imposition." Keith lived till he had attained his 89th year. He died in 1735.

	h. m.
May 11. Day breaks . . . . .	1 30
Sun rises . . . . .	4 21
— sets . . . . .	7 39
Twilight ends . . . . .	10 30

- Whitethorn every where in flower.
- Apple trees in full blossom.
- Primroses and polyanthus begin to go out of flower.
- Dragon flies appear near water.

## May 12.

### ETON MONTEM.

[For the Year Book.]

The origin of this very curious and singular custom, which is triennially celebrated on Whit-Tuesday, is involved in doubt and obscurity. Some suppose that it was coeval with the foundation of Eton college, and that it derives its title from a Monkish procession taking place annually to a small moust (perhaps formerly a Saxon barrow, near a village, at present situated on the Bath road,) called Salthill; and that, by the monks composing this procession, was then and there sold consecrated "salt," whence the name of the

place.\* It can however be satisfactorily traced as far back as the time of Elizabeth, who when on a visit to the college desired to see an account of the ancient ceremonies observed there from the period of its foundation. In the list was an annual procession of the scholars, who, on these occasions, repeated verses, and gathered money for a dinner and other purposes. †

It is well known that this spectacle consists at present of a procession of the boys to Salthill, where money is collected for the captain as a kind of provision against his going to the University. But, though thus much is well known, the little *ministie* attendant on the occasion are not so.

The students begin to assemble at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and at half past there is what is termed, in the Etonian phraseology, an "absence." This may require a little explanation, as it is called *lucus à non lucendo*, from all being required to be "present;" and on "Montem-day" it is performed thus: The boys, in order, march three times round the playing or school yard, and are each successive time called over by the head Master, who stands at his "Chamber door." Behind each "fifth form boy" marches a "lower boy," carrying a white pole, and hence this part of the school receive the appellation of "pole bearers."

After this necessary part of the ceremony it becomes nearly time to proceed to Salthill; but to check too great impatience on the part of the Etonians, sundry stout fellows are placed at all places of exit, well armed with staves. At ten the boys begin to move, and dire is the rout, and dreadful is the squeeze, each striving with each to be out first, since the only permitted way is through the cloisters, and thence into the playing fields; and the last passage is narrow in the extreme. When once fairly out, the "pole-bearers" dutifully hold out their poles, to be smitten in twain by the valorous swords of the fifth form, girded on for that sole purpose.

Their march ought to be performed in great and extended order, two and two, but before they get half-way "confusion worse confounded" takes the place of military array; and in uproar wild they arrive at Salthill, where they are once more marshalled.

But the most important personages, and

\* Windsor Guide. † Beauties of England and Wales by J. Britton.



whose duty is most heavy, have been omitted; these are the "Salt-bearers." Their proper number is only two, but they are assisted by many others denominated "Servitors," or scouts, or runners; these are composed of the residue of the 6th form, after the marshal, captain, lieutenant, ensign, sergeants, and corporals have been deducted; and also of a certain number of the king's scholars in the 5th form, called "Liberty boys." On the morning of Montem they frequently rise as early as six o'clock, and forthwith scour the country, levying contributions on all they fall in with. As a multitude of persons usually flock from all quarters to visit the "sight," the number whom they meet is generally very great. Mr. Britton, whom I cite, says "that the refusal of passengers to buy salt would, perhaps, be attended with danger." When "salt" has been purchased, or, in other words, when money—for, of course, nothing but money will suffice—has been contributed, the buyer or contributor is presented with a ticket, which is affixed to some conspicuous part of the dress, i. e. the hat of a gentleman, &c., and this token secures an exemption from future demands. One of the Montem tickets was quaintly and appropriately inscribed with the Latin words *Mos pro lege*, "Custom in place of right." In consideration of the great fatigue they would otherwise undergo in thus scouring the country, each salt bearer and scout is allowed a horse and gig, for the double purpose of saving time and labour, and of being enabled, by extending their circuit, to gather contributions from greater numbers, and therefore to a greater amount. Having collected the salt from the company, the salt bearers, &c., levy a contribution from the boys, of at least one shilling each, which in the whole school would amount to upwards of £30.

When they have reached Salt-hill, the object of the procession, another piece of mummery takes place, the College flag inscribed with the motto *pro more et monte*, "For our custom and the Mount," is bravely waved three times by the ensign standing on the summit of the *montem* or *Hill*.

The real business of the procession is then accomplished, but by far the most satisfactory part, to the boys at least, now begins; for after an "absence" on the mount the fifth form are distributed to dine by themselves, and the lower boys

by themselves. The scene that then takes place can be easily left to the imagination.

Another amusement is, after dinner to lounge about a certain garden; and then, provided the Captain, or head boy, who is to receive the "benefit" of the Montem, be disliked (as was the case last Montem, June 9th 1829,) the boys forthwith set about with sword and with mischievous industry to demolish the trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, &c.; the payment of all which damage falls to the Captain. At the last Montem the Royal Life Guards (Blue), then stationed in Windsor, were called to keep guard there, and much mirth was excited by the Etonians challenging the Blues to single combat, when, soon as the ponderous sword of the Guardsman was uplifted, the affrighted Student betook himself to his heels.

After another "absence" on the Montem the procession retires to Eton about five.

This is the part enacted by the Etonians, but the sight attracts multitudes, and, if the weather is fine, the company are a greater "show" than the "show" itself. The carriages are many, and as time advances their number increases, till their fair occupants, if they desire to get a good "place," are often obliged to take to the foot.

The day after the Montem the Captain gives a breakfast to the first two hundred boys, in the College Hall.

Having thus, in however deficient and faulty a style, attempted to show the Montem as it is, without being influenced by undue prejudice, I proceed in a brief manner to describe the various titles and customs adopted by the Etonians, on this, as it may be called, their triennial day of jubilee.

- (1.) *A Marshal*, who however is in reality inferior to the Captain. He is dressed in a Marshal's uniform, and carries a baton. Several servants and pages in the dresses of different nations follow him two and two.
- (2.) *A Captain*, really the commanding officer, for whose "benefit" the Montem is held, and who is head boy of the school. The Captain cannot be other than a king's scholar, for no oppidan, that is to say, no boy not on the foundation, is allowed to be one. He is dressed in the usual regimental dress, superbly adorned, and is attended as the Marshal.
- (3.) *A Lieutenant*, in the usual dress.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 12.

(4.) *An Ensign*, the second boy, that is a king's scholar, to whom is entrusted the College Flag.

Besides these a great many (5.) *Sergeants*, and (6.) *Corporals*, in their proper uniforms. These are all who are of acknowledged rank; they consist entirely of king's scholars, and sixth form.

(7.) The rest of the fifth form are attired in military coats, cocked hats and feathers, white trowsers, and boots; girded with a sword, quite *a la militaire*, of all ranks. The dresses worn by the fifth form on this day are continued till the midsummer holidays, while, on the contrary, the fancy costumes of the sixth form and salt-bearers are merely put on for the occasion: hence the boys of the fifth form obtain the cognomen of "*lobsters*."

(8.) The remainder of the boys, entitled "*lower boys*," are dressed in white waistcoats, trowsers, silk-stockings, and pumps: their coats are blue, and they carry a white pole.

(9.) The *Salt-bearers* and their Servitors, Scouts, or Runners, wear every kind of fancy dress that can be devised, of all nations and of all colors (each however is furnished with a large embroidered bag for "*salt*,") so that they are the gayest of the gay.

Throughout this account, the word "*benefit*" has been used in a doubtful and ambiguous sense, and may require a little explanation. All however that need be urged is that frequently, far from proving beneficial to the young man whom it is intended to assist during his stay at the University, the Montem has the very opposite effect of leaving him out of pocket. The cause of which is the expense of the superb dress he has to wear, the dinner at Salt-hill which he has to give to certain boys, the payment of all damage done to the garden, and above all the breakfast, which is expected to be an elegant *dejeuné a la fourchette*, provided at his own cost for two-hundred school-fellows! the collection, however, frequently amounts to between £800 and £1000. His Majesty's contribution varies from £50 to £100.

Here it occurs as being proper to add from the "*Winsor guide*" a pleasant note—"Some writers of the present day have objected to the continuance of this custom, on the ground of its inutility, but it has been successfully vindicated

by several able advocates, one of whom thus pleasingly describes the attractions of this animated spectacle:—"Out upon the eternal hunting for causes and reasons! I love the no-meaning *Eton Montem*. I love to be asked for salt by a pretty boy in silk stockings and satin doublet, though the custom has been called *something between begging and robbing*. I love the apologetical *Mos pro lege*, which defies the Police and the Mendicity Society. I love the absurdity of a Captain taking precedence of a Marshal, bearing a guilt Bâton at an angle of forty-five degrees from his right hip; and an Ensign flourishing a flag with the grace of a Tight-rope Dancer; and Sergeants payed by fair-skinned Indians and beardless Turks; and Corporals in sashes and goggets, guarded by innocent Polemen in blue jackets and white trowsers. I love the mixture of real and mock dignity; the Provost in his cassock clearing the way for the Duchess of Leinster to see the ensign make his bow, or the Headmaster gravely dispensing leave of absence till nine to Counts of the Holy Roman Empire and Grand Seigniors. I love the crush in the cloisters and mob on the Mount—I love the clatter of carriages and the plunging of horsemen—I love the universal gaiety, from the Peer who smiles and sighs that he is no longer an Eton Boy, to the Country Girl who marvels that such *little Gentlemen* have *cocked hats* and *real swords*. Give me a Montem with all its tom-foolery I had almost said before a coronation. It is a right English scene;—there is the stay-maker's wife from Thames Street, elbowing a Cavendish, and a Gentleman-commoner of Cambridge playing the agreeable to a farmer's pretty daughter from Chippenham-green. Cynics, Cynics, abandon your heresy!"

There are copies of doggerel verses distributed on the occasion, and, having fortunately one of the last before me, it is annexed. It will be instantly perceived that there is no attempt at euphuism in them—the names are those of the Boys in their order in the procession.

*Montem Ode, June 9, 1829.*

Behold me once more your old poet ecstasie,  
Though old, blind, and nearly three parts  
rheumatic,

\* Windsor, not London, gent. reader.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 12.

Yet, alert in my car,  
Like a young man-of-war,  
Or a horse,  
Or a shay,  
Or (I'm quite at a loss  
What next I should say);  
So with out anymore gaytrops and fine figures,  
Hail! masters, young, old, white, dusky, or  
niggers.

Late as I lay upon my bed,  
And anagly dream't upon my pillow,  
Great Phoebus self stood at my head,  
And cried, with voice emphatic, hillo,  
Get up and sing of Montem, and of salt.  
He said and vanished like a pint of malt.  
Pregnant with inspiration, up I rose,  
First snatched my lyre—then put on my  
clothes,

Harnessed my steed,  
I did indeed,  
And, as I drank a pint of perl, I  
Wrote upon the hurly-burly.  
Hark! by the sound of the fises and drums,  
And cried the Marshal surely comes;  
And here he is, Oh! only look!  
In red and gold like a leaving book;  
Then march on Mr. Hughes,  
In your boots 'stead of shoes;  
And y'r servants follow two by two,  
But none so gaily dress'd as you.

But see! how grand, with pages fine,  
Comes the Captain quite divine!  
Ah! my noble Captain Brown  
Sure your coat was made in town;  
And your pages dress'd as Greeks,  
I've not seen such for many weeks;  
See they walk so nobly by, humph!  
Fit to grace a Roman triumph.

But they 're gone by,  
And, oh! myeye,  
The Sergeant Major,  
With a page, or  
Two in his train,  
Stalks o'er the plain:  
March on then YONGE  
Your praise I 've sung,  
So do'nt be vex'd;  
But who comes next?

By my fame, I think 'tis BARRETT,  
Dress'd as fine as any parrot;  
In his clothes of brilliant red,  
With his hat upon his head.

But only see, sir,  
Sergeant MEASON,  
Just look at him if you please, sir.  
Behind him sergeant HIBBERT moves,  
In a pair of new white gloves;

\* It may perhaps be necessary to explain  
this to some readers. There is a custom at  
Eton of giving a book to a boy at his depart-  
ure; this is therefore called a leaving book,  
and, as it is generally handsomely bound and  
gilt, the simile is on this occasion very appro-  
priate. *Pügarlic.*

Then comes CREAMY,  
Don't he please ye?  
Lo! as bright  
As night  
By the harvest moon or star-lit;  
With gloves on his knuckles,  
And shoes and buckles,  
March away, march away, Mr. SCARLETT.  
Not less enchanting,  
See Mr. CARLTON, saunter in  
With his legs in leather boots,  
Moving to the sound of flutes;  
And the portly Mr. CRAVEN,  
Gently skims along the field:  
And Mr. ARMSTRONG nearly saving,  
With a sword but not a shield.  
Then comes Mr. SNOW,  
Whose red coat as you know  
Is as fine as it can be,  
With lace very handy;  
And JILP the very pink of fashion,  
With breeches, shoes, and hat, and sash on  
After him comes gallant MOORE,  
And he looks any thing but poor;  
And see behind him Mr. HULSE,  
With beating heart, and beating pulse,  
Dress'd as gay  
As any jay,

In honor of the Montem day.  
Then, behold, comes colonel MONCK,  
Admiring thousands cry "quid nunc;"  
See his sword upon his thigh,  
See his feathers towering high;  
Now, however, he's gone by.  
But soft, with a flag,  
What ensign is this;  
Were I now a wag,  
I might say Adonis;  
No, sirs, in a word,  
Let the plain truth be heard;  
Ensign ELLIOT, advance  
With your new step from France,—  
Wave the flag, see how funny  
The people all talk,  
The gents cry out "well done he!"  
The mob cry out "Oh lauk!"

Next the gay lieutenant THEED  
Struts along; he's fine indeed!  
Methinks I hear each lady sigh  
As the lieutenant marches by:  
To say the truth,  
He's a noble youth,  
So full of grace and dignity.  
But the ladies like, I know,  
Most of all the motley show,  
Mr. PRICE,  
Who looks as nice  
As king Cambyses,  
Or Achilles.  
And brave Mr. YARD,  
With a mantle of velvet,  
If it should, rain ill-starr'd  
Young man! 'twill be well-wet  
The march is done,

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 12.

Not so my song ;  
I'd near forgot  
(Oh no ! I'd not),  
The steward FORD,  
Upon my word,

Without the aid of silk and lace ;  
His native dignity and grace  
Make him a good one for his place.

My tale is o'er, my lyre unstrung,  
The last, last rhyme upon my tongue ;  
My donkey, first and best of asses,  
Well fed to day, at least, on grass is ;  
Farewell, then ! should the toward muse  
Expire, e're the next Montem views,  
O, give a pearly drop of tear,  
If not,—a pint of purl, or beer—  
To HERBERT STOCKHORE,  
Punctual as clock, or  
Baillif, or dun,  
Or Tartar, or Hun.

Farewell, the world hath been, and must be,  
To poets, statesmen, fiddlers, and to me.

*C. Andrews, Printer, Windsor.*

It must be confessed that, in point of sense—I had well nigh said nonsense—this Ode\* comes up to its subject. Really I am surprised that something better is not produced, considering that one Montem is three years distant from another, and that Eton boys have a reputation for talent, which such a composition tends to falsify.

*March, 1831.*

PILGARLICK.

[From the same Correspondent.]

To render more complete the account of the Montem, which I have already sent, I transmit the following :

*Extract from the Courier, May 1799.†*

Yesterday this triennial ceremony took place, with which the public are too well acquainted to require a particular description. A collection, called *salt*, is taken from the public, which forms a purse, to support the captain of the school in his studies at Cambridge. This collection is made by the scholars, dressed in fancy dresses, all round the country.

At eleven o'clock, the youths being assembled in their habiliments at the college, the royal family set off from the castle to see them, and, after walking round the court yard, they proceeded to Salt Hill in the following order:—

His majesty, his royal highness the prince of Wales, and the earl of Uxbridge.

\* Query, Odd. PRINTER'S DEVIL.

† Copied from Miss Edgeworth's Parent's Assistant, p. 239, vol. iii., edition in 3 vols. 1831.

Their royal highnesses the dukes of Kent and Cumberland, earl Morton, and general Gwynne, all on horseback, dressed in the Windsor uniform, except the prince of Wales, who wore a suit of dark blue, and a brown surlout over.

Then followed the scholars, preceded by the marechal, sergeants, the musicians of the Staffordshire band, and Mr. Ford, captain of the seminary, the sergeant-major, sergeants, colonels, corporals, musicians, ensign, lieutenant, steward, salt-bearers, polemen, and runners.

The cavalcade being brought up by her majesty and her amiable daughters in two carriages, and a numerous company of equestrians and pedestrians, all eager to behold their sovereign and his family. Among the former lady Lade was foremost in the throng ; only two others dared venture their persons on horseback in such a multitude.

The king and royal family were stopped on the bridge by Messrs. Young and Mansfield, the salt-bearers, to whom their majesties delivered their customary donation of fifty guineas each.

At Salt Hill, his majesty, with his usual affability, took upon himself to arrange the procession round the royal carriages ; and, even when the horses were taken off, with the assistance of the duke of Kent, fastened the traces round the pole of the coaches, to prevent any inconvenience.

An exceedingly heavy shower of rain coming on, the prince took leave, and went to the Windmill Inn, till it subsided. The king and his attendants weathered it in their great coats.

After the young gentlemen had walked round the carriage, ensign Vince, and the salt-bearers, proceeded to the summit of the hill, but, the wind being boisterous, he could not exhibit his dexterity in displaying his flag, and the space being too small before the carriages, from the concourse of spectators, the king kindly acquiesced in not having it displayed under such inconvenience.

Their majesties and the princesses then returned home, the king occasionally stopping to converse with the dean of Windsor, the earl of Harrington, and other noblemen.

The scholars partook of an elegant dinner at the Windmill Inn, and in the evening walked on Windsor Terrace.

Their royal highnesses the prince of Wales and duke of Cumberland, after taking leave of their majesties, set off for

town, and honored the Opera House with their presence in the evening.

The profit arising from the salt collected, according to account, amounted to above £800.

The stadtholder, the duka of Gordon, lord and lady Melbourne, viscount Brome, and a numerous train of fashionable nobility were present.

The following is an account of their dresses, made, as usual, very handsomely, by Mrs. Snow, milliner, of Windsor:—

Mr. Ford, captain, with eight gentlemen to attend him as servitors.

Mr. Serjeant, marshal.

Mr. Brandrith, colonel.

Mr. Plumtree,\* lieutenant.

Mr. Vince, ensign.

Mr. Young, college salt bearer, white and gold dress, rich satin bag, covered with gold netting.

Mr. Mansfield, oppident, white, purple, and orange dress, trimmed with silver; rich satin bag, purple and silver, each carrying elegant poles with gold and silver cord.

Mr. Keity, yellow and black velvet, helmet trimmed with silver.

Mr. Bartelot, plain mantle and sandals, Scotch bonnet, a very Douglas.

Mr. Knapp, † flesh-color and blue; Spanish hat and feathers.

Mr. Ripley, rose-color; helmet.

Mr. Islip (being in mourning), a scarf; helmet, black velvet; and white satin.

Mr. Tomkins, violet and silver; helmet.

Mr. Thackery, lilac and silver; Roman cap.

Mr. Drury, Mazarin blue; fancy cap.

Mr. Davis, slate-color and straw.

Mr. Routh, pink and silver; Spanish hat.

Mr. Curtis, purple; fancy cap.

Mr. Lloyd, blue; ditto.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the royal family returned to Windsor, and the boys were all sumptuously entertained at the tavern, at Salt Hill. About six in the evening, all the boys returned in the order of procession, and, marching round the great square of Eton, were dismissed. The captain then paid his respects to the royal family, at the queen's lodge, Windsor, previous to his departure for king's college, Cambridge, to defray which expense the produce of the Montem was presented to him.

\* Afterwards a master, and at present a fellow of Eton.—PIL.

† At present second master of Eton, having succeeded Mr. Yonge, 1830.—PIL.

The day concluded by a brilliant promenade of beauty, rank, and fashion, on Windsor Terrace, enlivened by the performance of several bands of music.

The origin of the procession is from the custom by which the manor was held.

The custom of hunting the ram belonged to Eton College, as well as the custom of Salt; but it was discontinued by Dr. Cook, late dean of Ely. Now this custom we know to have been entered on the register of the royal abbey of Bee, in Normandy, as one belonging to the manor of East or Great Wrotham, in Norfolk. When the harvest was finished, the tenants were to have half an acre of barley, and a ram let loose, and, if they caught him, he was their own to make merry with, but if he escaped from them, he was the lord's. The Etonians, in order to secure the ram, houghed him in the Irish fashion, and then attacked him with great clubs. The cruelty of this proceeding brought it into disuse, and now it exists no longer.—See *Register of the Royal Abbey of Bee*, folio 58.

The article in the *Courier* concludes with this statement—"After the dissolution of the alien priories, in 1414, by the parliament of Leicester, they remained in the crown till Henry VI., who gave Wrotham manor to Eton College; and if the Eton fellows would search, they would, perhaps, find the manor, in their possession, that was held by the custom of Salt."

The *Courier* narrative differs but in a very slight degree (and that almost entirely on account of the different reign in which the Montem described in the "Courier" took place) from the description which I have already furnished. Thirty years have elapsed between that Montem and the last, another thirty years may find it extinct, or deprived of all its present splendor.

April, 1831.

PILGARLICK

	h.	m.
May 12.—Day breaks	. 1	27
Sun rises	. . 4	19
— sets	. . . 7	41
Twilight ends	. 10	33

German Flower de Luce flowers.

Pale piony flowers; in a few days it is succeeded by the common crimson variety; but the pale retains its petals longer.

Scentless hesperis flowers.

Motherwort (*HESPERIS MATRINALIS*) flowers



HAWKING.

If hawking were fashionable, May would be a busy season with lovers of the diversion. It was the most predominant rural amusement for many ages, and followed by all the gentry of the country at a great expense. There were large tracts of land in and near Cranbourne chase, called "Hawking Downs," which were covered with gorse and fern, and resorted to by pheasants and partridges. The bordering woods produced woodcocks; these, when disturbed from the woods, came to "a flight" for the hawks, in the open glades, and showed great sport.

The amusement was carried to such a height, that no gentleman could be completely dressed for company without having a glove on his left hand, and a hawk sitting on it. He who bore his hawk in the most graceful manner was deemed the most accomplished cavalier; and, to please the ladies, it was the practice to play firting tricks with the plumes of the hawks, at the same time, and in like manner, as the ladies did with their fans.

According to the reverend Mr. Chahn, although falconry had such a despotie sway for many ages, it is now a question whether there is one reclaimed foreign hawk in the western part of the kingdom; but there may be a few English hawks annually trained in the neighbourhood of Bridport, in Dorsetshire, for the taking of land-rails in the hemp and flax fields near that town, in which, during some seasons, they are very plentiful.

W. Tregonwell Frampton, Esq., seems to have been, about the year 1670, the most active pursuer of this diversion in the west of England. He was a gentleman of family and fortune in Dorsetshire, and generally resided there; but he had a house also at Newmarket, and was a person of great notoriety on the turf there. He had race-horses in training, and regularly attended all the race meetings, carrying with him several casts of fine hawks, for the diversion of his numerous associates.

**May 13.**

**THE TEARS OF OLD MAY DAY.**

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours,  
 And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;  
 Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers  
 That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her looks with heav'n's ambrosial dews were  
 bright,

An dam'rous zephyrs flutter'd in her breast:  
 With every shining gleam of morning light  
 The colors shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,  
 A golden key, and golden wand, she bore;  
 This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,  
 And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward, in conscious majesty, she came,  
 The grateful honors of mankind to taste;  
 To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,  
 And blend fresh triumphs with her glories  
 past.

Vain hope! No more in choral bands unite  
 Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,  
 Sacred to May, and Love's mysterious rite,  
 Brush the light dewdrops\* from the span-  
 gled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's† wealthy pride  
 Pours the full tribute of Potosi's mine;  
 Nor fresh blown garlands village maids provide,  
 A purer off'ring at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around  
 To valour's games th' ambitious youth ad-  
 vance;

No merry bells, and tabors sprightlier sound  
 Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims  
 My ravish'd honors, and to her belong  
 My choral dances, and victorious games,  
 To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say, what yet untasted bounties flow,  
 What purer joys await her gentler reign?  
 Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?  
 And warbles Philomel a sweeter strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?  
 Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?  
 Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier  
 skies,

Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no; the blunted beams of morning light  
 Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;  
 And Cynthia, riding on the ear of night,  
 Through clouds embattled faintly wins her  
 way.

Pale immature, the blighted verdure springs,  
 Nor mountain juices feed the swelling flow'r,  
 Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings,  
 When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder man that nature's bashful face,  
 And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear;

\* Alluding to the custom of gathering May-dew.  
 † The plate Garlands of London

Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,  
 The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year

With show'rs and sunshine in her sickle eyes,  
 With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous  
 peace!

With blushes harb'ring in their thin disguise,  
 The blast that riots on the spring's increase.  
 LOGAN.

	h. m
May 13.—Day breaks . . .	1 23
Sun rises . . .	4 17
— sets . . .	7 43
Twilight ends . . .	10 37

The cornrake, or landrail, heard by  
 night, when sitting among the long grass  
 or clover. Its harsh frequently repeated  
 note, resembling the grating of a key  
 against a piece of notched wood, may be  
 so clearly imitated, that the bird itself  
 will mistake it for the cry of one of its  
 species

**May 14.**

In the parish of Logierait, Perthshire,  
 and in the neighbourhood, a variety of  
 superstitious practices still prevail  
 among the vulgar, which may be in part the  
 remains of ancient idolatry, or of the cor-  
 rupted christianity of the Romish church;  
 and partly, perhaps, the result of the  
 natural hopes and fears of the human  
 mind, in a state of simplicity and igno-  
 rance.

Lucky and unlucky days are by many  
 anxiously observed. That day of the  
 week on which the *fourteenth of May*  
 happens to fall, for instance, is deemed  
 unlucky through all the remainder of the  
 year; none marry or begin any serious  
 business upon it.

None choose to marry in January or May,  
 or to have their banns proclaimed in the  
 end of one quarter of the year and marry  
 in the beginning of the next.

Some things are to be done before the  
 full moon; others after.

In fevers, the illness is expected to be  
 more severe on Sunday than on other days  
 of the week; if easier on Sunday, a re-  
 lapse is feared.

Immediately before the celebration of  
 the marriage ceremony, every knot about  
 the bride and bridegroom (garters, shoes-  
 strings, strings of petticoats, &c. &c.) is  
 carefully loosened. After leaving the  
 church the company walk round it, keep-  
 ing the church walls always upon the  
 right hand. The bridegroom, however,

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 15, 16.

first retires one way with some young men, to tie the knots which were loosed about him; while the young married woman, in the same manner, retires elsewhere to adjust the disorder of her dress.

When a child was baptised privately, it was not long since customary to put the child upon a clean basket, having a cloth previously spread over it, with bread and cheese put into the cloth; and thus to move the basket three times successively round the iron crook, which hangs over the fire from the roof of the house, for the purpose of supporting the pot when water is boiled, or victuals are prepared. This might anciently be intended to counteract the malignant arts which witches and evil spirits were imagined to practice against new born infants.

Such is the picture of the superstitions of Logierait, as drawn twenty-five years ago.\*

	h. m.
May 14.—Day breaks . . .	1 19
Sun rises . . .	4 16
— sets . . .	7 44
Twilight ends . . .	10 41

The swift, or black martin, begins to arrive abundantly, and resort to its old

**May 15.**

In May, 1718, Sir Francis Page, a remarkable legal character, was created a baron of the Exchequer. He was the son of the vicar of Bloxham, in Oxfordshire, and bred to the law, but possessing few requisites for the profession, he pushed his interest by writing political pamphlets, which were received with attention in the proper quarters, so that he was called to the coif, in 1704, and became king's serjeant in 1714-15. He was made a Justice of the Common Pleas in 1726; and in the following year a justice of the King's Bench. His language was mean and tautologous. In a charge to the grand jury at the assizes, he said—"Gentlemen of the jury, you ought to enquire after recusants *in that kind*, and such as do not frequent the church *in that kind*; but, above all, such as haunt ale-houses *in that kind*; drunkards and blasphemers *in that kind*, and all notorious offenders *in that kind*, are to be presented *in that kind*, and, as the laws *in that kind* direct, must be pro-

\* Communicated by a juvenile correspondent, J. W., from Aris's Pocket Magazine.

ceeded against *in that kind*." To the grand jury of Middlesex in May 1736, he began his charge: "I dare venture to affirm, Gentlemen, on my own knowledge, that England never was so happy both at home and *abroad* as it now is." At a trial at Derby, about a small spot of ground, been a garden, an old woman, a witness for the defendant, deposed, there never had been a flower grown there since Adam was created. "Turn the witness away," said this arbiter of law and language. It was said of him, that "he was a judge without mercy and a gentleman without manners." He rendered his name odious by a dreadful severity. He endeavoured to convict, that he might have the luxury of condemning; and was called, in consequence, "the hanging judge." He indulged in making doggerel lines upon those he knew. In a cause at Dorchester, treating one King, a rhyming thatcher, with his usual rigor, the man retorted after the trial was over,

God, in his rage,  
Made a Judge Page.

He was the judge who tried Savage, the poet, on a charge of murder, and was so anxious to convict him, that he was afterwards brought to confess that he had been particularly severe. When phthisicky and decrepid, as he passed along from court, a gentleman enquired particularly of the state of his health. "My dear Sir, you see I keep *hanging* on, *hanging* on." This disgrace to the bench outlived all his ermined brethren, and died, unlamented in December, 1741, at the age of 80. Mr. Noble heard, when a boy, some very severe lines that had been placed upon his monument, which his relatives greatly resented.

May 15.—Day breaks . . .	a. m. 1 15
Sun rises . . .	4 14
— sets . . .	7 46
Twilight ends . . .	10 45

Great star of Bethlehem flowers.  
Cockchafer appears.

**May 16.**

THE SEASON.

Each morning, now, the weeders meet  
To cut the thistle from the wheat,  
And ruin, in the sunny hours,  
Full many a wild weed with its flowers;—  
Corn-poppies, that in crimson dwell,  
Call'd "Head-achs," from their sickly smell



THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 17, 18.

And charlocks, yellow as the sun,  
That o'er the May-fields quickly run;  
And "Iron-weed," content to share  
The meanest spot that Spring can spare.

Clare.

	h. m.
May 16.—Day breaks . . .	1 10
Sun rises . . .	4 13
— sets . . .	7 47
Twilight ends . . .	10 50

Yellow star of Bethlehem begins to flower.

The purple star of Jerusalem flowers in gardens. The general flowering of these two plants is in June

**May 17.**

May 17, 1823, as a country woman, with her market-basket on her arm, was admiring "a bit of finery," in a draper's window, at York, her partner in life came up without being noticed by her, and, perceiving her intense gaze at what she could not purchase, he secretly abstracted a handkerchief from her basket, and went his way in joyful anticipation of his wife's vexation upon her discovering its absence. Unluckily for the joker, a gentleman, to whom the parties were strangers, observed the trick, and directed a constable to secure the villain. The robber was seized on the pavement and instantly carried before a magistrate. In the mean time the unsuspecting woman was informed of her loss and hurried away to identify the luckless handkerchief.—She did so—it was her own—the very one which she had been deprived of, and, turning with honest indignation to look at the thief, she exclaimed with astonishment and fear, "Oh lawks!—gentlemen, its mah husband!" The arm of law was paralysed. The prisoner was the robber of his own property,—the magistrate laughed, the gentleman and the constable laughed—and, the charge being laughingly dismissed, the liberated husband and his artless wife posted away to tell their village neighbours what awful things had happened to them at York.

	h. m.
May 17.—Day breaks . . .	1 4
Sun rises . . .	4 11
— sets . . .	7 49
Twilight ends . . .	10 56

Columbine (*Aquilegia vulgaris*) flowers in gardens: there are other species which also flower. The true wild columbine has blue flowers, which are occasionally varied with white; but the garden sorts are dark puce, or purple, or lilac, and shew many varieties.

**May 18.**

May 18, 1732, the Rev. John Lawrence M. A., prebendary of Salisbury, died at Bishops Wearmouth, Durham. He excelled in the art of gardening, and particularly in the cultivation of fruit-trees, and published a "new system of agriculture," and a "complete body of husbandry and gardening." His fine collection of trees, which is said to have yielded fruit not inferior to that from the orchards of Languedoc. Naturally hospitable and benevolent, he had great pleasure in presenting a rich dessert to his friends. "I do not know," says the Rev. Mark Noble, "a more pleasing or healthful occupation, than agriculture and gardening—occupations so compatible with the life of a rural clergyman. Mr. Lawrence wisely remarks of gardening, that it is the most wholesome exercise, being *ad ruborem non ad sudorem*. It is such an exercise as studious men require; less violent than the sports of the field, and more so than fishing. It is, in fine, the happy medium." Millar, who superseded his labors, lived in days of greater experience, in the centre of general knowledge, and his sole occupation was horticulture: Mr. Lawrence was a plain country clergyman, who, from love of retirement and rural occupation, mainly contributed to raise gardening into estimation. Yet he did not give more time to his fields and gardens than he could properly spare from his public duties. He wrote several tracts to enforce the obligations and practice of religion and virtue.

	h. m.
May 18. Day breaks . . .	0 57
Sun rises . . .	4 10
— sets . . .	7 50
Twilight ends . . .	11 3

Wall hawkweed flowers.

Mouse-ear hawkweed becomes common.

Cats-ear flowers.

The goatsucker arrives, and its jarring noise heard by night

**May 19.**

A valued correspondent intimates that on the 19th of May the General Assembly of the church of Scotland meets at Edinburgh. The circumstance is merely noticed, because in the limits prescribed to the remainder of the month, there is not room for particulars; and because, perhaps, the kindness of correspondents may afford additional facts.

	h. m.
May 19. Day breaks . . .	0 49
Sun rises . . . . .	4 9
— sets . . . . .	7 51.
Twilight ends . . .	11 11

Purple rhododendron flowers, and continues till the beginning of the summer solstice.

**May 20.**

The Rev. Edward Stokes, rector of Blaby, Leicestershire, for fifty years, was blind from nine years old, and died at the age of ninety-three. He was born at Bradgate, and lost his sight by the discharge of a pistol, on the 20th of May, 1698, carelessly left lying about, and which in play he had himself presented to the breast of a young lady but a few minutes before. It was not supposed to be charged; his elder brother had the pistol in his hand, when Edward playfully bid his brother "fire!" the whole charge instantly lodged in his face, where the shots continued till the end of life. His unhappy brother, the innocent cause of this misfortune, never got over his concern for it, and died a young man. Edward, thus rendered blind, was entered at Clarehall, Cambridge, and was presented by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, in 1737, to the rectory of Wymondham; and, in 1748, on his father's death, to Blaby. Notwithstanding his infirmity, he performed the service of the church for many years with only the assistance of a person to read the lessons. He was of a disposition uncommonly cheerful, and his spirits never failed him. To the poor of his parish he was a most benevolent benefactor, on whom he expended nearly the whole of a handsome private fortune. About thirty years before his death, he put up a monument in his church, to the memory of his father, mother, brother, and sister, on which he also placed his own

name. He had the perfect use of his limbs, and to the last he walked about his own premises unguarded, and with a facility which would not allow a stranger to imagine that he was either old or blind, and yet he was in his ninety-third year when he died.

This brief notice of a worthy parish-pastor is derived from the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1798; to which account a contributor, also laboring under the infirmity of blindness, adds that,—

"The Rev. Edward Stokes, of Blaby, used to hunt briskly; a person always accompanied him, and, when a leap was to be taken, rang a bell. A still more extraordinary man in this way [blind], that had been, I think, an officer in the army, figured as a bold rider in the Marquis of Granby's fox-hunt. He had no attendant; I have often been out with him; if any persons happened to be near him when a leap was to be taken, they would say, "A little farther, Sir—now a great leap;" nor did I ever hear of his receiving any harm. Much the same was said, at that time, of Lord Robert Bertie, who is represented in Hogarth's View of a Cock-pit; and, if I mistake not, the present Lord Deerhurst, who lost his eye-sight by a fall in hunting, still pursues the game in the same manner."

May 20, 1717, Sir John Trevor died at his house in Clements Lane, London, and was buried in the Rolls chapel. He was second son, and, in the sequel, heir to John Trevor, of Brynkinall, in Denbighshire, Esq., by an aunt of Lord Chancellor Jefferies. Like his cousin, he was bred to the law, and obtained great preferment. He was solicitor-general, twice speaker of the house of commons, twice master of the rolls, and a commissioner of the great seal. He cautioned James II. against his arbitrary conduct, and his cousin, Jefferies, against his violence. Sir John Trevor was able and yet corrupt. The mortification was imposed upon him of putting the question to the house of commons, as speaker, whether he himself ought to be expelled for bribery. The answer was in the affirmative. He loved money, and would at any time perform the meanest action to save a trifling expense. Dining one day by himself at the Rolls, a relation entered the room when he was drinking his wine; he immediately said to the servant who had introduced him "You rascal, and have you

brought my cousin Roderic Lloyd, Esq., prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my back stairs. Take my cousin Roderic Lloyd, Esq., prothonotary of North Wales, marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, take him instantly back, down my back-stairs, and bring him up my front stairs." To resist was vain. The prothonotary of North Wales, marshal, and so forth, was withdrawn by the servant down the back and brought up the front stairs, while the bottle and glass were carefully removed by "his Honour" the master of the Rolls. Sir John had a frightful obliquity of vision; in allusion to which, and to his legal ability and notorious habits, the wags said that "Justice was blind, but law only squinted." The eyes of his cousin Lloyd, of the back stairs, were likewise like that of the Trevors, appears to have been defective. Roderic was near-sighted. Late one evening he was obstructed in the street; being choleric he drew his sword, and violently plunged it against his antagonist, who immediately fell. Terrified at the idea of murder and retributive justice, he fled, and concealed himself in the coal-hole of the master of the Rolls. A faithful valet was sent in the morning to learn who had fallen: the man arrived with the happy intelligence that an aged decayed pump, lay prostrate from the impetuosity of Lloyd's assault, and transfixed by his sword.

a bridegroom on a Sunday, and not frequenting the church, and for not receiving the holy sacrament."—"Eliz. Mills for scolding, and drying fish on the Lord's day." This legal cognizance of instrumental and vocal performance, is cited in Mr. Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle."

The following circumstances is also stated in the before cited work :—

In 1793, Mr. George Wilson, a mason, met with a toad, which he wantonly immured in a stone wall that he was then building. In the middle of the wall he made a close cell of lime and stone, just fit for the magnitude of its body, and seemingly so closely plastered as to prevent the admission of air. In 1809 (sixteen years afterwards) it was found necessary to open a gap in this wall, for a passage for carts, when the poor creature was found alive in its strong-hold. It seemed at first in a very torpid state, but it soon recovered animation and activity; and, as if sensible of the blessings of freedom, made its way to a collection of stones, and disappeared.

	h. m.
May 21.—Day breaks . . .	0 33
Sun rises . . .	4 6
— sets . . .	7 54
Twilight ends . . .	11 27

Buttercups flower in most meadows and fields.

Yellow bachelors' buttons flower a double variety: blows gardens somewhat earlier.

### May 22.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1799, mention is made of the death of James White, who, besides several translations, was author of some historical novels, entitled, "Richard Cœur de Lion," "Earl Strongbow," "John of Gaunt," and several poetic pieces. He was educated at the university of Dublin, and esteemed an admirable scholar, with brilliant talents. For four or five years before his decease, he was very distressed and eccentric. He had conceived an ardent affection for a young lady, who, he erroneously, supposed was as warmly attached to him. Some plot, he imagined, had been contrived to wean her regard, and he attributed failures of his application for patronage and employment from the great to secret machinations. He,

	n. m.
May 20. Day breaks . . .	0 41
Sun rises . . .	4 7
— sets . . .	7 53
Twilight ends . . .	11 19

Yellow azalea and red azalea flower.  
 Yellow star of Jerusalem flowers. This and the purple star close their flowers at noon.  
 White *Lychnis* flowers.  
 Flower of *Adonis* blows.

### May 21.

Under this day there is the following entry in a curious book containing the names and crimes of people in Northumberland, who had incurred the punishment of excommunication, and were presented to the Consistory Court of Arches at Durham, viz.—"Bambrough, May 21, 1681. Presented Thomas Anderson, of Swinboe, for playing on a bag-pipe before

as erroneously supposed this influence prevailed with the London booksellers to prevent his literary labors from being duly rewarded. He passed the winters of 1797 and 1798 in the neighbourhood of Bath; and was often noticed in the pump room, and in the streets or vicinity of the city, thin, pale, and emaciated, with a wild penetrating look. He was known to have been without animal food for several months, and to have supported life by a meal of biscuit, a piece of bread, or a cold potatoe, with a glass of water. Unable to pay his lodgings, and too proud to ask relief, he wandered about the fields at night, or slept beneath a hay-stack. Once, when almost exhausted, he took refuge at an inn in Bath, where, by refusing sustenance, he alarmed the mistress; she applied to the magistrates, and they consigned him to the parish officers. In letters to some persons in the city, he complained of "this unconstitutional infringement of the liberty of the subject," and suspected that his imaginary host of enemies had again been plotting. About this time he published "Letters to Lord Camden on the state of Ireland," which were admired for elegance and strength of language, shrewdness of remark, and perspicuity of argument. A small subscription was privately raised, and delicately tendered to him. He received it as a loan, and left Bath. Poverty and sensitiveness deranged his mental powers. He could neither labor corporeally, nor attain to eminence, nor even obtain sufficient for subsistence by his pen; and he shrunk from society, to suffer silently. At a little public house about six miles from Bath he was found dead in his bed—he perished, in distraction, and indigence, of a broken heart

	h. m
May 22.—Day breaks . . .	0 23
Sun rises . . .	4 5
— sets . . .	7 55
Twilight ends . . .	11 37

Yellow day-lily flowers.

Ragged robin flowers, and continues till mowed down with the meadow hay.

### A COUNTRY RAMBLE.

[For the Year Book.]

Maidstone, 13th April, 1850.

The morning was unusually brilliant, and the air as soft as that of Mid-

summer. As I sat discussing my breakfast, notwithstanding that unaccountable lassitude which Spring usually brings with it, I felt a mighty longing for a ramble in the neighbourhood, and was, accordingly, out of doors as soon as circumstances would permit, wandering, I scarce knew whither. I presently passed the precincts of the town, and stood sunning myself on a quiet green, one side of which was lined with a plantation of firs, between whose dingy foliage a young larch here and there put forth its feathery branches, sprinkled with so bright a green, that the contrast was more than usually beautiful and striking. A regiment of geese—the awkward squad of a neighbouring poultry-yard—were gabbling great things as they tugged at the close-shaven turf, or eyed, with that shrewd sidelong look which fools oftentimes affect, such "remarkables" as they met with in their wanderings. As they were feeding close beside the path, they seemed not a little disconcerted at my near approach, and, sounding an alarm, made off towards a picturesque country inn that stood a short distance to the right, as if on purpose to remind me of the connection which Goldsmith has instituted between this silly bird and "the village alehouse

— with nicely sanded floor,  
And varnished clock, that clicked behind the door."

"As calm as a clock," had long been a favorite proverb with me; and it now seemed to combine those two properties which are so rarely known to amalgamate,—poetry and truth. I thought of many a rural repast to which I had done ample justice in the cool parlour of some quiet hostelry, whilst my fancy had been "abroad in the meadows," amongst the breezy corn, bowing and flashing in the clear sunlight, presenting, as it glistened on its restless surface, more of that pensive tenderness which belongs to an autumn moon, than of those golden glories distinguishing the god of day.

Beside this building, which was quite in the old-fashioned style, and exhibited a double series of "imbowed windows," towered a stately oak, beneath whose summer shade many a "contemplative man" had gone in the cool of the day, to "interpose a little ease," and dream away an idle hour over his pipe and jug; and above it a light column of smoke rose calmly from its ponderous chimney, in

beauteous contrast with the undulated range of hills beyond it, dotted here and there with dark yews, and knots of dusky furze, hallowed by distance, and seeming to float in a delicate atmosphere of purple mist.

I entered a narrow road, hemmed in by high sand-banks for some distance, and where it became more open, presenting occasionally a wayside cottage with its white walls, and trim garden. From a narrow slip of green sward beside the road, I now caught a good view of the hills, whither I was destined, and whose gentle swell was broken every now and then by steep chalk-pits, or hidden by tall trees, rising in the middle distance, which, where the lands behind them lay fallow, were scarcely distinguishable, until a wandering sunbeam glanced on them, and they leaped forth spontaneously into light and glory. At some distance to my left, I particularly noticed a lordly elm, the branches of which, frosted over with age, presented such a striking contrast to the depth of shade thrown over them as the quick sun-bursts smiled upon it, that I could liken it to nothing but its own portraiture "in black and white." The prominent lights became, all at once, powdered with gold; and the whole tree assumed the appearance of a delicate piece of fret-work, compounded of glass and fire.

This feature in the landscape is one of the principal characteristics of spring; and were I required to describe that delightful season, in a single line, I do not think it could be done more satisfactorily than in the words of Cowper,—  
"Shadew of sunshine, intermingling quick"—

—So quickly, indeed, that I have been almost tempted, more than once, to exchange that powerful term, "sun-bursts," for the more equivocal compound, "sun-shot." The effect of these momentary gleams, I have attempted to convey some idea of, in the lines which follow:—

Now, on the distant hills the sun-light rests—

Now, all at once, his milder rays enfold  
The stately elms, that line the russet crests

Of those twin slopes before us; and, behold!  
How, while it breathes upon them, and invests

The spare-clad branches with its gaudy gold,  
They show so beauteous as to seem the while

A tissue woven from a seraph's smile!

Pursuing my walk, I passed over a clear streamlet, brawling across the road, beside which I kept for a considerable distance, amusing myself by watching the

shadow of its ripples, as they travelled over its clear sandy bed, and thinking of Chaucer's "quick stremes and colde." Here and there an antique root, quaintly broidered with moss, peeped out from the ragged bank above it, beyond which, in a fresh flowering meadow, many happy groups of cattle were ruminating. After losing sight of this stream, I came suddenly upon a spacious opening to the right, at the further end of which stood the parish church, partially hidden by an enormous yew, and standing in its green church-yard, enclosed with a low stone wall, at one corner of which were those usual accompaniments, the stocks and whipping-post.

In approaching it, my attention was, for a few moments, arrested by two grotesque pieces of sculpture, ornamenting the outhouses of an adjoining mansion, one of which represents a countenance strangely distorted by the act of vehemently decuring a loaf, held between the hands; and both, apparently, typify the blessings of a well filled store-house.

The church, which I had now reached, was that of All Saints, at *Borley*, so named from the number of box-trees formerly growing in its vicinity. I had explored its interior many years before, and had found little to reward me for my pains, except a long inscription concerning the Wiatts of this place, and of Allington Castle; detailing the great and good deeds of a certain cat, with reference to an unfortunate member of that honorable house. I had noticed, also, an ancient brass, commemorating one of its former rectors; but, beside these things, I do not remember to have seen aught worthy of record in this place.

I seated myself within the porch, by whose twilight the quiet landscape, on which I looked out, seemed "thrown to finer distance," the warm tints of the old yew-tree, which I have just mentioned, though radiant with the light of a powerful morning's sun, forming a grateful resting-place for the eye, after it had wandered up the still street, and become wearied by the glare of its dusty roadway. After remaining here for a few minutes, I emerged again into the pleasant sun-shine; and, quitting the church-yard, pursued my way up the hills beyond it, till I reached a stile by the hedge-side, on which I rested to take the annexed sketch.—



BOXLEY, KENT.

And now I bethought myself of the happy hours I had lingered away amidst the delightful scenery on which I was gazing; but specially of one day, "from many singled out," when I had lain entranced on a green slope to the westward, and watched the clouds

—"Now huddling, now dispersing,  
As with the windy messengers conversing"—

following their fleet shadows down the long perspective, descending by a gentle sweep, from the high level ridge on either hand, and stretching away into the blue distance, like the framework of an enormous vessel. I had then "mused praise," as I looked on the rich level below me, streaked with all hues, and exhibiting, here and there, a still hamlet, or solitary farm-house, peeping above the trees that surrounded it; and well I remembered how the vast thoughts which then possessed me had been put to flight by the discharge of a pistol, and its strange echo,—a harsh rattling rush, so substantial that it might

almost be *seen*, and, like nothing else but the neezings of behemoth, or the "earnest whisperings" of Polyphemus.

But other sounds awaited me; for the first fierce notes of the nightingale broke upon my ears as I lingered near the skirts of a coppice, not far distant; and I thought how gentle Master Walton had been held in thrall by this same "tumultuous harmony," and had thus prettily moralised upon it;—"He that, at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord! what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth." And who, amongst the many that have treated of the "warbling woodland," did I not then bring to mind? But, first and foremost of the goodly train, ranked he whose "rimes" had consecrated the very spot where I now stood; for the old pilgrims' road to "Canterburie" lay

through the shaw in whose recesses this "creature of a fiery heart" was cloistered.

Whilst I thought of his merry monk, whose wanton eye, rolling hither and thither, must have twinkled with more than common lustre, as it glanced on the neighbouring abbey of "Boxele" (where, without doubt, good cheer and a hearty welcome awaited him), I could almost hear his 'bridel'

—"Gingelling in whistling wind as clere,  
And eke as loud, as doth the chappel bell."

By this time I had finished my sketch, and was pursuing my journey, halting occasionally to gaze on the splendid scenery below me; I had passed the pleasure-house built by lord Romney on the brow of one of those gentle undulations which jut out from the main range of hills; and, on turning round, beheld, to the westward, a scene the most gorgeous that ever presented itself before me.—

"O! 'twas an unimaginable sight!  
Glory, beyond all glory ever seen  
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul."

—The distance became gradually overshadowed by that mysterious gloom, which, at this season, frequently passes across the landscape at noon day,—a time, which, notwithstanding the radiance usually investing it, has, with reference to this appearance, been appropriately designated by the term "grim." The whole scene, with the exception of the little hill which I have just mentioned, became presently absorbed, melting away into the solemn mist, till it sunk entirely out of sight, whilst the full tide of sunlight, flushing that green eminence, and the little lodge that crowned it, imparted to them a glory, and an effect, infinitely beyond the power of expression.

I had now reached a knoll of firs, endeared to me by many associations; for, on the green sward below them, mottled with alternate shade and sunshine, I had rested one sultry summer's day, gazing through their whispering foliage at the blue heavens, amidst such quiet that one might almost

—"hear in the calm air above  
Time, onwards swiftly flying."—

And I had been there, too, in a scowling afternoon in autumn, when the wind roared mightily amongst their branches, mingling its fainter dirges with the roaring of the distant sea; on which occasion I had made this "composure" following:

Here will we stand, upon this grassy knot,  
O'ercaupied by solemn firs, and see  
Up the wild twilight sky, the storm-clouds roll,  
And whilst th' anquiet winds breathe heavily,  
Drink in their freshness till the wasted soul  
Leaps up in echo to their minstrelsy,  
Like impotence, to whose embrace are given  
Armfuls of mercies, and the strength of heaven.

From this spot I shaped my course towards the little village of *Bredhurst*, and came suddenly upon its modest church, nearly eclipsed by the old yew-tree in its cemetery. Many years before, I had been tempted to visit it, by a report that some curious scroll-work ornamented the windows of a part of it, now disused; the glass had been removed from them, or destroyed, and therefore, although at some height from the ground, and of the narrow lancet-shaped kind, I made an attempt to get through one of them, which was, after some difficulty, successful. But my exit was another matter, and I hung, for many a long minute, on my poor ribs, fearing they would all give way together, and wriggling, as I have seen a hungry, lean-faced dog, through the fore-court palings of a house "in chancery," till, by a desperate effort, I jerked myself out, head foremost, on to the green turf below.

I wandered hence, towards the secluded chapel at Lidsing, or Lidgeon, situate at no great distance, and, after making the best of my way through a wood, came to the "slip of green" which I have attempted to describe in the following verses, and, shortly afterwards, to the "old chantry" in question:—

One might have deemed that still green spot  
to lie

Beyond the rule of Time, so brightly there  
The sun looked down from scarce a calmer  
sky;

And, on the sobbing of its noon-tide air,  
Sound was there none, except the rivalry  
Of tuneful birds that fled the sultry glare,  
To pour their ardent songs amidst the shade  
Of trees which compassed this sequestered  
glade.

There might you see trim ash, and lordly oak  
Whose random boughs, with lichens over-  
dight,

Seemed ready-coiled to meet the thunder-  
stroke;

And graceful birch, with stem so silver-  
bright;

Its pendent branches, as the zephyr spoke  
Around them, trembling in the morning  
light,

Like love, that may not love, and yet, in rath  
Thrills at the plea of tenderness and truth.

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 22.

Each above each, in varied beauty planted,  
At all times lovely; lovelier if seen  
When the scant sprinkling of their leafage  
granted,

Entrancing glimpses of the sky, between—  
And from their front, the narrow valley slanted  
Down to the centre of a quiet green,  
Fringed with dark knots of furze, which seem-  
ed to lie

Like wingless clouds upon an ev'ning sky,  
—A summer-ev'ning sky, whose amber light  
With the soft sweetness of its azure blending,  
Melts into vivid green, that so the sight

Unpained may gaze upon the sun descending,  
So bright that valley seemed, so purely bright,  
The thoughtful stranger o'er its bosom  
bending,

Saw, with impatient eye, the shadows pass  
In weary sort, along the dewy grass.

Beyond this calm retreat,—not far away,  
With fields of corn, and woods, encom-  
passed round,

An ancient chapel stood, time-worn, and  
grey,

Upon its little plot of mossy ground,  
Within whose sleek and sunny precincts lay  
Two modest graves with slips of bramble bound,  
All open to the winds, unsought, unknown,  
But, though so lonely seeming, not alone.

For when the clear, cool, rays of morning fell  
Upon the sparkling turf, that wakeful bird,  
“The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the  
dell,”\*

In this lone haunt her fervent suit preferred,  
And there, the tinkling of the sheepfold bell,  
Amidst the dim and sultry noontide, heard  
From that old chantry's farther side, betrayed  
The straggling flock that wandered in its shade.

The ruddy thorns which careful friends had  
bent

O'er those twin mounds, and watered with  
their tears,  
Put forth green leaves, and danced in merri-  
ment,

Reckless as childhood of its coming years;  
And there, at times, the wary robin went  
To trill its simple vespers, full of fears,—  
Whilst earth seemed all unearthly, and the  
skies

Wept light like that which swims in Pity's  
eyes.

The sky had been for some time over-  
cast, but, before reaching this spot, the  
sun broke forth again in all its warmth  
and splendor. I returned towards the  
hills, and, seating myself beside the  
stepping-stone mentioned in my “*Sum-  
mer Wanderings*,” p. 13,\* looked through  
the misty sunlight, on the rich valley

below, the beauty of which was consider-  
ably enhanced by the semi-transparent  
effect imparted to many of the objects  
which met the eye.

The quiet of the place was presently  
broken by the clattering of hoofs along  
the road, directly beneath me, on which  
the “white dust lay sleeping.” Aroused  
by the sound, I arose, and made my way  
homeward, across the country, marvel-  
lously delighted, and, I hope, made wiser  
by my day's adventure.

D. A.

BURNS'S SNUFF BOX.

[For the Year Book.]

Mr. Bacon, an innkeeper at a celebrated  
posting house called Brownhill, about 12  
miles north of Dumfries, was an intimate  
acquaintance and an almost inseparable  
associate of Robert Burns. Many a merry  
night did they spend together over their  
cups of foaming ale or bowls of whisky  
today, and on some of those occasions Burn  
composed several of his best convivial  
songs and cheerful glees. The bard and  
the innkeeper became so attached to each  
other that, as a token of regard, Burns gave  
to Bacon his snuff box, which for many  
years had been his pocket companion.  
The knowledge of this gift was confined to  
a few of their jovial brethren until after  
Bacon's death in 1825, when his household  
furniture was sold by public auction on  
the 22d of May. Amongst the other  
articles, Mr. Bacon's snuff box was put  
up for sale and an individual bid a shilling  
for it. There was a general exclamation in  
the room that it was not worth two-pence,  
and the auctioneer seemed about to knock  
down the article, he looked on the lid and  
read, from an inscription upon it, with a  
tremendous voice, “Robert Burns, Officer  
of the Excise.” Scarcely had he uttered  
the words of the inscription when shilling  
after shilling was rapidly and confusedly  
offered for this relic of Scotland's bard;  
the greatest anxiety prevailed while the  
biddings proceeded, and it was finally  
knocked down for £5. The box is made  
of the tip of a horn neatly turned round  
at the point; its lid is plainly mounted  
with silver, on which is engraven the fol-  
lowing inscription—

“ROBT. BURNS,  
OFFICER

OF  
THE EXCISE.”

It was presert at the sale, and amongst

\* Hood.

† Copied in the Year Book, col. 242.



the other individuals then assembled partook, from Burns's box, of a pinch of snuff, which I thought was the most pleasant I ever tasted. Mr. Munnell, of Cloburn, was the fortunate purchaser and present possessor of the box, and will, doubtless, retain it as long as he lives, in honour of him whose name and fame will never die.

March 1831

F. B.

**May 23.**

THE SEASON.

There are now delightful days—in-  
viting walks in green lanes and meadows,  
and into the woodlands. Before the full  
glory of the year comes on, the earth  
teems with sweet herbs, and tiny flowers,  
of exquisite beauty.—

The blue-bells too, that quickly bloom  
Where man was never known to come ;  
And stooping lilies of the valley,  
That love with shades and dews to dally,  
And bending droop on slender threads,  
With broad hood-leaves above their heads,  
Like white-robed maids, in summer hours,  
Beneath umbrellas, shunning showers ;—  
These, from the bark-men's crushing treads,  
Oft perish in their blooming beds.  
Stripp'd of its boughs and bark, in white  
The trunk shines in the mellow light  
Beneath the green surviving trees,  
That wave above it in the breeze,  
And, waking whispers, slowly bend,  
As if they mourned their fallen friend.

Clara.

May 23. NO REAL NIGHT, during the  
remainder of the month.

	h. m.
Sun rises . . . . .	4 3
— sets . . . . .	7 57

Broom flowers. This, and gorse, give  
the commons and wastes the beautiful  
yellow which is succeeded in July by  
the purple heath.

**May 24.**

May 24, 1715, died at Rochester, Wil-  
liam Read, knight, a quack doctor, whose  
celebrity is handed down, with his por-  
trait by Burghers, in a sheet containing  
thirteen vignettes of persons whose extra-  
ordinary cases he cured. There is an-  
other portrait of him in an oval mezzotinto,

holding up his gown with his left hand.  
This knight of royalty and the pestle was  
originally a tailor or cobbler, became a  
mountebank, and practised medicine by  
the light of nature. Though he could not  
read, he rode in his own chariot, and dis-  
pensed good punch from golden bowls.  
Impudence is the great support of quack-  
ery, and Read had uncommon effrontery.  
A few scraps of Latin in his bills induced  
the ignorant to suppose him wonder-  
fully learned. He travelled the coun-  
try, and at Oxford, in one of his ad-  
dresses, he called upon the vice-chancellor,  
university, and the city, to vouch for his  
cures, in common with the "good peo-  
ple" of the three kingdoms. He practised  
in different distempers, but defied com-  
petition as an oculist, and queen Anne  
and George I. honored him with the care  
of their eyes, from which one would  
have thought that the rulers, like the  
ruled, wished to be as dark as his bro-  
ther quack, Taylor's, coach horses, five of  
which were blind, because Taylor had ex-  
ercised his skill upon animals that could  
not complain. After queen Anne had  
knighted Dr. Read and Dr. Hannes, Mr.  
Gwinnet sent the following lines, in a  
letter to his beloved Mrs. Thomas :—  
The queen, like Heaven, shines equally on all,  
Her favors now without distinction fall :  
Great Read and slender Hannes, both  
knighted, show

That none their honors shall to merit owe,  
That popish doctrine is exploded quite,  
Or Ralph had been no duke,\* and Read no  
knight

That none may virtue or their learning plead,  
This hath no grace, and that can hardly read.

May 24. Sun rises . . . . .	h. m. 4 2
— se's . . . . .	7 58

Yellow water avens in full flower  
Bractcate poppy flowers.  
Creeping crowsfoot flowers abundantly.

**May 25.**

COUNTRY SCENERY.

Now young girls whisper things of love,  
And from the old dames' hearing move ;  
Oft making "love-knots" in the shade,  
Of blue green oat or wheaten blade ;  
Or, trying simple charms and spells  
Which rural superstition tells,  
They pull the little blossom threads

\* Of Mountague.

From out the knotweed's button heads,  
 And put the husk, with many a smile,  
 In their white bosoms for a while,—  
 Then if they guess aright the swain  
 Their loves' sweet fancies try to gain :  
 'Tis said, that ere it lies an hour,  
 'Twill blossom with a second flower,  
 And from their bosom's handkerchief  
 Bloom as it ne'er had lost a leaf.  
 —But signs appear that token wet,  
 While they are 'neath the bushes met ;  
 The girls are glad with hopes of play,  
 And harp upon the holiday ;—  
 A high blue bird is seen to swim  
 Along the wheat, when sky grows dim  
 With clouds ; slow as the gales of Spring  
 In motion, with dark-shadowed wing  
 Beneath the coming storm he sails :  
 And lonely chirp the wheat-hid quails,  
 That come to live with Spring again,  
 But leave when summer browns the grain ;  
 They start the young girl's joys afloat,  
 With " wet my foot "—their yearly note —  
 So fancy doth the sound explain,  
 And oft it proves a sign of rain !

Clara.

h. m.

May 25. Sun rises . . . . 4 1  
 — sets . . . . 7 59

Yellow azalea in full flower.  
 Dark columbine begins to flower.  
 Herb benet or common avens, flowers.  
 India pink flowers.  
 Pionies, columbines, and oriental poppies, in full blow.

**May 26.**

To DAY—

*A Lesson for Every Day—*

The light which we have gained was given us not to be ever staring on, but by it to discern onward things, more remote from our knowledge.—*Milton.*

h. m.

May 26. Sun rises . . . . 4 0  
 — sets . . . . 8 0

Daisies are still numerous, and dot the fields.  
 Crowsfoot of all kinds abundant.  
 Dandelions nearly out of flower.

**May 27.**

Let Mammon's sons with visage lean,  
 Restless and vigilant and keen,  
 Whose thought is but to buy and sell,  
 In the hot toiling city dwell,

Give me to walk on mountains bare,  
 Give me to breathe the open air,  
 To hear the village children's mirth  
 To see the beauty of the earth—  
 In wood and wild, by lake and sea,  
 To dwell with foot and spirit free—

MARY HOWITT

"The day itself (in my opinion) seems of more length and beauty in the country, and can be better enjoyed than any where else. There the years pass away calmly ; and one day gently drives on the other, insomuch that a man may be sensible of a certain satiety and pleasure from every hour, and may be said to feed upon time itself, which devours all other things ; and although those that are employed in the managing and ordering of their own estates in the country have otherwise, namely, by that very employment, much more pleasure and delights than a citizen can possibly have, yet verily, so it is, that one day spent in the privacy and recess of the country, seems more pleasant and lasting than a whole year at court. Justly, then, and most deservingly, shall we account them most happy with whom the sun stays longest, and lends a larger day. The husbandman is always up and drest with the morning, whose dawning light, at the same instant of time, breaks over all the fields, and chaseth away the darkness from every valley. If his day's task keep him late in the fields, yet night comes not so suddenly upon him, but he can return home with the evening-star. Whereas, in towns and populous cities, neither the day, nor the sun, nor a star, nor the season of the year, can be well perceived. All which, in the country, are manifestly seen, and occasion a more exact care and observation of seasons, that their labours may be in their appointed times, and their rewards accordingly."

h. m.

May 27. Sun rises . . . . 3 59  
 — sets . . . . 8 1

Red and yellow bachelors' buttons in full flower.

Monks hood flowers. Its full blue spike is conspicuous all the summer.

\* *Guevera*, by Vaughan, 1651.

**May 28.**

**BIDDING TO A WEDDING.**

28th May, 1797.—“Bell’s Weekly Messenger” of this date contained the following advertisement :—

“*May no miscarriage prevent my marriage.*”

“MATTHEW DAWSON, in Bothwell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen, and to return to Bothwell to dine.

“Mr. Reid gives a turkey to be roasted; Ed. Clementson gives a fat lamb to be roasted; Wm. Elliot gives a hen to be roasted; Jos. Gibson gives a fat calf to be roasted.

“And, in order that all this roast meat may be well basted, do you see Mary Pearson, Betty Hodgson, Mary Bushley, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse, give, each of them, a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide every thing else for so festive an occasion.

“*And he hereby gives notice,*

“TO ALL YOUNG WOMEN desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged; and advises them to consider, that altho’ there be luck in leisure, yet, in this case delays are dangerous; for, with him, he is determined it shall be first come first served.

“So come along lasses who wish to be married,

MATT. DAWSON is vex’d that so long he has tarried.”

The preceding invitation is stated to be an extract from the “Cumberland Packet.”

H. B.

	h, m.
May 28. Sun rises . . . . .	8 57
— sets . . . . .	8 3

Long-spiked wolfsbane flowers, and continues till August.

Midsummer daisy flowers, but not in full luxuriance till June.

The bugle begins to decline.

**May 29.**

**KING CHARLES II., RESTORATION.**

Mr. Evelyn says, that in 1686 the first year of the reign of James II., and consequently the first year after the death of Charles II., there was no sermon on this

anniversary of his Restoration, “as there had usually been.”

**THE ROYAL OAK.**

In the sign or picture representing Charles II., in the Royal Oak, escaping the vigilance of his pursuers, there are usually some erroneous particularities. Though I am as far as any other Briton can be from wishing to “curtail” his majesty’s wig “of its fair proportion,” yet I have sometimes been apt to think it rather improper to make the wig, as is usually done, of larger dimensions than the tree in which it and his majesty are concealed. It is a rule in logic, and, I believe, may hold good in most other sciences, that “omne majus continet in se minus,” that “every thing larger can hold any thing that is less,” but I own I never heard the contrary advanced or defended with any plausible arguments, viz. “that every little thing can hold one larger.” I therefore humbly propose that there should at least be an edge of foliage round the outskirts of the said wig; and that its curls should not exceed in number the leaves of the tree. There is also another practice almost equally prevalent, of which I am sceptic enough to doubt the propriety. I own I cannot think it conducive to the more effectual concealment of his majesty that there should be three regal crowns stuck on three different branches of the tree. Horace says, indeed,

— Pictoribus atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.  
Painters and Poets our indulgence claim,  
Their daring equal, and their art the same.

And this may be reckoned a very allowable poetical licence; inasmuch as it lets the spectator into the secret, “who is in the tree.” But it is apt to make him at the same time throw the accusation of negligence and want of penetration on the three dragoons, who are usually depicted on the fore ground, cantaring along very composedly with serene countenances, erect persons, and drawn swords very little longer than themselves.\*

**LAWLESS DAY AT EXETER.**

Of the origin of the custom on the 29th of May which I am about to describe, or

\* The Microcosm.

how long it has existed, I am unable to give any information, and, as it is more than a dozen years since I left Exeter, I am likewise ignorant whether it is discontinued or not. It is asserted and believed by many of the Exonians, that the statutes "made and provided" take no cognizance of any misdemeanors and breaches of the peace, short of downright rioting, on this day; hence it has acquired the cognomen of "Lawless Day," a name every way appropriate to the proceedings upon its celebration.

Early on the morning the bells at the various churches ring merry peals, and squads of the mischief-loving part of the mobility, with large bludgeons, haste to different situations which they have previously selected for the scene of operations. The stations are soon, but not always peaceably occupied; for it frequently happens that two parties have chosen the same spot, and the right of possession is decided by violent and obstinate contests. As the day advances, and these preliminaries are rightfully adjusted by the weak giving place to the strong, the regular business commences. The stoutest and most resolute remain to guard the stations while the rest are detached, and busily employed in collecting mud, stoness brick bats, old mats, hay, straw, and other materials suitable to the purpose of forming dams across the kennels for stopping the water. These pools are sometimes as much as two feet deep, and are called bays. If the water does not accumulate fast enough in these "bays," the deficiency is supplied by parties, who fetch it from various parts, in all kinds of vessels, and, when they can get nothing better, in their hats. Any one acquainted with Exeter, at the time to which I refer, will be aware that a deficiency of slop could not often occur, the streets and lanes being mostly very steep and narrow, with deep and ill-made kennels in the midst; most of the houses without drains, or even common conveniences; and the scavenger being seldom in requisition, render that city peculiarly adapted to the dirty sports and mud larks of "Lawless Day." At a short distance from the "Bay," its boundaries are marked out; and at each bay one of the party belonging to it is stationed to solicit donations from passengers. If a gift be refused he makes a signal by whistling to his companions, and they directly commence splashing and bedabbling most lustily, and render it impos-

sible for any one to pass by without a thorough drenching; but if a trifle, however small, is bestowed, the donor is allowed safe conduct, and three cheers for liberality. Persons who are no enemies to rough pastime sometimes throw a few half-pence into the water, and become bystanders to enjoy the sight of the snatching, raking, tumbling, and rolling of the poor fellows, in their endeavours to find the money, which, as fast as it is got, is mostly spent at the nearest public house. The effects of the liquor is soon perceived in the conduct of the various parties. The more they drink the more outrageous they become, and it mostly happens that the interference of the beadles and constables is absolutely necessary to put an end to the violence, by locking up some of the ringleaders, who are thus taught that, if there is no law upon "Lawless Day," there is law the next day.

Upon "Lawless Day" the lawless rabble frequently drag out the parish engines, and play them upon any on whom it is presumed the trick can be practised with impunity. This has been done even in the principal streets. Towards the close of the day the stations are gradually deserted, one after the other, and the groups who occupied them, and have not spent all the money they collected, go to the public houses and drink it out. In the mean time their vacant places in the streets are eagerly taken possession of by ragged children, who imitate the boisterous folly of their elders.

J—S—LLM—X.

March, 1831.

		h. m.
May 29.	Sun rises . . . . .	3 56
	— sets . . . . .	8 4

*Oak Apple day.* The oak-apple is the nest of an insect, and being found about this time, is worn by the vulgar to commemorate the concealment of Charles II in the oak.

Perennial flax flowers.

### May 30.

On this day, which is the anniversary of the cruel execution of the maid of Orleans in 1431, it may be noted that "An edict of Louis XIII., dated in June 1614, ordains that females descended from the brothers of Joan of Arc shall no longer ennoble their husbands. From this it ap-

THE YEAR BOOK.—MAY 31.

pears that the nieces of this heroic female had been honored with the singular privilege of transmitting nobility.

		h. m.
May 30. Sun rises . . . . .		3 55
sets . . . . .		8 5

Shady slopes are still blue with hae bells, and meadows yellow with butter cups

**May 31.**

31 May, 1723, died William Baxter, a native of Shropshire, and nephew of the celebrated nonconformist, Richard Baxter. He entered upon life unpromisingly: his education had been wholly neglected; he could not even read when eighteen years of age, nor understand any one language but Welsh; yet he afterwards became, not only a schoolmaster of great credit, but a good linguist; and his desire for knowledge overcame all impediments. He presided in the free school at Tottenham High-Cross, and was for twenty years master of the Mercer's school of London. He wrote a grammar published

in 1697, entitled "De Analogia seu Arte Latinæ Linguae Commentariolus;" and edited "Anacreon," with notes, printed in 1695, and a second time, with considerable improvements, in 1710; and "Horace," which is still in estimation with the learned. Besides these works, he compiled a "Dictionary of the British Antiquities," in Latin, and left imperfect a "Glossary of Roman Antiquities," a fragment of which has been since published. He was engaged in an English translation of Plutarch. The "Philosophical Transactions," and the first volume of the "Archæologia," contain some of his communications. He had an accurate knowledge of the British and Irish tongues, the northern and eastern languages, and Latin and Greek. The Rev. Mr. Noble says, that Mr. Baxter left his own life in manuscript, a copy of which was in the library of the late Mr. Tutet.

		h. m.
May 31. Sun rises . . . . .		3 54
— sets . . . . .		8 6

Yellow lily flowers in the latter days of this month.

SPRING.

THE PROGRESS OF A THUNDER-STORM.

See ye the signals of his march?—the flash  
Wide-streaming round! The thunder of his voice  
Hear ye?—Jehovah's thunder?—the dread peel  
Hear ye, that rends the concave?

Lord! God supreme!  
Compassionate and kind!  
Prais'd be thy glorious name!  
Prais'd and ador'd!

How sweeps the whirlwind!—leader of the storm!  
How screams discordant! and with headlong waves  
Lashes the forest!—All is now repose.  
Slow sail the dark clouds—slow.

Again new signals press;—enkindled, broad,  
See ye the lightning?—hear ye, from the clouds,  
The thunders of the Lord?—Jehovah calls;  
Jehovah!—and the smitten forest smokes.

But not our cot—  
Our heavenly Father bade  
Th' o'erwhelming power  
Pass o'er our cot, and spare it.

KLOPSTOCK, by Good.



JUNE.

The mowers now bend o'er the bearded grass—  
The ploughman sweats along the fallow vales—  
The Shepherd's leisure hours are over now,  
No more he loiters 'neath the hedge-row bough;—  
With whistle, barking dogs, and chiding scold,  
He drives the bleating sheep from fallow fold  
To wash-pools, where the willow shadows lean,  
Dashing them in, their stained coats to clean;  
Then, on the sunny sward, when dry again,  
He brings them homeward to the clipping pen.

*CLARE'S Shepherd's Calendar.*

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE.

SPRING.

Spring, the year's youth, fair mother of new flowers,  
 New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours,  
 Thou art return'd ;—but the felicity  
 Thou brought'st me last is not return'd with thee ;  
 Thou art returned, but nought returns with thee,  
 Save my lost joys—regretful memory—  
 Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,  
 As fair and jocund : but I am no more  
 The thing I was so gracious in her sight,  
 Who is Heaven's masterpiece, and Earth's delight.

GUARINI, by Sir R. Fanshawe.

JUNE—it is June What yearnings for  
 the enjoyment of pure air and sunshine,  
 in fresh meadows, are in the bosoms of  
 the young, confined to the scorching  
 "plain brownbrick" dwellings of great  
 cities—what delicious feelings arise in  
 hearts alive to nature—at the name and  
 coming of this sweet month ! Our best

descriptive writers and poets call it "the  
 May."—The blowing of the flowers, and  
 the singing of the birds, make, with them,  
 the *May* of the year. How they rejoice  
 in the season ! A few passages from them  
 would be a picture of it. Listen to  
 Drayton :

When Phæbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,  
 No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,  
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,  
 But hunts-up to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing :  
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,  
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,  
 These quiristers are prickt with many a speckled breast ;  
 Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glittering east  
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night  
 Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight ;  
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,  
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,  
 That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air  
 Seems all composed of sounds, about them every where.  
 The throstel with shrill sharps ; as purposely he sung  
 T' awake the listless sun ; or, chiding that so long  
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill,  
 The woodcock near at hand, that hath a golden bill ;  
 As nature him had markt of purpose t' let us see  
 That from all other birds his tune should different be ;  
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May ;  
 Upon his dulcet pipe the marle doth only play,  
 When, in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,  
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,  
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw,  
 And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)  
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,  
 They else, alone to hear the charmer of the night,  
 (The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,  
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,  
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.  
 To philomel, the next, the linnet we prefer ;  
 And, by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then,  
 The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren,  
 The yellow-pate ; which, though she hurt the blooming tree  
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.  
 And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,  
 That hath so many sorts descending from her kind,

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE.

The tydy, for her notes as delicate as they,  
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay  
 The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,  
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves),  
 Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun  
 Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,  
 And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps  
 To kiss the gentle shade, this while that gentle sleeps.

DELIGHTS OF THE COUNTRY.

—This privilege, above others, makes the countryman happy, that he hath always something at hand which is both useful and pleasant; a blessing which has never been granted either to a courtier or a citizen: they have enemies enough, but few friends that desire their love, or that they dare trust to, either for counsel or action. O, who can ever fully express the pleasures and happiness of the country life, with the various and delightful sports of fishing, hunting, and fowling, with guns, greyhounds, spaniels, and several sorts of nets! What oblectation and refreshment it is to behold the green shades, the beauty and majesty of the tall and ancient groves; to be skilled in planting and draining of orchards, flowers, and pot-herbs; to temper and allay these harmless employments with some innocent and merry song; to ascend sometimes to the fresh and healthful hills; to descend into the bosom of the valleys, and the fragrant, dewy, meadows; to hear the music of birds, the murmurs of bees, the falling of springs, and the pleasant discourses of the old ploughmen; where, without any impediment or trouble, a man may walk, and (as Cato Censorinus used to say) discourse with the dead; that is, read the pious works of learned men, who, departing this life, left behind them their noble thoughts for the benefit of posterity, and the preservation of their own worthy names; where the Christian pious countryman may walk with the learned, religious, minister of the parish, or converse with his familiar faithful friends, avoiding the dissimulation and windiness of those that are blown up with the spirit, and, under the pretence of religion, commit all villanies. These are the blessings which only a countryman is ordained to, and are in vain wished for by citizens and courtiers.\*

\* From Guevara, by Vaughan, 1661.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Sweet country life, to such unknown,  
 Whose lives are others, not their own!  
 But serving courts and cities, be  
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
 Thou never ploughst the ocean's foam  
 To seek and bring rough pepper home;  
 Nor to the eastern Ind dost rove,  
 To bring from thence the scorched clove;  
 Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,  
 Bring'st home the ingot from the west.  
 No; thy ambition's master-piece  
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece:  
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear  
 All scores, and so to end the year;  
 But walk'st about thy own dear grounds,  
 Not craving others' larger bounds;  
 For well thou know'st 'tis not th' extent  
 Of land makes life, but sweet content.  
 When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,  
 Calls for the lily-wristed morn,  
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,  
 Which, tho' well soil'd, yet thou dost know  
 That the best compost for the lands  
 Is the wise master's feet and hands.  
 There, at the plough, thou find'st thy team,  
 With a hind whistling there to them;  
 And cheer'st them up by singing how  
 The kingdom's portion is the plough.  
 This done, then to th' enamelled meads  
 Thou go'st; and, as thy foot there treads,  
 Thou see'st a present godlike power  
 Imprinted in each herb and flower;  
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,  
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.  
 Here thou behold'st thy large, sleek neat,  
 Unto the dewlaps up in meat;  
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,  
 The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,  
 To make a pleasing pastime there.  
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;  
 And find'st their bellies there as full  
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;  
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill;  
 A shepherd piping on the hill.  
 For sports, for pageantry, and plays,  
 Thou hast thy eyes and holy-days;  
 On which the young men and maids meet  
 To exercise their dancing feet;  
 Tripping the comely country round,  
 With daffodils and daisies crown'd.  
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,



Thy May-poles, too, with garland's graced ;  
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,  
 Thy shearing feast, which never fail ;  
 Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,  
 That's tost up after fox i' th' hole ;  
 Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-night kings  
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings ;  
 Thy nut brown mirth, thy russet wit,  
 And no man pays too dear for it.  
 To these thou hast thy time to go,  
 And trace the hare in the treacherous snow .  
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
 The lark into the trammel net ;  
 Thou hast thy cock rood, and thy glade,  
 To take the precious pheasant made ;  
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls, then,  
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.  
 O happy life, if that their good  
 The husbandmen but understood !  
 Who all the day themselves do please,  
 And younglings, with such sports as these ;  
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright  
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

*Herriek, 1648.*

Every bough looked big with blessings, and the florid fields and fragrant meadows (adorned with green) sent forth their sweet and redolent perfumes to refresh the universe. Chanticleer then gave the day a summons, and the early lark, earlier than the sun, salutes the air, while blushing Phœbus paints and gilds the azure globe, whose celestial influence (by refulgent magnetism) blest all the world with prolific blessings ; so that the whole creation began to vegetate, and every vegetation sent forth sweet aromas ; the birds began now to build their nests, and every bird to choose his mate, whilst the groves and delightful springs, as also the forests and unfrequented deserts, celebrated the fragrant spring ; when the frigid congelations of frost and snow were all struck dead by the blazing fiery strokes of the sun. The vernal ingress smiled a blessing, when she sent the melodious harmony of birds to melt the air. The nightingale with her warbling notes, the blackbird, thrush, linnæ, and golden jay, besides the canary, and delicious bullfinch, filled all the woods with their solitary strains ; and, because beating the air with such proportionable harmony, every bush became an aviary, and every grove a mellifluous concert ; whilst the purling springs, and more shady rivulets, softened by the gentle breathings of Zephyrus, seemed tacitly to express a secret, whispering, silent praise.\*

\* *Franck's Northern Memoirs, 1658.*

VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

*Sow*

Cucumbers, in the first week, if not sown last month, and thin out those which were sown, and have advanced so far as to show the rough leaf.

Gourd-seeds, that species, particularly, known by the name of vegetable marrow : also the pumpkin.

Peas, Prussian blue ; Knight's marrowfats, early frame, and charlton, for late crops.

Beans, the white blossom, for the latest crop.

Kidney-beans, the dwarf and the runners, in the first week, and again in the course of the month, once or twice

In the second and third week, carrots and onions, for drawing young ; turnips, the white, yellow Dutch, and Swedish, for the autumnal and winter crops.

In the fourth week, endive, for a main supply.

*Plant*

Potatoes, the kidneys, and other late sorts, for winter crops ; slips of southernwood, lavender, hyssop, sage, and other aromatic herbs. Choose a shady spot of ground, and give water occasionally.

*Transplant,*

Towards the end of the month, cabbage, broccoli, borecole, savoy, chiefly into nursery-beds, but some to remain for early supply.

Celery, into manured trenches, and keep it well watered.

Leeks, into an open spot of ground, six inches apart.

*Stick*

Peas ; dig between the rows ; draw earth to their stems ; hoe between all drilled crops ; destroy weeds, as fast as they appear, and remove them to the compost heaps.

*Clear off*

Cabbage-stalks, and all other kinds of litter.

*Gather*

Mint, balm, sage, and other herbs that are used in a dry state during the winter. Such plants possess their full *aroma* just before they expand the flower ; therefore let that state be considered as an indication of the proper time for cutting them. Cut them in dry weather, suspend the cuttings in open air, under a shed, and sheltered from sun's rays.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 1.

### A WORD IN JUNE FOR THE DUMB CREATION.

If you keep dogs, let them have free access to water, and, if practicable, take them out occasionally into the fields, and let them have the opportunity of swimming whenever there is an opportunity. If you keep birds, do not, as is too commonly practised, expose them in their cages to a hot sun: it is a cruel and fatal mistake. Birds unconfined seek the shelter in sultry weather. If you do expose them out of doors, cover the top of their

cages with a piece of carpet, or, which is better, a green sod, or a abundance of leaves. Those who have the care of horses should be especially attentive, during sultry weather, to give them water, or to moisten their mouth. We have often been shocked to see some of the laboring horses, in sultry and dusty weather, foaming at the mouth, and laboring under symptoms of the intolerable torments of thirst.\*

\* Caledonian Mercury, July, 1826.

### INVITATION.

Come ye, come ye, to the green, green wood  
Loudly the blackbird is singing,  
The squirrel is feasting on blossom and bud,  
And the curled fern is springing;  
Here ye may sleep  
In the moss so deep,  
While the moon is so warm and so weary,  
And sweetly awake  
As the sun through the brake  
Bids the fauvette and white-throat sing cheery.  
The quicken is tufted with blossom of snow,  
And is throwing its perfume around it;  
The wryneck replies to the cuckoo's halloo,  
For joy that again she has found it;  
The jay's red breast  
Peeps over her nest,  
In the midst of the crab-blossoms blushing;  
And the call of the pheasant  
Is frequent and pleasant,  
When all other calls are hushing.

HOWITT.

## June 1.

### THE ANNIVERSARY

Of Lord Howe's victory over the French fleet in 1794—

Also, of the great sea-fight in 1666, between the English fleet, commanded by the Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert, against the Dutch under De Ruyter and Van Tromp.

Relating to the arrival of intelligence of this latter battle, and the actors in it, there are some amusing memoranda, in Pepys' diary; which will bear epitome and extract:—

"June 2. Up, and to the office, where certain news is brought us of a letter come to the king this morning from the Duke of Albemarle, dated yesterday at eleven o'clock, that they were in sight of the

Dutch fleet, and were fitting themselves to fight them; so that they are, ere this, certainly engaged; besides, several do vaer that they heard the guns yesterday in the afternoon. This put us at the board into a toss.—Presently come orders for our sending away to the fleet a recruit of two hundred soldiers. To the victualling office, and thence upon the river among several vessels to consider of the sending them away. [A consideration and sending too late, by the by.] To Greenwich, ordered two yachts to be ready, and did order the soldiers to march to Blackwall. Down to Blackwall, and there saw the soldiers, (who were by this time getting, most of them, drunk,) shipped off. But, Lord! to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted,

and let off their guns, was strange sport. 3d. [Further news]—4th. To Whitehall, saw a letter dated last night, from Strowd, governor of Dover Castle, which says, that the guns which we writ that we heard is only a mistake for thunder. It is a miraculous thing that we, all Friday, and Saturday, and yesterday, did hear every where most plainly the guns go off, and yet at Deal and Dover, to last night, they did not hear one word of a fight, nor think they heard one gun. This makes room for a great dispute in philosophy, how we should hear it and they not.—I home; where news is brought me of a couple of men come to speak with me from the fleet; so I down, and who should it be but Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as a chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and his right eye stopped with okum—he is come last night at five o'clock from the fleet, with a comrade that hath endangered the other eye. They were set on shore at Harwich this morning, at two o'clock, in a ketch, with more wounded; they being able to ride took post about three and were here between eleven and twelve; went presently into the coach with them to the privy stairs—I into the park to the king—the king mightily pleased—and he, walking into the house, I went and fetched the seamen into the same room to him, and there he heard the whole account [a very meagre one]—the king did pull out of his pocket about twenty pieces in gold, and did give it Daniel for him and his companion; we parted from him and then met the Duke of York and gave him the same account, and so broke up, and I left them going to the surgeons. 5th. No manner of news this day. 6th. An express to Sir W. Coventry, how upon Monday the two fleets fought all day till seven at night, and then the whole Dutch fleet did betake themselves to a very plain fight and never looked back again. The Duke ran with it to the king, who was gone to chapel, and there all the court was in a hubbub, being rejoiced over head and ears in this good news. Away go I, by coach, to the New Exchange, and there did spread the good news a little, and so home to our own church, just before sermon; but Lord! how all the people in the church stared to see me whisper to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Penn, and by and by up comes the sexton to tell me the news, which I had brought; but that

which pleased me as much as the news was to have the fine Mrs. Middleton at our church, who is indeed a very beautiful lady—Idled away the whole night till twelve at the bonfires in the streets; the joy of the city exceedingly great for the victory. 7th. Up betimes and to my office, my Lord Brouncker and Sir T. H. come from court to tell me the contrary news, that we are beaten, lost many ships, and good commanders have not taken one ship of the enemy's, and so can only report ourselves a victory. This news so much troubled me, and the thoughts of the ill consequences of it, and the pride and presumption that brought us to it. By and by comes Mr. Wayth; he tells me plainly from Capt. Page's own mouth, who lost an arm in the fight, that the Dutch did pursue us two hours before they left us. The duke did give me several letters he had received from the fleet, and I do find great reason to think that we are beaten in every respect. 8th. Lord! to see how melancholy the curst is, under the thoughts of this last overthrow, for, so it is, instead of a victory, so much and so unreasonably expected. 10th. Pierce, the surgeon, who is lately come from the fleet tells me, that all the officers and even the common seamen do condemn every part of the conduct of the Duke of Albemarle; both in his fighting at all, running among them in his retreat, and running the ships aground; he says all the fleet confess their being chased home by the Dutch, and yet that the Duke of Albemarle is as high as ever; and pleases himself to think that he hath given the Dutch their bellie full; and talks how he knows now the way to beat them. Even Smith himself, one of his creatures, did himself condemn the conduct from beginning to end. We are endeavouring to raise money by borrowing it of the city, but I do not think the city will lend a farthing. There is nothing but discontent among the officers. This evening we hear that Sir Christopher Mings is dead, of his late wounds. 11th. I went with my Lady Penn to see Harman, whom we find lame in bed; his bones of his ancles are broke; he did plainly tell me that, at the council of war before the fight, it was against his reason, and the reasons of most sober men there, to begin the fight then; the wind being such that they could not use the lower tier of guns. 12th. I was invited to Sir Christopher Mings's funeral.—Then out with Sir W. Coventry and went with him into his coach. Then

happened this extraordinary case, one of the most romantic that ever I heard of in my life. About a dozen able, lusty, proper men, came to the coach side with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest began, and said to Sir W. Coventry: 'We are here a dozen of us, that have long known, loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Robert Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get his royal highness to give us a fireship among us all, here are a dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and if possible, do that which shall show our memory of our head commander and our revenge.' Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved (as well as I, who could hardly refrain from weeping), and took their names, telling me he would move his royal highness as in a thing very extraordinary. The truth is Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, of great parts, and was an excellent tongue among ordinary men; and could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this. He was come into great renown here at home, and more abroad in the West Indies. He had brought his family into a way of being great; but, dying at this time, his memory and name (his father being always and at this day a shoemaker, and his mother a hoyman's daughter, of which he was used frequently to boast), will be quite forgot in a few months, as if he had never been, nor any of his name be the better by it; he having not had time to will any estate, but is dead poor rather than rich.—16th. The king, Duke of York, and Sir W. Coventry, are gone down to the fleet. The Dutch do mightily insult of their victory, and they have great reason. Sir William Berkeley was killed before his ship was taken; and there [in Holland] he lies dead in a sugar chest, for every body to see, with his flag standing up by him; and Sir George Ascue is carried up and down the Hague for people to see."

Both Pepys and Evelyn agree in ascribing this natural disaster to the misconduct of the Duke of Albemarle. That he was defeated there is no doubt. On the 17th of June, Evelyn says in his diary, "I went on shore at Sheerness, where they were building an arsenal for the fleet, and

designing a royal fort with a receptacle for great ships to ride at anchor; but here I beheld the sad spectacle—more than half that gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shattered, hardly a vessel entire, but appearing rather so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us."

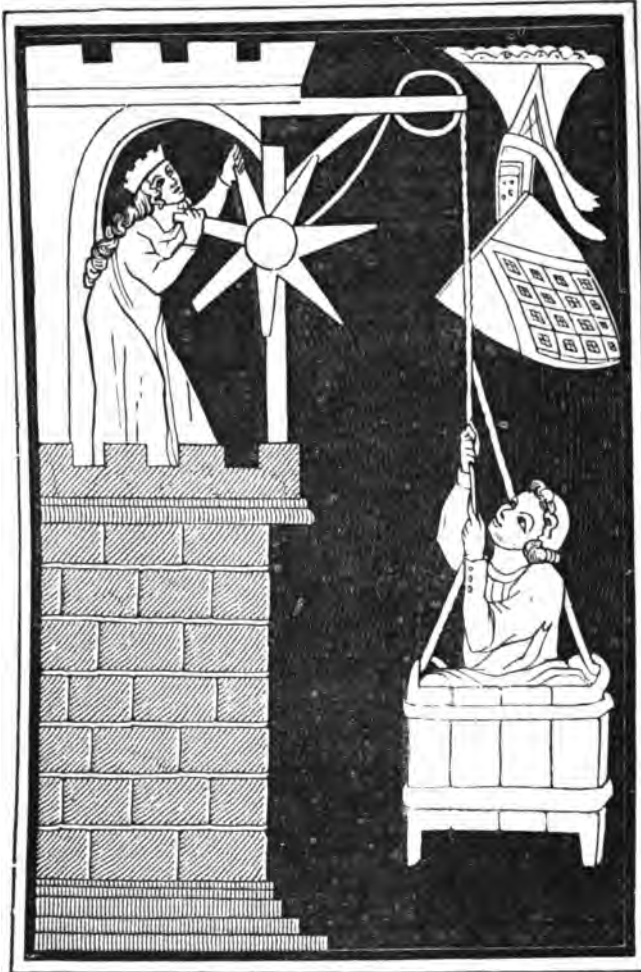
————— Why do I my brain  
Perplex with the dull polices of Spain,  
Or quick designs of France! Why not repair  
To the pure innocence o' th' country air,  
And, neighbour thee, dear friend! who so  
do'st give  
Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live  
Blest is to trace thy ways. There might not we  
Arm against passion with philosophy;  
And by the aid of leisure, so control  
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul? -  
Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when  
We study mysteries of other men,  
And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade  
(Thy head upon some flow'ry pillow laid,  
Kind Nature's housewifery), contemplate all  
His stratagems, who labours to enthrall  
The world to his great master, and you'll find  
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.  
Not conquest makes us great, blood is too dear  
A price for glory: Honour doth appear  
To statesmen like a vision in the night,  
And, juggler-like, works o' th' deluded sight.  
Th' unbusied only wise: for no respect  
Endangers them to error; they affect  
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold  
Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold,  
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh  
As virtue raiseth him above his clay.  
Thus let us value things: and since we find  
Time bend us towards death, let's in our mind  
Create new youth; and arm against the rude  
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude  
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy  
care  
O' th' towns make us to think, where now  
we are  
And whither we are bound. Time ne'er  
forgot  
His journey, though his steps we number'd  
not.

*W. Habington, 1635*

h. m.  
June 1. Sun rises . . . . . 3 53  
— sets . . . . . 8 7

\* \* \* ALL TWILIGHT—NO REAL NIGHT—  
during the whole of this month.

Blue-bottle, and Buff-bottle flower.  
Variegated Flower de luce, and Yellow  
flag, flower.  
Roses begin to blow in succession.



GERMAN WATCH SONGS.

The Minnesingers, or German Troubadours, were fond of a species of ballad called "wachterlieder" or watchsongs, many of which possess great sprightliness and beauty of description. The engraving, from an illumination in the Maenesse MS., is to represent "Her Kristan von Hamle," Christian of Hamle, a minnesinger who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century. This design would seem a fit illustration for a watch-song. The watchsongs generally begin with a parley between the sentinel or

watch of the castle, and the love-stricken knight who seeks a stolen interview with his lady. The parties linger in taking leave; the sentinel is commonly again introduced to warn them of the signs of approaching morn, and a tender parting ensues. Two specimens are subjoined, both of which are anonymous. The excellent translation of the second is, with two or three trifling alterations, borrowed from the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities;" it would be difficult for any one to execute a better.—There are pieces

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 1.

of a somewhat similar character among the Troubadours, and called by them *albas* or *aubades*.

The original of the following is given in the collection published by G6rres; but he has neither mentioned the author's name, nor the source whence he took it.

WATCHSONG.

The sun is gone down,  
And the moon upwards springeth,  
The night creepeth onward,  
The nightingale singeth.  
To himself said a watchman,  
"Is any knight waiting  
In pain for his lady,  
To give her his greeting?  
Now then for their meeting."  
His words heard a knight  
In the garden while roaming.  
"Ah! watchman," he said,  
"Is the daylight fast coming,  
And may I not see her,  
And wilt thou not aid me?"  
"Go wait in thy covert  
Lest the cock crow reveillie,  
And the dawn should betray thee."

Then in went that watchman  
And call'd for the fair,  
And gently he rous'd her—  
"Rise, lady! prepare!  
New tidings I bring thee,  
And strange to thine ear;  
Come rouse thee up quickly,  
Thy knight carries near;  
Rise, lady! appear!"

"Ah, watchman! though purely  
The moon shines above,  
Yet trust not securely  
That feign'd tale of love:  
Far, far from my presence  
My own knight is straying;  
And sadly repining  
mourn his long staying,  
And weep his delaying."

Nay, lady! yet trust me,  
No falsehood is there."  
Then up sprang that lady  
And braided her hair,  
And donn'd her white garment,  
Her purest of white;  
And, her heart with joy trembling,  
She rush'd to the sight  
Of her own faithful knight.

The following is another and the best specimen perhaps that is known of watch-songs; the original has been printed in "*Wunderhorn*," an interesting, but very

inaccurate, collection of ancient German popular poetry.

I heard before the dawn of day  
The watchman loud proclaim:—  
"If any knightly lover stay  
In secret with his dame,  
Take heed, the sun will soon appear;  
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,  
Fly ere the daylight dawn."

"Brightly gleams the firmament,  
In silvery splendor gay,  
Rejoicing that the night is spent  
The lark salutes the day:  
Then fly, ye lovers, and be gone!  
Take leave before the night is done,  
And jealous eyes appear."

That watchman's call did wound my heart,  
And banish'd my delight:  
"Alas, the envious sun will part  
Our loves, my lady bright."  
On me she look'd with downcast eye,  
Despairing at my mournful cry.  
"We tarry here too long."

Straight to the wicket did she speed,  
"Good watchman spare the joke!  
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead  
The morning sun has broke;  
Too short, alas! the time, since here  
I tarried with my leman dear,  
In love and converse sweet."

"Lady, be warn'd! on roof and mead  
The dew-drops glitter gay;  
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,  
Nor linger till the day;  
For by the twilight did I mark  
Wolves hyeing to their covert dark,  
And stage to covert fly."

Now by the rising sun I view'd  
In tears my lady's face:  
She gave me many a token good,  
And many a soft embrace.  
Our parting bitterly we mourn'd;  
The hearts which erst with rapture burn  
Were cold with woe and care.

A ring, with glittering ruby red,  
Gave me that lady sheen,  
And with me from the castle sped  
Along the meadow green:  
And, whilst I saw my leman bright,  
She waved on high her kerchief white  
"Courage! to arms!" she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white  
Reminds me of her love;  
In the field of blood, with mournful mood,  
I see her kerchief move;  
Through foes I hew, whene'er I view  
Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,  
"Lady, I fight for thee."

*Lays of the Minnesingers.*

## June 2.

## PETT, THE MISER.

On the 2nd of June, 1803, died Thomas Pett, a native of Warwickshire. At ten years old he came to London with a solitary shilling in his pocket. As he had neither friends nor relations in the capital, he was indebted to the humanity of an old woman, who sold pies, for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself a crust. In the course of a few days he was engaged as an errand boy by a tallow-chandler, whose wife could not reconcile herself to his rustic manners and awkward gait; she dismissed him one cold winter's evening, with this observation: "Your master hired you in my absence, and I'll pack you off in his." Her good husband did not desert Tom; he found him out, and bound him apprentice to a butcher, in the borough of Southwark, where he behaved so well during his apprenticeship, that his master recommended him, when he was out of his time, as a journeyman to another of the trade, in Clare Market. For the first five years he was engaged at twenty-five pounds a year, meat and drink. The accumulation and keeping of money were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to three heads—lodging, clothing, and washing. He took a back room on the second floor, with one window, which occasionally admitted a straggling sunbeam. Every article of his dress was second-hand, nor was he choice in the color or quality: he jocosely observed, when twitted on his garb, that, according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the sun; that color was a mere matter of fancy; and that the best was that which stuck longest to its integrity. On washing, he used to say a man did not deserve a shirt that would not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed on soap. One expense, however, lay heavy on his mind, and robbed him of many a night's sleep; this was, shaving: he often lamented that he had not learned to shave himself; but he derived consolation from hoping that beards would one day be in fashion, and the Bond-street loungers be driven to wear artificial ones.

He made a rash vow one night, when he was very thirsty, that as soon as he had accumulated a thousand pounds he would treat himself to a pint of porter

every Saturday: this he was soon enabled to perform; but when an additional duty was laid on beer, he sunk to half a pint, which he said was sufficient for any man who did not wish to get drunk, and die in a workhouse.

If he heard of an auction in the neighbourhood, he was sure to run for a catalogue, and, when he had collected a number of these together, he used to sell them for waste paper.

When he was first told that the bank was restricted from paying in specie, he shook loudly, as Klopstock says, took to his bed, and could not be prevailed on to taste a morsel, or wet his lips, till he was assured that all was right.

On Sundays, after dinner, he used to lock himself up in his room, and amuse himself with reading an old newspaper, or writing rhimes, many of which he left behind him on slips of paper. The following is a specimen of his talents in this way:—

*On hearing that Small Beer was raised.*

They've rais'd the price of table drink;  
What is the reason, do you think?  
The tax on malt, the cause I hear;  
But what has malt to do with table beer?

He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candle-light.

He was a great friend to good cheer at the expense of another. Every man, said he, ought to eat when he can get it—an empty sack cannot stand.

If his thirst at any time got the better of his avarice, and water was not at hand, he would sometimes venture to step into a public house, and call for a penny-worth of beer. On those trying occasions he always sat in the darkest corner of the tap-room, in order that he might drink in every thing that was said with thirsty ear. He was seldom or ever known to utter a word, unless Bonaparte or a parish dinner were mentioned, and then he would draw a short contrast between French kickshaws and the roast beef and plum-pudding of Old England, which he called the staple commodity of life. He once purchased a pint of small beer; but, the moment he locked it up in his closet, he repented, tore the hair out of his wig, and threw the key out of the window, lest he should be tempted, in some unlucky moment, to make too free with it.

Pett's pulse, for the last twenty years

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 3.

of his life, rose and fell with the funds. He never lay down or rose that he did not bless the first inventor of compound interest.

His constant saying was, that gold was the clouded cane of youth, and the crutch of old age.

For forty-two years he lived in Clare Market as journeyman butcher; and lodged thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened up with coal, candle-light, or the countenance of a visitant.

He never treated man, woman, or child, to a glass of any kind of liquor—never lent or borrowed a penny—never spoke ill or well of any one—and never ate a morsel at his own expense.

About three days before his dissolution, he was pressed by his employer to make his will. He reluctantly assented, but observed, as he signed his name, that it was a hard thing that a man should sign away all his property with a stroke of a pen. He left £2475 in the three per cents. to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or corresponded with. About half an hour before he died he wanted to bargain for a coffin.

The following inventory of Pett's goods and chattels was taken after his death.

An old bald wig.

A hat as limber as a pancake.

Two shirts that might pass for fishing-nets.

A pair of stockings embroidered with threads of different colors.

A pair of shoes, or rather sandals.

A bedstead instead of a bed.

A toothless comb.

An almanack out of all date.

A ricketty chair.

A leafless table.

A looking-glass that survived the power of reflection.

A leathern bag with a captive guinea.\*

Yellow garlic flowers.

Particolored flag, and most of the Iru tribe, now come into blow.

June 3.

THE NIGHTINGALE IN 1831.

27th April, 1831.

FRIEND HONE,

As you are, like me, fond of the song of Philomel, and may have a little leisure to go far to hear it, I give you notice that the nightingale was heard this year on the 17th of March, at Dartford, and may now be heard in full song near London.

On Monday morning, at day-break, I walked in company with a *catcher* (!) from Dartford to New Cross: he had been out for his third and last trip, and had sixteen with him, making forty-three birds caught since the 9th. All the way, on each side of the road, he called, and they answered him; so that I think at least twenty must have sung. They are *now* laired, and not worth catching, so the lovers of song may have a treat.

There is one at the end of the College, Blackheath Corner, the best I ever heard, and I suppose by this time they are to be found in Kensington Gardens; for they appeared to be travelling westward. The birds the catcher had were very lean.

Those who wish to hear nightingales in the *day* time may be gratified by going to Champion Hill, leading to Lordship-lane: I heard four yesterday at two o'clock. There is a beautiful view over Norwood, Dulwich, &c., from that spot: the sight of the green trees, the rich grass, and the hearing of those birds, with the song of a good robin, and some few chaffinches, joined to the warble of a fine lark, is worth the while of any one who has "music in his soul," and an eye for the beauties of nature.

S. R. J.

	h. m.
June 2. Sun rises . . . . .	3 52
— sets . . . . .	8 8

- Corn-flag flowers.
- Rough dandelion flowers.
- Garden pinks flower.
- Garden rose flowers.
- Fraxinella flowers.

STANZAS.

'Twas summer,—through the opening grass  
The joyous flowers upsprang.  
The birds in all their different tribes  
Loud in the woodlands sang:  
Then forth I went, and wandered far  
The wide green meadow o'er;  
Where cool and clear the fountain play'd,  
There strayed I in that hour.

\* Wilson's Polyanthes, ii. 210



Roaming on, the nightingale  
 Sang sweetly in my ear ;  
 And, by the greenwood's shady side,  
 A dream came to me there ;  
 Fast by the fountain, where bright flowers  
 Of sparkling hue we see,  
 Close sheltered from the summer heat,  
 That vision came to me.

All care was banished, and repose  
 Came o'er my wearied breast ;  
 And kingdoms seemed to wait on me.  
 For I was with the blest.

Yet, while it seemed as if away  
 My spirit soared on high,  
 And in the boundless joys of heaven  
 Was wrapt in ecstasy,  
 E'en then, my body revelled still  
 In earth's festivity ;  
 And surely never was a dream  
 So sweet as this to me.—VOGELWEIDE.

	l. m.
June 3. Sun rises . . . . .	3 51
— sets . . . . .	8 9

Long spiked larkspur flowers.  
 Purple wolfsbane flowers.  
 Pimpernel, in some places called Win-  
 copipe, flowers in stubble fields and its  
 closing flowers foretell rain

### June 4.

#### BIRTH DAY OF KING GEORGE III. *Edinburgh Celebration.*

From the time of the Restoration, when the magistrates celebrated the "glorious twenty-ninth of May" upon a public stage at the Cross, down to the year 1810, when the last illness of King George III. threw a damp over the spirits of the nation at large, Edinburgh was remarkable for her festive observance of the "King's Birth-Day."

By the boys, in particular, the "Fourth of June" used to be looked forward to with the most anxious anticipations of delight. Six months before that day, they had begun to save as many of their "Saturday's half-pence" as could possibly be spared from present necessities ; and, for a good many weeks, nothing was thought of but the day, and nothing was done but making preparations for it. White-washing and partly-painting *stair-fits* was one of the principal preparations. A club of boys, belonging perhaps to the same street, or close, or *land*, would pitch upon a particular *stair-fit*, pr. if that was not to be had, a piece of ordinary dead wall, as much out of the way as possible ; and this became, for the time, the object

of all their attentions, and their ordinary place of meeting. Here, upon the great day, they were to muster all their arms and ammunition, kindle a fire, and amuse themselves from morning to night, with crackers, serpents, squibs, and certain Lilliputian pieces of ordnance, mounted upon the ends of sticks, and set off with matches or *pee-cys*.

For a fortnight immediately before the day, great troops of boys used to go out of town, to the Braid and Pentland hills, and bring home whins for *busking* the lamp-posts, which were at that period of the year stripped of their lamps,—as well as boughs for the adornment of the "bower-like" stations which they had adapted for their peculiar amusement. whom had come from a great distance, to Of course, they were not more regular in these forages than the magistrates were with edicts, forbidding and threatening to punish the same.

One of the most important preliminaries of the Birth-day was the decoration with flowers of the statue of King Charles in the Parliament-square. This was always done by young men who had been brought up in Heriot's hospital,—otherwise "Auld Heriotiers,"—who were selected for this purpose, on account of the experience they had in dressing the statue of George Heriot, with flowers on his birth-day, which was always held on the first Monday of June.

The morning of the birth-day was ushered in by firing of the aforesaid pieces of ordnance, to the great annoyance of many a Lawn-market and Luckenbooths\* merchant, accustomed, time out of mind, to be awaked four hours later by the incipient squall of the saut-wives and fish-wives at eight o'clock. As for the boys, sleep of course had not visited a single juvenile eye-lid during the whole night ; and it was the same thing whether they lay in bed, or were up and out of doors at work. Great part of the morning was spent in kindling the *banefires*, preparing the ammunition, and

\* The obscure and long-disputed word, Luckenbooths, is evidently derived from *Lucken*, close or shut ; and *booths*, shops or places for exposing merchandise. This ancient row of houses must have been originally distinguished from other booths, by being shut in all round, instead of having one side open to the street. All shops may now be said to be *luckenbooths*.

adorning the public wells with evergreens. The wells thus honored were the Bow-head, Lawn-market, Cross, and Fountain Wells; and, besides branches of trees, there was always an oil-painting hung at the top, or a straw-stuffed figure set up against the bottom. Both around the fires and the wells were great groups of boys, who busied themselves in annoying the passengers with cries of "Mind the Bane-fire!" or "mind —," the person whoever he might be, that was represented by the painting or the effigy. A half-penny was a valuable acquisition, and of course added to the general stock of the company, to be expended in the purchase of gun-powder. These elegant exhibitions were the wonder and admiration of many a knot of country-people, some of witness the "fun" and the "frolics" of the King's Birth-day.

About seventy years ago, it was customary to fix figures of the sun, the moon, and the globe, upon the top of the Cross-well; and these being pierced with small holes, and communicating by a pipe with the cistern, water was made to play from their faces in a very beautiful manner. This continued from twelve to four, and was sanctioned by the magistrates. It was to this well that the ancient pillory of the city was fixed.

Towards the afternoon, the *bane-fires* were in a great measure deserted; for by that time the boys had usually collected a good sum, and began to bend their thoughts upon the great business of the evening. A new object of attention now sprung up—namely, the meeting of the magistrates and their friends in the Parliament House, in order to drink the King's health. In the Great Hall, formerly the meeting-place of the Scottish Parliament, tables covered with wines and confectionaries were prepared at the expense of the city; and to this entertainment there were usually invited about two hundred persons, including the most respectable citizens of Edinburgh, besides the noblemen, gentlemen, and the chief military and naval officers who happened to be in the city or its vicinity. About five o'clock, the attention of the mob became concentrated in the Parliament Close. The company then began to assemble in the House; and those arch-enemies of the mob, yclept the "Town Rattens," drew themselves up at the east entry of the square, in order to protect the city's guests as they alighted from

their carriages, and to fire a volley at every toast that was drunk within the house. The gentlemen who came to honor the magistrates had often to purchase the good-will of the mob by throwing money amongst them; otherwise they were sure to be mal-treated before getting into the house. Dead cats, cod-heads, and every species of disgusting garbage, were thrown at them, and sometimes unpopular persons were absolutely seized and carried to the box which covered a fire-pipe in the centre of the square, and there "burghered," as it was called—that is, had their bottoms brought hard down upon the ridge of the box three several times, with severity proportioned to the caprice of the inflictors, or determined by the degree of resistance made by the sufferer.

While the town-guard stood in the square, the mob were seldom remiss in pelting them with the same horrible missiles. Resistance or revenge in such a case would have been vain; and the veterans found it their only resource to throw all the articles of annoyance, as they reached them, into the lobby of the house; thus diminishing, and perhaps altogether exhausting, the ammunition of their persecutors.

The heaths being drunk, the "rats" were ordered to leave the square, and march down the street to their guard-house. Most of these veterans had no doubt participated in the distresses and hazards of many a march and counter-march; but we question if they were ever engaged in any so harassing and dangerous as this. In fact, the retreat of the 10,000 Greeks, or that of the British troops in the late peninsular war, was scarcely so beset with peril and horror, as this retreat of the "rats" from the parliament square to the town-guard-house—a distance of only 100 yards! The uproar was now at its height, and the mob, not content with a distant *fire* of missiles, might be said to charge bayonets, and attack their foes hand to hand. The ranks of the guard were of course entirely broken, and every individual soldier had to dispute every inch he proceeded, with a thousand determined annoyers. The temper of the worthy veterans was put to dreadful trial by this organized system of molestation, but some warm exclamation was in general the only expression of their wrath. Some years ago, however, one John Dhu, a high-spirited soldierly man, was

so exasperated by the persecution of an individual, that he turned about at the Cross, and hewed him down with one stroke of his Lochaber-axe.

After the Town-guard was fairly housed, the mob was obliged to seek other objects, whereupon to vent their ignoble rage; and, accordingly, the High Street, from the Luckenbooths to the Netherbow, becoming now the field of action, every well-dressed or orderly-looking person who happened to intrude upon the hallowed district was sure to be assailed. Squibs and serpents blazed and flew about in all directions.

It was customary with the blackguards who headed the mob to commit "forcible abduction, sans remords," upon all the cats which they could find, either at the doors or the fire-sides of their disconsolate owners. These hapless innocents were sometimes killed outright, immediately on being caught, before commencing the sport; but, in general, were just tossed about till they expired. A full-sized dead cat was sometimes so far improved, by this process of jactation, as to be three feet long, and fit for being tied round the neck of a gentleman, like a cravat. Pieces of furniture, such as chairs and tables, were also occasionally seized in the Cowgate, and thrown about the streets in the same manner. Country-people were seldom permitted to escape abuse, when observed upon the street. Our informant once saw three unsophisticated rustics, dressed in their best sky-blue coats, standing at the head of the Old Assembly Close, amongst the women and children who usually took such stations in order to "see the fun." The poor men were laughing heartily at the mischief they witnessed—their cachinnations being no more heard amidst the uproar than their persons were seen amongst the crowd. But suddenly, for some reason or other, the noise of the mob sinking down to a low note, like the sea subsiding round a stake, left the voices of the honest country folks quite prominent above the circumjacent hum; and of course had the effect of directing the attention of all towards the close-head where they stood. The eyes of the mob instantly caught their happy faces, and, in the course of the next moment, a hundred hands were raised with the purpose of throwing crackers, serpents, dead cats, &c., at their heads. Seeing themselves thus made objects of attack,

they turned in horror and dismay, and fled down the close. Having the start of their pursuers, they had almost effected their escape, when a stout fellow, more impetuous than the rest, rushing headlong through the "close-mouth," hurled after them a bruised and battered calf's-head, which had been a well-known and familiar missile throughout the High Street during the whole afternoon, and which, striking the last of the fugitives full in the back, went to pieces where it alighted, darkening with blood and brains the shade of the coat, and laying the luckless rustic prostrate on the ground.

After the mob succeeded in chasing every proper object of mischief from the street, they usually fell to and attacked each other, in a promiscuous *mêlée*, till, worn out by fatigue, and fully satisfied with "fun," they separated perhaps about ten o'clock, after having kept undisputed possession of the town for at least ten hours. The present system of Police has suppressed these outrages.\*

ETON FETE.

[For the Year Book.]

In the *Every-Day Book*† there is a curious account of the manner in which some years ago‡ the birth-day of his Majesty, King George III., was kept at Bexhill in Sussex; it may not therefore be unamusing to describe the manner both in which it used to be kept, and, though years have elapsed since the demise of that aged monarch, it still honored by the students of Eton.

However, this second jubilee of the Etonians is perhaps not for the sole purpose of commemorating the natal day of one of England's kings, but may also have an equal reference to another circumstance, which is, that about this time the boys, as it is technically called, "take their removes," which simply means are admitted into higher classes.¶ The day nominated

\* Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, ii. 221.  
 † Vol. ii. col. 743-4. ‡ 1819.

¶ The "taking a remove" is in the lower part of the school generally, and in the upper invariably, made a matter of course, depending upon the time the boy may have been in the school, and forming no criterion of his literary acquirements.

for this purpose is, in fact, the 4th of June, but it does not, I believe, actually take place till some days after.

This Fête has no resemblance to the Montem, inasmuch as the former is aquatic, while the latter is performed on *terra firma*.

On the morning of the 4th of June, if, as a passenger is going over Windsor Bridge on the way to Eton, he should turn his eyes to the left, on a small island called the *aits*, he will perceive two poles erected, towards the upper part of which a black scroll is affixed, with the following words conspicuously inscribed on it in white letters, FLOREAT ETONA, *i. e.*, "May Eton flourish." If it be near the meridian, or inclining towards afternoon, he may behold placed above it on a central pole the Eton arms; these are for transparencies; the arms are surmounted with a royal crown, and at the extremities of the scroll G. R.; § both in various colored lamps ready for illumination. When evening approaches, at about six o'clock, several frames with fireworks are erected, and, among the most conspicuous of the preparations is a second transparency, to be lit up by fireworks, of the Eton arms surrounded with the motto: "FLOREAT ETONA."

There generally at this time begins no slight bustle on the right bank of the river, called the *brocas*, which is occasioned by the "boats" being on the point of starting. Previously however to their departure the river begins to assume an animated appearance, and numerous skiffs with company in them, especially if it be a fine afternoon, are seen to move on the water. The Etonians, also, not belonging to the boats'-crews, get into skiffs and row up to Surly Hall, there to await the coming of the pageant flotilla.

There now appear on the river some way up the Buckinghamshire bank, so that they are not distinctly if at all visible from the bridge, the "boats" which are to play such a conspicuous part; they are generally eight in number, christened by some fine name or other, such as "Britannia!" "Victory!" "St. George!" "Etonian!" &c., and decorated with handsome and appropriate flags. Two of

them have ten, and the remainder eight oars. When it is nearly half past six, or at a little before seven, the crews embark. They are all dressed in different uniforms, all however wearing blue jackets, shoes, and buckles. The great mark of distinction is the hat; a little, round, odd-looking, though sailor-like, affair, made of different colored beavers, and variously stained straws; in the front of which is placed a medal suitable to the name of the boat, as the cross of St. George, the anchor of Hope, &c. Each crew has moreover a shirt of a different check; for they assimilate themselves as much as possible to sailors, and invariably have a checked shirt.

The gayest person in each boat is the steersman, who is habited in a captain's full naval uniform, wearing a cocked hat and sword. The captain of the boat, however, pulls "stroke," and is habited as one of the crew.

An aquatic procession now commences, consisting of all the "boats," belonging to the Eton boys, in order, the ten-oars taking the lead; the whole preceded by one or two bands of music in two boats, rowed by "cads."\* The place of destination is Surly Hall, a house situated on the banks of the river, where refreshment, or rather a very substantial feast, in which wine makes a conspicuous figure, is provided. This is merely for the "boats,"† but, as I have mentioned before, numbers of the Eton boys go up in skiffs, and, by standing behind the chair of any of the "boats," they have whatever they wish. Each fifth form boy is moreover presented with a card, on which is inscribed "cider," or else "ale," and which entitles the bearer to a bottle of either. Though the "boats" do not stay long up at Surly, they generally contrive that above half are half-seas-over; though such a close familiarity with the jolly god adds in no little measure to their personal risk while on the water, and is calculated rather to throw a shade upon the manner of the Etonians than to enhance the pleasure of this juvenile regatta.

While the "boats" are yet carousing at Surly, the company on the river in boats,

§ So it was last time, when in the reign of George IV. they celebrated his father's birthday, whether they will be commuted to W. R. this time, or not, I am ignorant; probably they will not.

\* *Cads*, low fellows, who hang about the college to provide the Etonians with any thing necessary to assist their sports.

† *Boats*. This word, in Eton language, is applied to the boats' crews more frequently than to the boats themselves.

punts, and barges, greatly increases, and the banks and bridge are well thronged. Several gentlemen and ladies arrive also in carriages, which drive down the brocas, to await the return of their elegant company, who are partaking of the pleasures of the scene upon the water.

Notice is given of the near approach of the "boats" by the number of skiffs which return first, in order to see their arrival; the illuminations and transparencies are then (at about a quarter past 8 o'clock) lighted up, and, when the first boat arrives at the aits, a firework is let off which explodes with a great noise, and is repeated, by way of salute, as each goes by. The "boats" pass under the bridge, and return in order; by which time the bands of music, having also returned, are moored to a post in the middle of the river and commence playing. The boats now row by the right side of the aits (I speak as if standing on the bridge), and at the same time another firework, which is generally very splendid, is set alight. As they pass the left side, each crew stands up in order, oar and hat in hand, and gives three cheers for "the king," and then passes on; this is done as long as any firework remains, so that they row seven or eight times round the island. The pyrotechnic exhibition terminates with a temple of fire, surmounted with a royal crown, and the letters G. R. During the whole time Bengal lights, sky and water rockets are sent forth, which latter particularly enliven the scene, and by their water rambles excite much amusement. The boys generally return home at a little past 9 o'clock in the evening.

In order to defray the expenses of this

\* This is a grand distinction between the Montem and the "4th of June;" for in the former it is the captain of the school, a "colleger" of necessity, who takes the lead, while in the latter, so far from that being the case, the "tug muttons." *Anglice* the king's scholars are not even allowed to *subscribe* to the entertainment. Indeed the "tugs" may be considered as a separate school from the oppidans, as they are not even permitted by the latter to row upon a certain portion of the river, which is considered as exclusively belonging to the former; indeed, to travel out of my subject for a moment, they are not even permitted to belong to the *same cricket club*, or to play at the *same game* of cricket with an oppidan.

† Bargemen. Eton phraseology.

ceremony, a regular subscription is received by the "*Captain of the Oppidans*,"\* who of course cannot be "captain of the school," as I have stated on another occasion. The subscriptions from each of the fifth form is 7s. 6d., as also from each of the boys who row in the boats, whether fifth form or not. The other subscriptions are trifling in comparison, and are regulated by the boys' rank in the school.

The number of persons who assemble to witness this display varies at times from 2000 to 3000. The bridge is very crowded and looks one mass of people; the shore is densely covered with the company, and a great sum is gained by the "bargees,"† who moor two or three of their barges to the banks of the river, which are crammed to excess, demanding sixpence entrance; on the river innumerable boats are plying about, and the music sounds sweetly over the water. I speak on my own authority, as an eye witness, when I say that the fireworks, the music, the beautiful and regular rowing of the Etonians, their gay flags, the novelty of the sight, and the number of people assembled to behold it, cause a delightful sensation to the mind, and a hearty participation in the joys of the scene.

Yet, in all this, there is one circumstance which is very curious and apparently unaccountable. It has been frequently reiterated by the head master of Eton, that "boating is at no times allowed, and though after Easter it is connived at a little, but not by any means permitted, yet previously it is absolutely forbidden."\* Here is a jumble, it is "not permitted," "not allowed," but "connived at a little"—a little!—both at this fête and the similar one which occurs at Election Saturday. The head master, and, as I believe, the rest of the masters are all there, participators of the scene, if not in the actual infringement of the rule.

PILGRIMIC.

May, 1831.

June 4. Sun rises . . . . . h. m.  
 — sets . . . . . 4 54  
 Maiden pink flowers. . . . . 7 6  
 Indian pink flowers abundantly.

\* That these were his very words, I know from the most authentic sources



A SCENE OF HAPPINESS.

This representation is designed to illustrate a passage in the following original poem, which is one of several from the unfinished papers of a gentleman who has ceased to write. His "Scottish Soldier," and other pieces in prose and verse,

delighted the readers of the *Every Day Book*: and some of his poetry is in the *Year Book*. It were to be wished, in the present instance, that art had more vividly expressed the feeling in these unpublished lines:—

JULIA.

Julia! when last I gazed upon thy face  
 'Twas glowing with young Beauty's roseate hues  
 And the blue orbs that first to the embrace  
 Of woman lit me soft brightness did diffuse.  
 'Twas on a summer's eve, and scarcely bent  
 The yellow stem beneath the languid air,  
 And o'er the glorious west the sun yet sent  
 The crimson'd charm that lulls the heart to prayer—  
 Beneath thy father's vine-grown porch we sate  
 And watch'd those hues fade gently in the west,  
 And gaz'd on Fancy's scenes of future fate  
 Conjur'd by Hope with Love's wand from youth's breast.  
 Oh thou wert beautiful in that soft hour!  
 With what deep love and awe I watch'd thy gaze—  
 The sweet half smile—the dewy eye's dark power  
 That mark'd the thought and hope of coming days!

Oh then words had been idle, but I prest  
 Thy lips with mine and drank a murmur'd yes—  
 And gather'd thee into a happy breast,  
 And inly scorn'd the world in that caress.  
 Thy grey-hair'd father then our loves first knew  
 And bless'd them with glad tears upon his cheek—  
 And thy fond mother wept joyous as she drew  
 Her child into a heart whose pulse alone could speak.

That porch is fell'd, that spot a city's site,  
 O'erstepp'd by heedless herds of busy men ;  
 And care and gain have cast their sordid blight  
 O'er the once fair now murky smoking glen.  
 The yew waves darkly o'er thy sire's grey hair,  
 Earth pillows thy fond mother's aged head—  
 And Julia where art *thou*—where are thy vows ? say where ?  
 'Tis my heart sadly answers—broken—dead !

S. H. S.

### June 5.

#### SACHEVERELL.

This is a name familiar to every reader of history, on account of the notoriety of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, who preached sermons, in the reign of queen Anne, which occasioned him to be impeached by the house of commons, and inflamed the whole kingdom. He died on the 5th of June, 1724. It is proposed to give a brief account of this remarkable character, and of his great ancestor, the rev. John Sacheverell, a man of illustrious reputation in the west of England.

This John Sacheverell was of an ancient family in Nottinghamshire, and grandfather to Dr. Henry Sacheverell. John was son to the estimable minister of Stoke-Underham, in Somersetshire, who had many children. Two of them, John, of whom we are now speaking, and Timothy, were bred ministers. They were both of St. John's College, Oxon ; and were both silenced on Bartholomew-day, 1662, the former at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and the latter at Tarrant-Hinton. John, whose memory is revered in the west, had first the living of Rimpton, in Somersetshire, which he quitted before the restoration of Charles II., and afterwards that of Wincanton, where he had but thirty pounds per annum, certain allowance, with a promise of an augmentation of thirty pounds more from London ; of which augmentation he received only one half year. His labors in this place were great, and his conversation was unblamable and exemplary.

He was three times married. By his

first wife he had only one child, Joshua, whom he sent to King's College, Cambridge. By his second he had no children. By his third he had two other sons, Benjamin and Samuel, and a daughter. The third wife brought him a copyhold estate of sixty pounds a year at Stalbridge, which he returned to her two daughters by the former husband, leaving his library to his son Joshua, and twelve pence only to each of his other children. Joshua is said to have been disinherited by his father for his strict adherence to the established church.

John constantly rose early, and occupied the morning in his study, and the afternoon in visiting his flock, and discoursing with them about religious matters, till the Saturday, which was entirely spent in preparing for the Sabbath. That day was usually thus employed : he began his public worship with a short prayer in the morning, and then read a psalm and a chapter, and briefly expounded them : after singing a psalm, he prayed and preached for an hour and a quarter. In the afternoon he began at one, himself repeating his morning sermon, and examined young people as to what they had remembered ; then prayed and preached for about an hour and a half : and afterwards the evening sermon, and examination of young ones about it, concluded the public service.

On the very day of the coronation of king Charles II. he preached a sermon upon 1 Sam. xii. 25, " If ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both ye and your king." The observation which he chiefly insisted upon was this :

that wicked men, continuing in their wicked actions, are the greatest traitors to the king, and the state wherein they live. Several went out of the church in the midst of the sermon; and the rabble got together, and in the market-house held a mock trial of the preacher. They afterwards drew him in effigy, with a book in his hand, which they called his catechism, upon a hurdle, through the town to the top of a hill, where a great bonfire was prepared. The effigy was hanged upon a pole, in order to be burned; but, the wind driving the flames away, the effigy remained untouched, and was shot at by several with a great deal of fury, and at length fell into the flames, where it was consumed. Many, who were the most active in this frantic diversion, had some one or other remarkable calamity that befel them soon after, and several of them died very miserably. In a little while afterwards he was indicted at the assizes, for continuing his ministry without reading the common prayer. On his trial he declared that if he had been required, by authority, to read the common prayer, he would either have done it or immediately have quitted the living. He behaved so well, that the judge expressed himself to this effect to those that were about him: "Have you no other man in your county to single out for a pattern of your severity?" In conclusion the jury brought him in, not guilty.

After he had been silenced by the Bartholomew act he retired to Stalbridge, where he had an estate in right of his wife. Being afterwards taken at a meeting in Shaftesbury, together with Mr. Ramfield, Mr. Hallet, Mr. Ince, and some other ministers, they were all sent to Dorchester gaol, where he remained for three years. In this imprisonment he and the rest of them preached by turns out of a window to a considerable number of people that stood to hear on the other side of the river. In this confinement he contracted such an indisposition, that, of a very cheerful, active person, he became melancholy, and soon after his days were ended. He died in his chair, speaking to those about him with great earnestness and affection, of the great work of redemption. He wrote in the title-page of all his books, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" Phil. i. 21. This was engraven upon his tomb-stone. Mr. Bangor, who was a fellow-sufferer with him, preached his

funeral-sermon, from Rom. viii. 22, 23 Joshua settled at Marlborough, where he was highly esteemed, and where was born his son Henry, who, with very moderate talents, was exalted by the madness of party, from obscurity to a height of popularity which the present times look back upon with astonishment.

Henry Sacheverell was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he became demy in 1687, at the age of fifteen, and conducted himself so well that, as public tutor, he superintended the education of many persons subsequently eminent for learning and abilities. He took the degree of M. A. in 1696; B. D. and D. D. in 1708. His first preferment was Cannock, in the county of Stafford. He was appointed preacher of St. Saviour's Southwark, in 1705. While in this station he preached an assize sermon at Derby, August 15, 1709, for which he was prosecuted. It advocated principles which would have excluded the house of Hanover, and seated the Stuarts upon the throne. Sacheverell was a vapid high-church demagogue; a mere puppet played in the van of the Tories by their political views, to annoy the Whig administration. For another sermon at St Paul's, on the 5th of November following, he was intemperately impeached by the house of commons. His trial began February 27, 1709-10, and continued until the 23rd of March, when he was sentenced to a suspension from preaching for three years, and his two sermons were ordered to be burnt. Sir Simon Harcourt, who was counsel for him, received, on this occasion, a silver bason gilt. This ill-judged prosecution overthrew the ministry, and laid the foundation of his fortune. During these proceedings a stranger would have supposed the fate of the empire depended upon their issue. Queen Anne sat as a private individual, to listen to the idle trial. The hangman burnt the sermons, and the mob set fire to the meeting-houses. The preacher was silenced for three years, and the populace, in revenge, made him the object of their adoration. His enemies triumphed, yet dared not venture abroad, while tens of thousands bent as lowly before him as the Thibetians to the Grand Lama. He went on a tour of triumph through the country, and was received with splendid, respectful pomp, at almost every place he visited. Magistrates, in their formalities, welcomed him into their corporations, and his guard



of honor was frequently a thousand gentlemen on horseback. At Bridgenorth he was met by Mr. Creswell, at the head of four thousand horse, and the same number of persons on foot, wearing white knots edged with gold, and leaves of gilt laurel in their hats. The hedges, for several miles, were dressed with garlands of flowers, and the steeples covered with flags. In this manner he passed through Warwick, Birmingham, Bridgenorth, Ludlow, and Shrewsbury, with a cavalcade better suited to a prince than a priest, on his way to a living near Shrewsbury, which he had been presented with. In the month that his suspension ended, the valuable rectory of St. Andrew's Holborn was presented to him by the queen. His reputation was so high, that he was enabled to sell the first sermon he preached, after his sentence had expired, for £100, and upwards of 40,000 copies were sold. He had also interest enough with the new ministry to provide amply for one of his brothers; yet Swift said, "they hated, and affected to despise him." In 1716 he prefixed a dedication to "Fifteen Discourses, occasionally delivered before the University of Oxford, by W. Adams, M. A., late student of Christ Church, and rector of Stanton-upon-Wye, in Herefordshire." After this publication, we hear little concerning him, except his quarrels with his parishioners, and suspicions of his having been engaged in Atterbury's plot. A considerable estate at Callow, in Derbyshire, was left to him by his kinsman, George Sacheverell, Esq. By his will he bequeathed to bishop Atterbury, then in exile, and who was supposed to have penned his defence for him, a legacy of £500. The duchess of Marlborough describes him as "an ignorant, impudent incendiary,—the scorn even of those who made use of him as a tool." Bishop Burnet says, "He was a bold, insolent man, with a very small measure of religion, virtue, learning, or good sense; but he resolved to force himself into popularity and preferment, by the most petulant railings at dissenters and low-church men, in several sermons and libels, written without either chasteness of style or liveliness of expression." His death is recorded in the "Historical Register," 1724, as of a common person, without either eulogy or blame.\*

## WILL SHIPPEN

William Shippen, Esq., the great leader of the tories, and advocate of the Stuarts, in the reigns of George I. and George II., died in the year 1743. He was son of the rector of Stockport, Cheshire, where he was born in 1672, and educated under Mr. Dale, a man of abilities. In 1707, when John Asgill, Esq., was expelled the house of commons, Mr. Shippen succeeded him as representative for Bramber, through the interest of Lord Plymouth, whose son, Dixie Windsor, was his brother-in-law. He afterwards constantly sat as member for some borough, always acting as a partisan of the expelled family, and never disguising his sentiments. The court endeavoured, but in vain, to soften him. He had not more than £400 per annum, originally but, as he was an economist, he never exceeded his income. Of George I. he declared, in the house of commons, that "the only infelicity of his majesty's reign was, that he was unacquainted with our language and constitution;" both sides of the house wished him to soften the expression; and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., even sent to him his groom of the bed-chamber, general Churchill, with an offer of £1000, which he declined, and was sent to the Tower. When restored to liberty, he remained the same man. Though the most determined of Sir Robert Walpole's political enemies, he was, like Sir John Barnard, his private friend. Shippen once successfully applied to him in favor of a person who was in trouble for illegally corresponding with the Stuarts, and was himself detected in a similar offence. The postman, by accident or design, delivered a letter into Walpole's hands addressed to Shippen, from the Pretender. Walpole sent for Shippen, and gave him the packet without any seeming resentment, merely remarking how careless the person employed must be in his delivery. Shippen was covered with confusion; Walpole observed, "Sir, I cannot, knowing your political sentiments, ask you to vote with the administration; all I request is, that you would vote for me if personally attacked." This Shippen promised and performed. He would pleasantly remark, "Robin and I are two honest men; he is for King George, and I for King James; but those men with long cravats," meaning Sandys, Sir John Rushout, Gybbon, and others, "they only desire places,

\* Mr. Nichols in *Genus. Mag.* 1779. Noble.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 6.

either under king George or king James." He would say to the most violent whigs, "It is necessary to restore the Stuarts." When asked how he should vote, he used to say, "I cannot tell until I hear from Rome."

Mr. Shippen married the daughter and co-heir of Sir Richard Stote, Knt., of Northumberland, with whom he had £70,000, but this match made no alteration in his conduct, except in living something more expensively. Sometimes he resided in apartments in Holland-House, at others in a hired house on Richmond Hill. In town, he lived for many years in Norfolk-street, where he was surrounded by persons of rank, learning, and talent. His conversation was dignified, and replete with vivacity and wit. In the house of commons he commanded attention, by the fire and force of his sentiments, though he spoke rapidly, in a low tone of voice, and usually with his glove before his mouth. His speeches generally contained some pointed period, which peculiarly applied to the subject in debate, and which he uttered with great animation. His name is still popular through these lines of Pope :—

I love to pour out all myself, as plain  
As honest Shippen, or downright Montaigne.

He was a poetical as well as a prose politician. Besides several other tracts, he wrote "Faction Displayed" and "Moderation Displayed:" in which he satirized the great whig lords, under the names of the principal Romans who engaged in Cataline's conspiracy. His verses were severe, but not harmonious. Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, mentions him in "The Election of a Poet Laureate."—

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,  
But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd ;  
As places are things he had ever declin'd.

Mr. Shippen's relict was unsocial and penurious, and inherited his personality, as her husband's survivor, according to their mutual agreement. She repelled all advances from queen Caroline, and, dying imbecile, the law gave her fortune to her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Dixie Windsor.

Mr. Shippen had three brothers, and a sister; one of his brothers, president of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, and some time vice-chancellor of that university, was a man of distinguished abilities, and was inducted to the living of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, in room of Dr. Welton, who lost it because he would not

take the oaths to George I. He died November 24, 1745. As the other brothers were without issue, the paternal estate went to the two sons of their sister, who had married Mr. Leyborne, of Yorkshire. These nephews were, Dr. Leyborne, principal of Alban-Hall, in Oxford; and Mr. Leyborne, a merchant of the factory at Lisbon. Their sister, married to the Rev. Mr. Taylor, was mother to Mrs. Willes, widow of the learned judge Willes. A collateral branch of the Shippens settled in Philadelphia; one of the females was married to Lawrens, the president of the congress, and another to general Arnold, memorable for his defection from the cause he had engaged to serve, and desertion from the army he commanded.\*

	h. m.
June 5. Sun rises . . . . .	3 50
— sets . . . . .	8 10

Hedge-roses flower abundantly—for example, the Scotch rose, white Dog rose, common Dog rose, apple bearing rose, downy leaved rose, &c.

### June 6.

#### OLD BOOKSELLERS, &c.

On the 6th of June, 1796, died at Oxford, in his eighty-fifth year, Mr. Daniel Prince, an eminent bookseller, and during many years manager of the University Press. In that capacity several valuable publications passed under his superintendance. Those on which he most prided himself were Blackstone's *Magna Charta*, 1759, 4to; *Marmora Oxoniensia*, 1763, fol.; *Listeri Synopsis Conchyliorum*, 1770, fol.; *Blackstone's Commentaries*, 4 vols. 4to., three editions, 1770, &c. *Kennicot's Hebrew Bible*, 2 vols. fol. 1776; *Ciceronis Opera*, 10 vols. 4to. 1784; *Bradley's Observations and Tables*, printed in 1788, though not published till 1796

In the same year, on the 8th of August, the sister University, Cambridge, lost a bookseller of that town in the person of Mr. John Nicholson, who died aged sixty-six, lamented by an unparalleled circle of friends. By unremitting attention to business for upwards of forty-five years, Mr. Nicholson acquired considerable property. He was known in the University by the name of "Maps or

\* Noble.

Pictures," from his constant habit of offering those articles at the different chambers. He established a very capital circulating library, including most of the lecture books read in the University, and also many of the best and scarcest authors in various other branches of literature; by which means the students were assisted to the most esteemed writers at a small expense. He presented to the University a whole length portrait of himself, loaded with books, which hangs in the staircase of the public library, and under it a print engraven from it.

To the preceding notice of "old Maps" of Cambridge, may be subjoined a memorandum of a person of more literary distinction of the same place. On the 18th of April, 1790, died at his house in All Saints Church, at the age of seventy-eight, M. René La Butte, who had taught the French language in that university upwards of forty-years, with great reputation. He was introduced there by Dr. Conyers Middleton, and acquired much credit by publishing a French Grammar, with an analysis. M. La Butte married Mrs. Mary Groves, of Cambridge, and was possessed of a very good estate near Ely, and of money in the funds, all obtained by his great industry and care. He was a native of Angers, in Anjou, and brought up a printer, in which business he excelled. On leaving France, he worked in several respectable printing offices in London, particularly with the late Mr. Bowyer, and solely composed Gardiner's "Tables of Logarithms." He went to Cambridge with the well-known Robert Walker (of Fleet-lane, or Old-Bailey) and Thomas James, printers, when they first set up printing a weekly newspaper in that town; and, to establish the sale of it, they printed, in 8vo., Lord Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," and Boyer's "History of Queen Anne," with neat cuts, &c., which they gave gratis, a sheet a week, in the newspapers they distributed.\*

There are several instances, though at present they are not at hand to be available, of old publishers of country newspapers, printing works and giving them away with their journals to entice people

\* Gents. Mag.

to read the news. One book, however, *peneo me*, will exemplify the fact: "A New History of England—Manchester, printed by Joseph Harrop, opposite the Exchange, 1764." At the end of this octavo volume, which consists of 778 pages, is the following address:—

"To the PUBLIC.

"The History of England being now brought down to that period which was at first proposed, the Publisher takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to his friends and subscribers for the kind encouragement they have given his News Paper; and hopes that as he has steadily persevered in going through with, and giving gratis, the History of England, at the Expence of upwards of One Hundred Pounds, they will still continue their Subscription to his paper, which he will spare neither pains nor assiduity to render worthy their perusal.

JOS. HARROP."

From booksellers we have digressed to newspapers, and they bring to recollection a humble laborer upon the "public press," Wells Egelsham, who died on the 4th of April, 1786, in Goldsmith-street, Gough-square, London, overwhelmed with age, infirmities, and poverty—a character not unknown in the regions of politics, porter, and tobacco. He was originally bred to the profession of a printer, and worked as a compositor, till disabled by repeated attacks of the gout. For some years he was employed in the service of Mr. Woodfall, the father of the printers of "The Public Advertiser" and "Morning Chronicle," to the former of which papers the name of poor Egelsham appeared for some time as the ostensible publisher. Having from nature a remarkable squint, to obviate the reflections of others he assumed the name of "Winkey;" and published a little volume of humorous poetry in 1769, under the title of "Winkey's Whims." He was one of the founders of the honorable society of "Free and Easy Johns." In 1779 he wrote "A short Sketch of English Grammar," 8vo. There is a small poem by him in Mr. Nicholls's "Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer," and a great variety of his fugitive pieces in almost all the public prints. The latter part of his life was principally supported by the profits of a very small snuff and tobacco shop, by the collecting

of paragraphs for the Public Advertiser, and by officiating occasionally as an amanuensis.

Poor Egelsbam! Is there nothing else about Egelsbam? No. But the mention of him recalls a personage with a name something like Egelsbam's—

*Eggesfield.*

Speed, the chronicler, in his account of Henry V., tells us, that when that king was Prince of Wales, "He came into his father's presence in a strange disguise, being in a garment of blue satin, wrought full of eylet-holes, and, at every eylet, the needle left hanging by the silk it was wrought with." This curious costume puzzled many a head besides Speed's, until Mr. G. S. Green, residing in Oxford, found the meaning of it in the following custom, observed annually at Queen's College, on the Feast of the Circumcision:—The bursar gives to every member a needle and thread, in remembrance of the founder, whose name being *Eggesfield* was thus falsely deduced from two French words, *Aguille Fil*, a needle and thread, according to the custom of former times, and the doctrine of rebusses. *Eggesfield*, however, is pure Saxon, and not French. The founder of Queen's College was an Englishman, born in Cumberland, and confessor to a queen of Dutch extraction, daughter to the earl of Hainault and Holland. Mr. Green reasonably conjectures, that prince Henry having been a student in that college, his wearing of this strange garment was probably designed by him to express his academical character, the properest habit he could appear in before his father, who was greatly apprehensive of some trouble from his son's active and ambitious temper, and much afraid of his taking the crown from him, as he did at last. The habit of a scholar was so very different from that of a soldier, in those days, that nothing could better allay the king's suspicions than this silent declaration of attachment to literature, and renunciation of the sword.\*

DRESS.

—Beware that you do not conceive that the body is made one whit the more strong, or healthy, by the glory, greatness, and treasures of monarchy;

\* Gents. Mag.

especially where you may daily observe, that a fever doth as violently and long hold him who lies upon a bed of tissue, under a covering of Tyrian scarlet, as him that lies upon a mattress, and hath no covering but raggs; and that we have no reason to complain of the want of scarlet robes, of golden embroideries, jewels, and ropes of pearl, while we have a coarse and easie garment to keep away the cold. And what if you, lying cheerfully and serenely upon a truss of clean straw, covered with raggs, should gravely instruct men, how vain those are, who, with astonisht and turbulent minds, gape and thirst after the trifles of magnificence, not understanding how few and small those things are which are requisite to an happy life? What, though your house do not shine with silver and gold hatchments; nor your arched roofs resound with the multiplied echoes of loud music; nor your walls be not thickly beset with golden figures of beautiful youths, holding great lamps in their extended arms, to give light to your nightly revels and sumptuous banquets? why yet, truly, it is not a whit less (if not much more) pleasant to repose your wearied limbs upon the green grasse, to sit by some clear and purling stream, under the refreshing shade of some well branched tree; especially in the spring time, when the head of every plant is crowned with beautiful and fragrant flowers, the merry birds entertaining you with the music of their wild notes, the fresh western winds continually fanning your cheeks, and all nature smiling upon you.—*Epicurus, by Dr. Charketon, 1655.*

Contentments.

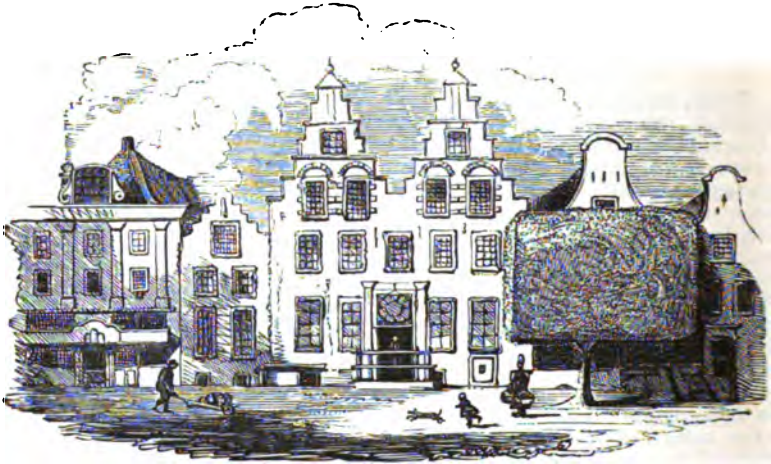
Though I have nothing here that may give me true content, yet I will learne to be truly contented here with what I have—What care I, though I have not much, I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want; I have as much as the most, it I have as much as I desire.—*A. Warwick.*

	h. m.
June 6. Sun rises . . . .	3 49
— sets . . . .	8 11

Roxglove begins to flower.

Sophora flowers.

Moss rose, musk rose, and cabbage rose flower.



GOLDEN LION AT HAARLEM.

The cards of inn and hotel keepers on the continent are frequently ornamented with views of their hostelries; and some, especially of houses in the low countries, are curious as memorials of the towns, and the style of the edifices. One of these engraved cards imports, by its inscription, that "F. D. Godthart keeps the Hotel of the Golden Lion, at Haarlem, Zylstraat, W. 5. No. 752." It bears the representation inserted above, and it is preserved in this manner to convey an idea of the old gable-style of building which prevails in that celebrated town, as it did formerly, to a certain degree, in England. Some of this architecture is extremely picturesque, and very well shown in Rademaker's Views in Holland, which were drawn and etched on the spot. In the preceding sketch, the cloud on the house to the right is a tree, cut with Dutch formality. Remains of such tasteless specimens of foliage exist about some of the few old public tea-gardens still near London. But this is not exclusively a Dutch fashion; it lingers in Holland, because its inhabitants are the last to adopt novelties. It must be remembered, though, that a set of etchings by a Dutchman, Waterloo,

affords exquisite forest scenery, executed by him from trees in the wood of the palace at the Hague, which are still living, and are so well preserved in their natural forms as to be yet distinguished as the originals of that artist, who died more than a century ago.

Of Haarlem there are manifold accounts, and descriptions, of ready access. Its tulips are known in every part of Europe, and although the rage for flowers, which once proved so destructive among the respectable families of Haarlem, and which furnished the inimitable La Bruyère with one of his characters, has almost subsided, yet fifty, or even one hundred florins, are no uncommon price for a single bulb of some rare variety. In former times one root was sold for more than 10,000 florins; and the aggregate sum produced by the sale of 120 tulips was 90,000 florins, or £6,750.\*

At this time Haarlem is never visited by musical travellers, without paying their respects to its noble instrument—

\* Boyce's Belgian Traveller.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 6.

### THE HAARLEM ORGAN.

[For the Year Book.]

Haarlem is celebrated for possessing the largest church in Holland, and the finest organ in Europe. At Amsterdam, and other places, there are also stupendous organs, and the inhabitants of Rotterdam have been engaged for upwards of thirty years in building one to rival that of Haarlem; for, although the Rotterdam organ has been already long in use, it was not altogether finished when I was there in 1828. It is certainly a fine instrument, and they boast that its reed-stops are sweeter than the other's; but, without even admitting this to be the case, it is no more to be compared to the Haarlem organ, in power, "than I to Hercules."

The following translation of a printed statement respecting the "Haarlem organ, received from the organist, may afford some idea of its capabilities:—the measurements are, I believe, in French feet; and many of the terms I must leave as in the original:—

*Disposition of the Registers, or Voices, in the Great Organ at Haarlem.*

#### In the Great Manual.

1. Prestant . . . . .	16 feet
2. Bourdon . . . . .	16 feet
3. Octave . . . . .	8 feet
4. Viol de Gambe . . . . .	8 feet
5. Roer-Fluit . . . . .	8 feet
6. Octave . . . . .	4 feet
7. Gems-Hoorn . . . . .	4 feet
8. Roer-Quint . . . . .	6 feet
9. Quint . . . . .	3 feet
10. Tertian . . . . .	2 feet
11. Mixture . . . . . 6 . 8 . to	10 feet
12. Wout-Fluit . . . . .	2 feet
13. Trumpet . . . . .	16 feet
14. Trumpet . . . . .	8 feet
15. Trumpet . . . . .	14 feet
16. Haut-Bois . . . . .	8 feet

#### In the Upper Manual.

1. Prestant . . . . .	8 feet
2. Quintadena . . . . .	16 feet
3. Quintadena . . . . .	8 feet
4. Baar-Pyp . . . . .	8 feet
5. Octave . . . . .	4 feet
6. Flag-Fluit . . . . .	4 feet
7. Nasat . . . . .	3 feet
8. Nacht-Hoorn . . . . .	2 feet
9. Flageolet . . . . .	1½ feet
10. Sexquialter . . . . .	2 feet
11. Echo Cornet . . . . .	4 feet
12. Mixture . . . . . 4 . to .	6 feet
13. Schalmey . . . . .	8 feet
14. Dulcian . . . . .	8 feet
15. Vox Humana . . . . .	8 feet

#### In the Positive.

1. Prestant . . . . .	8 feet
2. Hol-Fluit . . . . .	8 feet
3. Quintadena . . . . .	8 feet
4. Octave . . . . .	4 feet
5. Flute . . . . .	4 feet
6. Speel-Fluit . . . . .	3 feet
7. Sexquialter . . . . . 2 . 3 . to	4 feet
8. Super-Octave . . . . .	2 feet
9. Scherp . . . . . 6 . to .	8 feet
10. Cornet . . . . .	4 feet
11. Carillon . . . . .	2 feet
12. Fagotte . . . . .	16 feet
13. Trumpet . . . . .	8 feet
14. Regaal . . . . .	8 feet

#### In the Pedal.

1. Principal . . . . .	32 ft.
2. Prestant . . . . .	16 feet
3. Subbase . . . . .	16 feet
4. Roer-Quint . . . . .	12 feet
5. Hol-Fluit . . . . .	8 feet
6. Octave . . . . .	8 feet
7. Quint-Prestant . . . . .	6 feet
8. Octave . . . . .	4 feet
9. Ruisch-Quint . . . . .	3 feet
10. Hol-Fluit . . . . .	2 feet
11. Bassoon . . . . .	32 feet
12. Bassoon . . . . .	16 feet
13. Trumpet . . . . .	8 feet
14. Trumpet . . . . .	4 feet
15. Cincq . . . . .	2 feet

Sixty voices in all, four separations, two tremblans, two accouplements, twelve bellows, and nearly 5000 pipes.

The principal has thirty-two feet of depth or measurement. The exact length of the greatest pipe, or of the deepest tone, is thirty-eight feet, and fifteen inches diameter.

The bellows are each nine feet long by five broad.

The height of the interior of the church is 111, its breadth 173, and its depth 391 feet; the organ itself has 103 feet of height, commencing from the ground, and fifty breadth, and had for maker Christian Muller, in 1738.

J. P. SCHUMANN,

Organist,

Jacobijnestraat, W. 5, No. 83.

The established form of religion in Holland being simple, like the Presbyterian in Scotland, the organs only accompany the singing of psalms during the regular service; travellers, therefore, usually engage the organist to play on purpose. The charge made for this at Haarlem is equivalent to twenty shillings sterling; out of which the organist pays all the attendants, including the bellows-blowers, of whom, it is said, three are required

We announced our intention to hear a special performance, and the arrangements were extremely well managed for giving effect to our entrance. Just at the instant that the mind was rivetted by the first glance of the lofty columns, and the vast expanse of the church, rendered more lofty and vast in appearance by the obscurity of the dusk, and the glimmer of a few tapers, a strong, but a most harmonious chord from the magnificent instrument rolled upon our ears, and, as we gradually stepped forward, the air was filled with the sublime strains of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. The sensations of the moment are not to be described; for the full grandeur of the sound—the otherwise breathless stillness of the scene—the mellowed tints of the declining twilight—and, perhaps, the more ready disposition to nervous excitement, from the agitation and fatigues of previous travelling, almost overpowered me; and one of my companions afterwards described himself to have been so peculiarly affected, that, to use a common expression, he did not know whether he was “standing on his head or his heels.” A storm and a battle-piece seem always to be given in these exhibitions; the former was the composition of the organist himself, and may be supposed, therefore, well suited for displaying the peculiarities of the instrument. I have already mentioned its superiority in power over the Rotterdam organ, which, noble as it is, might be denominated in comparison, by the phrase of the Scotch covenanters, a mere “kest fu' o' whistles.” We had been surprised at Rotterdam by the fine imitation of distant thunder. At Haarlem the imitation of thunder at a distance was equally natural; but we *felt* the storm gradually coming nearer and nearer, until the rattling peals literally shook the place around us, and were truly awful. Even this, we understood, did not acquaint us with the full power of the instrument, which is said to be never exerted to the utmost, for fear of shattering the roof or walls of the church. The battle also presented opportunities for splendid varieties of sound,—depicting to the ear all the “pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war,” from the “shrill sound of the ear-piercing fife,” to the din of those “mortal engines, whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread thunders counterfeit.” Neither are softer strains wanting; for the immense combination of pipes and stops admits of the

pathetic and gentle, as expressively as the grand and lofty. The *vox humana* is peculiarly fine, at times suggesting the idea of a heavenly choir of angels hymning their anthems in unison with terrestrial music. “Luther's hymn,” and various other pieces, were likewise performed, and it was considerably above an hour before there seemed any intention of giving over; nor could I have wished it a moment shorter. During our stay we sat, or walked about, to try the effect in different parts; sometimes going into the pews, which extend through about one half of the church, raised a few steps from the floor, and at others penetrating into remote corners, or pacing about the roomy aisles, “in meditation rapt.”

Afterwards, we were invited to examine the mechanism of the instrument, and found the organist wiping the drops from his brow after his exertions; for it required great bodily strength, both of the hands and feet, to make such a powerful organ “discourse most eloquent music, from its lowest note to the top of its compass.”—I observed a motto painted above the keys, *Non nisi motu cano*, “I do not sing without a motive,” allusive, no doubt, to the preparation necessary for the performance; but I thought this might have been translated, with reference to our twenty shillings, “I do not sing for nothing!”

W. G.\*

MUSICAL WAGER.

[For the Year Book.]

We never were a musical nation, yet in days gone by, when the late king, George III., was wont to be present at the ancient concerts, and in the time of Harrison, Bartleman, and the Knyvetts, a real lover of music was gratified by the dulcet strains from Handel, Mozart, Haydn, &c., performed with a soul-stirring eloquence. But now, alas, all idea of pathos, or harmony, seems absorbed in one grand leading desire—which appears to have taken possession of every performer, from Mori and his violin, down to the boarding school miss who has just commenced her first “Piano Divertimento,” the alpha and omega upon their respective instruments—a de

\* The card of the Golden Lion at Haarlem was likewise obligingly communicated by W. G. for the engraving.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 7.

sire to astound by the rapidity of their execution. This disease has not confined itself to instrumental, for, unfortunately, our vocal performers are bitten with the self same mania.

Some two or three seasons back, when "Figaro" was adapted to the English stage, it created a sort of rivalry between the different bands, especially in the performance of the overture. I heard the palm adjudged to the band of the Opera House, not from the superior skill or expression with which they executed it, but that they could *get through it* in several seconds less than either of the other bands. Shade of Mozart! to appreciate the performance of thy divine compositions—as they would appreciate the value of a race horse—by speed!

It is to be hoped that a new musical era will shortly commence in this country, and that the "votaries of Apollo" will in future study music for the sake of the "heavenly maid." As rapidity of execution may be considered to have reached its climax, assuredly no new candidate for fame will think of attempting to outvie the feat that was performed just three years ago.

Mr. Scarborough, the organist of Spalding, betted that he would strike *One Million* of notes on the piano in the space of twelve hours. This singular wager was decided on the 4th of June 1828.

Mr. S. took a compass of three octaves, ascending and descending the different scales, and struck—

109,296 notes in the 1st hour.	
125,928	2nd
121,176	3rd
121,176	4th
125,136	5th
125,136	6th
127,512	7th
127,512	8th
47,520	20 minutes.

Making 1,030,392 notes in eight hours and twenty minutes, which, with the periods of rest, amounted to eleven hours and forty-five minutes.

HENRY BRANDON.

### June 7.

On the 7th of June, 1741, died William Aikman, an artist of eminence. He was the only son of William Aikman, of

Cairnes, Esq., by Margaret, daughter of Sir John Clerk, of Pennycuik, bart. He was born October 24, 1681, and placed under Sir John Medina. From London he travelled to Rome, Constantinople, and Smyrna, whence he returned to London, and afterwards to Scotland, under the patronage of General John Duke of Argyle, and other noblemen of that kingdom. Having remained there two or three years, he again visited London, where he was greatly esteemed. His father was an advocate, who intended him for the profession of the law; but he quitted it for his favorite art, to which he united the sister arts of poetry and music; and became, with arduous, the muses' friend. Aikman brought Allan Ramsay into notice in Edinburgh, and James Thomson in London; introducing the latter not only to the first wits in England, but to Sir Robert Walpole. There was also a particular friendship between Aikman and Somerville. His health declining, he was advised to return to Scotland; but died in Leicester Fields, when only forty-nine. His only son, John, died on the 14th of January preceding. Their remains were taken to the Grey Friars' cemetery in Edinburgh, and buried in the same grave; Mallet wrote upon them this

#### EPITAPH.

Dear to the good and wise, disprais'd by none,  
Here sleep in peace, the father and the son;  
By virtue, as by nature, close allied,  
The painter's genius, but without the pride:  
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine;  
Honor's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.

The son, fair rising, knew too short a date;  
But Oh! how more severe the parent's fate!  
He saw him torn untimely from his side,  
Felt all a father's anguish—wept and died.

Allan Ramsay testified his grateful recollection of his friend Aikman by affectionate verses to his memory.\*

#### VANDYCK'S METHOD OF PAINTING.

Jabac, an eminent French connoisseur, was so intimate with Vandyck that he painted Jabac's portrait three times *con amore*, and confidentially communicated to him his method of painting. Jabac was observing to him how little time he bestowed on his portraits; Vandyck answered that, at first, he worked hard, and

Noble.



June 8.

RIDING OF LANARK MARCHES.

This ceremony is of very ancient date, and must be performed annually on the day following the last Wednesday of May, old style; consequently it takes place early in June.

took a great deal of pains to acquire a reputation, and with a swift hand, against the time that he should work "for his kitchen." Vandyck's general habit was this:—he appointed the day and hour for the person's sitting, and worked not above an hour upon any portrait, either in rubbing in, or finishing: so that as soon as his clock informed him that his hour was past, he rose up and made a bow to the sitter, to signify that he had finished; and then appointed another hour, on some other day; whereupon his servant appeared with a fresh pallet and pencils, whilst he was receiving another sitter, whose hour had been appointed. By this method, he commanded expedition. After having lightly dead-colored the face, he put the sitter into some attitude which he had before contrived; and on grey paper, with white and black crayons, he sketched the attitude and drapery, which he designed in a grand manner and exquisite taste. After this, he gave the drawing to the skilful people he had about him, to paint after the sitter's own clothes, which, at Vandyck's request, were sent to him for that purpose. When his assistants had copied these draperies, he went over that part of the picture again, and thus by a shortened process, he displayed all that art and truth which we at this day admire in them. He kept persons in his house of both sexes, from whom he painted the hands, and he cultivated a friendship with the ladies who had the most beautiful, to allow him to copy them. He was thus enabled to delineate them, with a surprising delicacy and admirable coloring. He very frequently used a brown color, composed of prepared peach stones, as a glazing for the hair, &c. He had not remitted his practice of painting, till a few days before his death.\*

The morning is ushered in by boys assembling in crowds, and patrolling the streets. Their first care is to procure the clerk and treasurer of the burgh, whose presence cannot be dispensed with. These being got, the procession moves off to the sound of drum and fife. At one of the marches, where the Mouse separates the burgh lands from those of Lockhart of Lee, a pit stone is pointed out, standing in the middle of a gentle pool. This is the *ducking hole*. Such as, for the first time, have enrolled themselves under the banners of the procession, must wade in, and grope for the stone, during which act they are tumbled over and ducked, to the no small satisfaction of the spectators. There is no distinction of rank—were the greatest potentate to appear, he would share the fate of the most humble plebeian. As soon as the novices are immersed, the whole then move off to the woods of Jerviswood and Cleghorn, and cut down—not small twigs, but stately boughs of birch, with which they return, and march through the principal streets in regular procession, to the sound of music. The proprietors of these lands have at different times attempted to prevent the destroying of their trees, but in vain. The number of men and boys in the procession may be estimated at 400. The effect is peculiarly grand, and has all the appearance of a moving forest.

The procession being ended, the most celebrated vocalists of the cavalcade form themselves into a circle at the cross, and sing the popular song of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." This part of the ceremony is of modern introduction, and owes its origin to the placing of the statue of the great Scottish hero in the east front of the church only a few years ago.

In the early part of the day, the Council and seat of Deacons assemble at the house of the cornet or standard-bearer, where they are very copiously regaled. They then proceed with the standard to the house of him who is appointed keeper for the ensuing year. It is kept by the burghesses and trades alternately. This stand-

According to Mr. Northcote, Sir Joshua Reynolds said of Gainsborough, that he copied Vandyck so exquisitely, that at a certain distance, he could not distinguish the copy from the original; nor the difference between them.

	h. m.
June 7. Sun rises . . . .	3 48
— sets . . . .	8 12

Monkey flower, and Lanceolate thistle flower.

• Walpole

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 8.

ard was taken by Admiral Lockhart Ross of the Tartar, and by him presented to the burgh. The rude band of time has now reduced it to a rag. At noon, the own drummer, on horseback, with his spirit-stirring *tantara*, appears, which is the signal for congregating the equestrians who are to join the Magistrates and Town Council in riding the land-marches.

A public instrument was taken in the year 1775, upon the 9th of June, in presence of John Wilson, notary public, and witnesses, wherein the Lord Provost, Bailies, Council and Community of said burgh, did, for performance of the ancient yearly custom, and for the knowledge of the freedoms and liberties of their burgh, in riding of their marches, and bounding of their common lands, which appertain to the said burgh, pass upon foot and horse-back to the marches after specified, for the common weal of the said burgh, and to make their marches known to all neighbours adjacent thereto—"In the first place, beginning at the foot of the burn at Lockhart bridge, on the water of Mouse, and passing therefrom, north-east, to the new march stone at the hedge at the New Mains burn, at the foot of the brae, where the said burn begins to run towards the water of Mouse, from thence to the new march-stone on the hedge in the park opposite to the wood, and from thence passing southwards to the new march-stone on said hedge, about twenty five clue's distant from the former; from thence passing north east to the new march-stone, close to the inside of the dyke, on the south side of the entry to Jerviswood house, at the place where the old stone dyke, now demolished, ended, which formerly was accounted the march; and from thence to the march-stone on the north side of the King's high-street, at Leitchford; from thence to the gate at said foord, and up the water of Mouse, while unto the path that passed from the said mid-water to the meadow burn passing south, passing south up the march-dyke of the hill, and march-stone there, south-east the gate to the march-stone on the neuk of the dyke at Mouse bridge, passing south-east the gate in the mid fold, from thence passing to the Balgreen, to a march-stone on the common gate, and from that place, passing the gate and march dyke southeastward, to the east dyke to the Stack-hill, thro' the little moss to the common gate that passes to Ravenstruther, and then passing the yett of

Ravenstruther, passing down that dyke to the river at Cobblehaugh, passing west the dyke to the new march-stone on the Hardstonlaw, and then passing west the gate to the old Pine-fold, and then passing to the east end of the Longloch, and passing west therefrom the south gate to the march-stone besouth the Rood of Cross, and from that stone even thro' the moss to Braxmoss—within which bounds, the haill common lands, mosses and muirs, appertain to the burgh of Lanark, and inhabitants thereof, and have been yearly bounded and ridden by the Provost, Bailies, Council, and Community of the said burgh, past memory of man, without stop or impediment whatever, as divers and sundry instruments taken thereon purport. Like as the present day and year, the Provost, Bailies, Council, and Community of the said burgh have ridden said marches, and caused their officers in our Sovereign Lord's name and authority, fence and arrest all fewell, fail, peats and divotes, which are casten within said bounds by an unfree or out-townsmen, that none remove the same off the grounds whereon they lye, but that the same remain under sure arrestment at their instance, ay and while they be made fourthcoming as law will, whereupon and upon all and sundry the premises, the treasurer of the said burgh, in their name and upon their behalf, asked and took instruments one or more needful, in the hands of me, John Wilson, notary public subscribing. These things were done respectively and successively at every march-stone, and publicly at the mercate cross of Lanark, between the hours of six in the morning and three in the afternoon, before and in presence of—" &c.

Having finished their rounds, the whole assemble on the race ground in the moor, where a race is run for a pair of spurs.—No horse is allowed to start except it belong to a burgess, and has been previously carted. The bells are rung in the morning during the procession of the birches, and at noon, while the ceremony of riding the marches is performing. In the afternoon the Magistrates and Council dine in the County Hall, in company with a number of the Burgesses and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and the whole day is one of high festivity. The corporations hold their annual meetings, and no public business of any kind is done. No weather, however tempestuous, can hinder the observance of the ceremony

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 9.

—witnesses make oath that the march-stones are standing in the same situation they left them “l’année passée;” and their declaration is transmitted to the crown.\*

June 8. Sun rises . . . . .	h. m.
	3 48
— sets . . . . .	
	8 12

Peach-leaved bell flower blows.  
Bastard flag flowers.  
Sword lilies become common.  
Strawberries flower abundantly.

**June 9.**

After the riding of the Lanark Marches yesterday, this day may be dedicated to an acquaintance with a few distinguished Scottish personages—

**OLD LORDS OF SESSION.**

In the very interesting “Traditions of Edinburgh by Mr. Chambers,” which largely assist the historian, and illustrate the manners of by-gone days, there are very curious anecdotes of remarkable persons and incidents.—

Lord Covington (Alexander Lockhart, esq.), was appointed to the bench in 1774 and died in 1782. He was one of the ablest lawyers of his time. Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Fergusson (afterwards Lord Pitfour) had always been rivals, in their profession at the bar, and were usually pitted against each other as advocates in important cases. In only one thing did they ever agree, and that was the Jacobitism which affected them in common. After the Rebellion of 1745 was finally suppressed, many violently unjust, as well as bloody measures, were resorted to, at Carlisle, in the disposal of the prisoners, about seventy of whom came to a barbarous death. Messrs Lockhart and Fergusson, indignant at the treatment of the poor Highlanders, resolved upon a course by which they were able to save many lives. They set out for Carlisle, and, offering their services, were gladly accepted as counsel by the unfortunate persons whose trials were yet to happen. These gentlemen arranged with each other that Lockhart should examine evidence, while Fergusson

pleaded and addressed the Jury;—Each exerted his abilities in his respective duties with the greatest solicitude, but with very little effect. The jurors of Carlisle had been so frightened by the Highland army, that they thought every thing in the shape or hue of tartan a certain proof of guilt. They discriminated so little between one alleged criminal and another, that the victims of a sinking cause might have been just as fairly and much more conveniently tried by wholesale, or in companies. At length one of the Scottish Advocates devised an expedient which had a better effect than all the eloquence he had expended. He directed his man-servant to dress himself in some tartan habiliments, to skulk about for a short time in the neighbourhood of the town, and then permit himself to be taken. The man did so, and was soon brought into court, and accused of the crime of high-treason, and would have been condemned to death, had not his master stood up, claimed him as his servant, and proved, beyond dispute, that the supposed criminal had been in immediate attendance upon him during the whole time of the Rebellion. This staggered the jury, and, with a little amplification from the young Advocate, served to make them more cautious afterwards in the delivery of their important fiat.—Lockhart (Lord Covington) was held in such estimation as an advocate, that the late Lord Newton, when at the bar, wore Lockhart’s gown till it was in tatters, and at last had a new one made, with a fragment of the neck of the original sewed into it, whereby he could still make it his boast that he wore “Covington’s Gown.”

Lord Pitfour, who died in 1777, owed his elevation to the bench in 1764 to the late Earl Mansfield, whose official duty it was to inform his majesty of the vacancy, and who had influence in supplying it. The news of the vacancy reached Lord Mansfield, while attending a levee at St. James’s, and, instantly bethinking himself of his friend Fergusson, he spoke in his favor to the king, and in addition to his own recommendation brought forward the Duke of Argyll, whom, strange to say, he caused to testify to the loyalty of the Jacobite barrister, by putting the question to him in so direct and confident a manner that his grace, out of polite-

\* From an Edinburgh Newspaper, 1827.

ness, could not help bowing. This, of course, was taken as sufficient assurance by his majesty, who could not doubt the attestation of so attached and so whiggish a nobleman. Fergusson had just as great expectations of becoming the Lama of Thibet as of being made a senator of the College of Justice. Lord Pitfour always wore his hat on the bench on account of his sore eyes.

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Lord Monboddo (James Burnet, Esq.), appointed a lord of session 1767, died in 1799. He once embroiled himself in a law-plea respecting a horse which belonged to himself. His lordship had committed the animal, when sick, to the charge of a farrier, with directions for the administration of a certain medicine. The farrier gave the medicine, but went beyond his commission, in so far as he mixed it in a liberal *menstruum* of treacle, in order to make it palatable. The horse dying next morning, Lord Monboddo raised a prosecution for its value, and actually pleaded his own cause at the bar. He lost it, however, and is said to have been so enraged in consequence at his brother judges, that he never afterwards sat with them upon the bench, but underneath, amongst the clerks. The report of this case is exceedingly amusing, on account of the great quantity of Roman law quoted by the judges, and the strange circumstances under which the case appeared before them. With all his oddities, and though generally hated or despised by his brethren, Monboddo was by far the most learned, and not the least upright judge of his time. His attainments in classical learning, and in the study of ancient philosophy, were singular in his time in Scotland. He was the earliest patron of the venerable professor John Hunter of St. Andrew's, who was for many years his secretary, and who chiefly wrote the first and best volume of his Lordship's Treatise on the Origin of Languages. When Lord Monboddo travelled to London, he always went on horseback. It is said that the late king, George III., on understanding this, and being told that two dragoon officers had just come up from Scotland in a post-chaise, remarked it was strange that one of his law-judges should visit him on horseback, while his dragoons adopted the more civilian-like mode of conveyance. On lord Mon-

boddo's last journey he only got the length of Dunbar, and then returned. His nephew enquiring the occasion of this—"Oh George," said his lordship, "I find I am eighty-four."—So convinced was Lord Monboddo of the truth of his fantastic theory of human tails, that, whenever a child happened to be born in his house, he watched at the chamber-door, in order to see it in its first state—having a notion that the attendants pinched off the infant-tails. There is a tradition, that Lord Monboddo witnessed the death of Captain Porteus by the mob in 1735. He had that day returned from completing his law-education at Leyden, and taken lodgings near the foot of the West Bow, where many of the greatest lawyers then resided. When the rioters came down the Bow with their victim, Mr. Burnet was roused from bed by the noise, came down in his night-gown, with a candle in his hand, and stood in a sort of stupor, looking on and still holding the lighted candle, till the tragedy was concluded. It is further added, that he was apprehended and examined next day by the magistrates. Lord Monboddo, while a judge, had a good house in St. John's Street, where Burns often attended the parties given by his lordship's beautiful daughter.

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Another Lord of Session (Henry Home Esq.) Lord Kames, appointed in 1752, died in 1783. He was distinguished for his metaphysical subtlety and literary abilities, and admired for extraordinary powers of conversation; yet he was strangely accustomed to apply towards his intimate friends the term which designates a she-dog. It is well taken off in Sir Walter Scott's "Red Gauntlet." When Lord Kames retired from the Bench, he took a public farewell of his brethren. After addressing them in a solemn speech, and shaking their hands all round, in going out at the door of the Court-Room, he turned about, and, casting them a last look, cried, in his usual familiar tone,—“Fare ye a' weel, ye bitches!” This might be called the ruling passion strong in death, for Lord Kames died a very short while thereafter. A man called *Sinkum the Cadie*, who had a short and a long leg, and was excessively addicted to swearing, used to lie in wait for this distinguished Judge, almost every morning, and walk alongside of his Lordship up

the street to the Parliament-House. The mystery of Sterne's little flattering Frenchman, who begged so successfully from the ladies, was scarcely more wonderful than this intimacy, which arose entirely from Lord Kames' love of the gossip which *Sinicum* made it his business to cater for him.

Lord Hailes (Sir David Dalrymple) another Lord of Session, appointed in 1766, died in 1792 apparently without a will. Great search was made, no testamentary paper could be discovered, the heir-at-law was about to take possession of his estates, to the exclusion of his daughter and only child, and Miss Dalrymple prepared to retire from New Hailes, and from the mansion-house in New Street. Some of her domestics, however, were sent to lock up the house in New Street, and, in closing the window-shutters, there dropped out upon the floor, from behind a panel, Lord Hailes's will, which was found to secure her in the possession of his estates.—A story is told of Lord Hailes once making a serious objection to a law-paper, and, in consequence, to the whole suit to which it belonged, on account of the word *justice* being spelt in the usual manner, and as here printed: his lordship contended that it should have another *e* at the end—*justicee*. Perhaps no author ever affected so much critical accuracy, and yet there never was a book published with so large an array of "Corrigenda et addenda," as the first edition of Lord Hailes's "Annals of Scotland."

Lord Gardenstone (Francis Gardner Esq.), who died in 1793, also a lord of session and author of several literary works, had strange eccentric fancies, in his mode of living: he seemed to indulge these chiefly with a view to his health, which was always that of a valetudinarian. He had a predilection for pigs. A young one took a particular fancy for his Lordship, and followed him wherever he went like a dog, reposing in the same bed. When it attained the years and size of swinehood, this was inconvenient. However, his Lordship, unwilling to part with his friend, continued to let it sleep in his bed room, and, when he undressed, laid his clothes upon the floor, as a bed to it. He said that he liked the pig, for it kept his clothes warm till the morning.

The Lord President Dundas (Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arniston) who died in 1787, was in his latter years extremely subject to gout, and accustomed to fall backwards and forwards in his chair. He used to characterize his six clerks thus:—"Two of them cannot read; two of them cannot write; and the other two can neither read nor write!" The eccentric Sir James Colquhoun was one of the two who could not read.—In former times, it was the practice of the Lord President to have a sand-glass before him on the bench, which measured out the utmost time that could be allowed to a Judge for the delivery of his opinion. Lord President Dundas would never allow a single moment after the expiry of the sand, and often shook his old-fashioned chronometer ominously in the faces of his Brethren, when their "ideas upon the subject" began to get vague and windy.

#### *Hour Glasses in Coffins.*

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1746, says, "in June, 1718, as I was walking into the fields, I stopt in Clerkenwell church-yard to see a grave-digger at work. He had dug pretty deep, and was come to a coffin, which had lain so long that it was quite rotten, and the plate eaten so with rust, that he could not read any thing of the inscription. In clearing away the rotten pieces of wood, the grave-digger found an hour-glass close to the left side of the skull, with sand in it, the wood of which was so rotten that it broke where he took hold of it. Being a lover of antiquity, I bought it of him, and took a draught of it as it then appeared: some time after, mentioning this affair in company of some antiquarians, they told me that it was an ancient custom to put an hour-glass into the coffin, as an emblem of the sand of life being run out; others conjectured that little hour-glasses were anciently given at funerals, like rosemary, and by the friends of the dead put in the coffin, or thrown into the grave."

June 9. Sun rises . . . . . 3 47  
— sets . . . . . 8 13

Lurid Iris flowers.  
Wolfs-bane flowers.  
Deadly nightshade flowers



VICARAGE HOUSE, THAME, OXFORDSHIRE.

It will appear from the annexed communication, which was accompanied by an original drawing for the present engraving, that there are interesting anecdotes connected with this spot.

[For the Year Book.]

During the civil wars of the seventeenth century, Thame was surrounded by garrisons of the contending parties, and, consequently, partook of the miseries of the period.

Anthony a' Wood, the Oxford antiquary, was then a student in the town, and he has minutely recorded several of the skirmishes he witnessed. A part of his narrative vividly portrays the confusion. He says, "on the 27th of January, 1644, Colonel Thomas Blagge, governor of Wallingford Castle, roving about the country very early, with a troop of stout horsemen, consisting of seventy or eighty at most, met with a party of parliamenteers, or rebels, of at least 200, at long Crendon, about a mile northward from Thame; which 200 belonged to the garrison of Aylesbury, and, being headed by a Scot called Colonel Crafford, who, as I think, was governor of the garrison there, they pretended that they were looking out quarters for them. Colonel Blagge fought with, and made them run, till his men, following them too eagerly, were overpowered by multitudes that

afterwards came in to their assistance; at which time he himself, with his stout captain Walter (they two only), fought against a great many of the rebels for a long time together, in which encounter the brave colonel behaved himself as manfully with his sword as ever man did, slashing and beating so many fresh rebels with such courage and dexterity, that he would not stir till he had brought off his own men, whereof the rebels killed but two (not a man more), though they took sixteen, who staid too long behind. Captain Walter had six rebels upon him, and, according to his custom, fought it out so gallantly that he brought himself off with his colonel, and got home safe to Wallingford, with all their men except eighteen. Colonel Blagge was cut over the face, and had some other hurts, but not dangerous. After the action was concluded at Crendon, and Blagge and his men forced to fly homewards, they took part of Thame in their way, and A. Wood and his fellow sojourners being then at dinner in the parlour with some strangers, they were all alarmed with their approach; and, by that time [that] they could run out of the house to look over the pale that parts it from the common road, they saw a great number of horsemen posting towards Thame over Crendon bridge, about a stone's cast from their house (being the only house on that road

before you come into Thame), and, at the head of them, was Blagge, with a bloody face, and his party, with Captain Walter following him. The number, as was then guessed by A. Wood, and others of the family, was fifty, or more, and they all rode under the said pale, and close by the house. They did not ride in order, but each made shift to be foremost; and, one of them riding upon a shelving ground opposite to the door, his horse slipped, fell upon one side, and threw the rider (a lusty man), in A. Wood's sight. Colonel Crafford, who was well horsed, at a pretty distance before his man in pursuit, held a pistol to him, but, the trooper crying out 'quarter,' the rebels came up, ~~rised~~ <sup>rised</sup> him, and took him and his horse away with them. Crafford rode on without touching him, and ever and anon he would be discharging his pistol at some of the fagg end of Blagge's horse, who rode through the west end of Thame, called Priest-end, leading towards Rycote."

After relating the particulars of another skirmish, A. Wood says, "This alarm and onset were made by the cavaliers from Oxon, about break of day on Sunday, September 7, before any of the rebels were stirring: but, by the alarm taken from the sentinel that stood at the end of the town, leading to Oxon, many of them came out of their beds into the marketplace, without their doublets, whereof adjutant-general Pride was one, who fought in his shirt. Some that were quartered near the church (as, in the vicar's house, where A. Wood then sojourned, and others) fled into the church (some with their horses also), and, going to the top of the tower, would be peeping thence to see the cavaliers run into the houses where they quartered, to fetch away their goods."

Often in my walks past the vicarage, and my visits to it, I think on the above passage in Anthony a' Wood, and picture to myself the young antiquarian disturbed from his dinner in the parlour, and leaning with his "fellow-sojourners" over the pales (on the right of the house), beholding "the brave colonel Blagge with a bloody face," and his "fifty or more stout horsemen" coming in full speed across the railed bridge, pursued by Crafford "and the rebels;" and I am greatly assisted in these my reveries, by the circumstance of the bridge, the house, the road, the shelving bank, and, indeed, all the

immediate neighbourhood of the place, having experienced but little change since those eventful and unhappy times which the interesting historian so minutely describes.

The antiquary's pen has given a sort of *everlastingness* to the event: and I hope Mr. Hone will assist my humble endeavours to preserve the edifice yet "a little longer," which is associated so closely with it, and which, though depicted by an unskilful hand, will be found to be tolerably correct in all its features.

I am, &c.  
J. K.

Thame, April 1831.

### June 10.

10th of June, 1735, Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, died at Edmund Hall, Oxon, at the age of 57. He was born at Littlefield Green, in the parish of White Waltham, Berks. His father, George Hearne, was parish-clerk, and resided in the vicarage-house, for which he paid no rent in consequence of his instructing eight boys in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the Latin grammar. Thomas was sent as an assistant in the kitchen of the learned and pious Francis Cherry, Esq. but being uncouth in his person, clownish in his manners, and having his "nose always in a book," he became the ridicule of his party-colored brethren.—Complaints were frequently made that Hearne would not even clean the knives, and Mr. Cherry, whose kindness would not suffer him to dismiss any servant without examining into the whole of his conduct, found that this scrub in his kitchen possessed a mind far above his station, upon which he boarded him at his father's, and paid for his education at Bray, three long miles from Waltham. Hearne's improvement was rapid; and, on the recommendation of the learned Mr. Dodwell, Mr. Cherry received the youth again to his own house, not as a servant, but as one whom he patronized. This worthy gentleman entered him, when seventeen years of age, at Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he was even then able to collate Greek MSS. Vulgar and unsocial, and vehement in tory principles, he abhorred all who supported the line of Brunswick. He held an office in the Bodleian library, which he lost on account of his religious

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 11.

and political virulence. The scholar, the historian, and the antiquary are eminently indebted to Hearne's researches. It may be said of him that he had no relations but manuscripts; no acquaintance but with books; no progeny but edited fragments of antiquity. After a life of labor, care, and perplexity, from intense application and illiberal manners, he was attended on his death-bed by a Roman Catholic priest, who gained admission to him, after he had refused to see a nonjuring clergyman. He left behind him a considerable sum of money, with a great quantity of valuable MSS., which he bequeathed to Dr. William Bedford, who sold them to Dr. Rawlinson. They afterwards fell into the hands of Moore Chester Hall, Esq., of Wivford, Essex, and at his death were the property of his widow: from that period no traces of them could be discovered. It is believed that Hearne never had the curiosity to visit London. His person was well described by Mr. Cherry's daughter, the late Mrs. Berkeley who was as great a curiosity as even Hearne himself. She says, "Of all the lumber-headed, stupid-looking beings, he had the most stupid appearance, not only in his countenance (generally the index of the mind) but in his every limb. No neck, his head looking as it he was peeping out of a sack of corn; his arms short and clumsy, remarkably ill placed on his body; his legs ditto, as, I think, is evidently seen in a print which my mother had of him. In short, I have wondered that such a looking being should have been admitted (as a servant) into a genteel family."

	h, m.
June 10. Sun rises . . .	3 47
— sets . . . . .	8 13

Doubtful poppy flowers.

June 11.

ST. BARNABAS DAY.

To the particulars under this day in the *Every-Day Book*, may be added, on the authority of Mr. Brand, who was minister of the parish of St. Mary at Hill, London, the following charges in the churchwarden's accounts of that parish, 17 and 19 Edward IV.

"For *Rose-garlandis* and *Woodroove-garlonais*, on St. Barnebes' Daye, xjd."

And, under the year 1486;

"Item, for two doss' di *Bosce-garlands* for prestes and clerks on Saynt Barnabe daye, js. xd."

In explanation of "Woodrove" garlands Mr. Brand cites, from Gerard's Herbal,—"Woodroffe, *Asperula* hath many square stalkes, full of joynts, and at every knot or joynt seven or eight long narrow leaves, set round about like a star, or the rowell of a spurre. The flowres grow at the top of the stems, of a white colour and of a very sweet smell, as is the rest of the herbe, which being made up into garlands or bundles, and hanging up in houses in the heat of summer, doth very well attemper the aire, coole and make fresh the place, to the delight and comfort of such as are therein.—Woodroffe is named of divers in Latine *Asperula odorata*, and of most men *Aspergula odorata*: of others *Cordialis*, and *Stellaria*: in English, Woodrooffe, Woodrove, and Woodrowell. It is reported to be put into wine, to make a man merry, and to be good for the heart and liver."

On the 11th of June, 1727, king George I. died at Osnaburgh, of a fit of apoplexy which he was attacked with in his carriage, on his way to that city.

ARGYLE SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

A tailor in London, named Campbell, having secured the good graces of his chief, the duke of Argyle, was promised the first favor which that nobleman could throw in his way. Upon the death of George I., which took place abroad, the duke receiving very early intelligence, concealed it from the whole court for a few hours, and only divulged the important news to his friend, the tailor, who ere his less favored brethren in trade were aware, went and bought up all the black cloth in town, and forthwith drove such a trade, in supplying people with mourning at his own prices, that he shortly realised a little fortune, and laid the foundation of a greater. This he afterwards employed in building a few of the houses in Argyle-square, and conferred that name on them in honor of his patron.\*

DRESS, TEMP. GEORGE I.

There was not much variation in dress during this reign. The king was advanced

\* Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, i. 44.



in years, and seldom mixed with his subjects; and the act which precluded the granting of honors to foreigners prevented many German gentlemen from visiting England. There was no queen in England, and the ladies who accompanied his Majesty were neither by birth, propriety of conduct, age, nor beauty, qualified to make any impression on prevailing modes. The peace with France caused more intercourse between the two countries than had subsisted for many years; and a slight difference was introduced in the shape of the clothing, but so little as to be scarcely worth notice. Dr. John Harris published, in 1715, an elaborate "Treatise upon the Modes, or a Farewell to French Kicks," 8vo.; and on the particular recommendation of John, Duke of Argyle, the reverend reprobater of French fashions was made bishop of Landaff. This clergyman endeavoured to dissuade his countrymen from applying to foreigners in matters of dress, because we have "a right, and power, and genius," to supply ourselves. The French tailors, he observed, invented new modes of dress, and dedicated them to great men, as authors do books; as was the case with the *roquelaure* cloak, which at that time displaced the surtout; and which was called the *roquelaure* from being dedicated to the Duke of Roquelaure, whose cloak and title spread by this means throughout France and Britain. Dr. Harris says, the coat was not the invention of the French, but its present modifications and adjuncts, the pockets and pocket flaps, as well as the magnitude of the plaits, which differ from time to time in number, but always agree in the mystical efficacy of an *unequal* number, were entirely derived from France.

Yet the ladies reduced their shapes, as if to represent insects, which seem to have the two ends held together only by a slender union. The consequence of this partial excision of the body was deformity and ill health. In vain did the *Venus de Medicis* prove that there is a due proportion observed by nature: in vain was it allowed that amongst unclothed Africans a crooked woman was as great a rarity as a straight European lady. Mademoiselle Pantine, a mistress of Marshal Saxe, infested us with that stiffened case which injured and destroyed the fine natural symmetry of the female form. The reproach of the poet was little understood, and as little regarded—

' No longer shall the boddice, *apely lac'd*  
' From the full bosom to the slender waist,  
' That air and harmony of shape express,  
' Fine by *degrees*, and *beautifully less*.

Spanish broad cloth, trimmed with gold lace, was still in use for ladies' dresses; and scarfs, greatly furbelowed, were worn from the duchess to the peasant, as were riding-hoods on horseback. The mask continued till the following reign.\*

h. m.

June 11. Sun rises . . . 3 46  
— sets . . . 8 14

Garden poppy flowers.

Midsummer daisy already flowers in some meadows.

Scarlet lychnis sometimes flowers about his day

### June 12.

Farewell Aruna!—"Still," in Fancy's ear,  
As in the evening wind, thy murmurs swell,  
Th' enthusiast of the lyre, who wander'd here,  
Seems yet to strike his visionary shell,  
Of power to call forth Pity's tenderest tear,  
Or wake wild Frenzy from her hideous cell!  
*Charlotte Smith.*

On the 12th of June, 1759, died, in his thirty-seventh year, William Collins one of the most unhappy of our most gifted poets.

A contributor to memorials of Collins says his father was a bather at Chichester. "He lived in a genteel style, and I think filled the office of mayor more than once; he was pompous in his manners, but at his death left his affairs rather embarrassed. Colonel Martyn, his wife's brother, greatly assisted his family; and supported Mr. William Collins at the university, where he stood for a fellowship, which, to his great mortification, he lost, and which was his reason for quitting that place; at least, that was his pretext. But he had other reasons. He was in arrears to his bookseller, his tailor, and other tradesmen; but, I believe, a desire to partake of the gaiety and dissipation of London was his principal motive. Colonel Martyn was at this time with his regiment; and Mr. Payne, a near relation, had the management of the Collins's affairs, and had, likewise, a commission to supply the Collins's with small sums

\* Noble.

of money. The Colonel was the more sparing in this order, having suffered considerably by Alderman Collins, who had formerly been his agent, and, forgetting that his wife's brother's cash was not his own, had applied it to his own use. When Mr. William Collins came from the university, he called on his cousin Payne, gaily dressed, and with a feather in his hat; at which his relation expressed surprise, and told him his appearance was by no means that of a young man who had not a single guinea to call his own. This gave him great offence; but, remembering his sole dependence for subsistence was in the power of Mr. Payne, he concealed his resentment; yet could not refrain speaking freely behind his back, and saying he thought him a ——— dull fellow; though this indeed was an epithet he was pleased to bestow on every one who did not think as he would have them. His frequent demands for a supply obliged Mr. Payne to tell him he must pursue some other line of life, for he was sure Colonel Martyn would be displeased with him for having done so much. This resource being stopped, forced him to set about some work, of which his History of the Revival of Learning was the first, and for which he printed proposals (one of which I have), and took the first subscription money from many of his particular friends. The book was begun, but soon stood still. From the freedom subsisting between us, we took the liberty of saying any thing to each other: I one day reproached him with idleness; when, to convince me that my censure was unjust, he showed me many sheets of his translation of Aristotle, which he said he had fully employed himself about, to prevent him from calling on any of his friends so frequently as he used to do. Soon after this, he engaged with Mr. Manby, a bookseller on Ludgate Hill, to furnish him with some lives for the *Biographia Britannica*, which Manby was then publishing. He showed me some of the lives in embryo, but I do not recollect that any of them came to maturity. To raise a present subsistence, he set about writing his Odes; and, having a general invitation to my home, he frequently passed whole days there, which he employed in writing them, and as frequently burning what he had written, after reading them to me. Many of them which pleased me I struggled to preserve but

without effect; for, pretending he would alter them, he got them from me and thrust them into the fire. He was an acceptable companion every where; and, among the gentlemen who loved him for his genius, I may reckon Drs. Armstrong, Barrowby, and Hill; and Messrs. Quim, Garrack, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion on their pieces, before they were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's coffee-houses. From his knowledge of Garrick, he had the liberty of the scenes and green-room, where he made diverting observations on the vanity and false consequence of that class of people; and his manner of relating them to his particular friends was extremely entertaining. In this manner he lived with and upon his friends until the death of Colonel Martyn, who left what fortune he died possessed of to him and his two sisters. I fear I cannot be certain as to dates, but believe he left the university in 1743. Some circumstances I recollect make me almost certain he was in London that year; but I will not be so positive of the time he died, which I did not hear of until long after it happened. When his health and faculties began to decline, he went to France, and afterwards to Bath, in hopes his health might be restored, but without success. I never saw him after his sister had removed him from M'Donald's mad-house, at Chelsea, to Chichester, where he soon sunk into a deplorable state of idiotism."

This brief outline might suffice for ordinary readers; and higher minds might "imagine all the rest," in the life of him, "who more than any other of our martyrs to the lyre, has thrown over all his images and his thoughts a tenderness of mind, and breathed a freshness over the pictures of poetry, which the mighty Milton has not exceeded, and the laborious Gray has not attained." A few other passages, however, may be useful as warnings to some of less ability and like temperament. The incidents most interesting in the life of Collins would be those events which elude the vulgar biographer; that invisible train of emotions which were gradually passing in his mind; those passions which moulded his genius, and which broke it! Who could record the vacillations of a poetic temper; its early hope, and its late

despair; its wild gaiety, and its settled phrenzy; but the poet himself? Yet Collins has left behind no memorial of the wanderings of his alienated mind, but the errors of his life.—At college he published his “Persian Eclogues,” as they were first called, to which, when he thought they were not distinctly Persian, he gave the more general title of “Oriental.” yet the passage of Hassan, in the desert, is more correct in its scenery, than perhaps the poet himself was aware. The publication was attended with no success; but the first misfortune a poet meets will rarely deter him from incurring more. He suddenly quitted the University, and has been censured for not having consulted his friends when he rashly resolved to live by the pen. But he had no friends!—Alive to the name of Author and Poet, the ardent and simple youth imagined that a nobler field of action opened on him in the metropolis, than was presented by the flat uniformity of a collegiate life. To whatever spot the youthful poet flies, that spot seems Parnassus, as civility seems patronage. He wrote his odes for a present supply: they were purchased by Millar, and form but a slight pamphlet; yet all the interest of that great bookseller could never introduce them into notice. Not even an idle compliment is recorded to have been sent to the poet. When we now consider that among these odes was one of the most popular in the language, with some of the most exquisitely poetical, two reflections will occur; the difficulty of a young writer, without connections, obtaining the public ear; and the languor of the poetical connoisseurs, which sometimes suffers poems, that have not yet grown up to authority, to be buried on the shelf. What the outraged feelings of the poet were; appeared when some time afterwards he became rich enough to express them. Having obtained some fortune by the death of his uncle, he made good to the publisher the deficiency of the unsold odes, and, in his haughty resentment of the public taste, consigned the impression to the flames!—It cannot be doubted, and the recorded facts will demonstrate it, that the poetical disappointments of Collins were secretly preying on his spirit, and repressing his firmest exertions. His mind richly stored with literature, and his soul alive to taste, were ever leaning to the impulse of Nature and study—and thus he projected a “History of the Revival of Learning,” and a trans-

lation of “Aristotle’s Poetics,” to be illustrated by a large commentary.—But “his great fault,” says Johnson, “was his *irresolution*; or the frequent calls of *immediate necessity* broke his schemes, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose.” Collins was, however, not idle, though without application; for, when reproached with idleness by a friend, he showed instantly several sheets of his version of Aristotle, and many embryos of some lives he had engaged to compose for the *Biographia Britannica*; he never brought either to perfection! What then was this *irresolution*, but the vacillations of a mind broken and confounded? He had exercised too constantly the highest faculties of fiction, and he had precipitated himself into the dreariness of real life. None but a poet can conceive, for none but a poet can experience, the secret wounds inflicted on a mind made up of romantic fancy and tenderness of emotion, who has staked his happiness on his imagination; and who feels neglect, as ordinary men might the sensation of being let down into a sepulchre, and being buried alive. The mind of Tasso, a brother in fancy to Collins, became disordered by the opposition of the critics, but their perpetual neglect had not injured it less. The elegant Hope of the ancients was represented holding some flowers, the promise of the spring, or some spikes of corn, indicative of approaching harvest—but the Hope of Collins had scattered its seed, and they remained buried in the earth.—To our poor Bard, the oblivion which covered his works appeared to him eternal, as those works now seem to us immortal. He had created Hope, with deep and enthusiastic feeling!

With eyes so fair—

Whispering promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance ha.;  
And Hope, enchanted, smil’d, and wav’d her  
golden hair!

What was the true life of Collins, separated from its adventitious circumstances? It was a life of Want, never chequered by Hope, that was striving to elude its own observation by hurrying into some temporary dissipation. But the hours of melancholy and solitude were sure to return; these were marked on the dial of his life, and, when they struck, the gay and lively Collins, like one of his own enchanted beings, as surely relapsed into his natural shape. To the perpetual re-

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 12.

collections of his poetical disappointments are we to attribute this unsettled state of his mind, and the perplexity of his studies. To these he was perpetually reverting, as after a lapse of several years he showed, in burning his ill-fated odes. And what was the result of his literary life? It is known that he returned to his native city of Chichester in a state almost of nakedness, destitute, diseased, and wild in despair, to hide himself in the arms of a sister.—The cloud had long been gathering over his convulsed intellect; and the fortune he acquired on the death of his uncle served only for personal indulgences which rather accelerated his disorder. There were, at times, some awful pauses, in the alienation of his mind—but he had withdrawn it from study. It was in one of these intervals that Thomas Warton told Johnson that when he met Collins travelling, he took up a book the poet carried with him, from curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen—it was an English Testament. “I have but one book,” said Collins, “but that is the best.” This circumstance is thus recorded on his tomb.

“He join’d pure faith to strong poetic powers,  
And, in reviving Reason’s lucid hours,  
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,  
And rightly deem’d the Book of God the best.”

Dr. Warton says—“During his last malady he was a great reader of the Bible, I am favored with the following anecdote from the Rev. Mr. Shenton, vicar of St Andrews, at Chichester, by whom Collins was buried. ‘Walking in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening, during Collins’ last illness, I heard a female (the servant I suppose) reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr. Collins had been accustomed to rave much, and make great moanings; but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were very frequent, through the whole of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis.’”

There is another touching feature of Collins’s distracted mind—“At Chichester tradition has preserved some striking and affecting occurrences of his last days; he would haunt the aisles and cloisters of the cathedral, roving days and nights together, loving their

Dim religious light.

And, when the choristers chaunted their

anthem, the listening and bewildered poet, carried out of himself by the solemn strains, and his own too susceptible imagination, moaned and shrieked, and awoke a sadness and a terror most affecting in so solemn a place; their friend, their kinsman, and their poet, was before them, an awful image of human misery and ruined genius!”\*

The worthy historian of “English Poetry,” further relates, that in 1754, Collins was at Oxford, “for change of air and amusement,” and staid a month. “I saw him frequently, but he was so weak and low, that he could not bear conversation. Once he walked from his lodgings opposite Christ-church, to Trinity-college, but supported by his servant. The same year, in September, I and my brother visited him at Chichester, where he lived in the cathedral cloisters, with his sister. The first day he was in high spirits at intervals, but exerted himself so much that he could not see us the second. Here he showed us an Ode to Mr. John Home, on his leaving England for Scotland, in the octave stanza, very long and beginning—

Home, thou return’st from Thames!

I remember there was a beautiful description of the spectre of a man drowned in the night, or in the language of the old Scotch superstitions—seized by the angry spirit of the waters, appearing to his wife with pale blue cheeks, &c. Mr. Home has no copy of it. He also showed us another ode, of two or three four-lined stanzas, called the Bell of Arragon; on a tradition that, anciently, just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Sarragossa, in Arragon, tolled spontaneously. It began thus:—

The bell of Arragon, they say,  
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day, &c

Soon afterwards were these lines:—

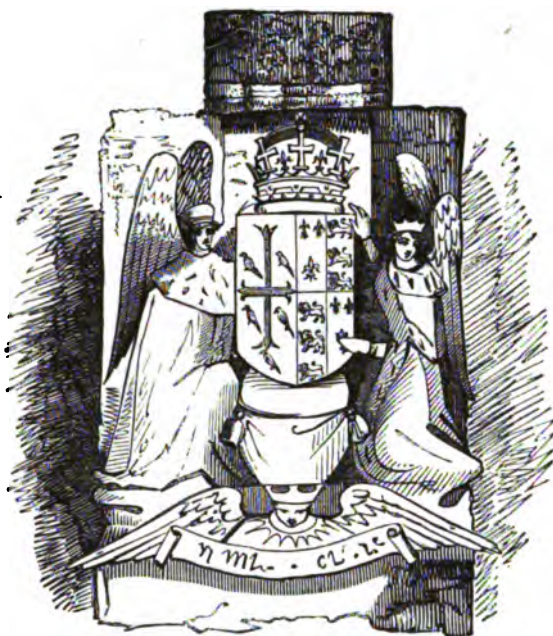
Whatever dark aerial power,  
Commission’d, haunts the gloomy tower.

The last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he called “some simpler bell.”

Dr. Drake observes, “Of this exquisite poet, who, in his genius, and in his per-

\* Calamities of Authors.





ESCUTCHEON AT CROYDON PALACE.

The subsequent communication, accompanied by a drawing of the carving represented in the engraving

[For the Year Book.]

An escutcheon surmounted by a canopy, on the eastern wall of the old archiepiscopal palace of Croydon, fell down, together with the wall, on the 8th of June last year. In a few days afterwards, the escutcheon having been removed with the rubbish on which it lay, I took the accompanying sketch of it. The wall is reinstated without this ancient ornament. I forward the drawing in the hope that it may find a place in the *Year Book*.

The arms are party per pale—Dexter division—as: a cross patence, or: between five martlets, or.—Sinister quarterly, first and fourth, as: three fleurs-de-lis, or; for France. Second and third, gules: three lions passant guardant, or; for England. The dexter division bare the arms of Edward the Confessor.

G. S. S.

*Croydon, April 1831.*

*Croydon Palace.*

Dr. Ducarel says, the oldest part of Croydon Palace, which is entirely of brick, was one of the earliest brick buildings in the reign of Henry VI. Here, in 1573, archbishop Parker entertained Elizabeth and her court for seven days. Under the commonwealth the palace was let to the Earl of Nottingham at £40 a year; and afterwards to Sir William Brereton, colonel general of the Cheshire forces, who resided in it, and turned the chapel into a kitchen. On the restoration archbishop Juxon repaired and fitted it up; and many of his successors repaired it at a great expense; most of them occasionally resided here except archbishops Secker and Cornwallis. In 1780, after remaining uninhabited for twenty years, it was sold under an act of parliament to Abraham Pitches, Esq., afterwards Sir Abraham Pitches, for £2520, and the proceeds were applied towards the expense of building Westminster Bridge. The chapel is now used for the Sunday school; and, in the week, for the school of in-

dusty. The palace itself is converted into a calico-printing manufactory and a bleaching ground. In 1412, when James I. king of Scotland was a prisoner in England, he dated a grant of Drumlanrig from Croydon, where he was probably under the care of archbishop Arundel. A vineyard is mentioned to have been here in the time of Edward II.

#### *Vineyards.*

Upon the authority of many ancient writers, Mr. Pegge affirmed the existence in early times of vineyards in England for the culture of grapes, and that they were introduced by the Romans about 280. The Hon. Daines Barrington denied it, and disputed Mr. Pegge's interpretation of some of the passages he had cited. Mr. Gough learnedly replied to Mr. Barrington, and adduced two instances from ancient authors who mention vineyards and orchards as distinct things.\*

### June 13.

June 13, 1823, Mr. Robert Bowman of Irthington, near Carlisle, died, at the age of one hundred and eighteen years.

Dr. Barnes published some account of this Cumberland patriarch, in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, 1820. He says his birth-day is not known; and, "as some doubts have been entertained with respect to his age, to put it beyond dispute, I have examined the register of his baptism, in the parish church of Hayton. His name, and place of nativity, as well as the year of baptism, which was 1705, are very legible, but, from his name having been placed at the foot of the page, the month and day are worn out." He was born at Bridgewood-foot, a small farm-house, and hamlet, about two miles from Irthington, in the month of October, 1705, in the house where his grandfather had resided, and where his father also was born, both of whom were brought up to husbandry. His ancestors were Roman Catholics, and in the early part of his life he professed that religion;—but, many years ago, he became a member of the church of England, and was a constant and orderly attendant upon its worship, until prevented by age and infirmity. From early youth he had been a laborious worker, and was at all times healthy and strong, having never taken

medicine, nor been visited with any kind of illness, except the measles when a child, and the hooping-cough when above one hundred years of age. During the course of his long life he was only once intoxicated, which was at a wedding; and he never used tea or coffee, his principal food having been bread, potatoes, hasty pudding, broth, and occasionally a little flesh meat. He scarcely ever tasted ale or spirits, his chief beverage was water; or milk and water mixed. This abstemiousness arose partly from a dislike to strong liquors, but more from a saving disposition, being remarkably careful of his money, and strongly attached to the things of this world. For the same reason, as he himself acknowledged, he never used snuff or tobacco. With these views, his habits of industry, and disregard of personal fatigue, were extraordinary; he having often been up for two or three nights in a week, particularly when bringing home coals or lime. In his younger days he was rather robust, excellent in bodily strength, and was considered a master in the art of wrestling—an exercise to which he was particularly attached. He was of a low stature, being not above five feet five inches in height, with a large chest, well-proportioned limbs, and weighing about twelve stone. His vigor never forsook him till far advanced in life; for, in his hundred and eighth year, he walked to and from Carlisle (sixteen miles), without the help of a staff, to see the workmen lay the foundation stone of Eden bridge. In the same year he actually reaped corn, made hay, worked at hedging, and assisted in all the labors of the field, with, apparently, as much energy as the stoutest of his sons. As might be expected, his education was very limited, but he possessed a considerable share of natural sense, with much self-denial, and passed a life of great regularity and prudence, without troubling himself by much thought or reflection. His memory was very tenacious: he remembered the rebellion in 1715, when he was ten years of age, and witnessed a number of men running away from the danger. In the second rebellion, in the year 1745, he was employed in cutting trenches round Carlisle, but fled from his disagreeable situation as soon as an opportunity afforded for escaping. He did not marry till he was fifty years of age, and his wife lived with him fifty-two years, dying in 1807, aged

\* Manning and Bray's Surrey.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 14, 15, 16.

eighty-one. In 1810 one of his brothers died at the age of ninety-nine; and in 1818 a cousin died, aged ninety-five; another cousin, eighty-seven years old, survived him. He left six sons, the youngest fifty years of age, and the eldest sixty-two; his grand-children were twenty in number; his great grand-children only eleven: he never had any daughters. About the year 1799 he lost all his teeth, but no mark of debility appeared about his person before 1813, when he took to his bed, and never was able to use his limbs afterwards. During the first nine years of his confinement his health and spirits continued good, and he was free from corporeal pain; but for the last twelve months his intellects became rather impaired. On the day before his death he was seized with illness; the next day he grew weaker, and weaker as the day declined, but experienced no sickness. At about eight in the evening he slept silently away in the arms of death.

Mr. Bowman resided, during the latter part of his life, with one of his sons, upon his own estate, and died possessed of considerable property—the fruit of unwearied perseverance and active industry, through a longer portion of time than usually falls to the lot of man.

To this account the editor of the *Wakefield Journal* adds, “We understand from a grandson of Mr. Bowman, residing at Wakefield, that he had attained his hundred and eighteenth year and some months.”

E. m.

June 13. Sun rises . . . 3 45  
— Sets . . . 8 15

Portugal blue squill flowers.  
Hairy dandelion flowers.  
Rough dandelion in blow every where.  
White orchis flowers.

**June 14.**

POPE IN PLAIN PROSE.

In a life of Pope, written by Ayres, and published by Curll, is the following advertisement:—

“*Daily Post of Friday, 14th of June, 1728.*”

“Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of ‘A Popp upon Pope,’ insinuating that I was whipped in Ham-walks, on Thursday last;—This is to give notice

that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham, and that the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report.

ALEXANDER POPE.”

h. m.

June 14. Sun rises . . . 3 44  
— sets . . . 8 16

Viper buglô's flowers.

**June 15.**

FROST.

On the 15th of June, 1791, a remarkable change in the weather took place within a few days. The thermometer, which stood at seventy-five, fell to twenty-five degrees. The hills of Kent and Surrey were covered with hoar frost, and whitened with snow. In many places there was ice of the thickness of a shilling.

h. m.

June 15. Sun rises . . . 3 44  
— sets . . . 8 16

Grass is now long, and pearly ready to cut.

**June 16.**

This is the anniversary of the death of the great John, duke of Marlborough; and also of the famous battle of Dettingen, when the British and allied troops, commanded by king George II. in person, obtained a decisive victory over the French army.

THOMAS BROWN, OF BLAND'S REGIMENT.

[To Mr. HOBE.]

Sir,—You notice under this day, both in your first volume, and also in your second volume of your *Every-Day Book*, the death of the most able, and most successful chieftain that our British Islands ever produced, with the exception of one now living, as happening in 1722. Exactly twenty-one years afterwards, an English dragoon signalized himself in a way which proved to the world that, from the general to the private soldier, England was as unmatched in the last century as she is in the present.

On the 16th of June, 1743, was fought the battle of Dettingen. In this battle served a private dragoon, in Bland's regiment, of the name of Thomas Brown; he was about twenty-eight years of age, and had not been one year in the army. The French *gen-des-arms*, in a charge,



took the standard from the regiment. Brown dashed after the gen-d'arms who bore off the trophy—laid hold of it, and then pistolled the Frenchman; with his sword in its scabbard, his hands grasping both bridle and standard, he put spurs into his horse, and, exposed to fire and sword, as when recapturing the standard, made his way through a lane of the enemy. He received eight cuts in the face, head, and neck; two balls lodged in his back, and three went through his hat. His nose and upper lip were nearly severed from his face—a terrible gash from the top of his forehead, crossed his left eye—he received two other wounds on the forehead, and two on the back of the neck—besides having two fingers of the bridle hand chopped off. His regiment welcomed him back into their ranks with three huzzas, such as none but Britons know how to give. In this battle Brown had two horses killed under him. Brown's father was a blacksmith. Thomas was born at Kirkleatham, not far from Scarborough; he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker at Yarm. He stood five feet eleven inches. George II. offered Brown a commission in the army, but his not being able to write prevented his acceptance of it. The king placed Brown near his person in the life guards. As the balls in his back could not be extracted, he was obliged to quit the service. He had a pension of £30 per annum, and died at Yarm, of his wounds, January, 1746, aged thirty-one.

I have an engraving of this hero. The print is 12½ inches, by 8. Head and bust. Two compartments are below the portrait; in one he retakes the standard, firing his pistol at the gen-d'arm, who falls backward off his horse; three Frenchmen are hacking at Brown, and two firing their pistols at him. In the second vignette he is *steady* in his saddle, galloping back to the British line,—one French Dragoon hacking—one giving point—and one firing his pistol. My print is by L. Boitard, very rare, and in fine condition: it was published November 8, 1713, "Price one Shilling." What is it worth now?

You quote some beautiful verses from "Scott of Amwell." On the 12th of January, 1809, being at that period a loyal and a royal volunteer, I composed, in my military ardour, the following

*Parody on Scott's Verses.*

I love the drum's inspiring sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round;

To daring youths it pleasure yields,  
Who leave gay cities, quiet fields,  
To win themselves a glorious name,  
Uphold their country, and her fame;  
And, when their sovereign's voice commands,  
To march, to fight, and fall in foreign lands.  
I love the drum's enlivening sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round;  
To me it speaks of safety won,  
Of Home secure, the Foe undone,  
The Widow smiling through her tears,  
The Bride dismissing all her fears,  
The Sire, whilst weeping o'er his warlike son,  
Redeeming Trophies he in Battle won.

J. M. OF M. H.

April, 1831.

WAR.

"Why may I not go and cut the throats of those who would cut our throats if they could?"—Do you then consider it as a disgrace that they should be wickeder than you? Why do you not go and rob thieves, who would rob you if they could? Why do you not revile them that revile you? Why do you not hate them that hate you? —*Erasmus.*

—The amiable vice  
Hid in magnificence, and drown'd in state,  
Loses the fiend; and receives the sounding name  
Of *Glorious War*; and through th' admiring throng,  
Uncurs'd the ornamented murderers move.

*Fawcett.*

	h. m.
June 16. Sun rises . . . . .	3 44
— sets . . . . .	8 16

Canterbury bells, *Campanula medium*, flowers. This species is called *Gants de notre Dame*, or our lady's gloves.

The Midsummer beetle or fernchafer begins to appear.

June 17.

A TORTOISE-SHELL TOM CAT

Among the covetors and collectors of specimens of feline curiosities, this was, and perhaps is, deemed an animal of great consequence. Under this date, less than five years ago, we find one obligingly proffered for sale, by public advertisement.—

"A HANDSOME TORTOISESHELL TOM CAT to be disposed of, on reasonable terms. Apply at Mr. White's, 5, Swinton-place, Bagnigge-wells-road." *The Times*, 17th of July, 1826.

A male cat of the tortoiseshell color is esteemed a rarity, and was formerly worth a considerable sum.

A whimsical letter to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society in the "Comic Annual by Thomas Hood, Esq., 1830," may enable speculators to determine whether the value of "the article" is increased or not, by this singular information:—

"Sir—I partickly wish the Satiety to be called to consider the Case what follows, as I think mite be maid Transactionable in the next Reports:—

"My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell and a Grate favorit, we had Him berried in the Guardian, and for the sake of enrichment of the Mould I had the carks deposited under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. The Frute being up till then of the smooth kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berried, the Gozberris was all hairy—and more Remarkable the Catpilers of the same bush was All of the same hairy Discription.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
THOMAS FROST."

h. m.  
June 17. Sun rises . . . 3 44  
— sets . . . 8 16

Field mallow begins to flower and is common in July.

Field bindweed flowers.  
Yellow flag iris common.

### June 18.

#### CHARTER OF LONDON.

June 18, 1683, Mr. Evelyn says, "I was present, and saw and heard the humble submission and petition of the lord mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, on behalf of the city of London, on the *quo warranto* against their charter, which they delivered to his majesty [James II.], in the presence chamber. My lord keeper [North] made a speech to them, exaggerating the disorderly and riotous behaviour in the late election, and polling for Papillon and Dubois [for sheriffs], after the common hall had been dissolved, with other misdemeanors, libels on the government, &c., by which they had incurred his majesty's high displeasure; and that, but for this submission, and under such articles as the king should require their obedience to, he would certainly enter judgment against them. The things required were, that they should neither elect mayor, sheriff, alderman, recorder, common-serjeant, town-clerk, coroner,

or steward of Southwark, without his majesty's approbation; and that, if they presented any his majesty did not like, they should proceed in wonted manner to a second choice; if that was disapproved, his majesty to nominate them; and, if within five days they thought good to assent to this, all former miscarriages should be forgotten—And so," says Evelyn, "they tamely parted with their so ancient privileges, after they had dined and been treated by the king. Divers of the old and most learned lawyers and judges were of opinion that they could not forfeit their charter, but might be personally punished for their misdemeanors; but the plurality of the younger judges, and rising men, judged it otherwise."

h. m.  
June 18. Sun rises . . . 3 43  
— sets . . . 8 17

Candytuft, white and purple, in flower, and continues blowing till the end of summer.

Sweet Williams flower and continue blowing till August.

### June 19.

On the 19th of June, 1707, died at Hampstead Dr. William Sherlock, dean of St. Pauls and master of the temple. He was born in Southwark about 1641. At the revolution he was greatly embarrassed how to act. The government gave him time for consideration, and, aided by his wife's intreaties, he complied. A little while after an arch bookseller seeing him handing her along St. Paul's Church-yard, said, "There goes Dr. Sherlock, with his reasons for taking the oaths at his fingers' ends."

h. m.  
June 19. Sun rises . . . 3 43  
— sets . . . 8 17

Rampion flowers.  
Love-in-a-mist flowers.

### June 20.

#### CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

[For the Year Book.]

#### Clerical Duty.

June 20, 1716. In the Stamford Mercury of this date is the following Advertisement:—

— "IF ANY CLERGYMAN of a good char-

acter has the misfortune to be destitute of preferment, and will accept of a Curacy of £27 in money yearly, and a House kept, let him with speed send to Mr. Wilson, Bookseller, in Boston, Mr. Boys, Bookseller, in Louth, or the Reverend Mr. Charles Burnett, of Burgh in the Marsh, near Spilsby, in the County of Lincoln, and he may be farther satisfied."

*A Sanguinary Difference.*

In the same Journal of March 28 preceding is announced—

"WHEREAS the majority of Apothecaries in Boston have agreed to pull down the price of Bleeding to six-pence, let these certify that Mr. Richard Clarke, Apothecary, will bleed any body at his shop, gratis."

J. H. S.

h. m.  
 June 20. Sun rises . . . 3 43  
 — sets . . . 8 17

Yellow Phloxes flowers.

Scarlet lychnis usually begins to flower and continues till the end of July or beginning of August.

Orange lily in full flower.

**June 21.**

THE SEASON.

Among the "Lays of the Minnesingers" is a Norman song of the season written in the 14th or 15th century.

The lady of my love resides  
 Within a garden's bound;  
 There springs the rose, the lily there  
 And hollyhock are found.

My garden is a beauteous spot,  
 Garnish'd with blossoms gay;  
 There a true lover guards her well,  
 By night as well as day.

Alas! no sweeter thing can be,  
 Than that sweet nightingale;  
 Joyous he sings at morning hour,  
 Till, tired, his numbers fail.

But late I saw my lady cull  
 The violets on the green:  
 How lovely did she look! methought,  
 What beauty there was seen!

An instant on her form I gazed,  
 So delicately white;  
 Mild as the tender lamb was she,  
 As d as the red rose bright

h. m.  
 June 21. Sun rises . . . 3 43  
 — sets . . . 8 17

Foxglove begins to flower under hedges: in gardens there is a white variety.

Spanish love-in-a-mist flowers.

Chili strawberry begins to fruit.

Scarlet strawberries now abound

Madock cherries begin to ripen.

Charlock and Kidlock, terrible weeds to the farmer, cover the fields with their pale yellow.

**June 22.**

June 22, 1684, Mr. Evelyn enters in his Diary—"Last Friday Sir Thomas Armstrong was executed at Tyburn for treason, having been outlawed, and apprehended in Holland, on the conspiracy of the duke of Monmouth, lord John Russell, &c., which gave occasion of discourse to people and lawyers, in regard it was on an outlawry that judgment was given and execution."

Burnet says that Armstrong on being brought up for judgment insisted on his right to a trial, the act giving that right to those that come in within a year, and the year was not expired. Jefferies refused it; and, when Armstrong insisted that he asked nothing but the law, Jefferies told him he should have it to the full, and ordered his execution in six days. Soon afterwards went to Windsor and Charles II. took a ring from his finger and gave it to him.

THE SEASON.

Bearing in mind that June is a continuation of the poet's May, the ensuing verses of the lady Christine de Pisan are allowable to this month.

INVITATION.

This month of May hath joys for all,  
 Save me alone; such fate is mine:  
 Him once so near to me I mourn,  
 And sigh, and plaintively repine.  
 He was a gentle, noble love,  
 Whom thus the adverse fates remove:—  
 O soon return my love!

In this fair month when all things bloom,  
 Come to the green mead, come away!  
 Where joyous ply the merry larks  
 And nightingales their minstrelsy;  
 Thou know'st the spot:—with plaintive strain  
 Again I sigh, I cry again,  
 O soon return, my love!

The Minnesinger of "the Birdmeadow," Vogelweide, addresses these stanzas to his lady-love—

THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 22.

THE LADY AND THE MAY.

When from the sod the flow'rets spring,  
And smile to meet the sun's bright ray,  
When birds their sweetest carols sing  
In all the morning pride of May,  
What lovelier than the prospect there?  
Can earth boast any thing so fair?  
To me it seems an almost heaven,  
So beauteous to my eyes that vision bright is  
given.

But when a lady, chaste and fair,  
Noble, and clad in rich attire,  
Walks through the throng with gracious air,  
A sun that bids the stars retire,—  
Then, where are all thy boatings, May?  
What hast thou beautiful and gay  
Compared with that supreme delight?  
We leave thy loveliest flowers, and watch that  
lady bright.

Wouldst thou believe me—come and place  
Before thee all this pride of May;  
Then look but on my lady's face,  
And, which is best and brightest? say  
For me, how soon (if choice were mine)  
This would I take, and that resign!  
And say, "Though sweet thy beauties,  
May!

I'd rather forfeit all than lose my lady gay."

By the same poet are the ensuing gentle  
verses—

LADY AND FLOWERS.

"Lady," I said, "this garland wear!  
For thou wilt wear it gracefully;  
And on thy brow 'twill sit so fair,  
And thou wilt dance so light and free;  
Had I a thousand gems, on thee,  
Fair one! their brilliant light should shine:  
Would'st thou such gift accept from me,—  
O doubt me not,—it should be thine.  
"Lady, so beautiful thou art,  
That I on thee the wreath bestow,  
'Tis the best gift I can impart;  
But whiter, rosier flowers, I know,  
Upon the distant plain they're springing,  
Where beauteously their heads they rear,  
And birds their sweetest songs are singing:  
Come! let us go and pluck them there!"  
She took the beauteous wreath I chose,  
And, like a child at praises glowing,  
Her cheeks blushed crimson as the rose  
When by the snow-white lily growing:  
But all from those bright eyes eclipse  
Received; and then, my toil to pay,  
Kind, precious words fell from her lips:  
What more than this I shall not say.

We may conclude with a summer-lay  
by another Minnesinger, Count Kraft of  
Toggenburg, in the thirteenth century.

Does any one seek the soul of mirth,  
Let him hie to the greenwood tree;  
And there, beneath the verdant shade,  
The bloom of the summer see;

For there sing the birds right merrily,  
And there will the bounding heart upspring,  
To the lofty clouds, on joyful wing.  
On the hedgerows spring a thousand flowers,  
And he, from whose heart sweet May  
Hath banish'd care, finds many a joy;  
And I, too, would be gay,  
Were the load of pining care away;  
Were my lady kind, my soul were light,  
Joy crowning joy would raise its flight—  
The flowers, leaves, hills, the vale, and mead,  
And May with all its light,  
Compar'd with the roses are pale indeed,  
Which my lady bears; and bright  
My eyes will shine as they meet my sight  
Those beautiful lips of rosy hue,  
As red as the rose just steep'd in dew.

	h. m.
June 22. Sun rises . . .	3 43
— sets . . .	8 17

Blue sowthistle flowers.  
Corn-flower, or red-cockle, begins to  
flower.  
The red poppy abounds in corn-fields.

June 23.

On the 23rd of June, 1703, William  
Fuller, "the famous Imposter, and Cheat  
Master General of England," received a  
merited sentence for his enormous villan-  
ies. He was son of a butcher, at Milton,  
near Sittingbourne, in Kent, and appren-  
ticed, in 1686, to John Hartly, a rabbit-  
wool-cutter, in Shoe-lane, London, from  
whom he ran away, and professed to be-  
come a Roman Catholic.—Having a fine  
person and an ingenuous countenance,  
Lord Melfort retained him as a page; but  
leaving his lordship's service, and marry-  
ing about the same time, he became  
greatly distressed, and threw himself upon  
the generosity of his father-in-law, and  
his master. Averse to labor, he entered  
upon a life of high dissipation, which he  
supported by different frauds. He had  
servants in livery, assumed the rank of  
major in the army, then colonel, adopted  
the title of Sir William Fuller, and finally  
created himself Lord Fuller. His man-  
ners and appearance were attractive: he  
succeeded in borrowing large sums of  
money, and, when that expedient failed,  
passed counterfeit bills. After exhausting  
these sources of revenue he commenced  
dealer in plots, and had not that trade  
been over-done in the reign of Charles II.,  
might have been the idol of one party in  
the state, to the destruction of many on  
the contrary side. He talked of the dif-

ferent potentates of Europe with as much of impudent ease as he did of the peers of his own country, and of his interest at court. In 1696 his assurance arrived to such a height that he sent a letter to the speaker of the House of Commons, in which he pretended that no person had been more actively engaged with Sir John Fenwick than himself; but his character was so notoriously bad that the house would not suffer it to be read. Though baffled he was not abashed: and he followed his base projects, till in 1703 the House of Lords prosecuted him in the Queen's Bench, for publishing two false and scandalous libels under the titles of "Original Letters of the late King James and others to his greatest Friends in England;" and "Twenty-six Depositions of Persons of quality and worth." He was convicted, and his sentence marked the enormity of his wickedness. The court ordered that he should appear in the courts of Westminster with a paper affixed to his person, denoting his offence, stand thrice in the pillory, be sent to the house of correction to be whipped, be continued at labor until October 24 following, and remain in custody until he paid a fine of 1000 marks. He went to the pillory with unblushing effrontery; but he suffered from the indignation of the mob severely, both at Temple Bar and Charing Cross, and hardly escaped with life from the punishment they inflicted upon him.\*

THE SEASON.

In a volume containing "The Weaver's Boy, a Tale; and other Poems: by Chauncy Hare Townshend," there are the following verses—their title had been previously used to a composition by Schiller—

*The Vernal Extasy.*

I

Come away! Come away!  
 Flow'rs are fresh, and fields are gay!  
 Spring her early charms discovers;  
 Now the yellow butterfly,  
 Herself a flying primrose, hovers  
 O'er the primrose restlessly.  
 I will show thee where to choose  
 Violets of unnumber'd hues  
 (Glittering fresh with vernal rain),  
 From the blue of deepest stain,  
 To those that spells of frolic spite  
 Have bleach'd into unsullied white.  
 I will show thee where to cull  
 Wild hyacinths, as beautiful  
 As he who gave them their sweet name

\* Noble.

With a dearly-purchas'd fame,  
 The youth Apollo lov'd and slew  
 (All, I ween, his favors rue).  
 I will lead thee, where the star  
 Of copes glitters from afar,  
 The virgin-leaf'd anemone;  
 Or we to greener banks will flee,  
 Where the slender harebell pale  
 Stoops bowing to the gusty gale.

II

Come away! Come away!  
 Morning doffs her wimple gray!  
 And her bashful face discloses,  
 Freshly bath'd in rainbow dews,  
 Blushing, like the virgin roses,  
 That unite the rival hues.  
 We will climb the hill's steep brow,  
 And o'er gaze the woods below,  
 Where the tops of various trees  
 Sink, fore-shorten'd by degrees,  
 And o'er the wintry boughs is seen  
 Spring's first, light powdering of green.  
 Or, in secret dell, we'll view  
 The budding hawthorn's tender hue,  
 Contrasted with the relics sere  
 Of the sad-departed year.  
 I mark'd one in the parky glade  
 'Neath a broad oak's lofty shade,  
 Rearing high its graceful head,  
 With tassell'd woodbine garlanded:  
 It almost seem'd a living thing,  
 Come forth to greet the breathing Spring  
 Haste thee then, for fiery June  
 Will tarnish all this freshness soon.

III.

Come away! Come away!  
 Calmly dies the golden day,  
 To the dell, and shady fountain,  
 Though the cheering sun be set,  
 Fringing yonder western mountain,  
 Upward glance his glories yet.  
 Palely clear, Night's earliest star  
 Rises o'er the woods afar,  
 Growing momentarily more bright  
 With the slow decay of light,  
 Ennobling, like a matchless gem,  
 Meek Twilight's dusky diadem.  
 Now a soften'd darkness spreads  
 About the trees' umbrageous heads  
 The bat, on free and frolic wing,  
 Is with Zephyr gamboling.  
 The blackbird's rich delicious note  
 From the tangled copse doth float;  
 On the poplar, as he sings,  
 The throistle claps his gladsome wings.  
 Through joyous Nature's wide domain,  
 Lake, river, forest, mountain, plain,  
 Fragrance, love, and harmony  
 Kindle the vernal extasy.

h. m.

June 23. Sun rises . . . 3 43  
 — sets . . . 8 17

Black briony, or our lady's seal, flowers,  
 Monkshood, and several sorts of wolf-  
 bane, in full flower.



ANCIENT YEW TREE, WINDLESHAM, SURREY.

— They told me they would bind me here,  
Unto the body of a dismal yew.

*Shakespeare.*

Mr. W. A. Delamotte, jun., took a drawing of this tree in the present year (1831), and obligingly communicated it for the present engraving.

It is alleged that the tree was planted in the time of William the Conqueror, and has existed while three churches successively raised their walls beside it. Windlesham church is about a mile and a half from Bagshot. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and a record in it states that the breaking off a branch from the old yew subjected the trespasser to a whipping at the cart's

tail, or pillory and fine. The trunk of the tree, as it now appears, is twenty-one feet high, and, at a yard from the ground, measures twelve feet in circumference. The Rev. Thomas Snell, who has been rector from the year 1807, placed a strong ash prop to support its venerable remains.

Bagshot, formerly called Bacsiet, is a hamlet to the parish of Windlesham, and is well known for good posting houses and inns. The manor of Windlesham was given by Edward the Confessor to the church of Westminster, and Henry VIII. granted it to St. John's College, Cambridge, which still holds the lordship with a court-leet and court-baron

*Bagshot.*

The earliest mention of the manor of Bagshot is, that, in the reign of Henry II., one Ralph held it, in fee farm, as of the king's demesne. Since then it had distinguished possessors. Edward III. gave it to his uncle Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, who was beheaded by the intrigues of Mortimer, and whose son Edmund, by restoration of blood, obtained restitution of his father's estates. Edmund was succeeded by his brother John, whose heir was his sister Joan, called the "Fair Maid of Kent," who married Edward the Black Prince. The manor of Bagshot returned to the crown, and, in November 1621, James I. granted it, with other possessions, to Sir Edward Zouch, by the following service, that Sir Edward on the feast of St. James' then next, and every heir male of Sir Edward on that feast, next after they succeeded to the estate, should carry up the first dish to the king's table at dinner, and pay £100 of gold coined at the royal mint, in lieu of wards and services. By failure of issue male, Bagshot reverted, and Charles II. granted it for 1000 years, in trust, for the Duchess of Cleveland and her children by the king. It was afterwards sold, and now belongs to the Earl of Onslow.

Readers of the *Every-Day Book* may remember, in an account of "Canonbury Tower," incidental mention of the beautiful marble bust of Mrs. Thomas Gent by Betnes. That lady, distinguished by scientific knowledge and literary ability, is since dead. In the same volume are lines "To Mary," by Mr. Gent, who has published a new edition of his "Poems," with many pathetic and lively additions; among the latter is—

## THE RUNAWAY.

Ah! who is he by Cynthia's gleam  
Discern'd, the statue of distress;  
Weeping beside the willow'd stream,  
That leaves the woodland wilderness?

Why talks he to the idle air?  
Why, listless, at his length reclia'd,  
Heaves he the groan of deep despair,  
Responsive of the midnight wind?

Speak, gentle shepherd! tell me why?  
Sir! he has lost his wife, they say:  
Of what disorder did she die?  
Lord, Sir, of none—she ran away.

## June 24

## MIDSUMMER DAY.

For the various usages upon this great festival see the *Every-Day Book*.

## BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

To this fatal battle, which was fought on the 24th of June, 1314, recurrence may perhaps be allowed, for the purpose of giving by far the most accurate and circumstantial account of the conflict. It plunged, for a time, almost every rank of society in England in terror and distress.\*

Edward II., persisting in his father's claim to Scotland, resolved by one effort to reduce that nation, and assembled an army of above a hundred thousand men. Robert Bruce, grandson of the competitor with Baliol, raised an army of thirty thousand men against Edward, and took his station in the neighbourhood of Stirling, behind the river Bannockburn. The English army came up and encamped near Torwood. The defeat of a detachment of eight hundred cavalry, despatched by lord Clifford to the relief of Stirling, inspired the Scots army with courage for the general engagement. At length, on Monday, June 24th, 1314, appeared the dawn of that important day which was to decide whether Scotland was to be independent or subjugated. Early all was in motion in both armies. Religious sentiments mingled with the military ardor of the Scots. A solemn mass, in the manner of those times, was said by Maurice, abbot of Inchchanfry, who administered the sacrament to the king and the great officers about him, upon a hill near the camp, probably Cockshot-hill, while inferior priests did the same to the rest of the army. Then, after a sober repast, they formed in order of battle, in a tract of ground now called Nether Touchadam, which lies along the declivity of a gently rising hill, about a mile due south from the castle of Stirling. This situation was chosen for its advantages. Upon the right they had a range of steep rocks, now called Gillie's-hill, in which the hill abruptly terminates. In their front were the steep banks of the rivolet of Bannockburn. Upon the left lay a

\* Related in Dr. Drake's *Mornings in Spring*, from Nimmo's *History of Stirlingshire*, 1777, 8vo.

morass, now called Milton Bog, from its vicinity to a small village of that name. Much of this bog is still undrained, and a part of it is at present a mill-dam. As it was then the middle of summer, it was almost dry; but, to prevent attack from that quarter, Robert resorted to stratagem. He had some time before ordered many ditches and pits to be dugged in the morass, and in the fields upon the left, and these to be covered over again with green turf, supported by stakes driven into the bottom of them, so that the ground had still the appearance of being firm. He also caused caltrops, or sharp-pointed irons, to be scattered through the morass, some of which have been found there, in the memory of people yet alive. By means of the natural strength of the position, and these devices, his army stood within an intrenchment, fortified by invisible pits and ditches, answering to the concealed batteries of modern times.

The Scottish force was drawn up in three divisions. Their front extended nearly a mile in length along the brink of the river. The right, which was upon the highest grounds, was commanded by Edward Bruce, brother to the king; the left was posted on the low grounds, near the morass, under the direction of Randolph; the king himself took the charge of the centre. A fourth division was commanded by Walter, lord high steward, and James Douglas, both of whom had that morning received knighthood from the king. While in this posture, waiting for the English, the trumpets, clarions, and horns, continued to blow with so hideous a noise as made the neighbouring rocks and woods to echo.

The English army was fast approaching, in three great divisions, led on by the monarch in person, and the earls of Hereford and Gloucester. The centre was formed of infantry, and the wings of cavalry, many of whom were armed cap-a-pec. Squadrons of archers were upon the wings, and at certain distances along the front. The king was attended by two knights, sir Giles de Argentine, and sir Aymer de Vallance, who rode "at his bridle," one upon each side of him. When Edward beheld the order in which the Scots were drawn up, and their determined resolution to give battle to his formidable host, he expressed surprise to those about him. Sir Ingram Umfraville suggested a plan which was likely to ensure a cheap and bloodless victory.

He counselled the king to make a feint of retreating with the whole army, behind the tents; which would tempt the Scots to break their ranks, in order to plunder the camp, when the English might suddenly face about and fall upon them. This advice was rejected; Edward deemed that there was no need of stratagem in order to defeat a force so inferior.

When the two armies were upon the point of engaging, the abbot of Inchcathry, having posted himself, with a crucifix in his hand, before the Scots, the ranks dropped upon their knees in devotion. The English concluded that by kneeling, when they should have been ready to fight, they meant to surrender at discretion, and begged their lives. The Scots rose again, and resuming their arms with steady countenances, the English began the action by a vigorous charge upon the left wing of the Scots, under Randolph, near the spot where the bridge is now thrown over the river, at the small village of Chartres-hall, which was the only place where the river could be crossed in any sort of order. A large body of cavalry advanced to attack in front. Meanwhile another compassed about to fall upon the flank and rear, and fell into the snare prepared for them. Many of their horses were disabled by sharp irons rushing into their feet; others tumbled into concealed pits, and could not disentangle themselves. In this situation Randolph vigorously charged upon them.

While this was passing upon the left wing of the Scottish army, the battle was spreading and raging along the front. It was commenced by the impetuous course of an Englishman. The Scottish king was mounted upon a little palfrey, carrying a battle-ax in his hand, and upon his helmet he wore a purple hat in form of a crown. This dress, with his activity, as he rode in front of the lines, observing their order, and cheering the men, rendered him very conspicuous. Henry Bohun, an English knight, cousin to the earl of Hereford, and ranked amongst the bravest in Edward's army, galloped furiously up to engage with Robert in single combat, and, by so eminent an act of chivalry, end the contest. Bohun missed his first blow, and Robert immediately struck him dead with his battle-ax, which broke in the handle, from the violence of the stroke. This bold attack upon their king, in the face of the whole army, roused the Scots to instant onset, and



they rushed furiously upon their foes. The ardor of one of their divisions carried it too far, and it was sorely galled by a large body of English archers, who charged it in flank; these were soon dispersed by Edward Bruce, who came behind them with a party of spearmen; or, according to other accounts, by sir Robert Keith, whom the king despatched to its relief, with a company of five hundred horse. Edward Bruce, however, soon needed similar relief himself. A strong body of English cavalry charged the right wing, which he commanded, with such fury, that he had been quite overpowered, if Randolph, who appears to have been at that time disengaged, had not marched to his assistance. The battle was now at the hottest, and the fortune of the day uncertain. The English continued to charge with unabated vigor; the Scots received them with inflexible intrepidity, and fought as if victory depended upon each man's single arm. A singular scene suddenly altered the face of affairs, and contributed greatly to decide the contest. All the servants and attendants of the Scottish army, amounting, it is said, to above fifteen thousand, had been ordered, before the battle, to retire with the baggage behind Gillies-hill. During the engagement they arranged themselves in a martial form, some on foot, and others mounted upon baggage-horses. Marching to the top of the hill, they there displayed white sheets upon long poles, in the form of banners, and moved towards the field of battle with frightful shouts. The English, taking them for a fresh reinforcement to the Scots, were seized with panic, and gave way in great confusion. Buchanan says that the king of England was the first that fled; but in this he contradicts all other historians, who affirm that the English monarch was among the last in the field. According to some accounts, he would not be persuaded to retire, till sir Aymer de Vallance, seeing the day lost, seized his horse's bridle, and forced him off. The king's other knight, sir Giles de Argentine, would not leave the field. Throwing himself at the head of a battalion, he animated it to prodigious efforts, but was soon overpowered and slain. Sir Giles was a champion of great renown; he had signalized himself in several battles with the Saracens, and was reckoned the third knight for valor in his day.

The Scots pursued and made deadly

havoc among the English, especially at the passage of the river, where order in retreat could not be kept, because of the irregularity of the ground. Within a short mile from the field of battle is a plot of ground, called the "Bloody Field;" it is said to take its name from a party of the English having there faced about, and sustained a dreadful slaughter. This tradition corresponds with a relation in several historians concerning Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester, and nephew to Edward II. Seeing the general rout, he made an effort to renew the battle at the head of his military tenants; and, after having done much execution with his own hand, was, with most of his party, cut in pieces. With this martial prince perished Robert de Clifford, first lord of the honor of Skipton: they fought side by side. Their heroism had excited the admiration of Bruce; they had been companions in the field, and, that they might not be separated after death, he sent their bodies to Edward II. at Berwick, to be interred with the honors due unto their valor.

At the battle of Bannockburn there fell, on the side of the English, one hundred and fifty-four earls, barons, and knights, seven hundred gentlemen, and more than ten thousand common soldiers. A few stanzas, from one of the oldest effusions on this subject, will show the fiery and taunting tone of exultation raised by Scottish minstrelsy upon the victory.

*Song of the Scottish Maidens.*

Here comes your lordly chivalry  
 All charging in a row;  
 And there your gallant bowmen  
 Let fly their shafts like snow.  
 Look how yon old man clasps his hands,  
 And hearken to his cry—  
 "Alas, alas, for Scotland,  
 When England's arrows fly!"  
 Yet weep, ye dames of England,  
 For twenty summers past  
 Ye danced and sang while Scotland wept—  
 Such mirth can never last.  
 And how can I do less than laugh,  
 When England's lords are nigh?  
 It is the maids of Scotland  
 Must learn to wail and sigh;  
 For here spurs princely Hereford—  
 Hark to his clashing steel!  
 And there's sir Philip Musgrave,  
 All gore from helm to heel;  
 And yonder is stout d'Argentine;  
 And here comes, with a sweep  
 The fiery speed of Gloucester—  
 Say wherefore should I weep?

Weep, all ye English maidens,  
Lo, Bannockbrook's in flood!  
Not with its own sweet waters,  
But England's noblest blood.  
For see, your arrow shower has ceased  
The thrilling bow-string's mute;  
And where rides fiery Gloucester?  
All trodden under foot.

Wail, all ye dames of England,  
Nor more shall Musgrave know  
The sound of the shrill trumpet—  
And Argentine is low.  
Thy chivalry, proud England,  
Have turn'd the rein to fly;  
And on them rushes Randolph—  
Hark! Edward Bruce's cry.

'Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides,  
As one rides in a river;  
And here the good king Robert comes—  
And Scotland's free for ever.  
Now weep, ye dames of England,  
And let your sons prolong  
The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn—  
In many a sorrowing song.

*unmarried* resident in Church-street, let their rank in life be what it may, to be given on "Farthing Loaf Day"—and also the sum of two guineas to be paid to a householder in the said street, as remuneration for providing a supper of bread and cheese and ale, to which every householder in the street should be invited, poor and rich. The householders each to take their turn in being host, but with a proviso, that none except the occupiers of *front* houses should enjoy this dignity. The toast directed to be drunk after supper is "Peace and good neighbourhood." The money required arises from a sum which is lent at interest, annually, to any competent inhabitant of this favored street, upon his producing two good sureties for the repayment at the end of the year.

II. M.

May, 1831.

FARTHING LOAF DAY AT KIDDERMINSTER.

[For the Year Book.]

A very curious practice is observed on Midsummer-eve, at Kidderminster, arising from the testamentary dispositions of two individuals, once residents there.

A *farthing loaf* is given, on Midsummer-eve, to every person born in *Church-street*, Kidderminster, who chooses to claim it, whether they be rich or poor, child or adult. And let not the reader contemn the smallness of the boon. The bequest is of very ancient standing; and the farthing loaf, at the time of its date, was of jolly proportions, far different to the minims which are prepared expressly for this occasion at the present time. The donor was a benevolent old maid, who, no doubt, intended to confer a benefit on the denizens of Church-street, Kidderminster, and had she lived in these days, and had understood the subtleties of the currency question, would doubtless have bestowed it in a less ludicrous shape. The day is called Farthing Loaf Day, and the bakers' shops are amply furnished with these diminutives, as it is the practice of the inhabitants throughout the town to purchase them.

Superadded to this bequest is another. About fifty years ago an old bachelor, emulous of good works, left a sum for the purchase of a *twopenny* cake for every

SHEEP SHEARING.

Clare preserves some of the old customs and present usages at sheep shearing. After the lines quoted beneath the engraving at the beginning of this month, he speaks of the shepherd, with his sheep fresh from the washing, in the clipping-pen.

There with the scraps of songs, and laugh,  
and tale,

He lightens annual toil, while merry ale  
Goes round, and glads some old man's heart  
to praise

The threadbare customs of his early days:  
How the high bowl was in the middle set  
At breakfast time, when clippers yearly met,  
Fill'd full of furmety, where dainty swum  
The streaking sugar and the spotting plum.  
The maids could never to the table bring  
The bowl, without one rising from the ring  
To lend a hand; who, if 'twere ta'en amiss,  
Would sell his kindness for a stolen kiss.  
The large stone-pitcher in its homely trim,  
And clouded pint-born with its copper rim,  
Were there; from which were drunk, with  
spirits high,

Healths of the best the cellar could supply;  
While sung the ancient swains, in uncouth  
rhymes,

Songs that were pictures of the good old times.  
Thus will the old man ancient ways bewail,  
Till toiling shears gain ground upon the tale,  
And break it off—/er now the timid sheep,  
His fleece shorn off, starts with a fearful leap,  
Shaking his naked skin with wond'ring joys,  
While others are brought in by sturdy boys.

Then follows a lively account of existing usages at a sheep-shearing—



THE YEAR BOOK.—JUNE 26.

LINES WRITTEN 25TH JUNE, 1811, ON  
THE DEATH OF MISS S. T.'S BLACK-  
BIRD.

[Unpublished.]

Many a maid  
A bird hath laid  
All under the greenwood tree ;  
And many a rhyme  
Hath mark'd the time  
From Prior down to me.

Many a girl,  
As I can tell,  
Hath fondled many an ousel ;  
And many's the muse  
That's told the news  
Death did the girl bamboozle,

To every lass  
It comes to pass,  
That nine pets out of ten die—  
All in the night,  
As if in spite,  
They give her care the go-bye

The bird was fed,  
And put to bed,  
To sleep the live-long night ;  
Chirping with glee  
It arose at three,  
It being then broad day-light.

It wish'd to eat,  
It call'd for meat,  
For food the bird did pine :  
Its heart grew big—  
It hopt the twig,  
Ere breakfast came at nine.

Upon my word  
The taste of a bird  
Has nothing to do with the ton ;  
They ne'er sit up late  
To dirty a plate,  
But they sleep in the clothes they have on.

They want no bell  
The hours to tell,  
No maiden to help to dress them ;  
At earliest dawn  
They salute the morn,  
And rather you'd feed than caress them.

To be teased with a kiss  
They think much amiss ;  
When a worm would be more grateful :  
And then to be fed  
With sour milk and bread  
Is to every bird as hateful.

When you've kisses to spare  
Let men be your care,  
But give birds what nature intended—  
Good air and day-light,  
And freedom of flight,  
And they'll hold their condition much mended  
J. M. of M. H.

h. m.  
June 25. Sun rises . . . 3 43  
— sets . . . 8 17

Rose of Jericho flowers.  
Corn camomile flowers.

June 26.

On the 26th of June, 1715, William Tunstall, a gentleman who espoused the Stuart interest, received sentence of death for high treason. His residence was in the north of England, where the family had flourished many centuries. He was taken prisoner at Preston, and led through Highgate in triumph, with Messrs. Tildesley, Dalton, Townley, Hodgeson, Heskeths, Walton, and Leybourne, who were afterwards indicted with him, when they all pleaded not guilty. Mr. Tunstall, on being brought to the bar again, on May 30, withdrew his former plea, and pleaded guilty. After sentence was passed upon him he lay in prison, uncertain of his fate, and daily hearing of numbers implicated in the same cause being led to execution. In April, 1716, he was conveyed from the Marshalsea to the custody of messengers. He obtained a pardon: not from any circumstances that could weigh with a jury, but because he sung to his harp some "droll" verses upon the occasion, which moved the minister more than the misery of Tunstall's many associates in the same desperate cause. It is said that eight hundred unfortunate persons died by the hands of the executioner. The number may have been exaggerated, but, with all allowances, it leaves a catalogue which exhibits want of just policy and recklessness of life in the government of the day. Most of these unhappy persons suffered for what they judged their duty. Had more mercy been shown in 1716, there would not, probably have been a rebellion in 1745 \*

POLITICAL ADVERSARIES

Trace  
Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair  
Who, from the pressure of their several fates,  
Meeting as strangers, in a petty town  
Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach  
Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends  
True to their choice and gave their bones in  
trust  
To this loved cemetery, nere to lodge,  
With unscutcheoned privacy interred  
Far from the family-vault.—A chieftain one

\* Noble

By right of birth ; within whose spotless breast  
The fire of ancient Caledonia burned.

He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed  
The Stuart, landing to resume, by force  
Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,  
Aroused his clan ; and, fighting at their head,  
With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent  
Culloden's fatal overthrow.—Escaped  
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores  
He fled ; and, when the lenient hand of time  
Those troubles had appeased, he sought and  
gained,

For his obscured condition, an obscure  
Retreat, within this nook of English ground.  
—The other, born in Britain's southern tract,  
Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed  
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,  
There, where they placed them who in con-  
science prized

The new succession, as a line of kings  
Whose oath had virtue to protect the land  
Against the dire assaults of Papacy  
And arbitrary rule. But launch thy bark  
On the distempered flood of public life,  
And cause for most rare triumph will be thine,  
If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,  
The stream, that bears thee forward, prove  
not, soon

Or late, a perilous master. He, who oft,  
Under the battlements and stately trees  
That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,  
Had moralized on this, and other truths  
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied,  
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh  
Heav'd from the heart in fortune's bitterness,  
When he had crushed a plentiful estate  
By ruinous contest to obtain a seat  
In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the at-  
tempt :

And, while the uproar of that desperate strife  
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,  
The vanquished Whig, beneath a borrowed  
name

(For the mere sound and echo of his own  
Haunted him with the sensations of disgust  
Which he was glad to lose) slunk from the  
world

To the deep shade of these untravelled wilds ;  
In which the Scottish laird had long possessed  
An undisturbed abode.—Here, then, they met,  
Two doughty champions ; flaming Jacobite  
And sullen Hanoverian ! You might think  
That losses and vexations, less severe  
Than those which they had severally sus-  
tained,

Would have inclined each to abate his zeal  
For his ungrateful cause ; no,—I have heard  
My reverend father tell that, 'mid the calm  
Of that small town, encountering thus, they  
filled,

Daily, its bowling-green with harmless strife ;  
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the  
church ;

And vexed the market-place. But in th  
breasts

Of these opponents gradually was wrought,  
With little change of general sentiment,  
Such change towards each other, that their  
days

By choice was spent in constant fellowship ;  
And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,  
Those very bickerings made them love it more.

A favourite boundary to their lengthened  
walks

This church-yard was. And, whate'er they  
had come

Treading their path in sympathy and linked  
In social converse, or by some short space  
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,  
One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway  
Over both minds, when they awhile had  
marked

The visible quiet of this holy ground  
And breathed its soothing air ;—the spirit of  
hope

And saintly magnanimity ; that, spurning  
The field of selfish difference and dispute,  
And every care with transitory things,  
Earth, and the kingdoms of the earth, create,  
Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,  
Preclude forgiveness, from the praise debarred,  
Which else the Christian virtue might have  
claimed,

—There live who yet remember here to have  
seen

Their courtly figures,—seated on the stump  
Of an old yew, their favorite resting-place.  
But, as the remnant of the long-lived tree  
Was disappearing by a swift decay,  
They, with joint care, determined to erect,  
Upon its site, a dial, which should stand  
For public use ; and also might survive  
As their own private monument ; for this  
Was the particular spot in which they wished  
(And heaven was pleased to accomplish the  
desire)

That, undivided, their remains should lie.  
So, where the mouldered tree had stood, was  
raised

You structure, framing, with the ascent of  
steps

That to the decorated pillar lead,  
A work of art, more sumptuous, as might  
seem,

Than suits this place ; yet built in no proud  
scorn

Of rustic homeliness ; they only aimed  
To ensure for it respectful guardianship.  
Around the margin of the plate, whereon  
The shadow falls, to note the stealthy hours,  
Winds an inscriptive legend—

“ TIME FLIES ; it is his melancholy task  
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,  
And re-produces the troubles he destroys.  
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,  
Discerning mortal do thou serve the will  
Of time's eternal master, and that peace,  
Which the world wants, should be for thee  
confirmed.”

Wordsworth.



OLD WATERING POT.

Why this would make a man—  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots;  
Ay, and lay autumn's dust.

*Shakespeare.*

I remember to have seen at some old alms-houses, when I was a boy, an aged feeble widow—slowly tottering about the foot or two of ground allotted to her humble eleemosynary dwelling—with one of these old earthen vessels, dribbling the water from it among a few patches of candyturf, and weed-like flowers; since when I have seen only the usual painted tin watering pots, and the more powerful garden-engines, used in the gardens of the opulent, and in nurserymen's grounds.

Garden vessels, of the kind first spoken of, were of brown pottery. The top was closed, with rather larger perforations in it, for the water to enter through, for the purpose of filling the body, than at the spout or rose. One of these watering-pots was found in excavating for the bason of St. Katherine's Dock near the Tower. It lay thirty feet below the surface of the earth, and had been embedded there for, probably, two or three centuries. It is an archaeological curiosity. The preceding is an engraving

of it from a drawing by a correspondent: the deficiency at the top, near the handle, was occasioned by a fracture.

Illustrators of the "Immortal bard!" Pause, consider, and determine whether this be not a print that "comes in" for your use.

A watering-pot of this sort is now as great a rarity in England, as the old barber's pewter bason, remembrance of which, as the head-piece of Don Quixote, renders it immortal. I have contrived, by the bye, to secure one of these obsolete basons, *penes me*, as the memorial of a worthy barber, whom I used to see every morning in my childhood, passing to his last surviving bason-customer—a venerable barrister—who scorning the new French fashion of the shaving-box and brush, stuck inflexibly to the old English hand and "soap-ball, that frothed in the bason."

	h. m.
June 26. Sun rises . . .	3 34
— sets . . . . .	8 16

Bindweeds flower.

Little sunflower begins to blow on chalky and light soils.

## June 27.

June 27, 1686, Mr. Evelyn says, "The new very young Lord Chief Justice Herbert declared on the bench, that the government of England was entirely in the king; that the crown was absolute; that penal laws were powers lodged in the crown to enable the king to force the execution of the law, but were not laws to bind the king's power; that he could pardon all offences against the law, and forgive the penalties; and why could he not dispense with them by which the test was abolished? Every one," says Evelyn, "was astonished." In June 1688, less than two years afterwards, the seven bishops, whom James II. had sent to the tower, by virtue of these doctrines, were tried while he was reviewing his army encamped on Hounslow Heath. James had retired into the general's tent, when he was surprised to hear a great uproar in the camp, with the most extravagant symptoms of tumultuary joy. He suddenly inquired the cause, and was told, "It was nothing but the rejoicing of the soldiers for the acquittal of the bishops." Within another six months he was in lasting exile—excluded from the throne with all his posterity—by a solemn act of both houses of parliament.

## MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

Morley, near Leeds, Yorkshire,  
May 2nd, 1831.

MR. HONE,

The following Letter presents a laughable contrast between members of parliament in Elizabeth's reign and such as we have had in recent times:—

"*To the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Burgesses of Totness*—After my most hearty commendacions, whereas I, at my brother's request, and for your sakes, have been your burges for the parliament to *my no small coste*, for myne expence were above twenty marks, over and above the forty shillings I received of you; and forasmuch as it is like the parliament will go forward at this time, which causeth me to call to mind the charge I took in hand, which with like charge should be prosecuted, if otherwise I prevented not the same: These are therefore to require you, either to bestowe the same upon some other, or else to allow me but the *bare fee* which is *two shillings a day*; and, as I

have began, so will I end (God willing) to your contentation. Truly, at this present season, I have no occasion, as I know of, to travel up to London; which considered, I think it reason which I demand, and hope you will take it very reasonably demanded. Thus, trusting you will return an answer of your determination herein with convenient speed, I most hartly commit you to God.—From Mount Edgecombe, this 8th of September. 1565.—*Yours to command,*  
RICHARD EDGECOMBE."

It appears that the custom of boroughs maintaining their members had not ceased in the early part of the last century. Hall, whose collections were brought down till about 1739, speaking of Helstone, says, "this place, and others in Cornwall, are not able to maintain their burgesses in London during the sessions at their own proper costs and charges (as of old was accustomed) in any tolerable post or grandeur; but have found that profitable expedient (as many others) of making country gentlemen free of their town, who bear the burden and heat of the day for them, and, many times, for the honor of their corporations, distress their paternal estates, to exalt the reputation and perpetuate the privileges of a petty society, made up of mechanics, tradesmen, and inferior practitioners of the law."

In another page of the same volume we read that "Padstow, Lelent, and Marazion formerly sent members to parliament, but were excused upon their petition on the score of poverty."

At what an early period there were returns made of improper persons to sit in parliament in defiance of public opinion, and opposition to the public will, may be seen in Stone, p. 642, under the reign of Henry VI.

In 1679, May 27th, it appeared by the Report of the Committee of Secresy, that £20,000 per annum were paid by the Commissioners of Excise, quarterly, "for secret service" to members of parliament (See *Life of Lord Russell*, p. 94). Lord Danby extended the system of corrupting members, increasing the sum allowed from 10 to 20,000 (*Ib.* p. 88). So far had corruption advanced, under his Catholic majesty Charles II. It appears that the first instance of election bribery on record occurred in the 13 of Elizabeth, (*Blackstone's Comm.* i. 179).

In the reign of Henry III. the parlia-

ment was called, for its opposition to the king, "parliamentum insanum"—the mad parliament. In Edward III.'s reign the parliament was called the "good parliament." In Richard II.'s reign, to express their dislike of the proceedings of the lords against the sovereign, the people called them the "unmerciful parliament."

In another reign (which I forget) the parliament was called "indoctum parliamentum"—the illiterate parliament. A Scotch assembly was called the "running parliament." The famous parliament of the seventeenth century was the "long parliament." The next was the "rump parliament."

Of late I observe the word "infernal" often used in our periodical publications. Whether the word "infernum" may be the word next used in history, time alone can discover.

Yours respectfully,  
NORRISON SCATCHERD.

BURGESSES OF PRESTON.

[To Mr. Hone.]

SIR,—There is a custom observed in my native town, Preston, in Lancashire, which you may perhaps think worth a place in the *Year Book*.

Every year, upon the election of a burgess, the person so elected is compelled to leap over (or into, as it may happen,) a wide ditch on Preston Marsh, near the river Ribble; it takes place, I think, in February, and the dirtiest day of the month is purposely selected, when the ditch, in addition to its usual contents, is filled with mud, previous to the unfortunate individual alluded to being taken to the widest part, from whence he is to essay the perilous leap. This, I believe, no one was ever able to perform safely. The good people of Preston, who assemble to witness the immersion of the new burgess, go with the further intention of "making a day of it," and few return without having incurred the penalty of the newly elected member of the borough. Any person who stands near to the ditch is certain of getting pushed into it, by one who is perhaps indebted to him, before the day is out, for the same favor. I have heard that the custom originated in one of our king's having accidentally fallen, while hunting, into this identical ditch, and that he subjected the towns' people to this infliction, as a penalty, for not having kept the roads in better repair.

There is another custom in Lancashire, which, as I have never seen it in print, may be unknown to you. On Easter Monday, a number of holiday folks assemble in the streets of several towns, Preston amongst the rest, and seizing upon every person they meet, without respect to age, sex, or condition, throw them a few paces into the air, and then very unceremoniously commence taking off their shoes, or boots, whichever it may be, and which, if the owners do not choose to redeem them for a few shillings, sometimes less, are taken to the next public house, where they are received, as readily as the current coin of the realm, in exchange for the good cheer the revellers require. In Chester, where, and also in Durham, this custom is likewise prevalent, the people go about it more civilly: instead of being tossed in the air, as in Lancashire, you are swung about in a chair; in every other respect the custom is equally peremptory. At Durham they are still more staid and civil, and very politely request you to take off your shoes; but there also you must pay the forfeit or resign them.\*

I am Sir, &c.

ANNIE MILNER.

April 1831.

THE SEASON.

Now Summer is in flower, and Nature's hum  
Is never silent round her bounteous bloom;  
Insects, as small as dust, have never done  
With glittering dance, and reeling in the sun;  
And green wood fly, and blossom-haunting  
bee,  
\*Are never weary of their melody.  
Round field and hedge flowers in full gory  
twine,  
Large bind-weed bells, wild hop, and streak'd  
wood-bine,  
That lift athirst their slender throated flowers,  
Agape for dew-falls, and for honey showers;  
These o'er each bush in sweet disorder run,  
And spread their wild hues to the sultry sun.  
The mottled spider, at eve's leisure, weaves  
His webs of silken lace on twigs and leaves,  
Which ev'ry morning meet the poet's eye,  
Like fairies' dew-wet dresses hung to dry.  
The wheat swells into ear, and hides below  
The May-month wild flowers and their gaudy  
show,  
Leaving, a school's-boy height, in snigger  
rest,  
The leveret's seat, and lark, and partridge  
nest. Clare.

\* [Particulars of this custom of *Lifting* at *Easter* are related in the *Every-Day Book*, i. 422.]



FLOWERS.

Nct Iris in her pride and braverie,  
Adornes her arch with such varietie ;  
Nor doth the milk-white way in frostie night,  
Appeare so fair and beautiful in sight ;  
As doe these fields and groves, and sweeter  
bowres,  
Bestrew'd, and deckt with partie-coloured  
flowres.

Along the bubbling brookes, and silver glyde,  
That at the bottom doth in silence slyde,  
The waterie flowres, and lillies on the bankes,  
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in rankes :  
Under the hawthorn, and the poplar tree,  
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be :  
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,  
The daintie violet and wholesome minthe,  
The double daisie, and the coulsipe, queene  
Of summer flowres, do overpeere the greene :  
And round about the valley as ye passe,  
Ye may no see, for peeping flowres, the grasse.  
*G. Peels, 1584.*

————— I saw,  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took,  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west,  
And loosed his love shaft smartly from his  
bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand  
hearts :  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery  
moon,  
And the imperial vottress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell,  
It fell upon a little western flower ;  
Before milk white, now purple with Love  
wound,  
And maidens call it Love in Idleness.

*Shakespeare.*

	h. m.
June 27. Sun rises . . .	3 44
— sets . . .	8 16

Sage flowers.  
Nasturtium, or great India cress, ex-  
hibits its bright orange flowers, and con-  
tinues blooming till the autumn.

June 28.

June 28, 1802, M. Garnerin and Capt. Sowden ascended in a balloon from Ranelagh Gardens, Chelsea, in the presence of many thousands of spectators, in three-quarters of an hour, and performed an aerial voyage of more than fifty miles. They alighted near Colchester. This was the most memorable ascent in England from the time of Lunardi.

THE DAISY.

In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy,  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake  
Of thee, sweet daisy.

When soothed awhile by milder airs,  
Thee Winter in the garland wears  
That thinly shades his few grey hairs ;  
Spring cannot shun thee ;  
Whole summer fields are thine by right,  
And Autumn, melancholy wight !  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

A hundred times, by rock or power.  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love ; some brief delight  
Some memory that had taken flight ;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;  
Or stray invention.

*Wordsworth.*

And as for me, though that I can but lite,  
On bokis for to rede, I me delite,  
And to 'hem yeve I faithe and full credence  
And in mine herte have 'hem in reverence  
So hertily, that there is gamé none  
That fro' my bokis maketh me to gone,  
But it be seildome, on the holie daie,  
Save certainly whan that the month of Maie  
Is comin, and I here the foulis sing,  
And that the flouris ginnin for to spring,  
Farewell my bokis and my devocion.  
Now have I than eke this condicion,  
That above all the flouris in the mede  
Than love I most these flouris white and rede,  
Soche that men callin Daisies in our toan ;  
To them have I so grete affection,  
As I said erst, whan comin in the Maie,  
That in my bedde their daw'ith me no daie,  
That I n'am up, and walking in the mede,  
To sene this floure ayenst the sunne sprede  
What it upriseth erly by the morrowe ;  
That blissful sight softinith all my sorrowe ;  
So glad am I when that I have presence  
Of it to doin it all reverence,  
As she that is of all flouris the floure,  
Fullfilled of all vertue and honoure,  
And ever ilike faire and freshe of hewe,  
As well in winter as in summer newe ;  
This love I ever, and shall untill I die.  
And whan that it is eve, I renne blithe,  
As sone as ever the sunne ginneth west,  
To sene this floure how it will go to rest ;  
For fere of night, so hateth she darkness,  
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse  
Of the sunne, for there it woll unclose :  
Alas that I no' had English, rime or prose,

Suffisaunt to praise this flour aright.—  
 To sene this flour so yonge, so freshe of hewe,  
 Constrained me with so gredie desire,  
 That in my herte I felin yet the fire  
 That madè me to rise ere it were daie,  
 And now this was the first morrowe of Maie,  
 With dredful herte and glad devocion  
 For to ben at the resurrection  
 Of this flourè, whan that it should uncloze  
 Again the sunne, that rose as redde as rose;—  
 And doune on knees anon right I me sette,  
 And as I could this freshè flour I grette,  
 Kneling alwaie till it unclosed was  
 Upon the small, and soft, and swetè grasse,  
 That was with flouris swete embroudr'd all,  
 Of soche sweetnesse, and soche odoure o'er all,  
 That for to spekin of gomme, herbe, or tree,  
 Comparison maie none imakid be,  
 For it surmounteth plainly all odoures,  
 And of rich beautie, the most gay of floures—  
 When Zephyrus and Flora gentilly  
 Yave to the floures soft and tenderly,  
 Ther sotè breth, and made 'hem for to spreddè,  
 As god and goddesse of the flourie mede,  
 In which methought I mightè daie by daie  
 Dwellin alwaie the joly monthe of Maie  
 Withouten slepe, withouten mete or drinke;  
 Adoune full softly I gan to sinke,  
 And leneing on my elbow and my side  
 The longè daie I shope me for t'abide,  
 For nothing ellis, and I shall not lie,  
 But for to lokin upon the Daisie,  
 That well by reson men it callè maie  
 The Daisie, or else the eye of daie,  
 The emprise, and the flour of flouris all.  
 I praie to God that fairè mote she fall,  
 And all that lovin flouris for her sake.

Chaucer.

	h. m.
June 28. Sun rises . . .	3 44
— sets . . .	8 16

Rose campion, or corn-cockle, and the corn-flower blow. They come with the lengthened corn before it ripens

### June 29.

#### GRENADIERS.

29th June, 1678, Mr. Evelyn enters in his diary—"Now were brought into service a new sort of soldiers called *Grenadiers*, who were dextrous in flinging hand grenades, every one having a pouch full; they had furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce; and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools; their clothing being likewise py-bald, yellow, and red." Grenadiers derived their name from being trained to throw grenades. In battle, after throwing this

missile firework, upon the word "Fall on," they rushed with hatchets upon the enemy. They were not confined to the infantry. Besides grenades in pouches, and axes, they were armed with firelocks, slings, swords, and daggers. Bayonets were first appropriated to the grenadiers and dragoons.\*

#### TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

"Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
 Speak grief in you,  
 Who were but born  
 Just as the modest morn  
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?  
 Alas! you have not known that show'r  
 That mars a flow'r;  
 Nor felt the unkind  
 Breath of a blasting wind;  
 Nor are ye worn with years,  
 Or warp'd as we,  
 Who think it strange to see  
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
 To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.  
 Speak, whimpr'ing younglings; and make  
 known  
 The reason why  
 Ye droop and weep.  
 Is it for want of sleep;  
 Or childish lullaby?  
 Or that ye have not seen as yet  
 The violet?  
 Or brought a kiss  
 From that sweetheart to this?  
 No, No; this sorrow, shown  
 By your tears shed,  
 Would have this lecture read;  
 'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
 'Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears  
 brought forth.'"

Herrick, 1648

#### THE SEASON.

More appropriately a few weeks earlier, yet here, for their feeling and descriptiveness, may be introduced these beautiful verses—†

#### BY DELTA.

Come hither, come hither, and view the face  
 Of Nature enrob'd in her vernal grace—  
 By the hedgerow wayside flowers are springing;  
 On the budding elms the birds are singing,  
 And up—up—up to the gates of heaven

\* Fosbroke's *Ency. of Antiquities*.

† The work in which they first appeared would be referred to were it known: they are derived into the *Year Book* from an anonymous collection.

Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture  
driven :

The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud ;  
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud :  
Come hither, come hither, and join with me  
In the season's delightful jubilee .

Haste out of doors—from the pastoral mount  
The isles of ocean thine eye may count—  
From coast to coast, and from town to town,  
You can see the white sails gleaming down,  
Like monstrous water-birds, which fling  
The golden light from each snowy wing ;  
And the chimnied steam-boat tossing high  
Its volum'd smoke to the waste of sky :  
While you note, in foam, on the yellow beach,  
The tiny billows, each chasing each,  
Then melting like cloudlets in the sky,  
Or time in the sea of eternity !

Why tarry at home ?—the swarms of air  
Are about—and o'erhead—and every where :  
The little moth opens its silken wings,  
And, from right to left, like a blossom flings ;  
And from side to side like a thistle-seed,  
Uplifted by winds from September mead :  
The midge, and the fly, from their long dull  
sleep,

Venture again on the light to peep ;  
Over lake and land, abroad they see,  
Filling air with their murmuring ecstasy :  
The hare leaps up from his brushwood bed,  
And limps, and turns its timid head ;  
The partridge whirrs from the glade ; the mole  
Pops out from the earth of its wintry hole ;  
And the perking squirrel's small nose you see  
From the fungous nook of its own beech tree.

Come, hasten ye hither—our garden bowers  
Are green with the promise of budding flowers ;  
The crocus, and spring's first messenger,  
The fairy snowdrop, are blooming here :  
The taper-leaved tulip is sprouting up ;  
The hyacinth speaks of its purple cup :  
The jonquil boasteth, " Ere few weeks run,  
My golden sunlet, I'll show the sun ;"  
The gilly-flower shoots its stem on high,  
And peeps on heaven with its pinky eye ;  
Primroses, an iris-hued multitude,  
By the kissing winds are wooing and wooed :  
While the wall-flower threatens with bursting  
bud,

To darken its blossoms with winter's blood.  
Come here, come hither, and mark how swell  
The fruit-buds of the jargonelle,  
On its yet but leaflet, greenening boughs,  
The apricot open its blossom throws ;  
The delicate peach-tree's branches run  
O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun ;  
And the cherry proclaims of cloudless weather,  
When its fruit and the blackbirds will toy together.

See the gooseberry bushes their riches show,  
And the currant bush haags its leaves below ;  
And the damp-loving rasp saith, " I'll win  
your praise

With my grateful coolness on *Larvest Days*."

Come along, come along, and guess with me  
How fair and how fruitful the year will be !  
Look into the pasture grounds o'er the pale,  
And behold the foal with its switching tail,  
About and abroad, in its mirth it flies,  
With its long black forelocks about its eyes,  
Or bends its neck down with a stretch,  
The daisy's earliest flowers to reach.  
See, as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,  
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,  
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,  
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay ;  
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,  
Fly, the shrubs, and the trees, and roofs about ;  
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam,  
With sticks and straws, to their woodland  
home.

Out upon in deer cares—rejoice  
In the thrill of nature's bewitching voice !  
The finger of God hath touched the sky,  
And the clouds, like a vanquished army, fly,  
Leaving a rich, wide, azure bow,  
O'erspanning the works of his hand below :—  
The finger of God hath touched the earth,  
And it starts from slumber in smiling mirth ;  
Behold it awake in the bird and bee,  
In the springing flower and the sprouting tree,  
And the leaping trout, and the lapsing stream,  
And the south wind soft, and the warm sun-  
beam :—  
From the sward beneath, and the boughs above,  
Come the scent of flowers, and the sounds of  
love ;  
Then haste thee hither, and join thy voice  
With a world's which shouts, " Rejoice ! Re-  
joice ! "

h. m.

June 29. Sun rises . . . 3 44  
— sets . . . 8 16

Musk-flower blows in gardens. Yellow-  
rattle, or cockscomb, in flower. It is said  
to blow when the grass is fit for mowing.

### June 30.

30 of June, 1661, Mr. Pepys enters in his diary that he went this day, " Lord's day, to church ; where," he observed, " the trade of briefs is come now up to so constant a course every Sunday, that we resolve to give no more to them."

#### Briefs.

These are letters patent, or licences, of the king, issuing out of Chancery, to make collections for repairing churches, restoring loss by fire, &c. By act of parliament briefs are to be read in churches, and the sums collected endorsed upon them, attested by the signature of the minister and churchwardens ; and then they are to be delivered, with the money

collected, to the persons undertaking them, who within two months after receiving the money are to account in chancery for the sums gathered.\* Briefs are farmed, and were lucrative to the farmers of the benevolent donations collected at church doors, until it became known that the benevolent donations under certain briefs became the property of brief-jobbers.

Martial alludes to a relief for fire among the Romans similar to the brief.

*Brief* was a term applied to papal acts sealed with wax; those sealed with lead were termed *bulls*.†

A *Brief*, in law, is an abridgment of a client's case, as instructions to counsel on the trial of an issue, in which the circumstances are clearly but *briefly* stated, with whatever may be objected by the opposite side, accompanied by proofs of the facts in support of the case, and the names of the witnesses to be called, with what points each witness can prove.‡

*Brief*, as used by Shakspeare, signifies a short writing, as a letter or inventory.

— Bear this sealed brief  
With winged haste to my Lord Mareschal,  
1 *Henry IV.*

Even a speech, says Mr. Nares, is so termed.

— Her business looks in her  
With an importing visage, and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal *brief*, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

*All's Well.*

Mr. Nares says, that hence we may explain the following obscure passage in the same play:—

— Whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,  
And be performed to-night.

That is, says Mr. Nares, "whose ceremony shall seem expedient in consequence of the short speech you have just now made." But this exposition is not quite satisfactory. The passage ought to be taken in connexion with the previous words—

Good fortune and the favour of the king  
Smile upon this *contract*; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the new-born *brief*,  
And be performed to-night.

The passage is figurative: indeed, in Mr. Nares's sense of the word *brief*, it might be said "that even a *face* is so termed." Philip of France says to our Jonn,

\* Tomlins. † Fosbroke. ‡ Tomlins.

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's *face*;—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of  
his;

This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this *brief* into as huge a volume.

n. m.  
June 30. Sun rises . . . 3 45  
— sets . . . 8 15

Agrimony shows its long yellow spike in  
fields, and goosberries begin to be colored.

#### INSECTS.

In the open air and clear sunshine of a spring morning, while listening to the joyous singing of the birds, I turned my eye upon a piece of water, and viewed, through it, the various things it covered. The sun darted his glowing beams uninterrupted on this spot. The smooth bottom began to elate itself in bubbles, and quickly after to send up parts of its green coat, with every rising bladder of detached air. These plants, which were continued in long filaments to the surface, soon reared their leaves and benumbed branches towards the cause of their new life at the surface. The dusky floor whence they had arisen, being now naked and exposed to the sun's influence, disclosed myriads of worms, cheered by the warmth of the sun, unwinding their coiled forms in wantonness and revelry. Whole series of creatures began to expand their little limbs, and creep or swim, or emerge above the surface.

In contemplating this scene, I could not but persuade myself that the source of the Egyptian enthusiasm, all that had given rise to their fabled stories of the production of animals from the mud of the Nile, was now before me.

While I was ruminating a little creature of a peculiar form and singular beauty emerged from the mud. It soon began to vibrate its leafy tail, and to work the several rings of an elegantly constructed body, and to poise six delicate legs, as if to try whether they were fit for use. Numbers of others followed it: in a few minutes all that part of the water seemed peopled by this species only.

A number of these newly animated beings clustered together under the leaves of a tall plant, part of which was immersed in the water, and part above its surface. One of the insects, allured by the warm rays, rose higher up the plant, came boldly out of the water, and basked in the more free sun-beams under the open

air. It had not stood long exposed to the full radiance of the sun, when it seemed on the point of perishing under his too strong heat. Its back suddenly burst open lengthwise, and, a creature wholly unlike the former arise from within it!—a very beautiful fly disengaged itself by degrees, and left behind it only a thin skin that had been its reptile covering. The newborn inhabitant of the air would now have been suffocated in an instant by the element in which it had before so long lived and enjoyed itself. It carefully avoided it. First, trying its recently dis-entangled legs, it crept to the summit of the herb, to it a towering pine. The sun, which at first seemed to create it, in its reptile state, out of the mud, now seemed to enlarge its wings. They unfolded as they dried, and gradually showed their bright and perfect silky structure. The creature now began to quiver them in various degrees of elevation and depression, and at length, feeling their destined purpose, launched at once into the wide expanse of air, and sported with unrestrained jollity and freedom.

Happiest of thy race! said I; how would thy brother insects envy thee, could they imagine what was now thy state, safe from the danger of the devouring fly,—delivered from the cold wet elements, and free as the very air in which thou wantonnest! I had scarcely finished my ejaculation, when a cloud obscured the sun's face; the air grew chill, and hail came rattling down upon the water. The newly animated swarms of reptiles it contained, instantly abandoned the transient pleasures they had enjoyed the last half hour, plunged to their original inactivity in the mud again, and waited in tranquillity a more favorable season. They were now safe, and at their ease; but the little beautiful fly, which I had before thought an object of their envy, was destroyed by the first falling of the frozen rain, and floated dead upon its watery bier

—I ruminated again, and determined never to be insolent in prosperity; never to triumph over my friend or neighbour because some favorable event had happened to me—hoped I might ever after remember that the poor fly neither knew how his peculiar good fortune came about, nor foresaw, in his enjoyment, to what ruin he alone was exposed.\*

\* Sir John Hil.

CREATION OF THE SUN AND MOON.

For so the light of the world, in the morning of the creation, was spread abroad like a curtain, and dwelt no where; that filled the expanse with a dissemination great as the unfoldings of the air's looser garment, or the wilder fringes of the fire, without knots, or order, or combination; but God gathered the beams in his hand, and united them into a globe of fire, and all the light of the world became the body of the sun; and he lent some to his weaker sister that walks in the night, and guides a traveller, and teaches him to distinguish a house from a river, or a rock from a plane field.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land!  
The deer across the greenwood bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam;  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light!  
There woman's voice flows forth in song  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips more tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!  
How softly on their bowers,  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bells' chime  
Floats through their woods at morn;  
All other sounds in that still time  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!  
By thousands, on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er her silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet fane.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its mote of leaves,  
And fearless there they lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their caves,

The free fair homes of England!  
Long, long in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be rear'd  
To guard each hallow'd wall!  
And green for ever be thy groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
When first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY.



JULY.

The mower now gives labor o'er,  
And on his bench, beside the door  
Sits down to see his children play,  
Smoking a leisure hour away :  
While from her cage the blackbird sings,  
That on the woodbine arbor hings ;  
And all with soothing joys receive  
The quiet of a Summer's eve.

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

JULY is a large part of that portion of the year which is made "glorious summer by the sun."

A book which has not received its due share of honest praise, and by some accident is, comparatively, little known—"The British Naturalist"—this delightful book—is composed of "Sketches of the more interesting productions of Britain, and the surrounding sea, in the scenes in which they inhabit; and with relation to the general economy of nature, and the wisdom and power of its Author."—Through these little volumes

Nature speaks

A parent's language, and, in tones as mild  
As e'er hush'd infant on its mother's breast,  
Wins us to learn her lore.

From amongst a thousand beauties in "The British Naturalist," the following is an extract—on the summer appearance of the great luminary of our system:—

The charm of a summer's morning is in the upland, and the extensive view;—they who have never beheld the rising sun from a mountain top, know not how fair the world is. Early though it be, there is a sentinel upon the heath; a shrill whistle comes sharp and clear upon the morning breeze, which makes all the echoes of the west answer. But be not alarmed, there is no danger; no guerilla, not even a solitary robber, upon the British uplands; and the eagle and the raven are yet in the rocks, and reynard just leaving his earth in the coppice below. That whistle is his reve'llie, to warn those birds that nestle among the grass in the heath that the enemy is coming abroad. It is the note of the plover.

The place to be chosen for a view of sun-rise on a summer morning is not the centre of a mountain ridge—the chine of the wilderness; but some elevation near the sea coast,—the eastern coast, where, from a height of about two thousand feet, one can look down upon the chequered beauty of the land, and the wide expanse of the ocean; where the morning fog is found white and fleecy in the valleys along the courses of the streams, and the more elevated trees and castles, and houses, show like islands floating in the watery waste; when the uplands are clear and well defined, and the beam gilds yet higher peaks, while the streak upon the sea is of that soft purple which is really no color and every color at the same time. The whole landscape is so soft, so

undefined, and so shadowy, that one is left to fill up the outline by conjecture; and it seems to get more indefinite still as the sun comes nearer the horizon. The dews feel the coming radiance, and they absolutely ascend by anticipation. At length there is one streaming pencil of golden light, which glitters and breaks as if it were the momentary lightning of a cloud; the dew drops at your feet are rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and opals, for an instant; and then it is gone. If the horizon be perfectly clear, this "blink" of the rising sun (and we have observed it only on such occasions as that alluded to) has a very curious effect. It comes momentarily, and, when it is gone, all seems darker than before. But the darkness is of as brief duration as the light, and the rising grounds are soon brought out with a power of *chiar' oscuro*—a grouping of light and shade, that never can be observed when the sun is at any height, as the shadow is from eminence to eminence, filling all the hollows; and, though deep, it is remarkably transparent, as evaporation has not yet begun to give its fluttering indistinctness to the outlines of objects. By the time that half of the solar disc is above the horizon, the sea is peculiarly fine, and it is better if the view be down an estuary. In the distant offing it is one level sheet, more brilliant than burnished gold, in which the boats, with their dark lug sails, as they return from the deep sea fishing, project their streaky shadows for miles, though each seems but a speck. The lands on the opposite sides of the estuary pay their morning salutations, in soft breezes wafted across, as the sun touches a point of the one here, and of the other there; for the summer sun no sooner beams out upon one part of the landscape than the little Zephyr from all the others hasten thither to worship,—so instantly does the genial beam put the atmosphere in motion; and as those Zephyrs come from more moist places, there is absolutely dew upon the parched heights at sun-rise, if they be not too extensive. Those cross winds rippling the water this way and that way, give an opal play to the whole; while behind you, if the estuary stretches that way, it passes into a deep blue, as, from the small angle at which the rays fall, they are all reflected forward; and the very same cause that makes the water so brilliant before you, gives it that deep tint in your rear. By and by, the trees and buildings in lateral

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY.

positions come out, with a line of golden light on their eastern sides; while to the west every pane in the windows beams and blazes like a beaurn fire. The fogs, too, melt away, except a few trailing fleeces, over the streams and lakes, that lie sheltered beneath steep or wooded banks; and they soon fade from the eye also, and the mingled fields, and woods, and streams, are all arrayed in green and gold. The cottage smokes begin to twine upward in their blue volumes; the sheep are unfolded; the cattle sent to their pastures; and people begin the labor of the fields. \*

Loud is the Summer's busy song  
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,  
While insects of each tiny size  
Grow teasing with their melodies,  
Till noon burns with its blistering breath  
Around, and day dies still as death.  
The busy noise of man and brute  
Is on a sudden lost and mute;  
Even the brook that leaps along  
Seems weary of its bubbling song,  
And, so soft its waters creep,  
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep.  
The cricket on its banks is dumb,  
The very flies forget to hum:  
And, save the waggon rocking round,  
The landscape sleeps without a sound.  
The breeze is stopt, the lazy bough  
Hath not a leaf that dances now;  
The tottergrass upon the hill,  
And spiders' threads, are standing still;  
The feathers dropt from moorhen's wing,  
Which to the water's surface cling,  
Are stedfast, and as heavy seem  
As stones beneath them in the stream;  
Hawkweed and groundsel's fanning downs  
Unruffled keep their sooty crowns;  
And, in the oven-heated air,  
Not one light thing is floating there,  
Save that to the earnest eye  
The restless heat seems twittering by.  
Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,  
And flowers e'en wither in the shade,  
Until the sun slopes in the west,  
Like weary traveller, glad to rest,  
On pillow'd clouds of many hues;  
Then nature's voice its joy renews,  
And chequer'd field and grassy plain  
Hum, with their summer songs again,  
A requiem to the day's decline,  
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine,  
As welcome to day's feeble powers  
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

*Clara.*

\* British Naturalist, ii. p. 278.

## VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

### *Sow,*

In the first week, broccoli seed, for late spring supply.

Kidney-beans, endive,—and again in the third week.

Small salading three times, if required; and lettuce, in a shady spot.

Peas, the frame, Charlton and Knight's, and again towards the close of the month.

Beans, mazagan, and white-blossom, for late crops.

Cabbage for coleworts, once or twice.

Turnips, at any time during the month. Turnip-radish, the black, and large white.

### *Transplant*

Cabbage, savoy, broccoli, some into nursery-beds, and others, according to their growth, into final plantations.

Celery, early in the month, from seed beds, into others of rich earth, four inches apart; and water regularly. Set out large grown plants in trenches for blanching.

Lettuces, Cos, Silesia, and others, from the seed-beds.

Attend to the onion beds, and bend down the stems of those that begin to turn color; take up ripe onions, shalots, and garlic, and expose them to the sun on a dry spot of ground.

Lay vines of cucumber plants in straight and regular order; dig lightly round, but not too near their roots.

Gather herbs for drying—mint, balm, sage, &c.; dry them in the shade.

Stick peas, top beans, and scarlet runners.

Earth up the rows of beans, peas, potatoes, &c.

Hoe frequently.

Remove weeds and litter.

Water small crops, and plants that have recently been transplanted.

## ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

The heats of the season impose the necessity of occasionally substituting a light vegetable diet for the more solid gratification of animal food, and nature provides ample and various means of effecting the change.

Cauliflowers, artichokes, green peas, French beans, Windsors, or other garden beans, frequently form a conspicuous part of the family dinner, with very moderate supplies of butcher's meat; instead of which, lam, bacon and tongues,



as well as ducks and geese, are the more reasonable stimulants: their flavor counteracts the insipidity of vegetables, and provokes the appetite to a greater consumption of them. On festive occasions, venison and turtle retain their pre-eminent station at the tables of the opulent, where also the fawn forms an elegant dish, when roasted whole and served up with rich gravy. Veal, having now been fed on milk in its richest state, is peculiarly fine and well flavored. Ragouts of sweet-breads, oxpalates, lambs' hits, fat livers, and cocks'-combs, are among the light dishes introduced at superior tables; where also various preparations of curry afford a delectable repast to those who have acquired a taste for this Indian diet.

Quails, during this and the following months, are brought alive in considerable numbers from France in low wicker cages. The ortolan, a delicate little bird of the quail tribe, is imported from Germany either alive, or in a potted state, and being a greater rarity is still dearer than the quail.

The season affords a plenteous and varied dessert, consisting of pines, melons, peaches, cherries, grapes, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, as well as early apples and pears. Fruit is certainly most salubrious in hot weather; but, if the opinion be well founded that it does most good when taken before dinner, the dessert ought to take place of that spurious meal called the lunch, which, being usually made of animal food, too often banishes the appetite irrecoverably for the day. In reality, to lunch is to dine.

#### GOOD LIVING.

A gentleman of good estate was not bred to any business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably. He had no relish for the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvements of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch, and as many more were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humor. Thus he made a shift to wear off ten years of his life since the paternal estate fell into his hands. One evening, as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. He set himself to compute what he had consumed since he came of age.

"About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another," said he, "given up their lives to prolong mine; which, in ten years, amounts to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest parts offered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts, out of the flock and herd, have been slain in ten years time to feed me, besides what the forest has supplied me with. Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their varieties, been robbed of life for my repast—and of the smallest fry some thousands. A measure of corn would hardly suffice me, with fine flour, for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogsheads of wine, and other liquors, have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done, all this time, for God or man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life and a worthless liver! There is not the meanest creature among all those which I have devoured, but what hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it hath done so. Every crab and oyster I have eaten, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings, with more propriety than I have. Oh! shameful waste of life and time."

He carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason as constrained him to change his whole course of life, to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of age. The world were amazed at the mighty change, and beheld him as a wonder of reformation; while he himself confessed and adored the divine power and mercy that had transformed him from a brute to a man. He lived many following years with the character of a worthy man and an excellent Christian. He died with a peaceful conscience, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write "miracle" upon it. Are there not numbers, in this degenerate age, whose lives have run to utter waste, without the least tendency to usefulness?\*

\* Franklin.

**July 1.**

On the 1st of July, 1690, fell, at the battle of the Boyne, the celebrated George Walker. He was a native, and became rector of Donaghmore, in the county of Tyrone in Ireland. Alarmed by the encroachments of James II. he raised a regiment at his own expense, and, the king having taken Coleraine and Kilmore, Walker rode full speed to Lundee, the governor of Londonderry, to apprize him of the danger. The governor slighted the information, and Walker, returning to Lifford, joined Colonel Crafton, took post at the Long Causeway, which he defended a whole night against a vastly superior force, and then retreated to Londonderry. The panic-struck governor basely deserted his post, and the rector of Donaghmore assisted Major Baker in defending Londonderry, with a bravery scarcely paralleled by the most able generals.

James, with a numerous army well supplied with every requisite, commanded in person, and laid siege to Londonderry. The besieged had no means for a long defence; the greater part within the walls were the country people who had fled from their homes for shelter; they had only about twenty cannon, no more than ten days' provision, no engineers, and were without horses for foraging parties or sallies, but held an invincible resolution to suffer the greatest extremities rather than yield. They sent to inform king William of their determination, and implored speedy relief. Major Baker died, and the command devolved upon Walker. Famine devastated the place. Horses, dogs, cats, rats, and mice were devoured by the garrison, and even salted hides were used as food. In this scene of misery a gentleman who maintained his usual healthy appearance hid himself for two days, fearing danger from the eager eyes of the famished people, who seemed to look upon him as reserved for them to feast upon. Walker suffered in common with his men, and hoped that, as Londonderry had a good harbour, king William would be enabled to raise the siege. By land there was no prospect of succor, and James was so mortified by the city holding out, that, though he could have stormed it, he resolved to force it to surrender by blockade and starvation. He threw a bar across the arm of the sea prevent vessels from entering the

port; and the poor famished inhabitants had the misery to see all hope of relief destroyed. Their patience became exhausted, and there was danger of a general defection. In this state Walker assembled his wretched garrison in the cathedral, and, preaching to inspire them with a reliance upon providence, he assured them of a speedy release from their dangers. They returned to their labors invigorated, and, as if he had been a prophet as well as a general, they discovered three ships, under the command of major-general Kirk, who had sent Walker a message before, that when he could hold out no longer he would raise the siege at the hazard of himself, and his men, and vessels. Kirk gallantly sailed on under a heavy cannonade from James's army, and succeeded in crossing the bar in the night of July 31. This saved Londonderry. The siege was raised, and no man in that century gained or deserved higher reputation than Walker. Resigning the command of the regiment to Kirk he embarked for England, with an address to King William and Queen Mary, who received him as his merit deserved; and the parliament, the city, and the university of Oxford, united to do justice to his patriotism and ability. He received the degree of doctor of divinity: but, preferring the army to the church, obtained a commission from the king and accompanied him to Ireland, where he perished with the duke of Schomberg, at Boyne water.

Had Walker joined his flock instead of going to the field he would probably have been appointed to the see of Derry, which became vacant three days after his death. "However," says Noble, "he seemed designed for a brigadier-general, rather than a bishop."

	h. m.
July 1. Sun rises . . . . .	3 45
— sets . . . . .	8 15

\* \* NO REAL NIGHT until the 22nd.

- Elicampane flowers.
- Copper day lily flowers
- Evening primrose flowers.
- Foxglove in full flower every where.

**July 2.**

OFFICIAL DECRYPERING.

July 2, 1788. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, in a letter of this date,

signed P. T., says—"I had the honor to be nearly related to Mr. Justice Blencowe, the father of Mr. William Blencowe, who was the first person to whom government allowed a salary as decypherer; and I will tell you how he obtained it: it was by going to the minister unknown, and, I believe, unrecommended, and asking for it. The minister, surprised, asked him what pretensions he, a stranger, had to ask such a boon of him? 'Because, Sir,' said he, 'I am qualified to execute it.' 'Can you?' said the minister, 'then decypher these two letters' (for the want of a decypherer of those letters occasioned the proposed recompense). Mr. Blencowe returned with the letters properly decyphered, and had the employment, and, I think, two or three hundred pounds a year. He was soon after seized with a violent fever, from which no man could have shown more anxiety to get over, and did so; but soon relapsed, and shot himself, having previously written an inscription for his monument, which I forget, only there was the following singular expression in it, '*he died, however, satisfied with life.*'"

Mr. William Blencowe, the decypherer, derived, probably, a knowledge of his art from his mother. She was eldest daughter to that very great adept in the art of decyphering secret-writing, Dr. Wallis, who, it is said, declined the offer of a bishopric to promote the advancement of his son-in-law to the dignity of a judge. Blencowe, the decypherer, mainly assisted in disclosing the contents of certain papers, which were produced in evidence against Bishop Atterbury.\*

Sylvanus, Urban's correspondent, says, "The good old judge, his father [Sir John Blencowe, knt.] outliving his faculties, conceived that he had found out the longitude, and wrote several reams of paper upon that subject; and his dutiful son, the decypherer, rather than tell his father it was all absurdity, was at the pains of copying all he had written out, fair, to be laid before the parliament.—Some time before he died, he told his old trusty servant that he was dead, and bid John lay him out. John, who knew his trim, laid him out upon the carpet; and, after he had lain *as dead* for some time, John observed that he thought his honor was coming into life again; the judge

thought so too, and soon after *arose from the dead*. He died, in reality, May 6, 1726, for I well remember going to see his lead coffin at Brackley. And now, Mr. Urban, let me give you a specimen of his head and his heart before his faculties left him. An old man, who had been a hewer of stones for the judge many years, lived to be upwards of ninety, and for some years had daily spoiled the stones instead of rendering them fit for use. Lady Blencowe, perceiving it, desired the judge to continue him his *eight pence a day*, and let him stay at home. 'No,' no, said the judge, 'let him spoil on; he has a pleasure in thinking he earns his daily bread at four score years and ten: but, if you turn him off, he will soon die with grief.' And that was the case, for, when the judge died, he was discharged, and followed his humane and considerate master a few days after."

#### CARNATION AND INSECTS.

The fragrance of a carnation led me to enjoy it frequently and near. While inhaling the powerful sweet, I heard an extremely soft, but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some anima', within the covert, must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little body suited to produce it. I am furnished with apparatuses of a thousand kinds for close observation. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and, placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking and capering with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. I was not cruel enough to pull out any one of them; but adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance.

Under the microscope, the base of the flower extended itself to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces.

On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in

\* Noble

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 2.

pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants: these from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labors of the loom contemptible in the comparison.

I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vying with the empyrean in its hue; and their eyes each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes on a brilliant. I could observe them here singling out their favorite females, courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk: here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realised; here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance;—in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees; or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.

Nature, the God of nature, has proportioned the period of existence of every creature to the means of its support. Duration, perhaps, is as much a comparative quality as magnitude; and these atoms of being, as they appear to us, may have organs that lengthen minutes, to their perception, into years. In a flower destined to remain but a few days length of life, according to our ideas, could not be given to its inhabitants; but it may be according to theirs. I saw, in the course of observation of this new world, several succeeding generations of the creatures it was peopled with; they passed, under my eye, through the several successive states of the egg and the reptile form in a few hours. After these, they burst forth at an instant into full growth and perfection in their wing-form. In this they enjoyed their span of being, as much as we do years—feasted, sported, revelled in delights; fed on the living fragrance that poured itself out at a thousand openings at once before them; enjoyed their loves, laid the foundation for their succeeding progeny, and, after a life thus happily filled up, sunk in an easy dissolution.

With what joy in their pleasures did I attend the first and the succeeding broods through the full period of their joyful lives! With what enthusiastic transport did I address to each of these yet happy creatures Anacreon's gratulation to the Cicada:

Blissful insect! what can be,  
In happiness, compared to thee?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's sweetest wine.  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy fragrant cup does fill,  
All the fields that thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee;  
All that summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with ripening juice,  
Man for thee does sow and plough,  
Farmer he, and landlord thou.  
Thee the hind with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripen'd year!  
To thee alone, of all the earth,  
Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
Happy creature! happy thou  
Dost neither age, nor winter know;  
But when thou'st drank, and danc'd, and sung  
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,  
Sated with the glorious feast,  
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

While the pure contemplative mind thus almost envies what the rude observer would treat unfeelingly, it naturally shrinks into itself on the thought that there may be, in the immense chain of beings, many, though as invisible to us as we to the inhabitants of this little flower—whose organs are not made for comprehending objects larger than a mite, or more distant than a straw's breadth—to whom we may appear as much below regard as these to us.

With what derision should we treat those little reasoners, could we hear them arguing for the unlimited duration of the carnation, destined for the extent of their knowledge, as well as their action! And yet, among ourselves, there are reasoners who argue, on no better foundation, that the earth which we inhabit is eternal.\*

	h. m.
July 2. Sun rises . . . . .	3 46
— sets . . . . .	8 14
Our lady lily	} flower.
— thistle	
— slipper	

\* Sir John Hill



CLOPHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE.

[For the Year Book.]

At distance seen, the fir-clad height  
Rose like a cloud upon the sight ;  
But now the bright and quivering green,  
That peeps those solemn ranks between,  
Gives it a glory and a grace,  
That well (how well ! ) becomes the place ;  
Whilst on the grassy slope below  
The still and tender sun-beams glow,  
And with their chastened rays invest  
The straggling ivy's glist'ning crest ;  
Like light that comes beyond the tomb  
To chase the way-worn Christian's gloom ;  
And scatter round his wasted form  
A glory that defies the storm.

The winds are still, that whispered there,  
Soft as the saintly hermit's prayer,  
When peace, and hope, and heavenly love,  
Fill all the radiant air above,  
And from their balmy wings dispense  
A rich, refreshing influence ;  
And yet those feathery larches seem  
Instinct with life,—an em'rald gleam,  
Flushing the dim and dark-brow'd steep,  
Like sunlight on the shadowy deep.

We passed that frowning height beneath,  
By the deep road, and sandy heath,  
Tufted with furze, and waving broom,  
Bright with a golden shower of bloom ;  
O'er which the wary chaffinch hung,  
Brooding on restless wings, and sung—  
Though the full compass of its throat  
Drowned not the distant cuckoo's note,  
That floated o'er the gentle scene  
In pulses faint, and far between.

Thus far had I sung, when I bethought  
myself that plain prose would better suit  
one who is so over-burthened with "original  
poetry" as the editor of the *Year  
Book*. Had I continued my strain I  
should presently have led my reader to  
the church which forms the subject of the  
preceding cut,—it stands on a pretty  
eminence in the midst of scenery sin-  
gularly romantic and beautiful.

In the church yard, I, with some dif-  
ficulty, decyphered an inscription on a  
shapeless block of stone, which had for-  
merly occupied a place in the upper part  
of a Gothic window. I believe that  
monuments of the kind, in similar situa-  
tions, did not come into use much earlier

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 3.

than the date of this specimen, which bore the following broken metaphor:—

DEATH DO NOT KICK AT MEE  
FOR CHRIST HATH TAKEN  
THY STING AWAY  
1623.

I noticed also another memorial of very singular form, thus inscribed:—

HEAR  
LIESTHE  
BODEY OF  
THOMAS  
DEARMAN T  
HAT GAVE 6 P  
OVND AYEAR  
TO TH E LABE  
RERS O F CLOPH  
ILL 1631.  
I. R.

D. A.

July 3.

In July, 1799, died Mr. William Curtis, the eminent writer on botany and entomology. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Curtis, of Alton, in Hampshire, a tanner, where he was born in 1746, and at the age of fourteen bound apprentice to his grandfather, an apothecary at Alton. During this period he was led to study botany by residing contiguous to the Crown Inn, and becoming acquainted with the ostler, John Lagg, a sober steady illiterate man of strong sense, who, assisted by the folio herbals of old Gerard and Parkinson, had gained so complete a knowledge of plants, that not one could be brought to him which he could not name without hesitation. Mr. Curtis happened to meet with Berkenhout's Botanical Lexicon; and this, with the ostler's were almost the only books on botany which he had been able to procure during his residence at Alton. On his apprenticeship there drawing to a conclusion, his friends settled him in London, with Mr. George Vaux, surgeon, of Pudding-lane, and afterwards with Mr. Thomas Talwin, apothecary of Gracechurch-street, to whose business he succeeded. While with these gentlemen he attended St. Thomas's hospital, and the anatomical lectures there given by Mr. Else, as well as the lectures of Dr. George Fordyce, senior physician to that hospital. Dr. Fordyce, convinced of the necessity of botanical knowledge to medical students was in the practice

of accompanying his pupils into the country, near town, and instructing them in the principles of the science of botany. On these occasions Mr. Curtis assisted the doctor in demonstrating the plants which occurred; and frequently the doctor confided to him the entire task of demonstration. Mr. Curtis afterwards gave public lectures in botany, taking his pupils with him into the fields and woods in the neighbourhood of London. Nothing could be more pleasant than these excursions. At dinner time, the plants collected in the walk were produced and demonstrated; and the demonstrations were enlivened with a fund of humor natural to Mr. Curtis's disposition. He aptly connected the study of entomology with that of botany. About 1771, he published instructions for collecting and preserving insects; and, in 1772, a translation of the "Fundamenta Entomologiæ" of Linnæus. He was chosen demonstrator of botany to the Society of Apothecaries, and continued in that situation until finding it interfere too much with his professional duties, he resigned it.— Before this resignation took place, Mr. Curtis had become intimate with Thomas White, esq., brother of the Rev. Gilbert White, the historian of Selborne, and they jointly occupied a very small garden for the culture of British plants, near the Grange-road, at the bottom of Bermondsey-street. Here Mr. Curtis conceived the design of publishing his great work, the "Flora Londinensis," and having the good fortune to meet with an artist of uncommon talent in Mr. Kilburn, and receiving from Mr. White much valuable assistance, the Grange-road garden soon became too small for Mr. Curtis's extensive views. He took a larger piece of ground in Lambeth Marsh, where he soon formed the largest collection of British plants ever brought together into one place. But in the air of this place it became extremely difficult to preserve sea-plants, and many rare annuals required a more elevated situation. He removed his collection to spacious grounds at Brompton, where his wishes were gratified to the utmost extent of reasonable expectation, and where he continued till his death. Several years previous to this, Mr. Curtis found it incompatible with his profession, as an apothecary, to devote so much time as he wished to his favorite pursuits. He first took a partner, and soon after declined physic altogether, for

natural history, and had nothing to depend upon for a livelihood but the precarious profits of his botanic garden and his publications. His *Flora Londinensis* was an object of universal admiration; and on this he bestowed unwearied care. But, with all its unrivalled merit, the number of copies sold scarcely ever exceeded three hundred. He disdained to have recourse to artifice and increased price to enable him to carry on the sale; but, in 1787, he projected the plan of his "Botanical Magazine," and what the sterling merit of his "Flora" could not accomplish, this effected. It bore a captivating appearance, was so easily purchaseable, and was executed with so much taste and accuracy, that it at once became popular; and, from its unvaried excellence, continued to be a mine of wealth to him, and greatly contributed to increase his botanical fame.—The mode of publication adopted in the Botanical Magazine held out a tempting lure to similar productions, and occasioned the "English Botany" of Dr. Smith and Mr. Sowerby.—Unfortunately, Mr. Curtis considered the publication of this work as an act of hostility against himself, and this prevented him from communicating with Dr. Smith and even with the Linnæan Society, of which he was one of the oldest members, and where he had many personal friends. He was gratified with the friendship of Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Dryander, Dr. John Sims, to whom he committed memoirs of his life, and the most eminent naturalists of the age.

Mr. Curtis abounded in innocent mirth; and his constant good humor gave a pleasant cast to every thing he said or did. Few people formed so correct an opinion of themselves. "I have no pretensions," he said, in the memoirs which he left with Dr. Sims, "to be considered as a man of letters, or of great mental powers: I know myself and my imperfections. A consciousness of my inabilities makes me diffident, and produces in me a shyness, which some have been ready to construe into pride." In discernment, as applied to objects of natural history, he had few equals. He discovered the membranous *culypra* in mosses, overlooked by Dillenius; and that the violas and oxalises produce seeds all the year through, though the latter produce no petals except in the spring, the former only sparingly in the autumn. He pointed out the distinction between *Poa pratensis*

and *trivialis* by the intrafoliaceous membrane. Many other instances of his accurate discernment might be mentioned.

Mr. Curtis was no mean adept in ornithology. No bird could utter a note, whether its usual one, or that of love, or that of fear and surprise, but he could from the sound determine from what species it proceeded. He often regretted that he had not the power of imparting this knowledge. His skill in this particular enlightened many a herborization in waste wilds and embarrassing woods.

In Entomology few men have observed more: it is only to be regretted that he committed so little to paper. He was so familiar with the motions of insects, that he could almost always declare the intent of those busy and seemingly playful actions in which they were so perpetually employed.

Mr. Curtis had not received a proper education. One evil almost always arises from this defect. The untutored mind does not know how to fix itself; conscious of great and various powers, it runs from subject to subject, and never pursues any to the limit at which it is capable of arriving. Thus Mr. Curtis was perpetually forming some new design or other, without completing any. He intended that his *Flora Londinensis* should contain all the plants growing wild within ten miles of London; and, afterwards, others of more distant situations; but he published only 72 numbers: 70 were of the former description, and two of the latter. He issued two little tracts upon Entomology; but added nothing farther to the series, except a tract on the brown-tailed moth, an unpublished paper upon the Aphis, and another upon the *Sphex fabulosa*. He began a new illustration of the botanical terms, &c., but he did not put out above two or three numbers. When the "English Botany" became popular, he thought to counteract the injury (as he thought it) of that work, by giving diminished figures of the plates of his *Flora Londinensis*; but did not proceed beyond a few numbers. His account of English grasses was not carried on to the end which he originally proposed. The only work to which he steadily adhered was his "Botanical Magazine." Here he found an estatee. Every thing depended upon the regularity of the publication in all its points: he was compelled to punctuality; and he continued it punctually. His versatility was the

consequence of what in his case, and from the circumstances of his family, was unavoidable, an incorrect education. The affluent may profit from remarks of this kind, and do their duty, by giving their children not *half finished* and *superficial*, but *regular* and *solid* education.

Mr. Curtis was the first botanist of note in this country who applied botany to the purposes of agriculture. Although, as has been before stated, Mr. Curtis's education was very confined, he had acquired some taste. Elegance and neatness pervaded whatever he took in hand. The form of his mind was portrayed in his garden, his library, his aviary; and even a dry "Catalogue of plants in the London Botanic Garden" became from his pen an amusing and instructive little volume. His delicacy never forsook him; nor would he willingly adopt the coarse vulgar names of some of the elder botanists, though sanctioned by the authority of Linnæus himself. In short, Mr. Curtis was an honest, laborious, worthy man; gentle, and humane, kind to every body; a pleasant companion, a good master, and a steady friend.\*

	h. m.
July 3. Sun rises . . . . .	3 47
— sets . . . . .	8 13

Common mullrin, black mullrin, and white mullrin, flowers.  
Scotch bellflower flowers.

### July 4.

The festival of St. Ulric was formerly kept on this day, and Barnaby Googe, in the translation of Naogeorgus, mentions one of the remarkable observances within the church:—

Whosoever Huldryche hath his place,  
the people there brings in  
Both Carpes and Pykes and Mulletts fat,  
his favour here to win.  
Amid the church there sitteth one,  
and to the altar nie,  
That selleth fish, and so good cheep,  
that every man may buie.

	3 47
July 4. Sun rises . . . . .	3 47
— sets . . . . .	8 13

Garden convolvulus flowers.  
Purple martagon lily in full flower.  
Flowering rush flowers, at sides of ditches and rivers.

\* *Gentleman's Magazine*.

### July 5.

#### THE "BLOODY HALL" OF BUCCLEUGH.

[To Mr. Hone.]

Fore Street, June 1, 1830.

Sir,—The following anecdote was related to me by a very respectable old lady. It is well known in the neighbourhood of the occurrence it refers to, and may perhaps be considered worthy of a place in the *Year Book*.

In the month of July, or August, 1745, a regiment of Highlanders, marching through Nithsdale, became jealous or suspicious of the principles of the duke of Buccleugh; and, as they came within view of his castle, they unanimously determined to learn his opinions. They hurried onward to the gate of the edifice, and, finding no resistance, passed the threshold, and drew up in the castle yard. The command was given to search for the duke, and every passage and every room was immediately traversed by the soldiers, to no effect; he had made his escape from the rear, unobserved, and had by that time distanced the castle some miles. It was now manifest that he adhered to the Hanover party, and, under their disappointment, they testified their sense of his grace's defection by driving a considerable number of oxen and sheep from the park into the large and magnificent hall of the castle, where they slew them, and made each other welcome with feast and revelry at the duke's expense. Some of the sheep were even taken up stairs, into the ball-room, and were there butchered; the blood spread over the apartment till it found its way down the stairs, and, in short, at their departure, the whole interior of the mansion bore the appearance of a common slaughter-house. The heads, skins, and offal, of the slain animals, were left scattered all over the place. Some of the blood still stains the boards in a passage leading to the hall, and, it is said, cannot possibly be cleansed away. It is even reported that the boards of the floor have been actually replaced to no purpose, for no sooner are new ones laid down than the blood appears as plainly as before. But certain it is that from that time the place has been called the *Bloody Hall*: to this day it bears that appellation.

Besides indulging in riotous feasting, and drinking the liquors from the cellars, in this adventure, the highlanders cut, and, in some instances, destroyed with their



THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 6.

daggers, beautiful tapestry and paintings, and devastated the edifice. Those remaining ornaments of the castle, which I have seen, bear marks of the highlanders' stern resentment.

F. B.

	h. m.
July 5. Sun rises . . . . .	3 48
— sets . . . . .	8 12
Garden hawks-eye } Musk mallow } Red martagon lily } flower. Corn marigold }	

July 6.

DUKES OF QUEENSBERRY—QUEENSBERRY HOUSE, EDINBURGH—DRUMLANRIG CASTLE, &c.

On the 6th of July, 1711, died in London, James, the second duke of Queensberry, a nobleman of distinguished abilities, and holding great appointments during the eventful times in which he lived. There are particulars concerning him and his family of no common interest.

This James, the second duke, was son of William the first duke of Queensberry, who built Queensberry-house, near the foot of the Canongate, Edinburgh, a stupendous heavy looking mansion, which originally had very fine internal decorations, but these were sold and dispersed with the furniture many years ago. Mr. Chambers who mentions this, with many of the particulars about to be related, says, that Queensberry-house stands upon ground which unaccountably, without the following explanation, forms part of the county of Dumfries. Duke William, who erected the building, was lord-lieutenant of Dumfries-shire, and in that capacity his personal presence was frequently required within that county, while his ministerial duties in Edinburgh no less imperatively demanded his residence in the neighbourhood of the court. He had the omnipotence of the legislature at his command, and by that means procured the site of the house in the Canongate to be considered as part of the county of Dumfries. He thus put Mahomet to shame; for, finding it impossible to go to Dumfries-shire, he brought Dumfries-shire to him.

Queensberry-house, Edinburgh, was occasionally visited by the family about the middle of the last century. The great Earl of Stair died in it in May

1747. The mansion was at one period divided, and the different portions were occupied by the families of the earl of Glasgow and the duke of Douglas, whose servants used to quarrel so violently, on account of their jarring interests and conflicting duties, that the two noble inhabitants were frequently afraid of the house being set on fire about their ears. The last duke William, who scarcely ever possessed it himself, gave the use of it gratuitously to sir James Montgomery, lord chief baron of the exchequer, who lived in it for a considerable time. The garden behind the house was for many years let to a gardener. People paid sixpence and were allowed to eat as many gooseberries as they could. The gudewife, who gave admittance, after receiving her fee, always said—'Now, eat as muckle as ye like; but pouch nane!' The house was at last sold by the duke to William Aitchison, of Drummorie, esq., for a paltry sum, the greater part of which the purchaser afterwards got for the marble decorations, and other spoils of the mansion, which he brought to public sale. He intended to convert the property into a distillery; but, changing his mind, he afterwards sold it to Government for a greater sum than that which he originally gave for it; and it was then converted into a barrack. At present (1825) it is partly occupied as a fever hospital, and is advertised for sale.

William, the first duke of Queensberry, further testified his taste in building, by the erection of that splendid edifice Drumlanrig Castle. Yet he grudged the expense of this great work so much, that he wrote, upon the bundle of accounts, "The de'il pike out his een that looks herein." He slept only one night at Drumlanrig; when, having been taken ill, he could make nobody hear him, and had nearly died for want of attendance. He lived ever after, when in the country, at Sanquhar Castle, a smaller but more convenient mansion. Duke William raised his family from comparative obscurity, to wealth and distinction, by parsimony and politics. During the reign of Charles II. he held many important offices, which were continued to him upon the accession of James II., when he had more power in the administration than any other man in Scotland. He was high treasurer of Scotland, governor of Edinburgh Castle, lord commissioner for his majesty in parliament, and, in 1686, ap-

pointed president of the privy council, but, not complying with the king's wishes to abolish the penal laws against popery, he was deprived of all his public employments the same year, and retired to the country. When the Prince of Orange landed he was struck with the utmost terror; and his wealth being nearest to his heart, he wrote to a friend, enquiring after some secluded spot in Cumberland, where he might safely deposit his plate. However, he resumed his courage, and was one of those Scottish noblemen who waited upon the prince to request him to undertake the administration of affairs. Submitting in every thing to the new government for policy's sake, he accepted the office of an extraordinary Lord of Session at the hands of king William, while he remained at heart a Jacobite. He died at Queensberry-house in 1695.

Before the death of duke William, his son James, afterwards second duke of Queensberry, obtained several offices under the new government, which he assisted in establishing. He had been appointed a privy counsellor of Scotland by Charles II., and made a lieutenant-colonel of the army; but resigned his employments under James II. in 1688. King William received him with peculiar regard—presented to him a commission of captain of his Dutch Guard—restored him to the posts he had before held—made him a lord of the bed-chamber—appointed him to an important military situation in Scotland—conferred on him the office of a lord of the treasury—permitted him to vote in the House of Lords as a Scotch peer, while his father was living—and named him lord high treasurer of Scotland. At his father's death, he resigned all his military employments, received the order of the garter, and was made lord privy seal, an extraordinary lord of session, and sat for two sessions as lord high commissioner, as he did afterwards under queen Anne. He was deprived of his places in 1704; but, in the following year, was again at the head of the treasury, and made lord of the privy seal in the exchequer. He was one of the commissioners of the Union, which he was chiefly instrumental in procuring, and, being honored with public thanks from both kingdoms, he was elected one of the sixteen peers to represent Scotland. On his return to London he was met by a cavalcade of noblemen and gentlemen, and conducted to his house by forty

coaches and four hundred norsemen. The next day he waited upon queen Anne, at Kensington, where he was received with distinction. He shortly afterwards received the English titles of duke of Dover, marquis of Beverley, and baron of Rippon—titles limited to lord Charles, his grace's second son, with a pension of £3000, charged upon the post office. From 1710 until his death he was one of the secretaries of state for the United Kingdom; and, jointly with lord Dartmouth, keeper of the signet. He married Mary, the fourth daughter of Charles Boyle, lord Clifford, eldest son of Richard, earl of Burlington and Cork, and of Jane, daughter and co-heir of William Seymour, duke of Somerset.

When the vice-regal duties of lord high commissioner called James, the second duke of Queensberry, to Edinburgh, he constantly resided in the house at the Canongate, against which edifice the fury of the populace was often directed during those proceedings by which the duke achieved the union. Connected with Queensberry-house there is an awful tale of mystery and horror. His grace's eldest son James was an idiot of the most unhappy sort, ravid and gluttonous, and early grew to an immense height. In the family vault at Durisdeer his unornamented coffin, of great length, is still to be seen. While the family resided in Edinburgh, this monstrous and unfortunate being was always kept confined in a ground apartment, in the western wing of the house; and till within these few years the boards still remained by which the windows of the dreadful receptacle were darkened, to prevent the idiot from looking out, or being seen. On the day the union was passed, all Edinburgh crowded to the Parliament close, to await the issue of the debate. The populace were eager to mob the chief promoters of the measure on their leaving the house. The whole household of the Commissioner went *en masse*, with perhaps a somewhat different object; and, among the rest, was the man whose duty it was to watch and attend "Lord Drumlanrig." Two members of the family alone were left behind, the madman and a little kitchen-boy who turned the spit. The insane creature hearing every thing unusually still around—the house being completely deserted, and the Canongate like a city of the dead—and observing his keeper to be absent, broke loose from his confinement, and roamed wildly

through the mansion. It is supposed that the savory odor of the preparations for dinner led him to the kitchen, where he found the little turnspit quietly seated by the fire. He seized the boy—killed him—took the meat from the fire, and spitted the body of his victim, which he half roasted, and was found devouring when the duke, with his domestics, returned from his triumph. The consternation and horror of all concerned may be conceived. The common people, among whom the dreadful tale soon spread, in spite of the Duke's endeavours to suppress it, said that it was "*a judgment*" upon him for his odious share in the Union. The story runs, that the duke, who had previously regarded his dreadful offspring with no eye of affection, immediately ordered the creature to be smothered. But this is a mistake; the idiot is known to have died in England, and to have survived his father many years, though he did not succeed him upon his death in 1711, when the titles devolved upon Charles, a younger brother.

It is a remarkable fact, in the history of the Queensberry family, that Charles, the third duke of Queensberry, before assuming the title and possessing the estates, which of right descended to his elder brother the idiot, had been created earl of Solway, and had married his countess lady Catherine Hyde, the second daughter of Henry, earl of Clarendon and Rochester, who before her marriage had been deranged in mind and confined in a strait jacket. The duke was born in the house in the Canongate, and resided in it occasionally with his duchess, Catherine, when they visited Scotland; and tradition affirms, that, after duke Charles and his duchess had embroiled themselves with the court, on account of the support which they gave to the poet Gay, they resided for some time here. It is even said that Gay wrote the *Beggar's Opera* while residing in the Canongate under their protection; but the patrons of Gay did not quarrel with the Court till after he had written the *Beggar's Opera*; and it is apparent from his own letters, that he wrote the *Beggar's Opera* in the same house with Pope and Swift, in England. Certain it is, however, that Gay did live for some time with his patrons both in Edinburgh and at Drumlanrig. Mr. Chambers says, "While Gay was at Drumlanrig he employed himself in picking out a great number of the best books

from the library, which were sent to England, whether for his own use or the duke's our informant does not certify."

Drumlanrig Castle, being a very large and roomy mansion, is duly honored with the tradition of a ghost, said to be the spirit of a lady Anne Douglas, which used to walk about the house, terrifying every body, with her head in one hand, and her fan in the other.

While at the Canongate, Gay is said to have frequently visited Allan Ramsay, whose shop was then in the Luckenbooths—the flat above that long kept by Creech, where, for a long course of years, all the literati of Edinburgh assembled daily, like merchants at an exchange. Here Ramsay used to amuse Gay, by pointing out to him the chief public characters of the city, as they met in the forenoon at the Cross. Here, too, Gay read the *Gentle Shepherd*, and studied the Scottish language, so that, upon his return to England, he was enabled to make Pope appreciate the beauties of that admirable pastoral. Gay is said, also, to have spent a good deal of time with the sons of mirth and humor in a twopenny-ale-house, opposite to Queensberry-house, kept by one Janet Kall, who was more frequently called *Jenny Hu'*. This tenement is supposed by Mr. Chambers to have been the lower story of a wooden or plastered edifice in the situation mentioned, where there is now a huckster's shop, marked No. 61.

Upon duchess Catherine, and her sister lady Jane, who was married to the earl of Essex, Prior wrote his sprightly little trifle:—

—"Thus, Kitty, beautiful and young."

Upon the accession of George III., the duke and duchess were received at St. James's, and the duchess walked in her place at the coronation. On this occasion Horace Walpole, pursuing Prior's idea, hit off the following impromptu, which, for the neatness of the turn, and the gallantry of the compliment, was much repeated at the time:—

To many a Kitty, Love his car  
Would for a *day* engage;  
But Prior's Kitty, ever young,  
Obtain'd it for an *age*.

Yet Mr. Chambers, in allusion to the restraint she was under for her malady, before she wedded, says, "Her conduct in married life was frequently such as to entitle her to a repetition of the same

treatment. She was, in reality, insane, though the politeness of fashionable society, and the flattery of her poetical friends, seem rather to have attributed her extravagances to an agreeable freedom of carriage and vivacity of mind.—Her brother was as clever and as mad as herself, and used to amuse himself by hiding a book in his library, and hunting for it after he had forgot where it was deposited."

The only letter the duchess is known to have written from Scotland is to lady Suffolk, dated, Edinburgh, June, 1734, and contains a passage characteristic of her acuteness.—"O, had I wings like a dove, for then would I fly away to Marble hill, and be at rest! I mean at rest in my mind. I am tired to death with politics and elections; they ought in conscience to be but once in an age: and I have not met with any one who doth not eat with a knife, and drink a *dish* of tea. This, added to many other cutting things, makes a dreadful account.—I have been at an assembly; and much amused by the many very extraordinary fashions. Notwithstanding, I can assure you that my tail makes a very notable appearance. If you can, to be sure you will rejoice with me, for the sun has shone to-day,—that I am in hopes it will on Monday, that I may ride out; for on Sunday no such thing is allowed in this country, though we lie, and swear, and steal, and do every other sort of villany every other day of the week round.—"

The duchess was not an admirer of Scottish manners. She particularly detested the custom of eating off the end of a knife. When people dined with her at Drumlanrig, and began to lift their food in this manner, she used to scream out, and, beseeching them not to cut their throats, would send the horrified offenders a silver spoon, or fork, upon a salver. Gay illustrates this in a letter to Swift, dated February, 1728. "The duchess of Queensborough has signalized her friendship to me in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouth." In another letter to the dean he says, "Think of her with respect; value and esteem her as I do; and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish, too, you would not eat from the point of your knife. She has so much goodness, virtue, and gen-

erosity, that, if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you."

When in Scotland, the duchess always dressed in the garb of a peasant girl, in order to ridicule and discountenance the stately dresses and demeanor of the Scottish gentlewomen. One evening some country ladies paid her a visit in their best brocades, as for some state occasion. Her grace proposed a walk, and they were under the necessity of trooping off in all the splendor of full dress, to the utter discomfiture of their starched-up frills and flourishes. Her grace, at last, pretending to be tired, sat down upon a dunghill at the end of a farm-house, and saying, "Pray, ladies, be seated," they stood so much in awe of her, that they durst not refuse; and she had the exquisite satisfaction of spoiling all their silks. Let womankind conceive, as only womankind can, the rage and spite that must have possessed their bosoms, and the battery of female tongues that must have opened upon her grace, as soon as they were free from the restraint of her presence.

When she went out to an evening entertainment, and found a tea-equipage paraded, which she thought too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to overset the table, and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances that no harm was done, &c., delighted her exceedingly.

Her custom of dressing like a country-girl once occasioned the duchess a disagreeable adventure at a review. On her attempting to approach the duke, the guard, to whom she was unknown, pushed her rudely back. This put her into such a passion, that she could not be appeased until his grace assured her that the men had been all soundly flogged for their insolence.

She carried to court her plain-dealing and plain dressing. An order had been issued, forbidding the ladies to appear at the drawing-room in aprons. This was disregarded by the duchess, whose rustic costume would have been by no means complete without that piece of dress. On approaching the door, the lord in waiting stopped the duchess, and told her grace that he could not possibly give her admission in that guise; without a moment's hesitation she stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked on, in her brown gown and petticoat, into the brilliant circle.





AN ADVENTURE IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

A LITTLE GESTE OF ROBIN HOOD.

[For the Year Book.]

I cannot parfitly my paternoster as the priest it singeth,  
But I can rhyme of Robyn Hode and Randall erle of Chester,  
Tho' of oure lorde and our ladye I can nothyng at all.  
*Vision of Piers Ploughman.*

There strides a warrior dark and grim  
Through Sherwood's sylvan shade,  
And a battle-ax is held by him  
And keen is its polished blade;  
And he is cased from top to toe  
In panoply of steel,  
From his nodding horsehair plume, I trow,  
To the spur upon his heel.

He pauses—fronting in his path,  
Forth leaps a stalworth man;  
The warrior trembled with very wrath,  
And his tawny cheek grew wan.  
For the stranger's name was Robin Hood,  
And down he flung his glaive;  
"Thou shalt fight," he cried, "or, by the rood,  
I will brand thee an errant knave:"

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 6.

"And I am a chief from Palestine,  
So 'tis but meet and right  
That I should cross my steel with thine,  
Outlaw!" replied the knight.  
They fought, and from the crosier's mail  
Soon welled a purple flood;  
Yet his blows they fell as quick as hail,  
And every blow drew blood.

"A truce!" cried Robin, "thou shalt wend,  
Bold swordsman, home with me,  
For never did I hope to find  
So brave a knight as thee."  
"Then lead the way," the knight he said,  
Nor Robin made reply,  
Though haughty was the warrior's head,  
And flashed his piercing eye;

But blithely blew his silver call  
And, ere the echoes slept,  
One hundred archers, stout and tall,  
Appeared at right and left:  
"These are my body guard, fair Sir,  
Should fortune prove unkind,  
Or foes invade my haunts, there are  
Full fifty more behind.

Yon coppice forms my leafy bower,  
My realm is woman's heart:  
Woe light on him who braves my power;  
Now tell me whom *thou art*?"  
"I am KING RICHARD!—bowman stay,  
No bending of the knee,  
For I have proved thy brand to day,  
Nor doubt thy loyalty."

God rest the soul of Robin Hood,  
For a gentle thief was he,  
As ever ranged the gay green wood—  
God rest his company.  
And, if ye chance fair Sherwood through  
To bend your weary way,  
Patter an Ave for Robin Hood,  
And his gallant band I pray.

*Walsworth*

J. F. R.

**KING JOHN, ROBIN HOOD, AND MATILDA.**

[For the Year Book.]

A correspondent in the *Table Book*, vol i., p. 803, writes, "How comes it that Robert Davenport, in the seventeenth 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 and 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." Master Davenport's testimony is, in the main, correct. After her husband's murder, Matilda fled to Dunmow Priory,—for there her monument is still preserved. It stands on the left side of the chancel, in the church adjoining (which was formerly a part of the convent), and a black stain disfigures her fair

## THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 7

marble effigy, designed to show that she died by poison.

Malone remarks of Matilda that this lady was poisoned by king John, at Dunmow priory, and Brand is of the same opinion.

There are good reasons for the ignorance of the contemporary chroniclers. It is little likely that Marian, fleeing from a vindictive tyrant, would have disclosed the place of her retreat; neither would king John have cared to increase his unpopularity by publishing his barbarous orders.

The recluses (probably awed or bribed into silence) caused the monument to be erected over the grave of the victim, and Robert Davenport *may* have been the first person who noticed it.

Another correspondent, in the *Every Day Book*, denies the authenticity of Robin Hood's epitaph, "Hear undernead dis laitel stean," &c.; whereas, Ritson, the most cautious and fastidious of antiquaries, seems inclined to admit its genuineness.

Among an odd collection of MS. songs in my possession, I find the following, which asserts (though without foundation) that the outlaw was *poisoned* by his *sister*, the prioress of Kirklees. Here it is:

### LE MORTE DE ROBIN HODE.

To Kerklees stately priorie  
Came an old time-worn man,  
And for food and shelter prayed he,  
Ye chief of a noble clan  
He was—who in Burnsdale and merrie Sher-  
wood

Sported blithely in time agone,  
And albeit full could crept his sluggish blode,  
Yt ye step was firm and ye bearing proud,  
Of Robin, ye outlawed one.

And ye prioress gave him a brimming bowle,  
And bade him drink deep therein,  
"Twould solace" she said, "his fainting  
sowle;"

And her's was a deadlie sinne.  
For, although he called her his sister dear,  
And she smiled when she poured for him  
Ye sparkling wine, there was poison there,  
And herself had mingled ye druggs with care;  
And she pledged her guest, with a thrill of  
fear,

Though she touched but ye goblet's brim,

Fearful and long was his dying groan,  
As his spirit to Hades fled,  
And ye prioress stood like a rooted stone  
When she saw that ye erle was dede:

And her eyes grew glazed, and she uttered a  
yell

Too horrid for mortal ear,  
And laughter rang—'twas the mirth of hell—  
Through that pile so lone and drear

On ye self-same night ye murtheress died,  
But she rotted not alone,  
For they laid her carcasse side by side  
With Robin of Huntingdon.  
And they placed a fayre stone on ye mossy  
bed

Of that brave but erring one,  
And many a pilgrim hath wept when he read  
What is written that ston upon.

Next follows his epitaph.

The pedantry of the last stanza out one  
savors strongly of the monastery, but no  
*monk* would have called the outlaw's com-  
pany "a noble clan," neither would any  
of the earlier minstrels have stolen ideas  
from the pagan mythology. It *may* have  
been first composed in the sixteenth centu-  
ry.

I am, &c.

J. F. R.

June 16, 1831.

P. S. Some of your readers may have  
other versions of the above ballad; if so,  
they wou'd do well to forward them to  
the *Year Book*.

### July 7.

This is the anniversary of the death of  
St. Thomas a Becket, at whose tomb  
Henry II. submitted to the penance of  
flagellation.

#### FLAGELLATION

Among instances of correction bestowed  
by saints upon persons who did not ask  
them for their advice, none can be quoted  
more remarkable than that of St. Romu-  
ald, who severely flagellated his own fa-  
ther. Cardinal Damien greatly approves  
this action, and relates that after St. Ro-  
muald had received permission from his  
superiors to execute his purpose, he set  
out upon his journey, barefooted, without  
either horse or cart, and only with a stick  
in his hand; and, from the remotest bor-  
ders of France, at last reached Ravenna,  
where, finding his father determined to  
return to the world, he put him in the  
stocks, tied him with heavy chains, dealt  
hard blows to him, and continued using  
him with this pious severity till he had  
diverted him from his intention.

De Lolme says that an instance of a  
sovereign submitting to a flagellation, may



THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 8.

be seen in our own days, at every vacancy of the see of Wurtzburgh, a sovereign bishopric in Germany. It is an ancient custom in the chapter of that church, that the person who has been elected to fill the place of the late prince bishop, must, before he can obtain his installation, run the gantlope, naked to the waist, between the canons, who are formed in two rows, and supplied with rods.

Among the sovereigns who were publicly flagellated was Raymond, count of Toulouse, whose sovereignty extended over a very considerable part of the south of France. Having given protection in his dominions, to the Albigenses, pope Innocent III. published a crusade against him; his dominions were in consequence seized, nor could he succeed in getting them restored, until he had submitted to receive discipline from the hands of the legate of the pope, who stripped him naked to the waist, at the door of the church, and drove him up to the altar, in that situation, all the while beating him with rods.

Henry IV., of France, was a sovereign who submitted to flagellation from the church. It was inflicted upon his being absolved of excommunication and heresy; and it proves the fact that the most comfortable manner of receiving a flagellation is by proxy. Henry IV. suffered the discipline which the church inflicted upon him, through Messrs. D'Ossat, and Du Perron. During the ceremony of the king's absolution, and while the choristers were singing the psalm, *Miserere mei Deus*, the pope, at every verse, beat with a rod, on the shoulders of the two proxies. As an indulgence to the king, his proxies were suffered to keep their coats on during the discipline. It had been reported, out of envy towards them, on account of the commission with which the king had honored them, that they had been made actually to strip in the church, and undergo a dreadful flagellation. This report M. D'Ossat contradicts in one of his letters, which says that the flagellation was performed to comply with the rules set down in the Pontifical, but that "they felt it no more than if it had been a fly that had passed over them, being so well coated as they were." The proxies of Henry IV. were made cardinals, and, though express mention of the above discipline was entered in the written process drawn up on the occasion, yet the French ministers would not suffer it to be inserted

in a bull of absolution which was sent to the king.

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July 7. Sun rises . . . . . h. m.  
 — sets . . . . . 3 49  
 Raspberries begin to ripen. . . . . 8 11

Most of the strawberries are in full perfection.

July 8.

On the 8th of July, 1726, died John Ker, of Kersland, of the ancient family of Crawford, of Crawfordland, in Scotland. He was born at Crawfordland-house, August 8, 1673, and took the surname of Ker from having married, in 1693, a daughter of the head of the powerful clan of Ker. His father, Alexander Crawford, esq., a lawyer, was courted by James II., but, as a firm presbyterian, who rejected all toleration under a sovereign professing the Roman catholic religion, he refused to receive court employment. His son, John Ker, became a spy under queen Ann, to defeat the designs of the friends of the Stuarts. Like other spies, when he had performed his despicable office, he was despised and neglected by those whom he had served, and reduced, in his old age, to supplicate the government for support, while he acknowledged the degradation of his employment. What he received for all his patriotic pains, besides two gold medals of the electress dowager, and George I., does not appear. He published memoirs of himself, in which he says, "I confess, the public would be at no loss if I were dead, and my memory buried in oblivion: for I have seen too much of the villany and vanity of this world to be longer in love with it, and own myself perfectly weary of it." He was long confined for debt in the king's bench prison, where he died in distress, ten years after the publication of his work.\*

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July 8. Sun rises . . . . . h. m.  
 — sets . . . . . 3 50  
 White bind-weed flowers in hedges.

Enchanters' nightshade, and Alpine enchanters' nightshade, flower

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\* Noble

**July 9.**

**PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES, AND EARLY NEWSPAPERS.**

July 9, 1662, a question arose in the Irish parliament, concerning the publication of its debates, in an English newspaper, called "The Intelligencer;" and the Irish speaker wrote to sir Edward Nicholas, the English secretary of state, to prevent such publication in those "diurnals."

The long parliament first published periodical appeals to the people, with accounts of their proceedings. The earliest of them, called "Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament," appeared Nov. 3, 1641; they were continued to the restoration, somewhat in the manner of our Magazines, and were generally called "Mercuries," as *Mercurius Politicus*, *Mercurius Rusticus*, &c., and one of them, in 1644, appears under the odd title of *Mercurius Fumigosus*, or, the *Smoking Nocturnal*.

The publication of parliamentary proceedings was prohibited after the restoration, as appears from a debate March 24, 1681; in consequence of which, the votes of the house of commons were first printed by authority of parliament.

The policy of Elizabeth and Burleigh devised the first genuine newspaper, the *English Mercurie*, printed during the Spanish armada. The earliest number in the British Museum is marked 50; it is dated the 23d of July, 1588, and contains the following curious article:—

"Yesterday the Scotch ambassador had a private audience of her majesty, and delivered a letter from the king, his master, containing the most cordial assurances of adhering to her majesty's interests, and to those of the protestant religion: and the young king said to her majesty's minister at his court, that all the favor he expected from the Spaniards was the courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses, that he should be devoured the last."

These publications were then, and long afterwards, published in the shape of small pamphlets; and are so called in a tract by one Burton, printed in 1614: "If any one read now-a-days, it is a play-book or a pamphlet of news."

From 1588, to 1622, and during the reign of James I., few of these publications appeared; but the thirty years' war,

and the victories of Gustavus Adolphus, having excited the curiosity of our countrymen, a weekly paper, called *The News of the Present Week*, was printed by Nathaniel Butler, in 1622, which was continued afterwards, in 1626, under another title, by *Mercurius Britannicus*. These were succeeded by the *German Intelligencer*, in 1630, and the *Swedish Intelligencer*, in 1631, which last, compiled by William Watts, of Caius college, gave the exploits of the Swedish hero in a quarto pamphlet.

The first regular newspaper, in the present form, was the *Public Intelligencer*, published by sir Roger L'Estrange, Aug. 31, 1661.

The first daily paper, after the revolution, was called the *Orange Intelligencer*.

From an advertisement in a weekly paper, called the *Athenian Gazette*, Feb. 8, 1696, it appears that the coffee-houses in London had then, exclusive of votes of parliament, nine newspapers every week; but there seems not to have been, in 1696, one daily newspaper.

In 1709, eighteen newspapers were published; of which, however, only one was a daily paper, the *London Courant*.

In 1724 there was published three daily, six weekly, and ten evening papers three times a week.\*

The *London Gazette* commenced Nov. 7, 1665. It was at first called the *Oxford Gazette*, from its being printed in that city, during a session of parliament held there on account of the plague.\*

	h. m.
July 9. Sun rises . . . . .	3 51
— sets . . . . .	8 9

Milfoil flowers.

Starlings flock together, and so continue till winter.

**July 10.**

10 July, 1700, died, at the age of 66, sir William Williams, a native of Wales, eldest son of Hugh Williams, D. D., of Nantanog, in Anglesea. He was sent to Jesus College, Oxford, and in 1654 was entered of Gray's Inn, to study the law: he afterwards became a barrister, and in 1667 recorder of Chester. In 1678, the electors of that city returned him one of their representatives in parliament, and

\* Chalmers's Life of Ruddimann.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 11, 12.

again in 1681. Though then a young man, he was elected speaker of the house of commons, in both parliaments, and voted for the bill of exclusion. For directing the printing of certain votes reflecting upon some of the peers, the duke of York induced his partisans in the house of lords to prosecute Williams as speaker, and, contrary to all expectation, he was sentenced to pay £10,000. He then adopted the politics of the court. James II. received him, on his accession, with cordiality, appointed him his solicitor-general, knighted him, and, on July 6, 1688, created him a baronet. This hereditary rank was intended as a reward for prosecuting the seven bishops, against whom he proceeded with disgraceful virulence. James lost his crown, and the lawyer his interest, with little prospect of succeeding in his profession, or as a politician; he yet contrived to obtain a seat in parliament, in the years 1688, 1690, and 1695, for the county of Caernarvon, and, dying at his chambers in Gray's Inn, his body was conveyed to the church of Llansilin, in Denbighshire, where a monument erected to his memory bears a long encomiastic epitaph in Latin, which is printed in York's "Royal Tribes of Wales." His descendants in consequence of having been adopted by their relation, sir John Wynne, bart,\* are known by the addition of Wynne to their family name of Williams.

	h. m.
July 10. Sun rises . . . . .	3 52
— sets . . . . .	8 8
Deadly nightshade } Purple garden bindweed } White Japan lily }	} flower.

July 11.

July 11, 1787, died, at his house in St. Martin's-lane, Mr. Nicholas Read, sculptor. He was Roubilliac's first apprentice. Roubilliac, on settling in England, had determined never to take an apprentice on any terms. Read's father, on hearing of Roubilliac's great abilities, and discovering an early propensity in his son to drawing and modelling, prevailed with Roubilliac to take his son into his house, and instruct him. Some few weeks afterwards, Roubilliac working on a very fine bust, which he would not permit any one but himself to touch, Read was daring

\* Noble.

enough, in the absence of his master, to attempt to finish it, which he either nearly or quite accomplished. Roubilliac, surprised by the talent displayed on the figure, took him apprentice, and they continued inseparable friends. In 1762 and 1763, Read gained the two largest premiums ever given by the Society of Arts for sculpture, against candidates of all nations. He succeeded to Roubilliac's business; and there are more performances by Read in Westminster Abbey, than by any other artist. His faculties were, from his great studies, impaired at a time of life when other men's are in their prime, and he became totally deprived of reason some short time before his death.

	h. m.
July 11. Sun rises . . . . .	3 52
— sets . . . . .	8 8
Nightshade Bittersweet Great yellow wolfsbane Jove's flower Orpine Mountain leopard's-bane Alpine leopard's-bane Stalkless thistle in full flower.	} flower.

July 12.

The following communication, intended for the *Every Day Book*, arrived too late for convenient insertion in that work, and became mislaid until now, when it is introduced as suitable to the season.

[To Mr. Hone.]

Gedney, July 15, 1826.

Dear Sir,—Seeing, in the *Every Day Book*,\* a communication from my respected friend, J. P., dated Wisbeach, I am stimulated to send you something, also. Moreover, when I consider how indefatigable you are in providing such a rich repast for the public, I am free to confess, we ought to want no other stimulus. Under date the 12th of June,† you gave us, from the "Mirror of the Months," a short account of sheep-shearing. Now, sheep-shearing is seldom concluded, in this neighbourhood, till the middle of July; therefore, I hope what I send you will not be quite out of date. The accompanying poem is the extemporaneous production of a gentleman who, some time ago, was a minister of the New Jerusalem Church,

\* Vol. ii. 882. † Ibid, 787

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 12.

in your great city. I believe he is yet alive, but removed to Norwich. When the lines were written he was a Baptist preacher, residing at the village of Lutton in Lincolnshire, where the great Dr. Busby was born.

I am, dear Sir,  
with very great respect,  
yours truly,  
W. WILTON.

SHEEP SHEARING,

Written at Mr. JOHN E\*\*\*'s, Gedney.

From days unnumber'd hath the custom been  
To shear, in summer months, the loaded sheep,  
And keep the jocund feast: so still remains  
The festival among the rustic race.

Behold, with joy the grazier sees his flock,  
Loaded with wool, drop to the board prepar'd,  
Where round attend the sturdy sons of toil,  
With cleanly shears, well whetted, to divide  
The fleece from off the loaded, panting, flock  
Penn'd in the fold, and all hands fit for work,  
Lo' forth the boarder brings each man his  
sheep,

And then the glass goes round; a health all  
drink

To him who owns the flock, and wish success  
May crown the honest master's care and pains.  
All hands to work; the perspiration flows  
Fast trickling down the shearers' weather'd  
faces;

But, us'd "to toil and sweat," they labor on,  
Unheeding the fatigue. The master sends  
Oft round the board the strength-reviving  
ale,

To cheer his lab'ers; while the ruddy boy  
Hands out the sheep to the delighted owner,  
For him to use the brand. See how he smiles,  
While on the well-shorn back he sets his  
mark,

And softly whispers, "go, for thou art mine!"  
Oft looks he, pleas'd, upon the weighty fleece,  
The pile of wool, and the plump, well-f-d sides  
Of his fat flock; revolving in his mind  
The needful gain, to pay him for his care.  
Undaunted, then, he thinks him of the day  
When rent is due, nor fears the landlord's  
face;

But hears of seizures, gaols, and blun dis-  
charge,

With mind unhurt, and honest indignation.

But, lo! the huddling flocks are nearly  
shorn,

And the kind, hospitable, mistress now  
Hastes to prepare the well-provided feast.

The table's set, and all acquaintance come  
To share the healthful food and smiling ale.

The shearers put aside the fleecing-blade,  
And join in cheerful chat. The young and  
strong

In rural pastime spend the joyous hours;  
Jump o'er the board, or toss the heavy bar;  
Grapple each other, give a harmless fall;  
And show their vigor and activity.

In feats well-pleasing to the rustic throng.  
The evening comes; and then the master's  
house

Is fill'd with guests. The neighb'ring pool  
attend,

Right welcome to the board: the nut-brown  
ale

Briefly goes round, till all have had enough;  
Then stops the pitcher; for the prudent host  
Will have no drunkards to pollute the feast.  
The signal understood, the throng retires,  
Praising the author of the friendly treat,  
And wishing him success for many years.

His friends remain to pass another hour,  
Then part in peace; and wish the owner may  
Long share the blessings of increasing flocks,  
Feed oft the needy poor, and round diffuse  
The gifts with which kind heaven hath fill'd  
his hand.

So may each honest grazier e'er be graced  
With every earthly good, while he bestows  
Upon the poor a charitable share,  
And aids the sons of poverty and want!

And be the friend with whom we now re-  
gale,

A kind approver of my hasty tale;  
May he thus act, and ever thus be crown'd,  
Until his years have run their posting round;  
When they are ended, and he takes his leave  
Of all the blessings heaven below doth give,  
May he, in better worlds, be ever bless'd,  
And, labor ended, share eternal rest!

JOSEPH PRUVA,

July 6, 1778.

LADY IN THE STRAW.

This expression is derived from beds  
having been anciently stuffed with straw,  
and signifies "the lady in bed."

BEDSTRAW.

In old herbals, and among country  
people, mention is made of a plant called  
"the ladies bed-straw." Gerard describes  
and figures, "yellow ladies bed-straw,"  
and "ladies bed-straw with white flowers,"  
besides another with red flowers; the two  
latter being used as 'cheese-renning,' or  
rennet, having the virtue of turning milk  
to cheese. He says, the second is "like  
unto cleavers, or goose-grass, yet nothing  
rough, but smooth and soft,—the whole  
plant rampeth upon bushes, otherwise it  
cannot stand"

July 12.	Sun rises	. . .	h. m.
	— sets	. . .	3 53
			8 7

Pyramidal mullein	} flower.
Marsh Southistle	
Tulip-tree	

Currants of all sorts, raspberries, goose-  
berries, and most cherries, are now ripe  
and in full season.



MICHAEL PARKER.

A few columns are devoted to a brief memoir of a person of mean parentage, but no mean virtues, who during nearly half a century was the grave digger of the parish of Malton, in Yorkshire, and who in that space of time buried above five thousand of its inhabitants.

Michael Parker was born in 1758, in the town of Malton, of poor parents. His earlier years were spent in lounging about the streets, or strolling in the fields with boys of his own age, joining in their rustic games, or predatory freaks. In later years, like many wiser heads, he looked back on these days with pleasure; and dwelt with apparent interest on certain adventures, when the codlings on a neighbour's tree tempted to what was then thought a venial sin, and the rightful voice of the owner scared him away.

Michael never had even the first rudiments of education. No ancient dame,

Who boasts, unruly brats, with birch to tame,

had the guardianship of his morals, or taught him to con his alphabet. When he was old enough to labor he was taken to the wharfs, and was principally engaged in the carrying of coals. He was diligent, and as he approached the "bloom of lustihood" looked out for a helpmate through life. Whether a man can keep a wife or not, there are no laws against taking one; and the parish is bound to keep him and his progeny, if he cannot keep himself. But Michael had no degrading selfishness; he cherished independence to his latest days; the name of poor-house he could not endure, and felt as great an antipathy towards closing

his life in such a place, as he would have felt towards the man who dared to question his love of labor. At eighteen he married, and had several children, only one of which survived to his paternal care. After Michael became a father, no public-house sign could tempt him to spend his time and money in waste and wassail. He loved company and a glass of "amber stout," but he loved his home, and wife and children, better. While many a harum-scarum acquaintance was quaffing and singing in a pot-house, Michael was taking his ease in his own humble dwelling. There he had pleasures not to be found elsewhere; and if he sometimes spent his last shilling it was in procuring comforts or necessities for his family.

Michael's dress was suited to his employment—a large slouching broad brimmed hat served as a screen to his neck from coal-dust, and protected his face from the sun's rays. He wore a fustian jacket, with large holland pockets; an ample pair of corduroys hung loosely from his hips; his colored worsted stockings generally looked the worse for wear, but were always well darned by the notable hands of his industrious wife, and, though the darning might not exactly match the original color, it mattered not, for no holes were visible; his large roomy shoes, made for service rather than show, were tied with hempen string; his shoulders were clothed with a wide-spread sack; and, unless he bore it full, he carried a stout well tarred coal-poke beneath his arm. Thus accoutred, he was accustomed to pace the streets with slow and solemn steps, and with a look that bespoke contentment of mind. If, as Lord Chesterfield said, "a gentleman is always known by his *gait*—it must not be hurried, or too quick," Michael Parker was, in this respect, a gentleman. It may be objected that he had a straddling walk, and squared his path too much, but he walked with the independence of Nature's child. It not infrequently happened, that some loitering urchin cracked a rude joke upon him as he pursued his even course; and then Michael would gravely turn round, with his left hand upon his side, and assuming more than usual importance, rebuke the youthful sally, express astonishment that the boy was not better taught, and, if the offence was flagrant, threaten flagellation. It was only for the sake of peace, or to avenge the meddlesome, that he held

such language; for he never dealt blows, vulgar flouts from the adult were often passed upon Michael, for the sake of hearing him talk. He had a stammering, hesitating tone, with a peculiar lisp in certain words, which was often very amusing to his auditors.

For many years Michael appeared happy with his lot in life, and satisfied with the little he knew; but after he was advanced to the honorable post of gravedigger to the parish of Malton, an office of real employment, which he held in addition to his business of carrying coals, he manifested greater enthusiasm for it than seemed to belong to his character. Nothing afforded him more satisfaction than the forming of a grave; and he was accustomed to pay frequent and prolonged visits to the abodes of death. The avocation awakened in him a new and unsuspected disposition to inquiry. The curious conformation of a bone, the cranium, which had been the seat of life and intellect, the silent progress of decay in the last remains of mortality, engaged him in frequent speculation. A chamber in his cottage, which contained a strange exhibition of assorted bones, and a constant propensity to increase his collections, exposed him to the suspicion and displeasure of his neighbours; yet nothing abated his love for the relics of the dead, or his pleasure in burying the defunct. He was often seen in a grave, pausing from his labor, leaning on his spade, indulging in reverie over some newly turned up remnant of "decayed intelligence," and then, awaking as from a trance, plying his task afresh till it was done. A gentleman once said to him, "Well Michael, you like the exercise of making graves, would you like to bury *me*?" After a moment's pause, and a shrewd cast of the eye, Michael answered, "Well Sir! you *must* be buried—and I would make you as good a grave as any body;" and then with his spade he traced upon the ground the exact figure of a coffin; adding, in his native dialect, "Dere, dat's de shap, but I—I—could mak a better den dat." He sometimes complained of the badness of trade; and that he had not any graves to dig.

Michael plodded on—hawking coals, and digging graves, witnessing the cares and griefs of others, and having none of his own, till he lost his wife. To the unfeigned sorrow he felt and manifested on that occasion, may probably be added

some concern that decorum forbade him from digging her grave. He deeply mourned for his worthy helpmate. Michael was not a metaphysician, and therefore he had a heart; he was not a genius, and yet his heart had feelings. He had been a tender husband, and his tenderness now centered in his motherless child. His home had lost its great attraction; it was in a measure desolate, and his little son was his sole and constant companion. Michael was scarcely ever seen in the streets without his child trudging after him. While perspiring beneath a load of coals, Michael would turn round, to call—"Johnny, cum my lad, cum alang Johnny"—and perhaps before he had advanced a hundred yards, turn round again, and repeat, "Johnny, cum my lad, cum alang Johnny." His intense fondness for his little boy was so well known, that many mischievous people would pretend to kidnap the child, and, catching him up, forcibly bear him away to some distance, while poor Michael, over-sensitive to danger, lustily raised a hue and cry, and rushed to the rescue.

Michael, after tasting the blessings of domestic life, bitterly felt the loneliness of a lone man. He had been accustomed on coming from a hard day's labor to find a clean hearth, a table neatly spread with plain wholesome cheer, and the honest smiles of his Johnny's mother. With the hope of similar happiness he married again. This second union was not equal to his first. His new wife was worthless, and one day, after sacking the drawers of the clothes which had been worn by her predecessor, she eloped. Michael had little reason for regret; yet he was a fond creature, and sometimes appeared to grieve. On these occasions, Johnny often soothed him by saying, "she has not taken the bread-loaf with her; no, she has not taken that." Michael's greatest trial befel him after this. His boy, at eighteen years of age, began to decline in health; and in a few months died. This blow to Michael was irretrievable, but he bore it like a christian man: no murmur escaped his lips—he bowed submissively to the Power that had removed his greatest, his last, earthly joy. He raised a gentle hillock over the remains of his son, decked it with flowers, which he nurtured with peculiar care; and planted by the grave a small tree, whose boughs increased in after years, and cast solemn shadows around. This tree, in despite of poor Michael's feelings, was subsequently removed.

Michael had now nothing human that belonged to him to love. He retired to his cottage, and entirely secluded himself. He was always discomposed by intrusive curiosity, which his frigid welcome to visitors manifested. Society had no charms for him, and he shunned it. Yet his nature was all benevolent, and his "heart wanted something to be kind to." The solitude of his home afforded him an object,—this was his poor cat: he fondled it, and the poor creature purred, and stretched herself upon his knee, and cheered him with her gambols. To her he added a dog, and then a leveret, and turtle-dove. Puss's progeny were preserved by Michael, and, at one time, sixteen cats were inmates of Michael's home, and shared his porringer of milk. When impelled by hunger, which they occasionally felt, these creatures paid marauding visits to the neighbourhood, until complaints occasioned some of the parochial authorities to pay Michael a visit, and forcibly dislodge his feline friends.

Some years after the elopement of Michael's wife, he was gravely assured by a person in the street that she was dead. Upon this intelligence he hastened home, put off his working dress, and, as soon as he could, reappeared in "proper mourning." The rector of Malton, better informed than Michael, proved to him that she was living; and the "decent crape," and other insignia of sorrow, were as quickly and becomingly put off as they had been put on.

Michael had a sort of taste for the fine arts. He collected any thing that assumed the appearance of a picture or print, not exceeding the price of sixpence; and engravings and drawings, suitable to his style of collecting, were frequently presented to him. He likewise practised drawing, and made a certain progress in design. On being once asked what he had lately done, in that way, he replied, he had been making "a landscape;" upon inquiring the subject, he said, "a cat upon a wall." He was a great admirer of sign-boards, and particularly of those belonging to the inns; the "Bull and Dog" was one that he frequently mentioned with praise. A pasteboard figure, resembling any droll object, or a colored print, he regarded as a treasure.

Michael was not an inquirer concerning disputed points of theology; he had been trained in his childhood, by his father, to go to church, and was a staunch church-

man: an anecdote will verify this. One Sunday some wanton persons, lounging about the doors of a respectable dissenting meeting-house, in Malton, to observe who entered, saw Michael advancing along the street with his accustomed deliberate step, in his best clothes, his face clean washed and shaved, going to the parish church: they instantly determined that he should, for once, be compelled to go to the meeting-house. When he approached them, he was forced to the door, while he vociferated "Murder! murder!" till a desperate struggle enabled him to escape from his persecutors, and gain the place in which he could worship according to his conscience.

As he became old, he sometimes, under provocation, gave utterance to rough expressions, foreign to his kindly disposition. More than once, he was heard to say to his wanton persecutors, that "he should have them some day, and he would, certainly, bury them with their faces downward." Versed in the superstitions of the vulgar, he regularly observed the periodical return of St. Mark's eve, when it is supposed the "shades" of those who are to die in the coming year are visible in the church. To one of his abusers he said that he had seen him on St. Mark's eve, and should have him soon. Observations of this nature obtained him enemies, and expressions of real sorrow which he often manifested on the indisposition of his neighbours, were sometimes regarded as insincere, and his approach to the dwellings of the afflicted forbidden. He felt indignant on being thus uncivilly treated because he dug graves. When the time approached that the office he had performed for many, should be performed for him, he and a friend engaged that the survivor should form the other's grave.

The interior of Michael's cottage was amusing and gratifying. He suffered no week to pass without a thorough renovation of his furniture. On that occasion the antique chairs and tables were regularly rubbed with oil, which, in length of time, gave them an ebon hue, and the walls and floor were whitened in places where the most lively contrast would be formed with the furniture. The ancestral elbow chair, thickly incrustated with the weekly addition of oil, retained its ancient nook. Around the apartment, at measured distances, were his things called pictures, which he designed for ornament. Pots,

pans, brushes, and unsightly objects, were stowed away in a snug corner; but his stock of delf and crockery-ware, reduced through lapse of years and service, was duly ranged in order, in a conspicuous part. When at his meals, seated near the fire-place, in his ancient chair, before a small table, with a copious bowl of porridge, the door bolted or locked against intruders, his cats mewing about him, the grim pictures on the walls all telling some history, interesting to him alone, Michael was a study for an artist and a philosopher on human life. In the upper room, which had been the depository of his museum, and which served latterly as a dormitory and wardrobe, he drew his first breath,—and yielded up his last.

In the latter part of life Michael derived some small emolument from selling applescoops, in the manufacture of which he was a great proficient. Some friends furnished him with materials, and many well-wishers were purchasers of his handiworks. He felt the chill of penury in declining age. The times had changed; the increase of population in Malton had divided its trade, whilst its aggregate returns were less than those of former years; and Michael, no longer able to trudge to the adjoining villages with his sack of coals, was opposed by a woman in the town, of obstreperous tongue, and masculine habits, who drove a cart of coals at a price so low, that the poor fellow could not cope with her. He had neither a team, nor means to purchase one, and his little trade dwindled to nothing. Until he became thus helpless, and afflicted with rheumatism, he had stood aloof from every appearance of alms-taking; but his spirits bowed with his years, and, for his daily morsel of bread, he submitted to something like begging. The manner in which he made known his wants was peculiar. He generally began by an enquiry after the health of the individual he applied to, and hesitatingly proceeded to observe that trade was very bad, and that he had not, for a long time, had any thing to do: if he observed no yielding, he made a more immediate appeal, by stating that he was an invalid, and unable to work. He interjected these remarks with observations on the state of the weather, or bits of news. Direct solicitation for relief he scarcely, if ever, made. There were a few benevolent families in Malton, whose dole was certain upon such



occasions; for he had become an object of real pity, and must have wanted necessities, without their assistance. Latterly, he occasionally received small pittances from the parish. The officers desired to remove him into the workhouse; the proposition was fearfully repugnant to his feelings; he earnestly implored that he might not be torn from the cottage in which he had been born, and passed all his days; and so piteous were his terror and intreaties, that he was suffered to end his days beneath the humble roof of his honest forefathers.

In March, 1823, as Michael had become incapable of all labor, an application was made to him for the loan of his churchyard spade; this he refused, but at length surrendered it, saying, "Why den ye mun tak it; ah sall be better agean next time dere is a grave to dig." He grew weaker and weaker, and never dug another. Being asked where he thought he should go after death; he answered, "Where God shall be pleased to take me." On the 5th of April he died. He had given a few directions concerning his funeral, which were punctually observed. A "wake" was held in the house, at which several gentlemen attended; it was an old custom, which he esteemed, and begged might not be omitted. A favorite hymn which he was accustomed to sing to himself as he walked along the streets, was also, by his request, sung in the church. Several persons joined in assisting to form his grave; and the concourse of people that attended his funeral was considerably greater than is seen on ordinary occasions. As the funeral procession moved along the streets, many voices repeated, "poor Michael," "poor fellow."

DEATH WATCH.

Wallis, in his History of Northumberland, vol. i. p. 367, gives the following account of the insect so called, whose ticking has been thought by ancient superstition to forbode death in a family. "The small scarab called the death-watch, (*Scarabæus galeatus pulsator*), is frequent among dust, and in decayed rotten wood, lonely and retired. It is one of the smallest of the Vagipennia, of a dark brown, with irregular light brown spots, the belly plicated, and the wings under the cases pellucid; like other beetles, the

helmet turned up, as is supposed for hearing; the upper lip hard and shining. By its regular pulsations, like the ticking of a watch, it sometimes surprizes those that are strangers to its nature and properties, who fancy its beating portends a family change, and the shortening of the thread of life. Put into a box, it may be heard and seen in the act of pulsation, with a small proboscis against the side of it, for food more probably than for hymeneal pleasure as some have fancied."

This rational account will not be ill contrasted with the following witty one by Swift, which contains an effectual charm against the omen :—

————— A wood worm,  
That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form,  
With teeth or with claws, it will bite or will scratch,  
And chambermaids christen this worm a death watch :  
Because like a watch it always cries click :  
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick ;  
For as sure as a gun they will give up the ghost,  
If the maggot cries click, when it scratches the post.  
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected,  
Infallibly cures the timber affected :  
The omen is broken, the danger is over,  
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.

Baxter, in his "World of Spirits," sensibly observes, that "there are many things that ignorance causeth multitudes to take for prodigies. I have had many discreet friends that have been affrighted with the noise called a death-watch, whereas I have since, near three years ago, oft found by trial, that it is a noise made upon paper, by a little nimble running worm. It is most usually behind a paper pasted to a wall, especially to wainscot; and it is rarely, if ever heard, but in the heat of summer.\*

EPITAPH.

*In Calstock Churchyard, Cornwall.*

'Twas by a fall I caught my death;  
No man cau tell his time or breath;  
I might have died as soon as then  
If I had had physician men.

Brand.

July 13.

BISHOP THOMAS.

July 13, 1752. Under this date in the MS. "Observationes Medicæ" of Mr. J. Jones, is a memorandum to this purport: Dr. John Thomas, who died bishop of Salisbury in 1766, being at Copenhagen, and there consulting an eminent physician, nearly ninety years of age, concerning the best method of preserving health, had this rule given him (amongst seven other rules), viz. "Last of all," said the old physician, "*Fuge omnes medicos, atque omnimodu medicamenta.*" The other rules related to temperance, exercise, &c.—*Quære.* Whether it might not have been somewhat apropos to have told his lordship the following little story presently after his own, viz. "A very old man, nearly ninety years of age, being asked what he had done to live so long, answered, When I could sit, I never stood; I married late, was a widower soon, and never married again."

This prelate married four times. The motto, or poesy, on the wedding ring at his fourth marriage, was,

If I survive,  
I'll make them five.

Bishop Thomas was a man of humor and drollery. At a visitation he gave his clergy an account of his being married four times;—"and," says he, cheerfully, "should my present wife die, I will take another; and it is my opinion I shall survive her. Perhaps you don't know the art of getting quit of your wives. I'll tell you how I do. I am called a very good husband; and so I am; for I never contradict them. But don't you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that circumstance alone is exercise and health, et optima medicamenta, to all women. But, give them their own way, and they will languish and pine, become gross and lethargic for want of this exercise." He squinted much. He was entertaining the company with a humorous account of some man. In the midst of his story he stopped short, and said, "the fellow squinted most hideously;" and then, turning his ugly face in all the squinting attitudes he could, till the company were upon the full laugh, he added, "and I hate your squinting fellows."

This prelate suddenly diffused a glow of feeling over his auditory, when, at the annual general meeting of charity children at Christ Church, in Newgate Street, he opened his mouth to preach, and with great pathos read Matt. xviii. 14, "It is not the will of your Father who is in Heaven, that one of *these* little ones should perish."

When this Bishop was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburgh, a gentleman of the factory, being ill, was ordered into the country for the benefit of the air; accordingly he went to a village at about ten miles distance, but after some time died there: upon this, application was made to the parson of the parish, for leave to bury him in the church-yard; the parson inquired what his religion was, and was told that he was a Calvinist: "No," says he, "there are none but Lutherans in my church-yard, and there shall be no other." "This," says Dr. Thomas, "was told me, and I wondered that any man of any learning or understanding should have such ideas: I resolved to take my horse, and go and argue the matter with him, but found him inflexible; at length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself, when I was curate of a church in Thames Street. I was burying a corpse, and a woman came, and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service—'Sir, Sir, I want to speak to you.'—'Pr'ythee,' says I, 'woman, wait till I have done.'—'No, Sir, I must speak to you immediately.'—'Why, then, what is the matter?'—'Why, Sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died of the small pox, next my poor husband, who never had it.' This story," said the bishop, "had the desired effect, and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in his church-yard.\*"

		h. m.
July 13.	Sun rises . . .	3 54
	— sets . . .	8 6

Henbane flowers abundantly.  
Young marigolds in full flower, and continue to blow through the summer and autumn.  
Toadflax begins to flower in the hedges.

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

**July 14.**

**SLEEP.**

Care-charming sleep, thou eaiser of all woes,  
 Brother to death ; sweetly thyself dispose  
 On this afflicted prince ; fall, like a cloud,  
 In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud  
 Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,  
 And, as a purling stream, thou son of night,  
 Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,  
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver raine.  
 Into this prince, gently, oh ! gently slide,  
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.*

July 14.	Sun rises	. . . . .	h. m.
	— sets	. . . . .	3 55
			8 5

Field thistle	} flower.
Marsh thistle	
Harvest bells	
Philadelphian lily	

**July 15.**

**ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.**

Of this saint and his attributes, there are accounts in the *Every Day Book*.

On the 15th of July, 1751, died, aged fifty-five, John Wilson, author of the "Synopsis of British Plants," and the first writer that attempted a systematic arrangement of our indigenous plants in the English language. He was born in Longsleddal, near Kendal, in Westmorland, and became a shoemaker in the capacity of a journeyman, which occupation he exchanged for the more lucrative employment of a baker, soon enough to afford his family the common conveniences of life. He ranks among the self-elevated men who without a liberal education distinguished themselves by scientific and literary abilities. When he studied botany, the knowledge of system was not to be obtained from English books, and Ray's botanical writings, of whose method he was a perfect master, were all in Latin ; and yet Wilson became an expert and accurate botanist, before Linnæus's method of discriminating species improved the science. His business of a baker was principally managed by his wife. A severe asthma, which prevented him from pursuing his trade as a shoemaker, assisted him to cultivate his favorite science. He amused the lingering hours of sickness with frequent excursions, and explored the marshes and hills of his native county, often accompanied by lovers of botany and

the scenes of nature. He expressed himself with unreserved freedom, and many of his sententious remarks will be long remembered. Being once in the county of Durham, he was introduced to a person who cultivated rare plants for his pleasure, and who, judging of Wilson's abilities by his humble appearance, challenged him to a trial of skill. In the course of it he treated Wilson, of whose knowledge he had heard, with much disrespect. Wilson perceived this, and after naming most of the rarities contained in the garden, and referring to authors who describe them, he plucked a wild herb, from a neglected spot, and presented it to his opponent, who endeavoured to get clear of the difficulty by pronouncing it a weed ; Wilson immediately replied, a weed is a term of art, not a production of nature. He added that the explanation proved his antagonist to be a gardener, not a botanist, and the contest ended.

The hospitality of several persons of taste and fortune enabled Wilson to prosecute his researches on an economical plan suited to his condition. Mr. Isaac Thompson, an eminent land-surveyor, resident at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was his steadiest patron, and warmest encourager. Wilson frequently accompanied this gentleman, when travelling in the line of his profession, under the character of an assistant, which left him at full liberty to examine the plants of the different places they visited. His "Synopsis" was published in the year 1744 ; it comprehends that part of Ray's method which treats of the more perfect herbs, beginning at the fourth genus, or class ; and ending with the twenty-sixth. He promised, in the preface, to complete the performance at a future period ; but did not live to finish a second volume, which was intended to contain the fungi, mosses, grasses, and trees. The last three or four years of his life were passed in a state of debility that rendered him unfit for application. The writings of Linnæus became popular in England shortly after Wilson's death, or his attainments and character would have become better known and estimated.\*

July 15.	Sun rises	. . . . .	h. m.
	— sets	. . . . .	3 56
			8 4

Water plantain flowers by ditches and rivers.

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

## July 16

## THE BOTTLE CONJURER.

MR. HOME,

To render complete your account of this celebrated hoax, you should insert the subjoined bantering apology for the imposter's non-appearance, which was published in the newspapers a day or two after the transaction:—

“WHEREAS various stories have been told the public about the man and the bottle, the following account seems to be the best as yet given of that odd affair: viz. A gentleman went to him the evening he was to perform in the Haymarket, and asked him what he must have to perform to him in private. He said £5, on which they agreed, and the conjurer getting ready to go into the bottle, which was set on a table, the gentleman, having provided a parcel of corks, fitted one to the bottle, then the conjurer, having darkened the room as much as was necessary, at last, with much squeezing got into the bottle, which in a moment the gentleman corked up, and whipt into his pocket, and in great haste and seeming confusion went out of the house, telling the servants, who waited at the door, that their master had bewitched him, and bid them go in and take care of him. Thus the poor man being bit himself, in being confined in the bottle, and in a gentleman's pocket, could not be in another place; for he never advertized he would go into two bottles at one and the same time. He is still in the gentleman's custody, who uncorks him now and then to feed him, and to let in some fresh air to him; but his long confinement has so damp't his spirits, that instead of singing and dancing, he is perpetually crying, and cursing his ill-fate. But though the town has been disappointed of seeing him go *into* the bottle, they will have the pleasure in a few days of seeing him come *out* of it, of which timely notice will be given in the daily papers.”

Another paragraph of the same kind excused the performer upon this score,—that he had undertaken to go into a tavern quart bottle; yet, after diligent enquiry at all the taverns in London, he had been unable to meet with any “quart bottle” that would hold more than a *pint*.

In the “*Scott's Magazine* for Jan. 1749,” I find this joke versified as follows:—

“*On the Haymarket Conjurer.*  
Crowds fill the house before the hour of six,  
To see this wondrous artist show his tricks;

Some laugh, to find their foolish hopes defeated;  
And others swear, to be so bilk'd and cheated,  
Yet still will he expertly act his part,  
Find him one tavern bottle holds a quart.”

The interest excited by the affair improved by the numerous pleasantries of this kind which for some time after continued to appear in the Magazines and Newspapers, but, as they display little variety, I refrain from transcribing more, preferring to close my notice of this hoaxing subject with an account of a still more audacious imposture, taken from the “*Cheltenham Journal* of January 17, 1825.” In a village near that town a fellow hired an apartment at the principal tavern, and circulated bills throughout the place, of which a copy is annexed.

## “FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

“*Felix Downjumphthroatum*, the emperor of all the conjurers, begs leave to announce to the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants, that he has just arrived with five *Arabian Conjurers*, which he intends to exhibit for this night only. Any attempt to describe their extraordinary performances must be needless, as the proprietor flatters himself that they must be seen to be believed. They are all brothers by the same father: their names, *Muley, Benassar, Abdallah, Mustapha, and Suckee*. At the conclusion of their never yet equalled feats of sleight of hand, legc-demain, &c., &c., they will take each a lighted torch in either hand, when lo! incredible to relate! *Suckee*, with the burning torches, will jump clean down *Mustapha's* throat, who in an instant, with equal dexterity, will pass down the throat of *Abdallah*, then *Abdallah* will jump down that of *Benassar*, and *Benassar* down his brother *Muley's*; who, lastly, notwithstanding he is encumbered with his four brothers and their four torches, will throw a flip-flap-somerset down his own throat, and leave the audience in total darkness!—*Probatum est.*”

The promised wonders drew crowds of rustics to gape at them, and the room was literally crammed; but, five minutes before the time fixed for commencing, the conjuror decamped with the money received at the door, and was no more heard of—probably he jumped down his own throat.

J. B——n.

*Staffordshire Moorlands.*  
February 22, 1831.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 17.

July 16. Sun rises . . . . h. m. 3 57  
 — sets . . . . . 8 3  
 White sedum flowers on old walls.

July 17.

COURT REVELRY, 1606.

On the 17th of July, 1606, Christian IV., king of Denmark, arrived in England, on a visit to James I. Sir John Harington, a courtier, describes some of the festivities:—"The sports began each day in such manner and such sort, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, in such plenty as would have astonished every sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication."

Harington's account of a dramatic entertainment, or masque, at a festival in honor of the royal visitor, is exceedingly descriptive.—After dinner the representation of Solomon's Temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or meant to have been made, by desire of the earl of Salisbury and others. But, alas! as all earthly things fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so proved this. The lady who played the queen's part, carried precious gifts to both their majesties; but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, or, rather, into his face. Much hurry and confusion ensued, and cloths and napkins made all clean. His majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid in a bed of state, which was not a little defiled with the presents which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backwards, or fell down, wine so occupied their upper chambers. Then appeared, in rich dresses, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope tried to speak, but wine so enfeebled her endeavours, that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse

er brevity. Faith followed her from the royal presence in a staggering condition. Charity came to the king's feet, and seeming desirous to cover the sins of her sisters, made a sort of obeisance; she brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his majesty: she then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick in the lower hall. Next came Victory in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who waved it away; but Victory persisted, in a strange medley of versification, till, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the antichamber. Peace took offence in endeavouring to get up to the king, and wielded her olive branch in warlike assault upon the heads of the attendants.

These sensual diversions at the court of James greatly scandalised old Harington, who could not forbear comparing them with the recreations in which he had assisted at the court of Elizabeth. He says, "I ne'er did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I have now done. The gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on, hereabouts, as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself by wild riot, excess, and devastation. The great ladies do go well masked, and indeed it is the only show of their modesty; I do often say that the Danes have again conquered the Britons, for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command herself or herself."

This Christian king of Denmark appears to have been an eminent sot. At a banquet at Theobalds our James got so drunk with him, that he was obliged to be carried to bed. The same Danish monarch gave an entertainment at Rheinsburgh, where, after giving thirty-five toasts, he was carried away in his chair; and most of the officers of his court were so drunk that they could not rise till late the next day.\*

July 17. Sun rises . . . . h. m. 3 58  
 — sets . . . . . 8 2  
 Prince's feather }  
 Garden convolvulus } flower.  
 Love-lies-bleeding }

\* Nuga Antiqua, i. 348



MORRIS DANCER AND MAID MARIAN.

FROM MR. TOLLET'S WINDOW.

In the celebrated ancient window at the house of George Tollet, esq., at Batlev, in Staffordshire, there are twelve panes of glass representing the May-pole and eleven characters in the morris-dance; two of the latter are on this page, and two others, the fool and the taborer, are given subsequently: the May-pole has been already placed in this work, on May-day.

The morris dance, in which bells are rung, or staves or swords clashed, was learned, says Dr. Johnson, by the Moors, and was probably a kind of Pyrrhick, or military dance. Blount says, "Morisco, a Moor; also a dance, so called, wherein there were usually five men, and a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they called the Maid Marrian, or, perhaps, Morian, from the Italian Morione, a head-piece, because her head was wont to be gaily

trimmed up. Common people call it a morris-dance."

The morris-dance is presumed by Mr. Peck to have been first brought to England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Petro, king of Castile. He says, "This dance was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts, with ribands, and little bells about their legs. But here, in England, they have always an odd person besides, being a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favorite character in the sport." The morris-dance became introduced into the May-games, in which there was formerly a king and queen of the May: subsequently, it appears, the king of the May was disused, and

Maid Marian was sole sovereign, or queen of the May.

Mr. Douce observes, in a dissertation on the ancient English morris dance, at the end of his "Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of Ancient Manners," that both English and foreign glossaries uniformly ascribe the origin of this dance to the Moors; although the genuine Moorish, or Morisco dance, was, no doubt, very different from the European morris. Strutt cites a passage from the play of "Variety, 1649," in which the Spanish morisco is mentioned: and this, Mr. Douce adds, not only shows the legitimacy of the term morris, but that the real and uncorrupted Moorish dance was to be found in Spain, where it still continues to delight both natives and foreigners under the name of the *Fandango*. The Spanish morrice was also danced at puppet-shows, by a person habited like a Moor, with castagnets; and Junius has informed us that the morris dancers usually blackened their faces with soot, that they might the better pass for Moors. Having noticed the corruption of the "*Pyrrhica Saltatio*" of the ancients, and the *uncorrupted morris dance*, as practised in France about the beginning of the thirteenth century, Mr. Douce says, "It has been supposed that the morris dance was first brought into England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, but it is much more probable that we had it from our Gallic neighbours, or even from the Flemings. Few if any vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII., about which time, and particularly in that of Henry VIII., the churchwardens' accounts in several parishes afford materials that throw much light on the subject, and show that the morris dance made a very considerable figure in the parochial festivals.—We find also," Mr. Douce continues, "that other festivals and ceremonies had their morris; as, holy Thursday; the Whitsun ales; the bride ales, or weddings; and a sort of play, or pageant, called the lord of misrule. Sheriffs, too, had their morris dance.—It is by no means clear that, at any time, Robin Hood and his companions were *constituent* characters in the morris."

Shakspeare makes mention of an English whitsun morrice dance, in the following speech of the dauphin in Henry V.

"No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
Were busied with a whitsun morrice daunce."

The following description of a morris dance occurs in "Cobbe's Prophecies, his Signes and Tokens, his Madrigalls, Questions and Answers, 1614."

It was my hap of late, by chance,  
To meet a country morris dance,  
When, cheefest of them all, the fools  
Plaied with a ladle—  
When every younger shak't his bells—  
And fine maid Marian, with her smoile,  
Shew'd how a rascall plaid the roile:  
But, when the hobby-horse did wihy,  
Then all the wenches gave a tihy:  
But when they gan to shake their boze,  
And not a goose could catch a foxe,  
The piper then put up his pipes,  
And all the woodcocks look't like snipes, &c.

In Cotgrave's "English Treasury of Wit and Language, 1655," we read,—

How they become the morris, with whose  
bells  
They ring all in to Whitsun ales, and swea  
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the  
hobby-horse  
Tire, and the maid Marian, resolv'd to jelly,  
Be kept for spoon-meat.

In relating particulars concerning morris dancing, reference must be had to a circumstantial and mirthful tract, printed in 1609, entitled "*OLD MEG OF HEREFORDSHIRE, for a MAYD MARIAN, and Hereford Towne for a MORRIS DAUNCE; or, TWELVE MORRIS DAUNTERS in Herefordshire of TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.*"

To proceed orderly,—after the title-page comes the following dedication.—  
"To that renowned Ox-leach, OLD HALL, Tuborer of Herefordshire, and to his most invincible, weather-beaten, NUTBROWNE TABER, being already old and sound, threescore yeares and upward.—To thee (old Hall), that for thy Age and Art mightest haue cured an Oxe that was eaten at Saint Quintins, that for thy warlike musicke mightest haue strucke up at Bullen, when great Drummes were broken heades, thy little continuall Taber, had bene enough to haue put spirit into all the Souldiers: Now Tweire-pipe that famous Southren Taberer with the Cowleyan windpipe, who for whuling bath bene famous through the Globe of the world, did neuer gain such renowne and credite by his pipe and Taber, as thou (old Hall) by striking up to these twelve hundred yeares Moris-dauncers: Nor art thou alone (sweet Hall) a most exquisite Taber-man, but an excellent Ox-leach,

and canst pleasure thy neighoours. The people of Herefordshire are beholding to thee, thou giuest the men light hearts by thy Pype, and the women light heeles by thy Taber: O wonderful Pyper, O admirable Taber-man, make use of thy worth, euen after death, that art so famously worthy in thy life, both for thy age, skill, and thy vnbruized Taber, who these thre-score yeares has kept—sound and vncrackt—neither lost her first voyce, or her fashion: once for the Countryes pleasure imitate that Bohemian *Zisca*, who at his death gaue his Souldiers a strict command, to flea his skin off, and couer a Drum with it, that alive and dead, he might sound like a terror in the eares of his enemies: so thou, sweete *Hereford Hall*, bequeath in thy last will thy Velom-spotted skin, to couer Tabors: at the sound of which to set all the shires a dauncing.”

After this merry dedication, the account begins thus jocosly:—“The courts of kings for stately measures: the city for light heels, and nimble footing: the country for shuffling dances: western men for gambols: Middlesex men for tricks about ground: Essex men for the bay: Lancashire for hornpipes: Worcestershire for bagpipes: but Herefordshire for a morris dance, puts down, not only all Kent, but very near (if one had line enough to measure it) three quarters of Christendom. Neuer had Saint Sepulchres a truer ring of bells: neuer did any silk-weauer keep brauer time with the knocke of the heel: neuer had the dauncing horse a better tread of the toe: neuer could Beuerley fair giue money to a more sound taborer, nor euer had Robin Hood a more deft Mayd-Marian.”

Thus much for the honor of Herefordshire. The preceding paragraphs afford a specimen of the orthography, and the succeeding extracts, duly abbreviated, or with the spelling modernized, will give a fair notion of this remarkable performance:—“Understand therefore—that in the merriest moph of the year, which last did take his leave of us, and in that month, as some report, lords went a Maying,—the spring brought forth, just about that time, a number of knights, esquires, and gallants, of the best sort, from many parts of the land, to meet at a horse-race near Hereford, in Herefordshire. The horses having, for that year, run themselves well nigh out of breath, wagers of great sums, according to the fashion of such

pastimes, being won and lost, and the sports growing to the end, and shutting up, some wit, riper than the rest, fed the stomachs of all men, then and there present, with desire and expectation of a more fresh and lively meeting in the same place, to be performed this year of 1609. The ceremonies which their meeting was to stand upon were these, that every man should engage himself, under his hand, to bring, this present year, to the place appointed, running horses for the race, cocks of the game, to maintain battles, &c., with good store of money, to fly up and down between those that were to lay wagers. He that first gave fire to this sociable motion, undertook to bring a *hobby-horse* to the race, that should outrun all the nags which were to come thither, and hold out in a longer race.”

When the time arrived—“Expectation did within few days make Hereford town show like the best peopled city. Inus were lodgings for lords: Baucis and Philæmon’s house (had it stood there) would have been taken up for a knight. The streets swarmed with people—staring and joyfully welcoming whole bravies of gallants, who came bravely flocking on horseback, like so many lusty adventurers. Bath made her waters to boil up, and swell like a spring-tide, with the overflowing of her own tears, to see her dearest guests leave her for the love of a horse-race at Hereford,—the number of them being at least two or three hundred. Amongst many of the better ranks, these marched with the foremost;—lord Herbert, of Ragland, sir Thomas Somerset, Charles Somerset, count Arundel’s two sons, sir Edward Swift, sir Thomas Milde-may, sir Robert Yaxley, sir Robert Carey, sir John Philpot, sir Ed. Lewes, sir Francis Lacon, sir James Scudamore, sir Thomas Cornwall, sir Robert Boderham, sir Thomas Russell, sir — Bascerville, sir Thomas Conisby, sir George Chute.—These were but a small handful to those rich heaps that there were gathered together. But by these, that had the honor to be the leaders, you may guess what numbers were the followers.”

At the appointed day “there was as much talking, and as much preparation, for the *hobby-horse* promised the last year, as about dieting the fairest gelding this year upon whose head the heaviest wagers were laid.—To perform a race of greater length, of greater labor, and yet in shorter time, and by feeble, unexercised, and



unapt creatures, that would be an honor to him that undertook it, that would be to Herefordshire a glory, albeit it might seem an impossibility.—Age is nobody, in trials of the body, when youth is in place; it gives the other the bucklers: it stands and gives aim, and is content to see youth act, while age sits but as a spectator, because the one does but study and play over the parts, which the other hath discharged in this great and troublesome theatre. It was therefore now plotted to lay the scene in age, to have the old comedy presented, fathers to be the actors, and beardless boys the spectators. Sophocles, because he was accused of imbecility and dotage, should rehearse his *Edipus Coloneus*, while the senate, and his own wild-brain sons, stood by, and were the audience: and, to set out this scene with mirth as well as with wonder, the state of the whole act was put into a morris-dance.”

Now, then, to set forth these performers and their show—as nearly as may be in the language of the old narrator—

*The Morris and its officers.*

Two musicians were appointed to strike up, and to give the alarm: the one of them (*Squire* of Hereford) was a squire born, and all his sons squires in their cradles. His instrument, a treble violin, upon which he played any old lesson that could be called for: the division he made on the strings being more pleasing than the diapason. “In skill he outshines blind Moone, of London, and hath outplayed more fiddlers than now sneak up and down into all the taverns there. They may all call him their father, or, if you reckon the years rightly which are scored upon his head, the musicians grandsire, for this tuneable *squire* is 108 years old.” Next to him went old *Harrie Rudge*, the taborer. “This was old *Hall* of Hereford; the waits of three metropolitan cities make not more music than he can with his pipe and tabor, if, at least, his head be hard-braced with nappie ale. This noble old *Hall*, seeing that Apollo was both a fidler and a quack-salver, being able to cure diseases, as well as to harp upon one string, would needs be free of two companies as well (that is to say), the sweet company of musicians, and that other, which deals in salves and plasters; for he both beats a tabor with good judgment, and (with better) can help an ox if he find himself ill at ease. The wood of this old

*Hall's* tabor should have been made a pail to carry water in, at the beginning of king Edward the sixth's reign: but *Hall*, being wise, because he was even then reasonably well stricken in years, saved it from going to the water, and converted it, in those days, to a tabor. So that his tabor hath made bachelors and lasses dance round about the May pole threescore summers, one after another in order, and is yet not worm-eaten. And noble *Hall* himself hath stood (like an oak) in all storms, by the space of fourscore and seventeen winters, and is not yet falling to the ground.”

*Whiffers*.—The marshals of the field were four: these had no great stomach to dance in the morris, but took upon them the office of whiffers. 1. *Thomas Price* of Clodacke, a subsidy man, and one upon whose cheeks age had written 105 years. 2. *Thomas Andros* of Begger Weston, a subsidy man; for he carried upon his back the weighty burden of 108 years, and went away with them lightly. 3. *William Edwards* of Bodenham (his name is in the king's books likewise), and unto him had time also given the use of 108 years: and, besides the blessings of so many years, the comfort of a young wife, and, by that wife, a child of six years old. 4. *John Sanders* of Wolford, an ironworker; the hardness of which labor carried him safely over the high hill of old age, where she bestowed upon him 102 years.—These four whiffers, casting up what all their days which they had spent in the world could make, found that they amounted to 423 years; so that if the rest of their dancing brother-hood had come short of their account, and could not (every man) make up one hundred years, these offered were able to lend them three and twenty years; but the others had enough of their own, and needed not to borrow of any man.

See how the *morris-dancers* bestir their legs. Lift up your eyes, leap up behind their heads that stand before you, or else get upon stalls, for I hear their bells, and behold, here they come.—

1. Of twelve in the whole team, the foreman was *James Tomkins*, of Lengeren, a gentleman by birth, neither loved of fortune, nor hated of her; for he was never so poor as to be pitied, nor ever so rich as to be envied; when fourscore and eighteen years old he married a wife of two and fifty years old; “she brought him a child that is now eight years old (living),

the father himself having now the glass of his life running to fill up the full number of 106 years."

2. After him comes, lustily dancing, *John Willis*, of Dormington, a bonsetter, his dancing fit to his weight of ninety-seven years. "His purpose in being one of the Morris was both honest and charitable; for he bestowed his person upon them, with intent to be ready at hand if any dislocation should be wrought upon any joynt in his old companions by fetching lofty tricks—which by all means possible they were sworn to avoid."

3. Room for little *Dick Phillips*, of Middleton—how nimbly he shakes his heels! Well danced old heart of oak; and yet, as little as he seems, his courage is as big as the hobby-horses, for the fruits of his youth, gathered long ago, are not yet withered. His eldest son is at this present four score years of age, and his second son may now reckon three score; at our lady-day last he made up the years of his life just 102.

4. Now falls into his right place *William Waiton*, of Marden, with 102 years at his heels. "He was an old fisher; and of a clean man, an excellent fowler."

5. Here slips in *William Mose*, who, contrary to his name, had no moss at his heels. He bears the age of 106.

6. Now cast your eyes upon *Thomas Winney*, of Holmer, an honest subsidy man, dwelling close by the town. "He dances with 100 years about him, where-soever he goes, if the church yard and cramp take him not."

7. But how like you *John Lace*, of Madley, a tailor, and an excellent name for it? "In his youth he was a hosier—born before the dissension between cloth breeches and velvet breeches, he carries four score and seventeen summers about him, and faine would borrow three years of James Tomkins [the foreman] to make him an hundred; and James may very well spare them, and yet leave three toward the interest."

8. But what say you to *John Careless*? "You let him passe by you, and seem as careless as he, a man of four score and sixteen at Midsummer next, he hath been a dweller in Homlacie three score years and two, and known to be a tall man, till now he begins to be crooked, but for a body and a beard he becomes any Morris in Christendom."

9. At the heels of him follows his fellow *William Maio*, of Egelton, an old

soldier, and now a lusty laborer and a tall man. "Forty years since, being grievously wounded, he carried his liver and his lights home half a mile, and you may still put your finger into them but for a thin skin over them; and for all these storms he arrives at four score and seventeen, and dances merrily."

10. But look you who comes—" *John Hunt*, the Hobby-horse, wanting but three of an hundred, 'twere time for him to forget himself, and sing but *O*, nothing but *O, the hobby-horse is forgotten*; the Maid-marian, following him, offers to lend him seven years more, but if he would take up ten in the hundred his company are able to lend them."

11. But now give way for the MAID MARIAN, old "*Meg Goodwin*, the famous wench of Erdistand, of whom Master Weaver, of Burton, that was four score and ten years old, was wont to say, she was twenty years older than he, and he died ten years since. This old *Meg* was at Prince Arthur's death, at Ludlow, and had her part in the *dole*; she was three score years (she saith) a maid, and twenty years otherwise, that's what you will, and since hath been thought fit to be a Maid-marian—at the age of 120.

12. Welcome *John Mando*—he was born at Cradly, a very good two hand sword man, of the age of 100, on black Monday last, and serves in place of Morgan Deede, who climbs to that age within four years, here present dwelling in the town, but, he has a great desire to keep his bed and be spared.

These eighteen persons, the fidler, the taborer, the four whiffers, and the twelve dancers in this morris, carried about them 1837 years. "And for a good wager it were easy to find, in Herefordshire, four hundred persons more, within three years over or under an hundred years; yet the shire is no way four and twenty miles over."

For the fashion observed amongst the musicians, and the habit of the dancers, take a view of both. "The musicians and the twelve dancers, had long coats of the old fashion, high sleeves gathered at the elbows, and hanging sleeves behind; the stuff, red buffin, striped with white, girdles with white, stockings white, and red roses to their shoes; the one six, a white jews cap with a jewel, and a long red feather; the other, a scarlet jews cap, with a jewel and a white feather; so the hobby-horse, and so the maid-marian was

attired in colours; the whiffers had long staves, white and red.—After the dance was ended, diverse courtiers that won wagers at the race, took those colours and wore them in their hats.\*

*The Speech before the Morris.*

Ye servants of our mighty king,  
That came from court one hundred mile  
To see our race, and sport this spring;  
Ye are welcome, that is our country stile,  
And much good do you, we are sorry  
That *Hereford* hath no better for you.

A horse, a cock, trainets, a bull,  
Primero, gleek, hazard, munchance;  
These sports through time are grown so dull,  
As good to see a Morris dance;  
Which sport was promised in jest,  
But paid as truly as the rest.  
A race (quoth you) behold a race,  
No race of horses but of men,  
Men born not ten miles from this place,  
Whose courses outrun hundreds ten.  
A thousand years on ten men's backs,  
And one supplies what other lacks.

*Lenvoy.*

This is the Lenvoy (you may gather)  
Gentlemen, yeomen, grooms, and pages,  
Lets pray, Prince *Henry* and his father  
May outlive all these ten men's ages.  
And he that mocks this application,  
Is but a knave past reformation.

After this speech, "old *Hull* struck up, and the Morris-dancers fell to footing, whilst the whiffers in their office made room for the hobby-horse."

The narrative concludes, by inquiring—"And how do you like this Morris-dance of Herefordshire? Are they not brave old youths? Have they not the right footing, the true tread, comely lifting up one leg, and active bestowing of the other. Kemp's morris to Norwich\* was no more to this than a gaillaird, on a common stage, at the end of an old dead comedy, is to a coranto danced on the ropes. Here is a dozen of youngers, that have hearts of oak at four score years, backs of steel at four score and ten, ribs of iron at a hundred, bodies sound as bells, and healthful (according to the Russian proverb) as an ox, when they are travelling down the hill, to make that 120. These shewed in their dancing, and moving up and down, as if Mawborne hills, in the very depth of winter—all their heads covered with snow—shook and danced at some earthquake. Shall any

man lay blame on these good old fathers, because at such years they had not spent all their wild oats? No, we commend (as Tully saith) a young man, that smells somewhat of the old signior, and can but counterfeit gravity in his cheeks; and shall we not heave up with praises an old man, that at 108 years end, can rake his dead embers abroad, and show some coals of the lusty *Juventus* glowing in him even then? Such an old mad cap deserves better to be the stuffing of a chronicle, than *Charing Cross* does for loosing his rotten head, which (through age being wind shaken) fell off, and was trod upon in contempt. Were old *Stowe* alive, here were taboring work enough for his pen; but, howsoever, so memorable a monument of man shall not wither in oblivion, if the sweet April showers, which drop from the Muses' water, can make it grow up and flourish.—A dishonor were it to poets and all pen-men, if acts of this worth should not encomiastically be celebrated and recorded.—Oh! if all the people in the kingdom should have their days stretched out to the length of these men, clerks and sextons might go and hang themselves in the bell ropes; they would have cold doings: prodigal heirs might beg, they should hardly find an almanac that would tell them when their lands should come to their hands by the death of their fathers, for they themselves would have white beards before they could arrive at their full age. It were no hoping after dead men's shoes, for both upper leather and soles would be worn out to nothing. As great pity it were (O old *Margaret*, or rather new *Mayd-Marion*) that all men's wives (especially those that like dutch-watches have alarums in their mouths) should last so long as thou hast done: how would the world be plagued?—Alas! what do I see? Hold *Taborer!* stand *Hobby-horse!* *Morris-dancers* lend us your hands! Behold one of the nimble-legged old gallants is by chance fallen down, and is either so heavy, so weary, so inactive of himself, or else five of his fellows are of such little strength, that all their arms are put under him, as levers, to lift him up, yet the good old boys cannot set him on his feet. Let him not lie for shame, you that have, all this while, seen him dance, and though he be a little out of his part, in the very last act of all, yet hiss at nothing—but rather—*Summi Jovis causa plusdite.*"

\* Another Morris-dance of ancient celebrity.

After a lapse of two centuries we find like liveliness, in like old age, in the same county. Mr. Brand states, that a few years ago, a May game, or morris dance, was performed by the following eight men, in Herefordshire, whose ages, computed together, amounted to 800 years: J. Corley, aged 109; Thomas Buckley, 106; John Snow, 101; John Edey, 104; George Bailey, 106; Joseph Medbury, 100; John Medbury, 95; Joseph Pidgeon, 79.

It must be borne in mind, as before stated, that, however the morris-dance may be treated as a part of the May-sports, it is only an interpolation upon those gambols, and is, of itself, an entirely distinct merriment. It was also introduced at other festivals, and danced separately, as may still be seen, although much reduced, and deprived of its chief characters, in many parts of the country.

Parishes had their established morris-dancers, and sometimes lent the dresses of the dancers to the neighbouring parishes. In a rare tract, of the time of queen Elizabeth, called, "Plaine Percevall the Peace-maker of England," mention is made of "a stranger, which, seeing a quintessence (beside the foole and the maid Morian) of all the picked youth, strained out of a whole endship, footing the morris about a may-pole, and he not hearing the minstrelsie for the fiddling, the tune for the sound, nor the pipe for the noise of the tabor, bluntly demanded if they were not all beside themselves, that they so lip'd and skip'd without an occasion."

Mr. Tollet, in his account of the morris-dancers upon his window, describes his maid Marian, as queen of the May, having a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a red pink, as an emblem of summer. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., was married to James, king of Scotland, with the crown upon her head, and her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif, hanging down behind the whole length of the body. This simple example explains the dress of this maid Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her surcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation color, and her stomacher

red, with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, at her coronation, is "in her hair;" or, as Holinshed says, her hair hanged down, but on her head she had a coif, with a circlet about it, full of rich stones.

After the Morris degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and Maid Marian was personated by a clown, this once elegant Queen of May obtained the name of "Malkin." Bishop Percy and Mr. Steevens agree in making Maid Marian the mistress of Robin Hood. "It appears from the old play of 'The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon,' 1601," says Mr. Steevens, "that Maid Marian was originally a name assumed by Matilda, the daughter of Robert Lord Fitzwalter, while Robin Hood remained in a state of outlawry:—

Next 'tis agreed (if thereto shee agree)  
That faire Matilda henceforth change her  
name:

And, while it is the chance of Robin Hood  
To live in Sherwodde a poor outlaw's life,  
She by Maide Marian's name be only call'd.

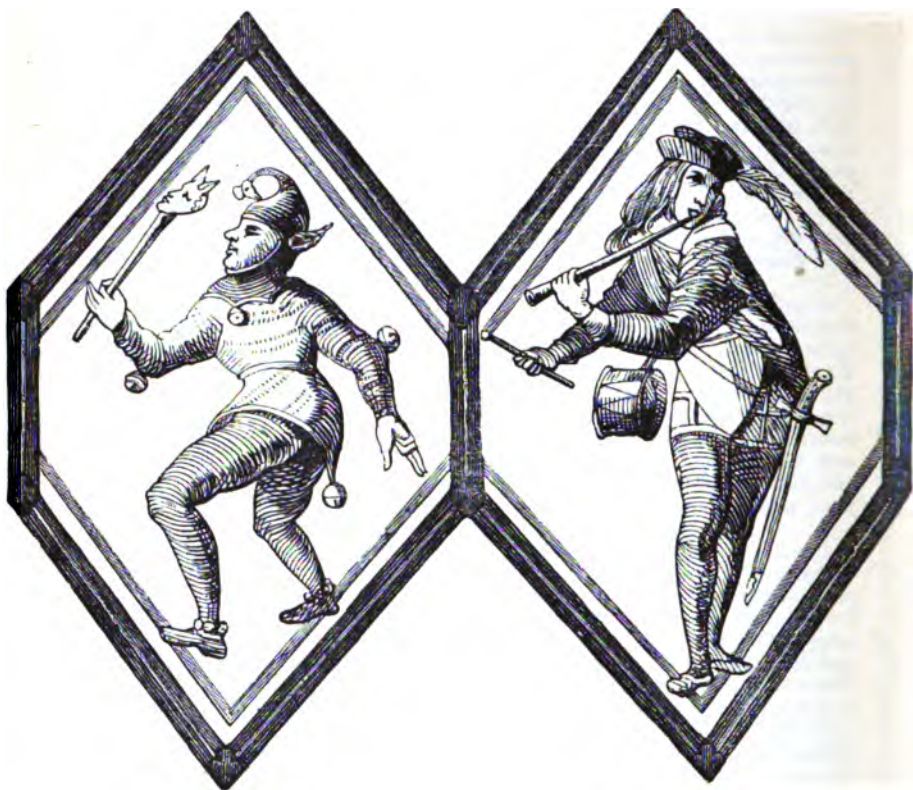
Mat. I am contented: reade on, Little  
John:

Henceforth let me be nam'd Maide Marian."

This lady was poisoned by King John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her legend."

In Shakerley Marmion's "Antiquary," act 4, is the following passage: "A merry world the while, my boy and I, next Midsummer Ale, I may serve for a fool, and he for Maid Marrian." Shakspeare, Hen. IV. Part 1. A. iii. sc. 3, speaks of Maid Marian in her degraded state. It appears by an extract in Lysons's Environs of London, that in the reign of Henry VIII. at Kingston-upon-Thames, the character was performed by a woman who received a shilling each year for her trouble.

But Mr. Douce considers this story as a dramatic fiction: He says, "None of the materials that constitute the more authentic history of Robin Hood prove the existence of such a character in the shape of his mistress. There is a pretty French pastoral drama of the eleventh or twelfth century, entitled *Le Jeu du berger et de la bergere*, in which the principal characters are *Robin* and *Marion*, a shepherd and shepherdess. The great intercourse between the countries might have been the means of importing this name amidst an infinite variety of other matters;



and there is, indeed, no other mode of accounting for the introduction of a name which never occurs in the page of English History. The story of Robin Hood was, at a very early period, of a dramatic cast; and it was perfectly natural that a principal character should be transferred from one drama to another. It might be thought, likewise, that the English Robin deserved his Marian as well as the other. The circumstance of the French Marian being acted by a boy contributes to support the above opinion; and the part of the English character having been personated, though not always, in like manner."

Mr. Tollet describes a character upon his window as in the full clerical tonsure, with a cnaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expressive of his professed humility, his eyes are cast upon the ground. His corded girdle and his russet habit denote him to be one of the

Franciscan order, or one of the Grey Friars. His stockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twist, and with a golden tassel. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of provision, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Walleteers, or Budget-bearers. Mr. Steevens supposes this Morris Friar designed for Friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Hood, as King of May. Mr. Douce says: "There is no very ancient mention of this person, whose history is very uncertain. Drayton has thus recorded him, among other companions of Robin Hood:—

Of Tuck, the merry Friar, which many a sermon made

In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade. Polyolb. Song xxvi.

He is known to have formed one of the characters in the May Games during the reign of Henry VIII., and had been probably introduced into them at a much

earlier period. From the occurrence of this name on other occasions, there is good reason for supposing that it was a sort of generic appellation for any friar, and that it originated from the dress of the order, which was *tucked* or folded at the waist by means of a cord or girdle. Thus Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, says of the Reve :—

*Tucked* he was, as is a frere aboute :  
and he describes one of the friars in the Sompnour's Tale :—

With scrippe and tipped staff, *ytucked* hie.

This friar maintained his situation in the Morris under the reign of Elizabeth, being thus mentioned in Warner's *Albion's England* :—

The' Robin Hood, Iell John, *frier Tucke*,  
and Marian, deftly play :

but is not heard of afterwards. In Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies*, the clown takes notice of his omission in the dance." The friar's coat, as appears from the parish accounts of Kingston-upon-Thames was generally of russet. In an ancient drama, called the play of Robin Hood, very proper to be played in May games, a friar, whose name is Tuck, is one of the principal characters. He comes to the forest in search of Robin Hood, with an intention to fight him, but consents to become chaplain to his lady.

The Fool of the Morris Dance, in Mr. Tollet's window, (on the opposite page) he speaks of as the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houses, to make sport for the family. Mr. Tollet's fool appears with all the badges of that office; the bauble in his hand and a coxcomb hood, with asses ears, on his head. The top of the hood rises into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the latter. *Minshew's Dictionary*, 1627, under the word cock's comb, observes, that "natural idiots and fools have [accustomed] and still do accustome themselves to weare in their capps cocke's feathers, or a hat with the necke and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon." The hood of Mr. Tollet's fool is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its scalloped bottom; the doublet red, striped across, or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow; the girdle yellow; the left-side hose yellow, with a red shoe; and the right side hose blue, soled with red leather

Scarlet, Stokesley, and Little John appear to have been Robin Hood's companions, from the following old ballad :—

I have heard talk of Robin Hood,  
Derry, Derry, Derry down,  
And of brave Little John,  
Of Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet,  
Stokesley and Maid Marrian  
Hey down, &c.

In the parish accounts of Kingston-upon-Thames is an entry "for Little John's cote." Mr. Douce says, Little John "is first mentioned, together with Robin Hood, by Fordun the Scottish Historian, who wrote in the fourteenth century, and who speaks of the celebration of the story of these persons in the theatrical performances of his time, and of the minstrels' songs relating to them, which he says the common people preferred to all other romances."

The Taborer of the Morris Lance in Mr. Tollet's window is represented opposite, in the pane next to the fool. To prove this figure to be Tom the Piper, Mr. Tollet cites *Mr. Steevens's* quotation of these lines from *Drayton's* third eclogue :—

Myself above Tom Piper to advance,  
Who so bestirs him in the Morris Dane  
For penny wage.

He adds, that his tabor, tabor-stick and pipe, attest his profession; the feather in his cap, his sword, &c., may denote him to be a squire-minstrel, or a minstrel of the superior order. Chaucer says, "Minstrels used a red hat," and in the window Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced, or turned up with yellow, something like red muffetees at his wrists, over his doublet is a red garment, like a short cloak with arm-holes, and with a yellow cape, his hose red, and garnished across and perpendicularly on the thighs, with a narrow yellow lace: his shoes are brown

The Hobby-horse, Mr. Tollet is induced to think, is the king of the May, as figured in his window, from the crimson foot-cloth fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle, with a golden tassel, and studded with gold, the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap, with a red feather and with a golden knob. "Our Hobby," he adds, "is a spirited horse of paste-board, in which the master dances and displays tricks of legerdemain, such as the thread-

ing of the needle, the mimicking of the whiff-hie, and the daggers in the nose, &c., as Ben Jonson, edit 1756, vol. i. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby 'explains the swords in the man's cheeks. What is stuck in the horse's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle, ornamented with a ribbon. Its use was to receive the spectators' pecuniary donations.—The colour of the hobby horse is a reddish white, like the beautiful blossom of the peach-tree. The man's coat, or doublet, is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right side of it is yellow, and the left red."

Mr. Douce says, "Whoever happens to recollect the manner in which Mr. Bayes's troops, in 'the Rehearsal,' are exhibited on the stage, will have a tolerably correct notion of a morris hobby horse. Additional remains of the Pyrrhic, or sword-dance, are preserved in the daggers stuck in the man's cheeks, which constituted one of the hocus-pocus or legerdemain tricks practised by this character, among which were the threading of a needle, and the transferring of an egg from one hand to the other, called by Ben Jonson *the travels of the egg*. To the horse's mouth was suspended a ladle, for the purpose of gathering money from the spectators. In later times the fool appears to have performed this office, as may be collected from Nashe's play of 'Summer's last Will and Testament,' where this stage-direction occurs: 'Ver goes in and fetcheth out the Hobby-Horse and the Morrice Daunce, who daunce about.' Ver then says:—'About, about, lively, put your horse to it, reyne him harder, jerke him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast man; *Foole, hold up your ladle there.*' Will Summers is made to say, 'You friend with the Hobby Horse, goe not too fast, for fear of wearing out my lord's tyle stones with your hob-nayles.' Afterwards there enter three clowns and three maids, who dance the morris, and at the same time sing the following song —

Trip and goe, heave and hoe,  
Up and downe, to and fro,  
From the towne, to the grove,  
Two and two, let us rove,  
A Maying, a playing;  
Love hath no gainsaying;  
So merrily trip and goe."

Lord Orford, in his Catalogue of English Engravers, under the article of Peter Stent, describes two paintings at Lord

Fitzwilliam's, on Richmond Green, which came out of the old neighbouring palace. They were executed by Vinckenboom, about the end of the reign of James I., and exhibit views of the above palace; in one of these pictures a Morris Dance is introduced, consisting of seven figures, viz. a fool a Hobby-horse, a piper, a Maid Marian, and three other dancers, the rest of the figures being spectators. Of these, the first four and one of the dancers, Mr. Douce reduced in a plate from a tracing by the late Capt. Grose. Mr. Douce says, "The fool has an inflated bladder, or eel-skin, with a ladle at the end of it, and with this he is collecting money. The piper is pretty much in his original state; but the hobby-horse wants the legerdemain apparatus, and Maid Marian is not remarkable for the elegance of her person. A short time before the Revolution in France, the May games and Morris Dance were celebrated in many parts of that country, accompanied by a fool and a *Hobby-horse*. The latter was termed *un chevalet*; and, if the authority of Minshew be not questionable, the Spaniards had the same character under the name of *tarasca*."\*

There are other representations of figures in the Morris-dance on Mr. Tollet's window, but they seem to have no other specific character than that of dancers.

In a paper "On the poetical works of George Wither," who endured much suffering for publishing his honest thoughts under the commonwealth, as well as the monarchy, Mr. Charles Lamb says,— "Whether engaged, or roaming at liberty, Wither never seems to have abated a jot of that free spirit which sets its mark upon his writings. He is for ever anticipating persecution and martyrdom; fingering, as it were, the flames, to try how he can bear them.—The prison notes of Wither are finer than the wood notes of most of his poetical brethren."† In confinement, and at an advanced age, he expressed his cares and consolations in the following poem:—

THE CONTENTED MAN'S MORICE.  
False world, thy malice I espie  
With what thou hast designed;  
And therein with thee to comply,  
Who likewise are combined;  
But, do thy worst, I thee defie.  
Thy mischiefs are confined.

\* Brand.

† Works of Charles Lamb, 1819. ii. 129.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 17.

From me, thou my estate hast torn,  
By cheatings me beguiled :  
Me thou hast also made thy scorn ;  
With troubles me turmoiled :  
But to an heritage I'm born,  
That never can be spoiled.

So wise I am not, to be mad,  
Though great are my oppressions ;  
Nor so much fool as to be sad,  
Though robb'd of my possessions :  
For, cures for all sores may be had,  
And grace for all transgressions.

These words in youth my motto were,  
And mine in age I'll make them,—  
I neither have, nor want, nor care ;  
When also first I spake them,  
I thought things would be as they are,  
And meekly therefore take them.

The riches I possess this day  
Are no such goods of fortune  
As kings can give or take away,  
Or tyrants make uncertain :  
For hid within myself are they  
Behinde an unseen curtain.

Of my degree, but few or none  
Were dayly so frequented ;  
But now I'm left of every one,  
And therewith we'll contented :  
For, when I am with God alone,  
Much folly is prevented.

Then, why should I give way to grief ?  
Come, strike up pipe and tabor  
He that affecteth God in chief,  
And as himself his neighbour,  
May still enjoy a happy life,  
Although he lives by labor.

Not me alone have they made poor,  
By whom I have been cheated :  
But very many thousands more  
Are of their hopes defeated ;  
Who little dreamed heretofore  
Of being so ill treated.

Then, if my courage should be less  
Than theirs who never prized  
The resolutions I profess  
(And almost idolized),  
I well deserv'd in my distress  
To be of all despised.

Our sad complaints, our sighs and tears,  
Make meat nor clothing cheaper :  
Vain are our earthly hopes and fears,  
This life is but a vapor ;  
And therefore, in despite of cares,  
I'll sing, and dance, and caper.

Though food nor raiment left me were,  
I would of wants be dreadless ;  
For then I quickly should be there  
Where bread and cloth are needless :  
And in those blessings have my share,  
Whereof most men are heedless.

I then should that attain unto  
For which I now endeavour ;  
From my false lovers thither go,  
Where friendship faileth never :  
And, through a few short pangs of woe,  
To joys that last for ever

For service done, and love express,  
(Though very few regard it)  
My country owes me bread, at least,  
But if I be barr'd it,  
Good conscience is a dayly feast  
And sorrow never marr'd it.

My grand oppressors had a thought,  
When riches they bereaved,  
That then, my ruine had been wrought ;  
But, they are quite deceived :  
For them the devil much mis-taugh  
When that weak snare they weaved.

If in those courses I had gone  
Wherein they are employed,  
Till such achievements had been won  
As are by them enjoyed,  
They might have wager'd ten to one  
I should have been destroyed.

But proofs have now confirmed me  
How much our vice offendeth,  
And what small helps our virtues be  
To that which God intendeth,  
Till he himself shall make us free,  
And our defects amendeth.

Not one is from corruption clear ;  
Men are depraved wholly,  
Mere cruelties—their mercies are  
Their wisdom is but folly ;  
And, when most righteous they appear,  
Then are they most unholy.

There is no trust in temp'ral things,  
For they are all unsteady :  
That no assurance from them springs,  
Too well I find already ;  
And that ev'n parliaments and kings  
Are frail, or false, or giddy.

All stands upon a tott'ring wheel,  
Which never fixt abideth ;  
Both commonweals and kingdoms reel :  
He that in them confideth,  
(Or trusts their faith) shall mischiefs feel,  
With which soe'er he sideth.

This wit I long ago was taught,  
But then I would not heed it ;  
Experience must by fools be bought,  
Else they'll not think they need it.  
By this means was my ruin wrought ;  
Yet they are knaves who did it.

When to the ground deprest I was,  
Our mushrooms and our bubbles,  
Whom neither truth, nor wit, nor grace,  
But wealth and pride ennobles  
As cruel were as they are base,  
And jeer'd me in my troubles.



And when their hate these had made known,  
 New mischiefs it begat me :  
 For ev'ry rascal durty clown  
 Presumed to amate me ;  
 And all the curs about the town  
 Grinn'd, snarl'd, and barked at me.

Since, therefore, 'tis not in my power,  
 (Though oft I fore-discern them)  
 To shun the world's despights one hour,  
 Thus into mirth I'll turn them ;  
 And neither grieve, nor pout, nor lowre,  
 But laugh, and sing, and scorn them.

This fit, at sev'nty years and two,  
 And thus to spend my hours,  
 The world's contempt inclines me to,  
 Whilst she my state devours ;  
 If this be all that she can do,  
 A fig for all her powers.

Yet I and shee, may well agree,  
 Though we have much contended ;  
 Upon as equal terms are we  
 As most who have offended :  
 For, I sleight her, and she sleights me,  
 And there's my quarrel ended.

This only doth my mirth allay,  
 I am to some engaged,  
 Who sigh and weep, and suffer may,  
 Whilst thus I sing incaged :  
 But I've a God, and so have they  
 By whom that care's asswaged.

And he that gives us in these days  
 New lords, may give us new laws ;  
 So that our present puppet-plays,  
 Our whimsies, braults, and gew-gaws,  
 May turned be to songs of praise,  
 And holy hallelujahs.

A MORRIS DANCE IN JEWELLERY.

At the accession of Charles I., there belonged to the crown "One *Salte* of goulde called the *Morris Daunce*." Its foot was garnished with six great sapphires fifteen diamonds, thirty-seven rubies, and forty-two small pearls; upon the border, about the shank, twelve diamonds, eighteen rubies, and fifty-two pearls; and standing about that, were *five Morris dauncers and Taberer*, having amongst them thirteen small garnishing pearls and one ruby. *The Lady* holding the salt had upon her garment, from her foot to her face, fifteen pearls, and eighteen rubies; upon the foot of the same salt were four coarse rubies and four coarse diamonds; upon the border, about the middle of the salt, were four coarse diamonds, seven rubies, and eight pearls; and upon the top of the said salt, four diamonds, four rubies, and three great pearls; [*the lady*]

had upon the tyre of her head ten rubies, twelve diamonds, and twenty-nine garnishing pearls.

By a special warrant of Charles I. dated at Hampton Court, Dec 7, in the first year of his reign, 1625, a large quantity of gold plate and jewels of great value, which had "long continued, as it were, in a continual descent with the crown of England," were transferred to the Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Holland, Ambassadors Extraordinary to the United Provinces, who were thereby authorised to transport and dispose of them "beyond the seas," in such manner as the king had previously directed these noblemen in private. The splendid gold salt called the *Morris Dance*, above described, jewelled with nine great sapphires, six great pearls, one hundred and fifty-nine small pearls, ninety-nine rubies, and fifty-one diamonds, and weighing one hundred and fifty-one ounces and a half, and half a quarter, was thus disposed of among the other precious heir-looms of the crown, specified in the king's warrant.\*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THINK NOT OF ME.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.  
 [Unpublished.]

"Go to the courts of the noble and gay ;  
 Bear beauty's palm from the fairest away .  
 Shine thou the brightest in lighted hall,  
 —The cynosure of the festival :—  
 Go ;—but wherever thy wanderings be,  
 Ne'er dim thy gladness by thinking of me !

"Why should remembrance thy young bosom  
 stain ;  
 Does the cloud on the streamlet for ever  
 remain ?

Fadeth it not at the sun's early glow,  
 And the tide in its purity lovelier flow ?  
 —Let all thoughts of me be as fading and  
 fleet ;

Think not of me in thy happiness, sweet !

"Oh, fare-ye-well !—There's a shade on my  
 heart !"

The steed is impatient—its lord must depart.  
 Yet, ere home smiles the last time to his view,  
 He turns with a sigh to another adieu—

—"Be thy bosom, as now, ever spotless and  
 free,  
 And ne'er in its fondness be one thought of  
 me !"

W. B. D. D. TURNBULL.

\* *Rever.*

**July 18.**

July 18, 1735, died, aged ninety, Richard Shorediche, esq., who had been upwards of fifty years in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, and several times colonel of the county foot militia. He was the last surviving juryman of those who served on the trial of the seven bishops committed to the tower by king James II., and, being the junior juryman, was the first that declared them "not guilty." Seven were of a different opinion, but, by the strength and honesty of his arguments, he brought them over to his own sentiments; and, by this firmness in the cause of justice and liberty, may be said to have fixed the basis of the constitution.\*

	h. m.
July 18. Sun rises . . . . .	4 0
— sets . . . . .	8 0

Garden persicary flowers.  
Tiger lily flowers, and is often in full flower by this time.  
The corn-fields now assume a fine brown color.

**July 19.**

19 July, 1720, died, in Newgate, Lawrence Howell. He was a non-juring clergyman, and had resided in Bull-head court, Jewin-street, London, where he wrote a pamphlet, of which a thousand copies were printed, and found in his house. It denounced George I. as a usurper; and condemned all that had been done in the church, subsequent to archbishop Sancroft's deprivation, as illegal and uncanonical. For this offence he was tried at the Old Bailey, and, being convicted, he was sentenced to pay a fine of £500 to the king; to remain in prison for three years; to find four sureties of £500 each, besides his own surety in £1000, for his good behaviour during life; to be twice whipped; and to be degraded, and stripped of his gown by the hands of the public executioner. He heard this severe and cruel sentence undismayed, and indignantly enquired, "Who will whip a clergyman?" The court answered, "We pay no deference to your cloth, because you are a disgrace to it, and have no right to wear it: besides, we do not look upon you as a clergyman, in that you have produced no proof of your ordination, but from Dr. Hicckes, under the

denomination of the bishop of Thetford which is illegal, and not according to the constitution of this kingdom, which was no such bishop." Continuing to dispute with the court, it caused the hangman to tear off his gown as he stood at the bar. The public whipping was not inflicted; his term of imprisonment was shortened by his death.

**SIN EATERS.**

Sin-eating is the only that can be used to signify a practice which prevailed with our ancestors. Lawrence Howell, mentioned above, wrote a "History of the Pontificate, in which he mentions a decretal epistle, attributed to a pope Alexander, in the second century, which, by an exposition of "They eat up the sin of my people," *Hosea* iv. 8, implies that this passage signifies "the dignity of priests, who, by their prayers and offerings, eat up the sins of the people." An usage called sin-eating undoubtedly arose in catholic times, and, however it may have been limited to the clergy in early ages, was afterwards continued and practised as a profession, by certain persons called sin-eaters.

In a letter from John Bagford, dated 1715, printed in "Leland's Collectanea," there is the following account of a sin-eater.—"Within the memory of our fathers, in Shropshire, in those villages adjoining to Wales, when a person died, there was notice given to an old 'sire' (for so they called him,) who presently repaired to the place where the deceased lay, and stood before the door of the house, when some of the family came out and furnished him with a cricket (or stool), on which he sat down facing the door. Then they gave him a groat, which he put in his pocket; a crust of bread, which he ate; and a full bowl of ale, which he drank off at a draught. After this, he got up from the cricket, and pronounced, with a composed gesture, 'the ease and rest of the soul departed, for which he would pawn his own soul.' This" says Bagford, "I had from the ingenious John Aubrey, esq., who made a collection of curious observations, which I have seen."

Among the Lansdowne MSS., in the British Museum, are statements in Aubrey's own hand writing, to this pur-

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

• Noble.

port.—“In the county of Hereford was an old custom at funerals to hire poor people, who were to take upon them the sins of the party deceased. One of them (he was a long, lean, ugly, lamentable poor rascal), I remember, lived in a cottage on Rosse highway. The manner was, that when the corpse was brought out of the house, and laid on the bier, a loaf of bread was brought out, and delivered to the sin-eater, over the corpse, as also a mazard bowl, of maple, full of beer (which he was to drink up), and sixpence in money: in consideration whereof he took upon him, ipso facto, all the sins of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead.” Aubrey adds, “This custom, though rarely used in our days, yet, by some people, was observed even in the strictest time of the Presbyterian government; as, at Dynder (volens nolens the parson of the parish), the kindred of a woman, deceased there, had this ceremony punctually performed, according to her will: and, also, the like was done at the city of Hereford, in those times, where a woman kept, many years before her death, a mazard bowl for the sin-eater; and the like in other places in this county; as also in Brecon: e. g. at Llangors, where Mr. Gwin, the minister, about 1640, could not hinder the performance of this ancient custom. I believe,” says Aubrey, “this custom was heretofore used all over Wales.” He states further, “A. D. 1686. This custom is used to this day in North Wales.”

Bishop White Kennet, who appears to have possessed Aubrey’s MS., has added this note. “It seems a remainder of this custom which lately obtained at Amersden, in the county of Oxford; where, at the burial of every corpse, one cake and one flaggon of ale, just after the interment, were brought to the minister in the church porch.”\*

	h. m.
July 19. Sun rises . . . . .	4 1
— sets . . . . .	7 59
Garden levetera in full flower	

### July 20.

On the 20th of July, 1725, died, Edward Winnington Jeffries, esq., of Homme Castle, in Worcestershire, a representative of the borough of Droitwich, in four successive parliaments. His family had

\* Brand.

been owners, for more than two hundred years, of Homme Castle, which was much damaged by fire in 1605; and destroyed in the civil wars, by Cromwell’s party. In 1649, Mr. Jeffries, the then owner, discovered, in the grounds near his house, a vault in the middle of an ancient fort, made in the fashion of a half-moon, with an iron chest containing treasure to a considerable amount.

	h. m.
July 20. Sun rises . . . . .	4 2
— sets . . . . .	7 58
China-aster Bleeding amaranth Night-flowering catchfly	} flower.

### July 21.

#### THE THRUSH.

The common song-thrush is somewhat less than the blackbird: the upper surface of the body is of an olive color, with a mixture of yellow in the wings; the breast yellowish, with dusky spots; and the belly white.

There are other sorts of thrushes in England:—

1 The great thrush, called the missel-bird, mease-taw, or shrike, in color and spots agrees with the song-thrush, but is a bigger bird; very beautiful to look at, but not valued for its song.

2 The redwing, swinepipe, or wind-thrush, is, in shape and color, very like the song-thrush, which has more and larger spots on the breast and belly, and is somewhat bigger. This bird is in no esteem for singing.

3 The small heath-thrush, so called from its building upon heaths and commons, is of a darker color than others of the thrush kind, and esteemed, by some, for singing; but none are comparable to the common song-thrush, which, at the beginning of spring, sits on high trees and sings deliciously. When reared from the nest it learns the songs of the woodlark, nightingale, and other curious birds.

The male and female are very much alike in color and shape; but, in a full-feathered male, the dusky, or olive color, is somewhat darker and more glossy than that of the female. The spots seem darker and brighter, and rather more white appears on his belly. Indeed, it may be observed of all birds, where the colors are the same in both, that the male excels in resplendency of feathers.

When young, choose the sleekest and brightest birds; as soon as they begin to feed themselves, both the male and female will record: the male gets upon his perch, and sings his notes low for some time; the hen attempts to sing, but does it only by jerks. At the latter end of the summer, when their moulting is over, the males break out strong into song, and sing in winter as well as summer.

The thrush breeds nearly as soon as the blackbird. She builds in woods or orchards, sometimes in a thick hedge, near the ground. The outside of her nest consists of fine soft green moss, interwoven with dead grass, hay, &c., and the inside is invariably, and very curiously, plastered with cow-dung, while the blackbird always plasters with clay or mud. The blackbird lays a covering of soft stuff in the inside to deposit her eggs upon; but the thrush lays hers upon the bare inside or plastering. The eggs of the thrush are five or six in number, of a bluish-green color, speckled with a few small black spots, chiefly at the large end.

The hollow of a nest is about two inches and a half deep; the diameter of the inside, at the top, four inches, and exactly round; its weight varies from under two ounces to three and a half. The length of a full-grown bird, from the point of the bill to the end of the tail, is nine inches; of which the bill is one, and the tail three and a half. Allowing for tail, bill, and head, which always lie out when the female sits in her nest, the cavity is just fitted to receive her body. The same is observable of the nests of some other birds; especially such as build with sides, and make deep cavities. The bird stands within side, while at work, and models her building to the dimensions of her body.

The young birds are usually taken at twelve or fourteen days old, or sooner, in mild weather. They should be kept warm and clean, and fed every two hours with raw meat, bread, and hemp-seed bruised; the meat cut small, and the bread a little wetted, and then mixed together. The nest should be kept as neat and clean as possible, and, when become foul, the birds should be taken out and put into clean straw. When they are pretty well feathered, put them in a large cage with two or three perches in it, and dry moss or straw at the bottom. At full growth they should be fed with fresh meat, boiled, raw, or roasted, but not salted. Some give them only bread and hemp-seed;

but fresh meat, mixed with bread, is the best food. Let them have fresh water twice a week, to wash themselves, or they will not thrive; if they are not kept clean they are very subject to the cramp: clean lodgings are the best means to prevent it.

The thrush, at its native liberty, feeds on insects and snails, and the berries of white-thorn and mistletoe.\*

THE RISE AND FALL.

At a little select party in Edinburgh of "bien bodies," there was an ancient couple present, who had made a competency in a small shop in town, and retired from business, leaving their only son as successor in the shop, with a stock free from every incumbrance. But John, after a few years, had failed in the world, and his misfortunes became the theme of discourse:—

Mrs. A.: Dear me, Mrs. K., I wonder how your Johnnie did sae ill, in the same shop you did sae weel in?

Mrs. K.: Hoot, woman, it's nae wonder at a'.

Mrs. A.: Weel, how did it happen?

Mrs. K.: I'll tell you how it happened. Ye mun ken, when Tam and me began to merchandize, we took paritch, night and morning, and kail to our dinner—when things grew better, we took tea to our breakfast. A-weel, woman, they aye mended, and we sometimes coft a lamb-leg for a Sunday dinner, and, before we gae up, we sometimes coft a chuckie—we were doing sae weel. Noo, ye maun ken, when Johnnie began to merchandize, he be;an at the chuckie first.

	h. m.
July 21. Sun rises . . .	4 3
— sets . . .	7 57

Sunflower blows.

Early summer pears ripen

July 22.

EXECUTION OF AN ORDER.

In July, 1823, a parish officer from the neighbourhood of Middleton undertook to convey a lunatic to the asylum at Lancaster, pursuant to an order signed by two magistrates. As the afflicted man was respectably connected, a gig was hired for the purpose, and he was persuaded that he was going on an excursion

\* Albin.

of pleasure. In the course of the journey, however, something occurred to arouse his suspicions, but he said nothing on the subject, made no resistance, and seemed to enjoy his jaunt. When they arrived at Lancaster, it was too late in the evening to proceed to the asylum, and they took up their quarters for the night at an inn. Very early in the morning the lunatic got up and searched the pockets of the sleeping officer, where he found the magistrates' order for his own detention. With that cunning which madmen not unfrequently display, he made the best of his way to the asylum, and told one of the keepers that he had got a sad mad fellow down at Lancaster, whom he should bring up in the course of the day; adding, "He's a very queer fellow, and has got very odd ways; for instance, I should not wonder if he was to say I was the madman, and that he was bringing me; but you must take care of him, and not believe a word he says." The keeper of course promised compliance, and the lunatic returned to the inn, where he found the overseer still fast asleep. He woke him, and they sat down to breakfast together; and he said, "You are a very lazy fellow, to be lying all day. I have had a good long walk this morning." "Indeed," said the overseer. "I should like to have a walk myself, after breakfast; perhaps you will go with me." The lunatic assented; and after breakfast they set out, the overseer leading the way, intending to deliver his charge. When they came within sight of the asylum, the lunatic exclaimed, "What a fine house that is!" "Yes," said the overseer. "I should like to see the inside of it." "So should I," observed the other. "Well," said the overseer, "I dare say they will let us look through; however, I'll ask." The overseer rang the bell, and the keeper, whom the lunatic had previously seen, made his appearance, with two or three assistants. The overseer then began to fumble in his pockets for the order, while the lunatic produced gravely it to the keeper, saying, "This is the man I spoke to you about, you will take care of him; shave his head, and put a strait waistcoat on him." The assistants immediately laid hands on the overseer, who vociferated loudly that the other was the madman, and he the keeper; but this only tended to confirm the story previously told by the lunatic. The overseer was taken away, and became so obstreperous that a

strait waistcoat was put upon him, and his head was shaved *secundum artem*. Meanwhile the lunatic walked deliberately back to the inn, paid the reckoning, and set out on his journey homeward. The good people of his parish were, of course, not a little surprised on finding the wrong man return: they were afraid that, in a fit of frenzy, he had murdered the overseer; and asked him, with great trepidation, what he had done with his companion. "Done with him," said the madman, "why, I left him at Lancaster asylum—mad!" This was not far from the truth; for the wits of the overseer had been nearly overset by his unexpected detention, and subsequent treatment. Inquiry was forthwith made, and, it being ascertained that the man was actually in the asylum, a magistrate's order was procured for his liberation; and he returned home with a handkerchief tied round his head, in lieu of the natural covering, which the barber of the Lancaster asylum had deprived him of.\*

" I AM GOING YOUR WAY."

Paul Hiffernan, a man of learning and ingenuity, "of the old school," was always "*going your way*." To try how far Paul would go "your way," a gentleman of his acquaintance, after treating him with a good supper at the Bedford coffee-house, took him by the hand, saying, "Good night, Paul." "Stay," says the other, "I am going your way." His friend stepped onward, out of his own way, with Paul, to Limehouse; when, contriving to amuse Paul with the *certain* success of his tragedy the "Heroine of the Cave" (afterwards performed for Reddish's benefit with no success, he brought him back to Carpenter's coffee-house, in Covent-Garden, at three in the morning, where, after drinking some coffee and punch, a new departure was taken, with "Good morning, Paul; I am going to the Blue boar, in Holborn."—"Well," says Hiffernan, "that's in my way;" and, upon leaving his friend at the gate, he took his leave a second time, about five in the morning, and afterwards walked leisurely home to his lodging in College-street, Westminster, next door to the latter's, where he died about 1780.†

\* Manchester Guardian.

† Polyanthes, i. 175.



“SHOW JAMIE”—AN EDINBURGH CHARACTER.

The following communication was accompanied by a drawing from the meritorious pencil of Mr. W. GEIKIE, of Edinburgh, for the present engraving.

[For the Year Book.]

**JAMES BRATSON**—for he, in common with his fellow-townsmen, has a surname,

although it be sunk altogether for the popular cognomen of **SHOW-JAMIE**—was born in the Canongate, out in what year he knows not: and he is not quite confident as to the precise day or month, although he feels more certainty in his own mind with regard to them, than he does respecting the year. This he told me the other day, when

I was asking him, with a view to present you with some hints about him. Little as he seems assured upon these particular points, yet he is certain that he was bred a tailor. He served faithfully in that peaceful vocation, until the threats of invasion roused him from inglorious lethargy, and he, in an hour of unaccountable excitement, enlisted into the Glengarry Fencibles: what tempted him, he, to this hour, knows not. It is possible that he expected to enjoy a life of comparative idleness,—for labor is that lot of the poor man which Jamie ever has held, and ever will hold, in instinctive abhorrence. But, if such was one motive, he was soon grievously convinced of his error, for he found the service absolute slavery: through the day “he was worn out with labor at the drill, and, during the night, he never could sleep, for dreaming of the serjeant at the parade.”—He had by that time lost his father, but his mother was alive, and she grieved much for Jamie’s unlooked-for choice of a soldier’s life. She alone was the link which held him in his new profession; and, notwithstanding the cat-o-nine-tails was guarantee enough that he would not desert, yet he would have ventured upon a great attempt at deliverance, by secreting himself until his regiment might decamp. He could not, however, so long await the exchange of her kindly affection with his own. Fatigue at last began to wear away the little spirit he ever had; and the struggle he essayed at emancipation, was one worthy of his intellect. A trifling bounty was offered to any young man who would exchange from the Fencibles, into a corps of horse artillery, which was then forming, and which was to be available for service in any part of the united kingdom. Into this corps, therefore, Jamie entered,—the bounty had its allurements, and a grand persuader was the horse, with the certainty that he would have neither to scour musket or bayonet, in this new section of the service. But, alas! Jamie had again reckoned without his host, for he found that his labor was more than doubled; moreover, he had sword exercise, an amusement fitted above all others to terrify him out of the due exercise of all the thinking faculties he possessed. Provisionally for Jamie and his native town, his sight, which was never good, began to fail him, and, this infirmity, coupled with his untowardness, procured his discharge. He then commenced to carry about “a show,” as it is

termed,—merely a box with a few pictures into which his future associates were invited to look, and marvel at the miracles of the magnifying glass. For the last twenty-five years he has, summer and winter, been the gape and gaze of the young, and the butt of the mischievous; for, with his change of profession, he seems to have laid aside all pretensions to rank as a man, and, weakening in intellect daily, he is rapidly becoming too tame even to yield to his annoyers any pleasure from teasing him. He has a few beetles in small cases, which he keeps in the leathern box he is here drawn with; and with these, in very wet weather, he gropes on from door to door, known and pitied by every body. His mother is still alive, and “poor Jamie,”—than whom a more harmless being never lived,—is her only stay.

A. G. J.

Edinburgh, April, 1831.

OLD VAUXHALL.

The author of “A Trip to Vauxhall, or a General Satyr on the Times,” London 1737, folio, describes his setting out from Whitehall stairs with two ladies—

Lolling in state with one on either side,  
 And gently falling with the wind and tide;  
 Last night, the evening of a sultry day,  
 I sail’d triumphant on the liquid way,  
 To hear the fidlers of *Spring Gardens* play;  
 To see the walks, orchestra, colonade,  
 The lamps and trees in mingled lights and shades,  
 The scene so new, with pleasure and surprise,  
 Feasted awhile our ravish’d ears and eyes.  
 The motley croud we next with care survey  
 The young, the old, the spleantic and gay;  
 The fop emaculate, the rugged brave,  
 All jumbled here, as in the common grave.

The poem contains a satirical account of the company, with particular allusions to certain known individuals. There is a frontispiece by Sutton Nichols representing Vauxhall Gardens and orchestra at that time, with badged waiters carrying bottles.

	h. m.
July 22. Twilight begins . . .	0 21
Sun rises . . . . .	4 5
— sets . . . . .	7 55
Twilight ends . . . . .	11 39
Prostrate amaranth flowers	

**July 23.**

**REV. W. COLE'S MSS**

Amongst the manuscripts bequeathed to the British Museum, there are several volumes in the hand writing of the late Rev. W. Cole, rector of Milton, Cambridgeshire, who was a man of violent opinions, and, though a minister of the established church, strongly attached to the Roman Catholic religion. He directed that these manuscripts should not be opened to the public until thirty years after his decease: the period expired in 1803, and they were found to be principally on antiquarian subjects, singularly diversified. Often, on the same page, is a record of an old abbey, a recipe to make soup, a memorandum of the number of a lottery ticket, an entry of the day on which a servant entered on her place or received her wages, or other heterogenous matters, intermingled with sarcasms on protestants, or on the opponents of ministers. In volume thirty-three of this collection, page 333, in a register de Vicaria de Spalding, is the following important memorandum;

"This day I paid my maid-servant her wages, and would not let her lodge in my house, as she refused to stay with me till michaelmas, though very inconvenient to me, as I don't know where to provide myself of one in her room: but 'Wilkes and Liberty' have brought things to that pass, that, ere long, we shall get no one to serve us. The said July 23, 1772, sent to the maid, as it might be difficult for her to get a lodging in the village; though she deserved it not."

There can scarcely be a more amusing use of an idle hour, than dipping into Cole's MSS. He was toad-eater to Horace Walpole.

	h. m.
July 23. Twilight begins . . .	0 31
Sun rises . . . . .	4 6
— sets . . . . .	7 54
Twilight ends . . . . .	11 29

African marigold flowers.

Jargonell, cuisse madame, and Wind-  
o: pears, ripen.

**July 24.**

**TOOT HILLS.**

[To Mr. Hone.]

Worcester, March 11, 1831.

SIR,

The able manner in which you have elucidated the antiquities and customs of

to draw your attention to what, though intimately connected with them, you seem hitherto to have neglected or overlooked, namely, the "Toot Hills," formerly consecrated to the worship of the Celtic deity *Teutates*, many of which still remain, with scarcely any alteration of their designated names, scattered over various parts of the country. I intend to describe two Toot-hills, and to subjoin a list of places in England, where mounds commemorative of Teutates still remain, or where we may conjecture from the derivation of the name such mounds formerly existed; but perhaps a few remarks on the origin of the worship of Teutates in Britain may be necessary.

Cæsar, who is the oldest authority we can refer to, observes in his commentaries, that the youth of Gaul were sent into Britain, as to a most ancient and hallowed school, to be instructed in the Druidical rites; and it certainly seems most probable that these rites did not originate with the barbarous islanders themselves, but were communicated from some foreign region, as it is indisputable the Phœnicians traded with Britain for tin, from the earliest ages. The Rev. W. L. Bowles, in his very interesting work "Hermes Britannicus,"\* remarks, that "a question arises whether the discipline of the Druidical Celts in Britain could possibly be brought by strangers of the ocean; or, whether they were preserved among the people from their common ancestors in the east; or, whether some Egyptians, by sea or land, hid not established themselves among the ruder nations, and thus given an oriental and peculiar Egyptian character to the druidical worship and rites in this distant land." Mr. Bowles certainly appears to have made out a case for the latter opinion—but, waving this for a moment, and recurring to Cæsar, we find that he observes, that Mercury was the chief object of popular veneration among the Britons, that there were "plurima simulacra," many stones or images of this god. Not indeed that the *Roman Mercury* was actually worshipped by that name before Cæsar's arrival in Britain, but stones being sacred to Mercury among the Greeks and Romans, and Cæsar perceiving that artificial hills, surmounted by a stone or "simulacrum" were particularly venerated, he thence concluded that Mercury was the god held in chief esteem.

\* London, 8vo. 1828. J. R. Nicholls and Son.



Britain, and especially the "Midsummer Fires," and other pagan relics, prompts me

Mr. Payne read a paper before the Royal Society of Literature, in 1829, in which he identifies the Celtic Teutates with that benefactor of mankind who, from the invention of various useful arts, was worshipped in Egypt and Phœnicia, under the name of Thoth, in Greece as Hermes, and by the Latins as Mercury. Mr. Payne accounts for the introduction of this personage into Gaul, from the mythological history of the son of Jupiter and Maia, which states that, upon the death of his father, he inherited Spain and Gaul as well as Italy; and, among various proofs of the identity which he attempts to establish, he adduces the fact of the similarity between the temples and monuments erected in honour of Mercury by the classical pagan nations, and the cairns and cromlechs of Gaul and Britain. To show the connection between the British *Tot* or *Teut*, and the Egyptian Thoth, it may be also remarked that Bruce says the word *Tot* is Ethiopic, and means the dog-star; now the Egyptians represented Thoth with the head of a dog, and Mr. Bowles remarks, that "the Druids cut the sacred vervain at the rising of the Dog star." Mr. Bowles considers the great Druidical Temple at Abury, Wiltshire, to have been dedicated to the worship of Teutates, and Stonehenge to the sun, while a neighbouring hill is still called *Tan*-hill, as he thinks from *Tanaris*,\* the Celtic God of Thunder. "Thus," says Mr. Mr. Bowles, "there is a visible connection between the scene and the temples, while the sacred fires of the Bel-tine or Tan, communicated with the Bel-tan, on the heights above Stonehenge, dedicated to the Lord of light and day."

There can be little doubt, at any rate, that the Thoth of Egypt, deified in the Dog-star, was transferred to the Phœnicians, who derived their astronomical knowledge from Egypt, and who "held their way to our distant shores on account of commerce," thus perhaps leaving some relic of their knowledge behind them; and indeed the Egyptian Thoth, the Phœ-

nician Taautus or Taute, the Grecian Hærnæs, the Roman Mercury, and the Teutates of the Celts (so called from the Celtic Du Taith, Deus Taautus) are among the learned universally admitted to be the same. Mercury was also, according to Tacitus, the god chiefly adored in Germany, to whom on stated days human victims were offered; and the god *Tuisto* (apparently the same styled Mercury by the historian), who was born of the Earth, and Mannus his son, are celebrated in their ancient songs and ballads, as the founders of the German race.

A stone was the first rude representation of *Tuisto*, or *Teut*, and these dedicated stones being placed on eminences natural or artificial, most commonly by road sides, were hence called *Tot*-hills or *Teut*-hills, and in various parts of the kingdom are so called at present. These hills would of course still remain after the Druidical rites were abrogated by the Romans; and, as that people paid especial attention to the *genii loci* of the countries they conquered, and, besides, considered these *Teut* hills as dedicated to their own Mercury, they would probably venerate them equally with the conquered Britons. We have just observed from Tacitus, that *Tuisto* was worshipped by the Germans; and thus it is evident that these *Teut*-hills would be regarded with veneration by the barbarous Saxon conquerors who invaded Britain, and who have given us the name *Tuesday* to the third day of the week, in commemoration of the worship they paid to *Tuisto*. Thus we need not be surprised at the number of places in England named from the worship of this deity. "According to my idea," observes Mr. Bowles, "*Thoth*, *Taute*, *Toute*, *Tot*, *Tut*, *Tud*, *Ted*, *Tet*, are all derived from the same Celtic root, and are, in names of places in England, indicative of some tumulus or conical hill, dedicated to the great Celtic god, *Taute*, or *Mercury*." The reviewer of Mr. Bowles's work, in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1829, observes—"It is plain, from Livy, that Mercury Exodius or *Vialis*, was called, among the Celts, *Mercury Teutates*, and both these tumuli were on the sides of roads. Cæsar proves the application; for he says of the Britons that they made Mercury a guide over the hills and trackways. Hence the case concerning *Toot*-hills is very satisfactorily made out."

Mr. Bowles observes, of his own knowledge, that many hills on the coast of Dor-

\* A singular corroboration of this is that in Cornwall, the "Midsummer Fires" are called *Tan-Tat*! (see *Polwhele*) from which I infer that these fires in other places called *Bel-Tan*, flamed from height to height on every mound consecrated to Celtic deities.

sethires are still called Teuts; and also menticans a lofty conical mound with a vast stone on its summit near Wells, now called Cleeve Tout. In Shaw's Staffordshire, it is said, that "Tutbury probably derives its name from some statue or altar, erected on the castle-hill in the time of the Saxons, to the Gaulish god *Tot*, or *Thoth*, Mercury." Tothill Fields, London, is derived from the same source, though the hill has been destroyed, but it is mentioned thus by Norden, the topographer of Westminster in the reign of Elizabeth—"Tootehill-street, lying on the west part of this cytie, taketh name of a hill near it, which is called *Toote-hill*, in the great feyld near the street." So the hill was existing in Norden's time; and in Rocque's map, 1746, a hill is shown in Tothill-fields, just at a bend in that ancient causeway, the Horseferry-road. On the east side of Worcester is a Toot-hill of considerable elevation, which commands a grand view over the country; close adjacent to it is another hill called Helbury-hill (deriving its name probably from *Belenus*); and, till within the last fifteen years both these hills were covered with a thick wood, which bore the general appellation of Helbury Wood. Both hills still remain uncultivated, with nothing but gorse upon them. To direct the superstition of the common people another way, this Tot-hill seems afterwards to have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary; for at its southern base is a small public-house, known now; and as far as memory can go back, as the "Virgin's Tavern." An adjacent hamlet takes its name, Trots-hill, from this eminence, but old maps have it *Toot-hill*. There is another remarkable Toot-hill, which bears the name of the *Mithe Toot*, near Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire, on the summit of a red marly bank, impending sixty feet above the swelling Severn. The red bank here is natural, but a tumulus-like crest has been heaped upon it, and "the Toot" is still its familiar appellation. What is singular respecting it is, that it is still green sward, and has ever remained so;\*

\* This agrees with Sir Walter Scott, who in his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," observes—"In many parishes of Scotland, there was suffered to exist a certain portion of land called the 'Gudeman's Croft,' which was never ploughed or cultivated, but suffered to remain waste, like the *TEMENOS* of a pagan

and though surrounded, except towards the Severn, by enclosed fields and an orchard, a public footpath now exists from the town of Tewkesbury up to this Toot-hill, and for no other purpose than as a path of access to the "Toot." Two or three years ago the turnpike-road, near this Toot hill, was widened, and the foot-path that led along the road (and thence through a field up to the hill) was taken into the road, thus leaving no access to the public, for the future, to this ancient monument of superstition; but the inhabitants of Tewkesbury raised such an outcry against this violation of the rights of Teutates, that, to appease them, a new foot-path with stiles, &c, was made through an orchard from the turnpike-road, leading directly to the Toot-hill, where now and for ever any person has a right to go, and enjoy the beauties of the rich landscape that presents itself from this eminence.

I have collected the following names of places in England, where either Toot-hills have been, or now exist, or else the name appears to have been derived from some connection with the worship of the Celtic deity, Toot, Tot, Thoth, or Teut, the Teutates of Lucan; and it may be curious for persons who reside in the vicinity of any of the places mentioned, to enquire into any existing relic that may yet remain of this ancient British superstition.

Hamborough-Tente, Dorset.  
Tote-hill, near Hartington, Northumberland.  
Tatenhill, near Tutbury, Staffordshire.  
Tottenhall, near Wolverhampton, do.  
Tottenhall, north of Worcester.  
Todenham, west of do.  
Tewks-hill, near Clebury, Shropshire.  
Towbury-hill, near Twining, Gloucestershire.  
Tottenham, Middlesex.  
Great Totham, near Witham, Essex.  
Totness, Devon.  
Toddle-hill, Northumberland.

temple. Though it was not expressly avowed, no one doubted that the Goodman's croft was set apart for some evil being." Further he observes, "Within our memory, many such places, sanctified to barrenness by some favorite popular superstition, existed both in Wales and Ireland, as well as in Scotland; but the high price of agricultural produce, during the late war, renders it doubtful if a veneration for grey-bearded superstition has suffered any one of them to remain undesecrated. For the same reason the *mounts* called *Sith Bhruath* were respected."

Tod Law, Northumberland, which, says the *Gazetteer*, "is a sepulchral monument composed of three vast stones," but more probably in honor of Teutates.

Toot-hall, near Baldock, Herts.

Toot-hill, four miles from Epping, Essex.

Toot-hill, 3 miles from Romsey, Hampshire.

Tooting, Surrey, 5 m. S. W. from London.

Tot-hill, near Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Tote-hill, near Ellesmere, Shropshire.

Tot-hill, near Alford, Lincolnshire.

Tot-hill,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile N.E. from Plymouth, Devon.

Tut-hill, 5 miles from Sherborne, Dorset.

Tottenhill, Norfolk, 6m. from Market, Downham.

Totley, Derbyshire.

Titterstone Clee-hill, Salop.

Tolton-hill, n. Aldermister, Worcestershire.

Mount Todden, St. Mary's, in the Scilly Isles.

Tetchill, near Ellesmere, Salop.

Tatford, do.

Tetbury, Gloucestershire

Tedsmoor, do.

Todneth-hills, Montgomeryshire.

Tadcaster, Yorkshire.

Tadlow, Cambridgeshire.

Tadlington, Herefordshire

Taddington, Derbyshire.

Todmorden, near Halifax, Yorkshire

Todmorden, Lancashire.

St. Tudy, Cornwall.

Tutnall, near Tardybig, Warwickshire

Tuttington, Norfolk, near Aylsham.

Tutford, 5 miles from Oswestry, Salop.

Tothed, a river in Cardiganshire.

Totman's Row, Totmonslow Hundred, near Cheadle, Staffordshire.

Toton, 6 miles S.W. of Nottingham

Tottenham Park, Wiltshire.

Totteridge, near High Wycombe, Bucks.

Totteridge, near Chipping Barnet, Herts.

Totterton, 3 m. from Bishop's Castle, Salop.

Tottington, 3 miles from Bury, Lancashire.

Totton, 4 miles from Southampton.

Toutley Common, Berks.

Toot-Baldon, Oxfordshire, 5 m. from Oxford.

Tew (Great and Little) Oxfordshire.

Tudhoe, Durham.

Tuddenham, Suffolk.

Sout-hill, Bedfordshire.

Sout-hill, Cornwall.

Dodenhill, near Tenbury, Worcestershire.

Dodderhill, near Droitwich, do.

Doddington Wood, Salop, "a perpendicular height of 122 feet."

Dodbrook, Devonshire.

Doddington.—There are twelve places of the name in Cambridgeshire, Gloucestershire, Huntingdonshire, Kent, Lincoln, Northumberland, Salop, Somerset, and Northamptonshire.

Dodley-hill, Bucks.

Duddoe, near Berwick-upon-Tweed.

Duddoe-hill, Northumberland.

Duddon, Cheshire.

Dudley hill, Yorkshire

Dodderhall, Bucks.

Dodenhall, Warwickshire. — Many others might be added if space permitted.

In numerous instances the worship of Belenus and Teut was united on these Toot-hills, which accounts for Helbury-hill being close to our Toot-hill at Worcester; and Mr. Bowles mentions a well in honor of Belenus, or the Sun, at Tottenham, Middlesex, and also at Sulgrave, Northamptonshire, where he says is the sacred well and the consecrated mound. But, besides these Toot-hills, Mr. Toland informs us, in his curious "*History of the Druids*,"—"On the tops of mountains and other eminences in Ireland, in Wales, in Scotland, in the Scottish Islands, and in the Isle of Man, where things have been least disordered or displaced by the frequency of inhabitants, or want of better ground for cultivation, there are great heaps of stones, like the MERCURIAL *heaps* of the Greeks." These heaps he proceeds to inform us were called *Carns*, and consecrated to the worship of Beal, or the Sun, where various "devotional rounds were performed in times of heathenism, and which are yet continued in many places of the Scottish Highlands." It was from these Carns, and the Toot-hills, and Belenian eminences, that the grand sacred *Fires* of the *Bel-tine* flamed thrice a year, at three of the great festivals of the Druids, in honor of Beal, or the Sun; viz., on the eve of *May-day*, *Midsummer-eve*, and the *eve of the 1st of November*. The following extracts from Toland, whom I think you have not quoted, will place this in a clear light, and conclude my, perhaps, too tedious communication.

"On May-eve the Druids made prodigious fires on those Carns, which being every one, as we said, in sight of some other, could not but afford a glorious show over a whole nation. These fires were in honor of *Beal*, or *Bealan*, latinized by the Roman authors into *Belenus*, by which name the Gauls and their colonies understood the Sun: and, therefore, to this hour the first day of May is by the Ab-original Irish called *La-Bealtine*, or the *day of Belen's fire*. I remember one of those Carns on FARR-hill, within some miles of Londonderry, known by no other name but that of *Bealtine*, facing another such Carn on the top of Inch-hill."

"May-day is likewise called *La Bealtine* by the Highlanders of Scotland, who

are no contemptible part of the Celtic offspring. So it is in the Isle of Man: and in Armoric a priest is still called *Belec*, or the servant of Bel, and priesthood *Belegieth*. Two such fires as we have mentioned were kindled by one another on May-eve in every village of the nation, as well throughout all Gaul as in Britain, Ireland, and the adjoining lesser islands, between which fires the men and the beasts to be sacrificed were to pass; from whence came the proverb *between Bel's two fires*, meaning one in a great strait, not knowing how to extricate himself. One of the fires was on the Carn, another on the ground. On the eve of the *first day of November* (Samh-bhuin) there were also such fires kindled, accompanied, as they constantly were, with sacrifices and feasting. These *November* fires were in Ireland called *Tine tlach'd-gha*, from *tlach'd-gha* (fire-ground), a place hence so called in Meath, where the Arch-druid of the realm had his fire on the said eve.—On the aforesaid eve all the people of the country, out of a religious persuasion instilled into them by the Druids, extinguished their fires as entirely as the Jews are wont to sweep their houses the night before the feast of unleaven bread. Then every master of a family was religiously obliged to take a portion of the consecrated fire home, and to kindle the fire anew in his house, which for the ensuing year was to be lucky and prosperous. He was to pay, however, for his future happiness, whether the event proved answerable or not; and, though his house should be afterwards burnt, yet he must deem it the punishment of some new sin, or ascribe it to any thing, rather than to want of virtue in the consecration of the fire, or of validity in the benediction of the Druid.—But, if any man had not cleared with the Druids for the last year's dues, he was neither to have a spark of this holy fire from the Carns, nor durst any of his neighbours let him take the benefit of theirs, under pain of excommunication; which, as managed by the Druids, was worse than death. If he would brew, therefore, or bake, or roast, or boil, or warm himself and family; in a word, if he would live the winter out, the Druids dues must be paid by the last of October, wherefore I cannot but admire the address of the Druids, in fixing this ceremony of rekindling family fires to the beginning of November, rather than May or Midsum-

mer, when there was an equal opportunity for it.

“As to this fire-worship, which, by the way, prevailed over all the world, the Celtic nations kindled other fires on *Midsummer-eve*, which are still continued by the Roman Catholics of Ireland; making them in all their grounds, and carrying flaming brands about their corn-fields. This they do likewise all over France, and in some of the Scottish Isles. These *Midsummer fires* and sacrifices were to obtain a blessing on the fruits of the earth, now becoming ready for gathering; as those of the *first of May*, that they might prosperously grow: and those of the last of October were a thanksgiving for finishing their harvest. But in all of them regard was also had to the several degrees of increase and decrease in the heat of the Sun.”

“To return to our Carn fires, it was customary for the lord of the place, or his son, or some other person of distinction, to take the entrails of the sacrificed animal in his hands, and, walking bare foot over the coals thrice, after the flames had ceased, to carry them strait to the Druid, who waited in a whole skin at the altar. If the noblemen escaped harmless, it was reckoned a good omen, and welcomed with loud acclamations; but if he received any hurt, it was deemed unlucky both to the community and himself. Thus I have seen the people running and leaping through the St. John's fires in Ireland, and not only proud of passing unsinged, but, as if it were some kind of lustration, thinking themselves in a special manner blest by this ceremony, of whose original nevertheless they were wholly ignorant in their imperfect imitation of it.”

That these rites, sacred to Apollo or the Sun, were observed even in Italy, the following quotation from Dryden's *Virgil* shows:—

“O patron of Soracte's high abodes,  
Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods!  
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous  
pine  
Burn on thy HEAP, and to thy glory shine:  
By thee protected, with our naked soles  
Thro' flames unsing'd we pass, and tread the  
kindl'd coals.”

Toland remarks, that “we do not read indeed in our Irish books what preservative against fire was used by those who ran barefoot over the burning coals of the Carns; and, to be sure, they would have the common people piously believe they

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 25.

used none. Yet that they really did, no less than the famous fire-eater whom I lately saw making so great a figure in London, men of penetration and uncorrupted judgments will never question. But we are not merely left to our judgments, for the fact is sufficiently attested by that prodigy of knowledge, and perpetual opposer of superstition, Marcus Varro, who, as Servius on the above cited passage of Virgil affirms, described the very ointment of which the HIRPINS made use, *besmearing their feet with it, when they walked through the fire.*"

I remain, &c.,  
EDWIN LEES.

	h. m.
July 24. Twilight begins . . .	0 39
Sun rises . . . . .	4 7
— sets . . . . .	7 53
Twilight ends . . . . .	11 21

Melon cresses bear seeds.

Strawberries decline, except the wood strawberry, which bears all the summer.

July 25.

ROMAN REMAINS NEAR EASTCHEAP.

[To Mr. Hoare.]

City, June 10, 1831.

Sir,— Claiming the privilege of a "Constant Reader," I venture to intrude upon your notice a few remarks relative to the relics of antiquity said to have been discovered on the city side of the Thames, during the progress of the excavations for the great sewer, in the neighbourhood of the New London Bridge. I believe I may state, without exaggeration, that upwards of half a peck of Roman coins have been sold by the workmen, to persons who have been assured that they were dug up on this interesting spot. Now, Sir, you may be assured that, in all, not more than a dozen Roman coins have been found on this side of the water, and those which were discovered were so much corroded that, with the exception of two, the portraits and legends could scarcely be distinguished. I am also well convinced that none have been found here posterior to the time Nerva. The following is a brief list of the principal relics which have been turned up during the last six months:—

On the site of Crooked-lane, about ten yards south-east of the spot on which the parsonage house stood, a quantity of Roman pavement of the rudest description.

About seven yards south of the east end of St. Michael's church, a large brass coin of Nerva (sestertius), very much corroded.

Under the east end of the church, two coins in sound brass; one of Nero, the other of Vespasian, and both in tolerable preservation.

On the site of the houses, just pulled down, on the north side of Eastcheap, two large brass coins, much corroded; one of these bore the head of Domitian, but the legend was obliterated; the impression of the other was totally destroyed.

On the south side of Eastcheap, a small Roman lamp of earthenware, a copper ring of rude workmanship, and a dish of gray earth. The two latter are in my possession. I have also two small lachrymatories of glass, which were dug up on the site of Crooked-lane. There was a vase discovered on the following day, and numerous fragments of Roman pottery and glass, especially of the fine Samian ware, but only two or three specimens of the latter have been found entire.

I am induced to trouble you with this, because I am aware that gross impositions have been practised upon many whose brains bear no proportion to the depth of their pockets. One gentleman, last week (a member of a learned society too!) purchased a *lid of a grape jar* from a scoundrel who assured him that he had dug it up with other Roman pottery. This gentleman returned with the precious relic on the following day, but could not identify the fellow of whom he had bought it. One more instance and I have done; a few months since a gentleman actually gave *two guineas* for a halfpenny of William III., to a laborer employed in excavating. The thing may appear incredible, and requires explanation: the date of the coin (*the date!*) was, I believe, 1696, but the top of the 6 had been worn away, so that the figures made 1096. As a confirmation of what I have said respecting the state of the coins found on the city side of the water, I enclose a specimen of one which I saw dug up, though even this is in a more perfect state than the greater part of them.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
A.

[The coin which accompanied this communication is a Vespasian, inscribed on the reverse "AVGVSTI." It is very much corroded, especially at the edge, which, in great part, is reduced to the thinness of writing paper.]



“NEW POTATOES!”

If this were a review, large extracts might be taken from the very amusing “Legends and Stories of Ireland, by Samuel Lover, R. H. A., with etchings by the Author, 1831;” but the *Year Book*, abiding by its purpose, and in fairness to Mr. Lover’s merry-making little volume, ventures only upon copying one of his six etchings, and the article belonging to it, as a specimen of the appearance and habits of a large class of characters, of both sexes, in the Irish metropolis.—“I promise,” says Mr. Lover, “and give all fastidious persons fair warning, that if a picture from low life be not according to their taste, they can leave it unread, rather than blame me for too much fidelity in my outline. So here goes at a *scena*, as the Italians say;”—And here follows Mr. Lover’s “*scena*,” preceded, as the reader

sees, by the engraving of the principal performer—one of many that may be seen and heard in public, at this season of the year, in Dublin.—

“MY NEW PITTAYATEES!”

[Enter Katty, with a gray cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes on her head, and a “thrife o’ sperts” in it. Katty meanders down Patrick-street.]

Katty.—“*My new Pittayatees!—My a-new Pittayatees!—My new!*—

(*Meeting a friend.*)

Sally, darlin’, is that you?

Sally. Throth its myself; and what’s the matter wid you, Katty?

Kat. ‘Deed my heart’s bruk cryin’—“*New pittayatees!*”—cryin’ afther that vagabone.

Sal. Is it Mike?

*Kat.* Throth its himself indeed.

*Sal.* And what is it he done ?

*Kat.* Och! he ruined me with his——  
“*New pittayatees*”——with his goins-an  
—the owld thing, my dear—

*Sal.* Throwin’ up his little finger, I  
suppose ?<sup>\*</sup>

*Kat.* Yis, my darlint: he kema home  
th’ other night, blazin’ blind dhrunk,  
cryin’ out——“*New pittay-a-tees!*”——  
roarin’ and bawlin’, that you’d think he’d  
rise the roof aff o’ the house.

“Bad look attind you; bad cess to  
you, you pot-wallop’in’ varmint,” says he,  
(maynin’ me, it you plaze); “wait till I  
ketch you, you sthrap, and it’s I’ll give  
you your fill iv”——“*New pittayatees!*”  
“your fill iv a lickin’, if ever you got it,”  
says he.

So with that, I knew the villian was  
*mulvathered*; † let alone the heavy fut o’  
the miscrayint an the stairs, that a child  
might know he was done for——“*My  
new pittayatees!*”——Throth he was done  
to a turn, like a mutton kidney.

*Sal.* Musha! God help you, Katty.

*Kat.* Oh, wait till you hear the ind o’  
my——“*New pittayatees!*”——o’ my  
troubles, and it’s then you’ll open your  
eyes——“*My new pittayatees!*”

*Sal.* Oh, bud I pity you.

*Kat.* Oh wait——wait, my jewel——wait  
till you hear what became o’——“*My  
new pittayatees!*”——wait till I tell you  
the ind iv it. Where did I lave aff? Oh  
aye, at the stairs.

Well, as he was comin’ up stairs,  
(knowin’ how it ‘id be,) I thought it best  
to take care o’ my——“*New pittayatees!*”  
——to take care o’ myself; so with that,  
I put the bowlt on the door, betune me  
and danger, and kep’ listenin’ at the key-  
hole; and sure enough, what should I  
hear, but——“*New pittayatees!*”——  
but the vagabone gropin’ his way round  
the cruked turn in the stair, and tumblin’  
after, into the hole in the flure an the  
landin’; and whin he come to himself, he  
gev a thunderin’ thump at the door.  
“Who’s there?” says I: says he——  
“*New pittayatees!*”——“let me in,” says  
he, “you vagabone,” (swarein’ by what I  
wouldn’t miintion,) “or by this and that,  
I’ll *massacray* you,” says he, “within an  
inch o’——“*New pittayatees!*”——with-  
in an inch o’ your life,” says he.

“Mikee, darlint,” says I, sootherin’  
him—

*Sal.* Why would you call sitch a ‘tar-  
nal vagabone, darlint?

*Kat.* My jew’l, didnt I tell you I  
thought it best to soother him with a——  
“*New pittayatee!*”——with a tindher  
word: so srys I, “Mikee, you villain,  
you’re disguised,” says I, “you’re dis-  
guised, dear.”

“You lie,” says he, “you impudent  
sthrap, I’m not disguised; but, if I’m  
disguised itself,” says he, “I’ll make you  
know the differ,” says he.

Oh! I thought the life id lave me, when  
I heerd him say the word; and with that  
I put my hand an——“*My new pittaya-  
tees!*”——an the latch o’ the door, to  
purvint it from slippin’; and he ups and  
he gives a wicked kick at the door, and  
says he, “If you don’t let me in this  
minit,” says he, “I’ll be the death o’ your  
——“*New pittayatees!*”——o’ yourself  
and your dirty breed,” says he. Think  
o’ that, Sally, dear, t’ abuse my relations.

*Sal.* Oh, the ruffin.

*Kat.* Dirty breed, indeed! By my  
sowkins, they’re as good as his any day  
in the year, and was never behoulden to  
——“*New pittayatees!*”——to go a beg-  
gin’ to the mendicity for their dirty——  
“*New pittayatees!*”——their dirty wash-  
in’s o’ pots, and sarvants’ lavins, and dogs’  
bones, all as one as that cruck’d disciple of  
his mother’s cousin’s sisther, the ould  
dhrunken asperseand, as she is.

*Sal.* No, in troth, Katty dear.

*Kat.* Well, where was I? Oh, aye, I  
left off at——“*New pittayatees!*”——I  
left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the  
word “dirty breed,” I knew full well the  
bad dhrap was up in him, and faith it’s  
soon and suddint he made me sinsic av  
it, for the first word he said was——  
“*New pittayatees!*”——the first word he  
said was to put his shoulder to the door,  
and in he bursted the door, fallin’ down  
in the middle o’ the flure, cryin’ out——  
“*New pittayatees!*”——cryin’ out, “bad  
luck attind you,” says he; “how dar you  
refuse to lit me into my own house, you  
sthrap,” says he, “agin the law o’ the  
land,” says he, scramblin’ up on his pins  
agin, as well as he could; and, as he was  
risin’, says I——“*New pittayatees!*”——  
says I to him (screeching out loud, that  
the neighbours in the flure below might  
hear me), “Mikee, my darlint,” says I.

“Keep the pace, you vagabone,” says  
he; and with that, he hits me a lick av a  
——“*New pittayatee!*”——a lick av a  
stick he had in his hand, and down I fell

\* Getting drunk.

† Intoxicated.

(and small blame to me), down I fell an the flure, cryin'—“*New pittayatees!*” —cryin' out “Murther! murther!”

*Sal.* Oh, the hangin'-bone villian!

*Kat.* Oh, that's not all! As I was risin', my jew'l, he was goin' tosthrek me agin; and with that, I cried out—“*New pittayatees!*” —I cried out, “Fair play, Mikee,” says I; “don't sthrek a man down;” but he wouldn't listen to rayson, and was goin' to hit me agin, whin I put up the child that was in my arms betune me and harm. “Look at your babby, Mikee,” says I. “How do I know that, you flag-hoppin' jade,” says he. (Think o'that, Sally, jew'l—misdoubtin' my var-tue, and I an honest woman, as I am. God help me!)

*Sal.* Oh! bud you're to be pitied, Katy, dear.

*Kat.* Well, puttin' up the child betune me and harm, as he was risin' his hand—“Oh!” says I, “Mikee, darlint, don't sthrek the babby;” but, my dear, before the word was out o' my mouth, he sthruk the babby. (I thought the life id lave me.) And, iv coorse, the poor babby, that never spuk a word, began to cry—“*New pittayatees!*” —began to cry, and roar, and bawl, and no wondher.

*Sal.* Oh, the haythen, to sthrek the child.

*Kat.* And, my jewel, the neighbours in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin' up the stairs, cryin' out—“*New pittayatees!*” —cryin' out, “Watch, watch! Mikee M'Evoy,” says they, “would you murther your wife, you villian?” “What's that to you?” says he; “isn't she my own?” says he, “and if I please to make her feel the weight o' my—“*New pittayatees!*” —the weight o' my fist, what's that to you?” says he; “its none o' your business any how, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 'twill be better for your —“*New pittayatees!*” —'twill be better for your health, I'm thinkin',” says he; and with that he looked cruked at thim, and squared up to one o' thim—a poor definceless craythur, a tailor.)

“Would you fight your match,” says the poor innocent man.

“Lave my sight,” says Mick, “or, by Jingo, I'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor,” says he.

“Yiv put a stitch in your wig already,” says the tailor, “and that 'll do for the present writin'.”

And with that, Mikee was goin' to hit him with a—“*New pittayatee!*” —a lift-hander; but he was cotch owld iv, before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up forminst him, but—“*My new pittayatees!*” —but the tailor's wife; (and, by my sowl, it's she that's the sthrapper, and more's the pity she's thrown away upon one o' the sort;) and says she, “let me at him,” says she, “it's I that's used to give a man a lickin' every day in the week; you're bowld on the head now, you vagabone,” says she; “but if I had you alone,” says she, “no matter if I wouldn't take the consait out o' your—“*New pittayatees!*” —out o' your braggin' heart;” and that's the way she wint on ballyraggin' him; and, by gor, they all tuk pattern after her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that, I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the sthreet wouldn't lick his blood.

*Sal.* Oh, my blessin' on them.

*Kat.* And with that, one and all, they began to cry—“*New pittayatees!*” —they began to cry him down; and, at last, they all swore out, “Hell's bells attind your berrin',” says they, “you vagabone,” as they just tuk him up by the scuff o' the neck, and thewn him down the stairs: every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck (Glory be to God!), and so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me, cryin'—“*New pittayatees!*” —c—ryin' afther the vagabone; though the angels knows well he wasn't desarvin' o' oze precious throp that fell from my two good-lookin' eyes—and, oh! but the condition he left me in.

*Sal.* Lord look down an you.

*Kat.* And a purty sight it id be, if you could see how I was lyin' in the middle o' the flure cryin'—“*My new pittayatees!*” —cryin' and roarin', and the poor child, with his eye knocked out, in the corner, cryin'—“*New pittayatees!*” —and, indeed, every one in the place was cryin'—“*New pittayatees!*” —was cryin' murther.

*Sal.* And no wondher, Katy dear.

*Kat.* Oh bud that's not all. If you seen the condition the place was in afther it; it was turned upside down like a beggar's breeches. Throth I'd rather be at a bull-bait than at it, enough to make an honest woman cry—“*New pittayatees!*” —to see the daycent room rack'd and ruin'd, and my cap tore aff my head into tatters, throth you might riddle bulld-dogs through it; and bad luck to the



hap'orth he left me but a few—" *New pittayatees!*"—a few coppers; for the morodin' thief spint all his—" *New pittayatees!*"—all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a haste iv himself; and God knows but that comes aisy to him; and divil a thing I had to put inside my face, nor a dlrop to dhrink, barrin' a few—" *New pittayatees!*"—a few grains o' tay, and the ind iv a quarther o' sugar, and my eye as big as your fist, and as black as the pot (savin' your presence), and a beautiful dish iv—" *New pittayatees!*"—dish iv delf, that I bought only last week in Timple har, bruk in three halves, in the middle o' the ruction, and the rint o' the room not ped,—and I dipindin' only an—" *New pittayatees!*"—an cryin' a sieve-full o' pratees, or screechin' a lock o' savoy, or the like.

But I'll not brake your heart any more, Sally dear;—God's good, and never opens one door, but he shuts another;—and that's the way iv it;—an' strinthins the wake with—" *New pittayatees!*"—with his purtection; and may the widdy and the orphin's blessin' be an his name, I pray!—And my thrust is in divine providence, that was always good to me, and sure I don't despair; but not a night that I kneel down to say my prayers, that I don't pray for—" *New pittayatees!*" pray for all manner o' bad luck to atind that vagabone, Mikee M'Evoy. My curse light an him this blessid minit; and

[*A voice at a distance calls, "Potatoes!"*]

*Kat.* Who calls?—(*Perceives her customer.*)—Here ma'am. Good-bye, Sally, darlint—good-bye. "*New pittayatees!*"

[*Erit Katty by the Cross Poddle.*]

	h. m.
July 25. Twilight begins . . .	0 47
Sun rises . . . . .	4 8
— sets . . . . .	7 52
Twilight ends . . . . .	11 13

Snapdragon, or toadflax, numerous cultivated sorts, blowing in gardens throughout July, and the next two months.

## July 26.

### LONDON REGISTER OFFICE.

In the infancy of newspapers, the 26th of July, 1656, the "Perfect Picture of State Affairs" published the following

### *Advertisement.*

"There is an Office for general accommodation of all people, newly erected and kept at the house of Edward Tooley Gentleman, Scituate in Basinghall-street near Blackwell-hall, London. There are several registers there kept, where such persons may enter their names, and desire, that shall at any time have occasion in any of the particulars following, viz. Such as have a desire to Mortgage or sell any Land or Houses, or to let to farm any Land by Lease or yearly Rent in any part of England, or such as desire to be boarded by the year or otherwise, or to take lodgings in, or Country Houses near the City of London. Or such as shall at any time want able and fit Soliciters to follow any businesse, and likewise such as shall want either men Servants, Apprentisses, Clerks, or others, or Maid Servants, or Nurses for Children. There are likewise registers kept to enter the names and places of aboard of all such as shall desire to buy Land or houses, or to let out money upon Mortgage, or to take to farm any Land, or to take Countrey Houses about the City, or Lodgings in the City, or to take any to board; and likewise for all Servants that shall any time want a Service, and make their desires known at the said Office. By which means people may easily come to the knowledge one of the other, and their several necessities and occasions be speedily supplied.—And likewise all Ministers' Widdows, and others, that have Studies of Books to sell at second hand, may at the said Office give in a Catalogue of their Books, and such as want any Books scarce to be come by, may upon their repair to the said Office view the said Catalogues, and very probably know where to be supplied."

### COURT GAMES AND DIVERSIONS TEMP. CHARLES II.

[For the Year Book.]

In 1660 we find Pepys saying, "After supper my lord sent for me, intending to play at cards with him, but I not knowing *cribbage* we fell into discourse." Then, "after my lord had done playing at *ninepins*." Afterwards "to the Mitre Tavern, here some of us fell to *handycapp*, a sport that I never knew before." Next year, "played with *our wives* at *bowles*."

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 27.

Again: "I saw *oster-hunting* with the king." Then: "To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at *pelemele*, the first time that ever I saw the sport." In 1662 "to Whitehall garden, where lords and *ladies* are now at *bowles*." In January of the same year, Evelyn says, "his majesty as usual opened the revells of the night by *throwing the dice* himself in the privy chamber. The *ladies* also played deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won £1000, and left them still at *passage*, cards, &c. &c., at other tables." He next notices "a grand masque at Lincoln's Inn." And, "December 1, saw the strange and wonderful dexterity of the *sliders* on the new canal in St. James's Park, performed before their majesties by divers gentlemen with *scheets* after the manner of the Hollanders." In the same month Pepys makes a similar observation: "Over the park, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people with their skatees sliding, which is a very pretty art." In the ensuing May, Pepys went "to *nine-pins*." In December he "saw the king playing at *tennis*," and went "to Shoe Lane to see a *cock-fighting*." In January following, Pepys notes his going "to St. James's Park seeing people play at *pell mell* (pall mall) —where it pleased me to hear a gallant swear at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as to strike a ball while his master was playing on the mall." In June we find this entry—"With my wife to Hackney, played at *shuffleboard*, eat cream and good cherries;" and in July "my lady Wright, and all of us, to *billiards*." In March, 1668, Evelyn "found the Duke and Duchess of York, Lady Castlemaine, and other great ladies, playing at *I love my love with an A*." On the 16th of June, 1670, Evelyn went "to the bear garden, where was cock-fighting, with a *dog-fighting*, *beare* and *bull-bating* ;—it being a famous day for butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties." Evelyn says, again, in October, 1671, "we went hunting and hawking," and "in the afternoon to cards and dice." In 1672 we find Evelyn "after dinner at Leicesterhouse with Lady Sunderland, where was Richardson the famous *fire-eater* shewing his feats."

J. S.

Morley, near Leeds.

July 26.	Twilight begins . . . . .	h. m.
	Sun rises . . . . .	0 56
	— sets . . . . .	4 10
	Twilight ends . . . . .	7 50
		11 4

Holychock flowers.  
Perennial sun-flower flowers.  
Flies numerous and troublesome.

July 27.

27th July, 1747, died the rev. Nicholas Tindal, a translator and continuator of Rapin's History of England. He became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and was reduced to pecuniary inconvenience; but by clerical preferment he was at different times rector of Alverstoke, Hants; vicar of Great Waltham, in Essex; chaplain in the bay of Revel, on board the Torbay; assistant chaplain to the factory at Lisbon; rectory of Colbourne, in the Isle of Wight; and at length chaplain of Greenwich Hospital. His literary labors were numerous, and chiefly carried on in conjunction with the rev. Philip Morant. Their diligence was great; but Morant, a native of Guernsey or Jersey, scarcely knew French or English grammatically, and wrote a compound of both. Tindal published Morant's translation of De Beausobre and L'Enfant's Notes of St. Matthew's Gospel, and commenced the History of Essex, which he afterwards resigned to Morant, probably because he exchanged his preferment there; while Morant obtained St. Mary's, Colchester, and Aldham, both in that county. They afterwards joined in that vast concern, the translation of Rapin's History of England, with a continuation; and the work sold so well, that the publishers, the Knaptons, made them a present of £200. Tindal was engaged in several other works. He died at a very advanced age at Greenwich hospital, where he was buried in the new cemetery.\*

"BLACK'S THE WHITE OF MY EYE."

It is common with vulgar women, while quarrelling, for one to exclaim to the other, "You cannot say black's the white of my eye!" meaning that nobody can justly speak ill of her.

Mr. Brand has no doubt that this expression originated in the popular super-

\* Noble

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 28.

stition concerning an *evil eye*, that is, an *enchanting* or *bewitching eye*. In confirmation of this he cites the following passage from Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft," p. 291. "Many writers agree with Virgil and Theocritus in the effect of bewitching eyes, affirming that in Scythia there are women called *Bithiæ*, having two balls, or rather *Blacks*, in the apples of their eyes. These, (forsooth,) with their angry looks, do bewitch and hurt." Mr. Brand adds an anecdote, "Going once to visit the remains of Brinkburne Abbey, in Northumberland, I found a reputed witch in a lonely cottage by the side of a wood, where the parish had placed her to save expenses, and keep her out of the way. On enquiry at a neighbouring farm-house, I was told, though I was a long while before I could elicit any thing from the inhabitants in it concerning her, that every body was afraid of her cat, and that she was herself thought to have an 'evil eye,' and that it was accounted dangerous to meet her in a morning 'black-fasting.'"

	h.	m.
July 27. Twilight begins . . .	1	3
Sun rises . . . . .	4	11
— sets . . . . .	7	49
Twilight ends . . . . .	10	57

Garden Chrysanthemums flower.  
Purple willow-herb flowers.

**July 28.**

OLIVER CROMWELL.

28th July, 1655.—In the appendix to Mr. Scatcherd's "History of Morley, near Leeds," he presents the two following remarkable papers, in illustration of his view of Cromwell's real character.

"TO HIS HIGHNESS, THE LORD PROTECTOR of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

"THE HUMBLE PETITION of MARGERY, the wife of WILLIAM BEACHAM, mariner,

"Sheweth,

"That your Petitioner's husband hath been active and faithful in the wars of this Commonwealth, both by sea and land, and hath undergone many hazards by imprisonment and fights, to the endangering his life, and at last lost the use of his right arm, and is utterly disabled from future service, as doth appear from the certificate annexed; and yet he hath no more than forty shillings from Chatham by the year.

"That your petitioner having only one son who is tractable to learn, and not having wherewith to bring him up, by reason of their present low state occasioned by the public service aforesaid,

"*Humbly prayeth*—That your Highness would vouchsafe to present her said son Randolph Beacham, to be a scholar in Sutton's Hospital, called the Charter-house."

(Indorsed.)

"OLIVER P.

"We refer this Petition and Certificate to the Commissioners for Sutton's Hospital, July 28, 1655."

With the above Petition, Cromwell sent to his secretary the following

*Letter.*

"You received from me, this 28th instant, a Petition of Margery Beacham, desiring the admission of her son into the Charter-house. I know the man, who was employed one day in an important secret service, which he did effectually to our great benefit and the Commonwealth's. The Petition is a brief relation of a *fact without any flattery*. I have wrote under it a common reference to the Commissioners, but I mean a great deal more—that it shall be done without their debate or consultation of the matter; and so do you privately hint to—

"I have not the particular shining bauble, or *feather in my cap* for crowds to gaze at, or kneel to; but I have power and resolution to make the Nations tremble. To be short, I know how to deny Petitions; and, whatever I think proper for outward form to refer to any officer or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be also looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing done. See, therefore, that the boy is admitted.

"Thy true friend,

OLIVER P."

Upon the "*feather in my cap*," Mr. Scatcherd adds, from Burton's Diary, ii. 383, that, in Cromwell's answer to the address from the army, touching the acceptance of the kingly office, he told them "that, for his part, he loved the title—'*a feather in a hat*'—as little as they did;" and, from Ludlow's Memoirs, ii. 586, that "Cromwell said, it was but '*a feather in a man's cap*,' and therefore he wondered

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 29, 30, 31.

that men would not please the children, and permit them to enjoy the rattle."\*

	h. m.
July 28. Twilight begins . . .	1 9
Sun rises . . . . .	4 13
sets . . . . .	7 47
Twilight ends . . . . .	10 51
Mourtain-ash flowers.	

July 29.

29th July, 1822.—The cordwainers of Newcastle celebrated the feast of St. Crispin, by holding a coronation of their patron saint, and afterwards walking in procession. The coronation took place in the court of the Freemen's Hospital, at the Westgate, at 11 o'clock, and soon after twelve the procession moved forward through the principal streets of that town and Gateshead, and finally halted at the sign of the Chancellor's Head, in Newgate-street, where the members of the trade partook of a dinner. There had not been a similar exhibition at Newcastle since the year 1789. †

	h. m.
July 29. Twilight begins . . .	1 14
Sun rises . . . . .	4 14
sets . . . . .	7 46
Twilight ends . . . . .	10 46
Roses and pinks go out of flower.	

July 30.

On the 30th of July, 1588, Sir William Stewart was slain at Edinburgh, by the earl of Bothwell, who was the most famed disturber of the public peace in those times. The quarrel had arisen on a former occasion, on account of some despicable language used by Sir William, when the fiery earl vowed the destruction of his enemy in words too shocking to be repeated. He met with Sir William by chance in Blackfriars' Wynd, and avowing revenge drew his sword; Sir William standing upon his defence with his back to the wall, Bothwell thrust his ravier

into his back and out forwards, and killed him. Ten years afterwards one Robert Cathcart, who had been with the earl of Bothwell on this occasion, though it does not appear that he took an active hand in the murder, was slain in revenge by William Stewart, son of the deceased, while standing inoffensively at the wall in the head of Peebles Wynd, near the Tron.\*

	h. m.
July 30. Twilight begins . . .	1 17
Sun rises . . . . .	4 16
sets . . . . .	7 44
Twilight ends . . . . .	10 43
White mullein, and most of this species in full flower.	

July 31.

ETON ELECTION SATURDAY.

[For the Year Book.]

This aquatic ceremony at Eton occurs, at the latest, on the Saturday before the last Monday in July; and ends what is called election week, during which boys are elected as "king's scholars" into Eton College, and king's scholars are chosen as students for King's College, Cambridge. The Monday which regulates it is Speech and Breaking up Day at Eton; the speeches not very numerous attended, as there is not much room for company, and they are with scarcely any exception in the Latin language, a tongue not very intelligible, especially when spoken; since most of the company who chiefly desire to visit them, are the parents and friends of the students, and a mixed audience.

The ceremony which is intended as a rejoicing for the holidays is identically the same as that described on the 4th of June; instead however of G. R., it is now W. R. at election, that is, the initials then put up are those of the ruling monarch.

PILGRIMIC.

May, 1831.

MATHEMATICS.

*A Challenge to all England.*

If any man can resolve the following problem, let him send his answer (postage paid) to me, and I will inform the public. N. B. I will not have an interview with any one.

*Problem.*—To divide any given number

\* Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, i. 121

\* Scatcherd's History of Morley, 333;—in which work are many original particulars respecting Cromwell's officers, and his engagements in the north.

† Sykes's Local Records.

THE YEAR BOOK.—JULY 31.

(say 2½) into ten different numbers, as follow :—

The two first numbers are to be such, that, if you square the sum of the greater and lesser, it will equal the sum of the squares of each, with twice the product of the two first. The next three numbers are to be such, that, if you multiply the sum of the greater and lesser numbers by the next greater number, and to this product add the square of the lesser number, it will equal the square of the greater number. The next two numbers are to be such, that, if to the square of their sum, you add the square of the lesser number, it will equal the sum of the two multiplied by the lesser; to the double of which product you must add the square of the greater; also, they are to be two such numbers, that if their product be added to the sum of their squares, it shall make a square number. The three last numbers are to be such, that, if to the square of the sum of the two greater numbers you add the square of the lesser number, it will double the sum of the squares of the greater numbers; moreover, if you square the sum of the third and ninth numbers, and also add the sum of the squares of the 5th and 8th numbers, the sum of the squares of the whole shall be a square number; but if you cube the fourth, fifth, and eighth numbers, the sum of their cubes shall be a cube number—required the ten numbers.

G. F. A. B.

3, Northampton-street, Clerkenwell,  
Tuesday, 7th Dec., 1830.

The preceding notice has been in shops, publicly situated, for more than a year and a half, and still remains without an answer. It is inserted here as containing an exercise for the ingenious in figures, and to further the desire of G. F. A. B. for a solution.—*July 1831.*

		h. m.
July 31.	Twilight begins . . .	1 20
	Sun rises . . . . .	4 17
	sets . . . . .	7 43
	Twilight ends . . . . .	10 40
	Forster's hawkweed flowers.	
	Dragon-flies common about waters.	

BABIES IN THE EYES.

Lovers looking into each others eyes, and seeing reflections of their own faces in the pupils, are said to see, "babies in the eyes."

In the "History of Philocles and Doriclea, two Lancashire lovers, 1640," Camillus wooing his mistress, tells her, "We will go to the dawnes, and slubber up a sillibub; and I will look babies in your eyes." Herrick, in an address to virgins, says—

Be ye lockt up like to these,  
Or the rich Hesperides;  
Or those babies in your eyes,  
In their chrystal nurseries;  
Notwithstanding, love will win,  
Or else force a passage in.

The same poet says of Susanna Southwell :—

Clear are her eyes,  
Like purest skies,  
Discovering from thence  
A baby there,  
That turns each sphere  
Like an intelligence.

REFLECTIONS—WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

How like the map that marks my varied way  
Through life, these pages seem!  
speckled piece—a mix'd display  
Of sadness, dulness, passion, pain, and pla :  
One heap of sound—one variegated dream.

How many a passion difficult; and there  
Loud flourishes that leave,  
On all who hear their notes, the mere  
Remembrance of their noise; and now  
appear  
*Movements and times* to teach me how to grieve.

Here love's enchanting strains, whose *stops*  
and bars,  
And melting cadences,  
Bring long lost echoes to my ears  
Of sounds, which oft have hung upon my  
ears  
And weigh'd them down—pure drops of  
ecstasies.

Like these mix'd pages I can read my life,  
In fancy hear its echoes play—  
Its hurried chords—its passion's strife—  
Those sweet deceptive flights with which  
'twas rife,  
Transient as sound, but mark'd on memory

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST.



AUGUST.

The fields are all alive with sultry noise  
Of labor's sounds, and insects' busy joys ;  
The reapers o'er their glittering sickles stoop,  
Startling full oft the partridge coveys up ;  
Some o'er the rustling scythe go bending on ;  
And shockers follow where their toils have gone,  
Heaping the swaths that rustle in the sun—

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST.

A description of the glories of this month—the forerunner of bounteous autumn—would be a volume of splendid beauties: it is, for the most part, executed by the “British Naturalist;” but before recurring to its pages, it may be proper to extract a few impressive sentences from an article in Blackwood’s Magazine for July, 1831:—“Our moral being owes deep obligations to all who assist us to study nature aright; for, believe us, it is high and rare knowledge to know, and to have, the full and true use of our eyes. Millions go to the grave in old age without ever having learned it; they were just beginning perhaps to acquire it, when they sighed to think that ‘they who look out of the windows were darkened;’ and that, while they had been instructed how to look, sad shadows had fallen on the whole face of nature; and that the time for those intuitions was gone for ever. But the science of seeing has now found favor in our eyes; and blessings are with them and eternal praise, who can discover, discern, and describe the least as the greatest of nature’s works; who can see as distinctly the finger of God in the little humming-bird murmuring round a rose-bush, as in that of ‘the star of Jove, so beautiful and large,’ shining sole in heaven.—Take up now almost any book you may, or any branch of natural history, and instead of the endless dry details of imaginary systems and classifications, in which the ludicrous littleness of man’s vain ingenuity used to be set up as a sort of symbolical scheme of revelation of the sublime varieties of the inferior—as we choose to call it—creation of God, you find high attempts in a humble spirit rather to illustrate tendencies, and uses, and harmonies, and order, and design.—Take up, we say, what book you will, and such is its spirit. There, for example, are those two unpretending but enlightened volumes, the *British Naturalist*, by Mr. Mudie, which, we need not add, we recommend to all students.”—

Resorting, then, to the “enlightened volume—the *British Naturalist*—” for one or two striking peculiarities of high summer, a paragraph on a phenomenon of heat is first extracted; and then another on the “cool sound of gushing waters”—

### *Mirage.*

As the heat of the day increases, the land wind, which during the night is steady near the shore, when the weather

is serene and settled subsides to a calm; the surface of the water in the offing becomes as smooth as glass, and the vessels “loom out,” as if they were lifted into the air; masts and sails that were not before visible come in sight, without approaching any nearer in distance; and some of the air-suspended vessels throw their whole inverted reflections upon the water, as if two ships, the counterparts of each other, were suspended keel to keel, or supported on the top of the masts. Sometimes, also, a ship which is in reality wholly hidden by the convexity of the sea, will appear in the air, in an inverted position; sometimes a second ship will be formed immediately over the first, but always reversed with respect to it; and these will sometimes be in contact, sometimes at some distance from each other, and sometimes the lower ship that has the keel uppermost will seem as if only a part of her masts and sails were above the horizon. In particular states of the atmosphere, coasts and castles, and even considerable portions of scenery, which are without the range of the sea horizon, will appear inverted in the air; and, under peculiar circumstances, those images may be found vertically as well as horizontally.—All these, though to the unreflecting they appear prodigies, are modifications of that very simple cause by which the moon shines, or one sees one’s face in a mirror; and they are indications that the air where they take place is very much loaded by vapor, so much so, that, though not so collected into masses as to be visible in a state of haze or fog, it is probably as abundant in quantity within an equal space, and thus forms an invisible mirror, from which the images are reflected. The same thing in principle happens every morning and evening: the refraction of the atmosphere (and refraction is but a minor kind of reflection) brings the sun before it actually comes to the horizon, retains it after it is actually below, and occasions the twilight which both precedes and follows the actual presence of the sun. Those refractive powers are always the greater the more completely that the atmosphere is loaded with moisture, and the more free that it is from agitation by the winds, the action of which prevents the formation of the image, in the same manner that a lake does not repeat the scenery on its banks when the breeze ruffles its surface, or that one cannot see the reflection of one’s face

in a piece of black broad-cloth or velvet, in the same way as in a smoothly varnished panel, or a piece of polished marble.—The formation of these curious images does not take place when the process of evaporation is the most rapid, because the ascent of the particles of water in a state of vapor at such times prevents the formation of the image, by producing a certain tremulous motion in the air, which has much the same effect as wind. Evaporation always occasions an indistinctness even in direct vision; and on those fine summer days when there is a flickering play along the tops of the different elevations, as if there were a spirit walking the earth, of which the motion could be seen but not the form, the outlines of objects are much worse defined, and small and distant ones are much less distinctly seen, than when the air ceases to take up moisture. Thus vision becomes a sort of weather glass; and if, in the course of fine summer weather, distant objects, and the distant horizon, become more than usually distinct, if that does not obviously depend upon some local cause, it is one of the most unerring signs of rain.\*

#### *Cascades.*

—The summer day has its scenes of pleasure and profit in the sultry hour; for it is then that both man and the animals find refreshment in the grove, by the murmuring stream, or the sounding cascade. The latter especially, as there a hot day has all the effect of a shower upon the surrounding vegetation. The water, if the fall has much altitude, falls in drops and pencils, all sides of which come in contact with the air, which evaporates a very considerable portion of their volume; and, even though the altitude be not so great as to occasion a cloud of vapor which can fall vertically upon the vegetation in a perpetual shower, the air, which descends and condenses over the falling water, hurries towards the warmer surface around in a perceptible breeze, blowing outward in all directions, and refreshing the vegetation for a space proportioned to the height of the fall and the quantity of water. A wind may be always felt blowing out of the chasm or cauldron into which a stream precipitates itself; but, though that wind be constant, it produces a very dif-

ferent appearance on vegetation from that produced by the generality of permanent winds. The trees and shrubs bend from these, and are dwarfed and stunted by them; but they extend their twigs, and are fresher in their leaves on the side next the waterfall. In such places their duration is also increased; and a tree which has the advantage of this constant watering upon the leaves is much less dependent upon the roots, and therefore will continue to show vigorous leaves after the trunk is much more hollowed and consumed by age. Those places that are most favorable to vegetation are also most favorable to animal life, though they may not be most healthy for man and those animals that resemble man the most in their structure and economy. This holds true with regard to the vicinity of cascades, which, except to a few peculiar species, are the places in which to seek the animals as well as the plants of an alpine region. There are no places in this country where waterfalls do not chronicle the lapse of a very considerable number of years; and sometimes the ravine that they have worn extends miles in length; nay, there are many instances where the action of the stream can be traced for several miles, quite through a ridge, so that the cascade which had been gradually increasing in height for the one half of its course, and diminishing for the other, has now worked down to the lowest part of the lake from which it had its origin.

Thus, wherever there is a cascade, we may be sure that it is an ancient thing, and that the plants and the animals have had time to accommodate themselves to it; and, consequently, that where attempts have not been made to alter it by art, it is a faithful index to nature, at the same time that it is a collector. There are many places where, amid the dark desolation of a surface showing nothing but heath, and where there is no sign of life, but the melancholy chirp of one little bird, a cascade with its dell, its dripping rocks, and its caverned banks, will contain a rich cabinet of botany and zoology, where a stranger would never think of looking for them.

In so far as animals are concerned, there are also some peculiar advantages in the vicinity of a cascade, especially if it be upon a grand scale. There is a power in the ear of animals, as well as in that of man, to accommodate itself to a perma-

\* *British Naturalist*, ii. 281.



## THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST.

nent sound. Sailors can converse together amid the roaring of the wind and waves, and so can the people in a manufactory, the booming, rattling, and thumping of which are enough to make a stranger deaf. But still the noise must have some effect, and even they who have been accustomed to it the longest cannot possibly hear so well as if it were not there, and the difficulty must be greater in the case of a strange sound than of one with which they are familiar. There are some British inhabitants of the wood that we have never been able to come so near, and watch so long, as among the rugged trees by the side of a waterfall, to which we had escaped from the intense heat of the sun upon the hill above. There is then nothing of the music of the birds, because that is drowned in the thunder of the falling flood; but that and the delightful freshness, and the fragrance of the birches, of which there is usually a considerable mixture among the other trees around a highland waterfall, the more aged ones sweeping and waving their long dependent twigs in the stream, make ample recompense.\*

The minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, and those inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the whence, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the whither. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "towards what abyss is it in progress? what receptacle can contain the mighty influx?" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image gathered from a man, or from the real object in nature—these might have been the *letter*, but the *spirit* of the answer must have been as inevitably—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting that he sense of immortality, if not a co-ex-

\* Brand.

istent and twin birth with reason, is among the earliest of her offspring; and that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out.

*Wordsworth*

### VERSES BY LORD BYRON.

Written at Seventeen.

I would I were a careless child,  
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,  
Or roaming through the dusky wild,  
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave:  
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride  
Accords not with the freeborn soul,  
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,  
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,  
Take back this name of splendid sound!  
I hate the touch of servile hands,  
I hate the slaves that cringe around:  
Place me among the rocks I love,  
Which sound to ocean's wildest roar,  
I ask but this—again to rove  
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel  
The world was ne'er designed for me;  
Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal  
The hour when man must cease to be?  
Once I beheld a splendid dream,  
A visionary scene of bliss;  
Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam  
Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone:  
Had friends—my early friends are fled.  
How cheerless feels the heart alone,  
When all its former hopes are dead!  
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,  
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,  
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those  
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or  
power,  
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,  
Associates of the festive hour;  
Give me again a faithful few,  
In years and feelings still the same,  
And I will fly the midnight crew,  
Where boisterous joy is but a name.

And woman! lovely woman, thou!  
My hope, my comfort, my all!  
How cold must be thy bosom now,  
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall.  
Without a sigh would I resign  
This busy scene of splendid woe,  
To make that calm contentment mine  
Which virtue knows, or seems to know

## THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 1.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men,  
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind;  
 My breast requires the sullen glen,  
 Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind.  
 Oh! that to me the wings were given  
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!  
 Then would I cleave the vault of Heaven,  
 To flee away, and be at rest.

### ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

The oyster season commences on the fifth of August, when there is a large supply from Feversham, Whitstable, and other nurseries in Kent: but those who would eat oysters in perfection must wait the approach of cold weather. It is stated, as remarkable, that these, and all shellfish, are best at the full of the moon.

River-salmon is a leading dish during this month: the salmon-trout is a seasonable delicacy, and, with eels, roach, and dace, are the fresh-water fish principally in request. London is mostly supplied with trout from the Wandle, and other mill-streams and rivulets in Surrey and Sussex. Turbot, whiting, skate, soles, and flounders, as well as lobsters, crabs, and cray-fish, are still in great plenty.

Leverets now come to table, and roasting pigs occasionally obtain a distinguished place there. As French beans are at maturity during this and the following month, there is no apparent diminution in the consumption of bacon and ham. Fruits for the dessert are now in great abundance and variety.

### VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

#### *Sow*

Winter-spinach; the prickly seeded, in the first and second week.

Cabbage-seed; early York, sugar loaf, Fulham, for the main summer supply, between the sixth and twelfth of the month.

Onions, to come in about the end of March, not later than the second week.

Radish, for autumnal use, two or three times in the month.

Lettuce; the white cos, brown Bath, or Capuchin, for late autumnal supply, or to be transplanted next month to stand the winter:—sow some early.

Cauliflower; between the 20th day, and the close.

#### *Plant*

Lavender, rue, rosemary, sage, hyssop, and marjoram in slips.

### *Transplant*

Broccoli, at the beginning, and again at the end of the month, for early and later spring use.

Cabbage; Savoys, for use in November and December.

Brussels sprouts, and Borecole, at the commencement, and again towards the end of the month.

Celery, into trenches for blanching, once or twice: and water it.

Endive, a full crop in the second, and again in the fourth week.

#### *Cut*

All sorts of sweet herbs, and aromatic and bitter plants for drying:—choose a dry time, when they approach to full blossom.

#### *Gather*

Seed-capsules, or pods, as they ripen and dry them in an airy situation.

#### *Cut down*

Artichoke stems, as the fruit is taken; remove suckers from the plants, if it be desirable to have very large heads.

#### *Earth up,*

In dry weather, celery plants in the trenches; and repeat the earthing two or three times during the month.

#### *Destroy*

Weeds every where: remove litter, and preserve neatness and order.

## August 1.

August may be considered the first of the sporting months. The legal shooting of red game, or grouse, commences on the 12th, and of black game, or heath-fowl, on the 20th, and both continue until the 20th of December; but, as these birds chiefly frequent the moorlands in Scotland and the north of England, they seldom arrive as presents in London until the cold weather admits of their transmission to so great a distance, in a state fit for the table.

	h.	m.
August 1. Day breaks . . .	1	23
Sun rises . . .	4	18
— sets . . .	7	42
Twilight ends . . .	10	37

Thorn-apple in full flower

Berries of the mountain ash fully ripened.

**August 2.**

On the 2nd of August, 1711, was born, in Dean-street, Soho, Mr. Charles Rogers. He was sent to a private school near the mews, where he made no progress; but, being placed in the custom-house, he rose to become the principal of his department. He employed his leisure hours in cultivating his mind; and, acquiring a taste for literature, he formed valuable collections of prints and drawings, became acquainted with persons who indulged in similar pursuits, and was elected a fellow of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies. He planned and executed "A Collection of Prints in imitation of drawings," with lives of their authors by himself. The plates were engraved by Bartolozzi, Ryland, Basire, and other eminent artists, from the originals, in the collections of the king, the duke of Marlborough, earl of Bute, earl Cholmondeley, earl Spencer, lord Campbell, sir J. Reynolds, and his own. The expense of this spirited undertaking was not reimbursed to him, on account of the high price of the work, and, not long before his death, he had an intention of publishing the remaining copies in twelve numbers, at one guinea each number, but ill-health prevented him, and it was not issued in that form.

In 1782 Mr. Rogers produced an anonymous translation of Dante's *Inferno*, in which he aimed at giving the sense of his author with fidelity. He wrote some antiquarian papers in the "*Archæologia*," and a letter to Mr. Astle, on the early engravings on wood used in the printing of block books, before moveable types were generally adopted. He was never married, but lived a domestic and quiet life with some near relations. On twelfth day, 1783, he was run over in Fleet-street, by a butcher's boy on horseback. From this period his health declined, and on the second of January, 1784, he died, and was buried in St. Lawrence Pountney burying-ground.\*

	h. m.
<i>August 2.</i> Day breaks . . .	1 27
Sun rises . . .	4 20
— sets . . .	7 40
Twilight ends . . .	10 33

Tiger lily in full flower.

Young starlings, of the year's brood, fly in large flocks.

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

**August 3.**

On the 3d of August, 1721, died Grinlin Gibbon, an eminent sculptor, and carver in ivory and wood, who was discovered in privacy at Deptford, and raised to celebrity by John Evelyn. 1670-1. Jan. 18. "This day," says Evelyn, "I first acquainted his majesty with that incomparable young man, Gibbon, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house in a field in our parish, near Says Court. Looking in at the window I perceived him carving that large cartoon, or crucifix of Tintoret, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice—I asked if I might enter: he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness, I never had before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption; and wondered not a little how I had found him out. I asked him if he was unwilling to be made known to some great men, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answered he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece; on demanding the price, he said £100. In good earnest the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong; in the piece was more than 100 figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober, and discreet in his discourse. There was only an old woman in the house. So desiring leave to visit him sometimes I went away. Of this young artist, together with my manner of finding him out, I acquainted the king, and begged that he would give me leave to bring him and his work to Whitehall, for that I would adventure my reputation with his majesty that he had never seen anything approach it, and that he would be exceedingly pleased and employ him. The king said that he would himself go and see him. This was the first notice his majesty ever had of Mr. Gibbon." Evelyn introduced Gibbon and his carving to Charles II., who "no sooner cast his eyes on the work but he was astonished at the curiosity of it; and having considered it a

long time, and discoursed with Mr. Gibbon, commanded it should be carried to the queen's side to show her, where he and the queen looked on and admired it again, the queen believing he would have bought it, being a crucifix; but, when his majesty was gone, a French pedling woman, one Mad. de Boord, who used to bring juttinats and fans and baubles out of France, began to find fault with several things in the work, which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey, and this incomparable artist had his labor only for his pains, and he was fain to send it down to his cottage again; he not long after sold it for £80, without the frame, to Sir George Viner." Evelyn pushed Gibbon's interest at court and recommended him to Sir Christopher Wren, and May, the architect. The king gave him a place at the board of works, and employed him to ornament the palaces particularly at Windsor. The following is a literal copy of a letter from Gibbon to Evelyn:—

"Honored

"Sir, I wold beg the faver wen you see Sir Joseff Williams [Williamson] again you wold be pleas'd to speack to him that hee wold got me to carve his Ladis sons hous my Lord Kildare, for I onderstand it will [be] very considerabell, ar If you haeu Acquaintans with my Lord to speack to him his sealf, and I shall for Ev're be oblig'd to you, I wold speack to Sir Josef my sealf but I know it would do better from you.

Sir, youre Most umbell  
 Sarvant,  
 G. GIBBON."

London, 23d March, 1682.

Gibbon's best sculpture may be seen in the monument of Noel, Viscount Camden, in Exton Church, Rutlandshire; and in the statue of James II., behind the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, which is a work of uncommon merit. His performances were often so very fine, in marble as well as ivory, that they required to be defended by a glass-case. He excelled in the carving of wood, and executed most of the work within the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. Many of his flower pieces, in private collections, are light almost as fancy, and shake to the rattling of passing carriages. Walpole terms Gibbon "an original genius, a citizen of nature." He adds, "There is no instance before him of a man who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained to-

gether the various productions of the elements with the free disorder natural to each species. It is uncertain whether he was born in Holland or in England."

In like manner Vandyck discovered William Dobson, the painter, and obtained for him the patronage of Charles I. Dobson came of a decayed family at St. Albans. He was born in St. Andrew's Holborn in 1610, and put apprentice to Sir Robert Peake, a court painter in the reign of James I., under whom, and Francis Cleyn, and by copying some pictures of Vandyck, he improved so much that one of his paintings being exposed in a shop window of Snow Hill, Vandyck passing by was struck with it, and inquiring for the artist found Dobson at work in a mean garret. He took him from thence and recommended him to the king, who on Vandyck's death appointed him his serjeant-painter. Dobson attended the king to Oxford, where Charles, Prince Rupert, and several of the nobility sat to him. His pictures are very faithful transcripts of nature, and are thought the best imitations of Vandyck. He painted history as well as portrait. His pictures in the latter department rise above that denomination: they usually contain more than a single figure. Walpole describes many of his pieces. One of the woman taken in adultery contained portraits of persons then living, among whom was Cowley the poet. Another represented Prince Rupert, Colonel John Russel, and Mr. William Murray, drinking and dipping their favor-ribands in wine. At Blenheim is a family, by some said to be that of Francis Carter, an architect and scholar of Inigo Jones; by others, of Lilly the astrologer, whom Vertue thought it resembled, but Lilly had no family; the man holds a pair compasses. Walpole says, "I have seen nothing preferable to this; there is the utmost truth in it." Dobson addicted himself to pleasure, and, not having had time to enrich himself, became involved in debt, and was thrown into prison, from whence he was delivered by Mr. Vaughan of the Exchequer, whose picture he drew, and I thought it the best of his portraits. He died soon after, at the age of thirty-six, and was buried at St. Martin's, October 28, 1646.

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 4.

Dobson was the first artist who required persons who sat for portraits, to pay half the price of the picture down. He devised the practice when overwhelmed with business at Oxford.

		h. m.
August	Day breaks . . .	1 31
	Sun rises . . .	4 22
	— sets . . .	7 38
	Twilight ends . .	10 29

Winter cherry flowers.  
Hollyhocks fully blown.

**August 4.**

August 4, 1787, died, aged 78, major general John Salter, lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment of foot. He was originally a private in the guards, and taken from the ranks by the duke of Cumberland, who caused him to be made a serjeant, and soon after was so pleased with his voice, and manner of giving the word of command, that he presented him with a commission in the same regiment. This promotion gave great offence to the other officers, who refused Salter their countenance. Thus circumstanced, he waited upon the royal duke, and stated the awkwardness of his situation. "Well, well," said the duke, "meet me to-morrow on the parade." The duke came earlier than usual, and, going up to the color-stand, saluted lord Ligonier and the officers of the regiment, who were all in conversation together; but, directing his eye around, as if by accident, he noticed poor Salter alone. "What," said his highness, "has that officer done, that he is drummed out of your councils?" and, going up to him, took him by the arm, and walked up and down the parade with him, in the presence of the battalions and their officers. Lord Ligonier, at this time accosting the duke, intreated his highness's company to dinner;—"With all my heart," said the duke, "and, remember, Salter comes with me." His lordship, bowing, said, "I hope so." After this ordeal Salter was well received, and by his merit raised himself to the rank he held at his death.

**ANOTHER SERJEANT.**

In the year 1788, died at Lichfield, aged sixty, serjeant Sarjant, of the grenadier

company in the Staffordshire militia, formerly of the line. He was one of the few who escaped unwounded at the battle of Bunker's-hill. The following anecdote reflects much honor on the parties interested. As the regiments at Water-down camp were marching off the parade to the field of exercise, Gen. Fraser, the commander-in-chief, called out "Step out old serjeant." Sarjant, who was uncommonly tall, being apprehensive that by so doing he should throw the battalion men into disorder, though the grenadiers might keep up with him, pretended not to hear the command. The general repeated it, with a menace, that if he did not step on he would order the men to tread upon his heels. Sarjant, however, rather chose to hazard consequences to himself than the least disgrace to his regiment, and the general, imagining his command would be obeyed, directed his attention elsewhere; Sarjant was so mortified by this public rebuke that chagrin strongly marked his countenance. His captain mentioned the matter to lord Paget, the colonel of the regiment, who, with the rest of his officers invited the general to dinner, and gave such a character of Sarjant as induced a reparation as public as the reproof. On the day when the camp broke up, the regiments being all drawn up, the general called out, "Serjeant Sarjant;" and, when Sarjant came up to him, took a silver-mounted sabre from his belt, and said, "You will accept of this and wear it for my sake, as a token of the great opinion I entertain of you as a soldier, and a non-commissioned officer;" and, turning to Lord Paget, the general added, "This sabre is not agreeable to the Staffordshire uniform; and therefore I beg your lordship will give the old gentleman leave to wear it whenever he pleases." His lordship assented; and as a further mark of esteem, when he quitted the command of the regiment soon after, he directed Sarjant to draw upon him annually for twenty guineas.\*

		h. m.
August 4.	Day breaks . . .	1 35
	Sun rises . . .	4 24
	— sets . . .	7 36
	Twilight ends . .	10 25

    Tansy flowers.

\* Gents.' Magazine.

AN EFFIGY

IN CAMBERWELL CHURCH,  
SURREY.

— "sheathed in steel,  
"With belted sword; and spur on  
heel."

The south aisle in Camberwell Church was the burial place of the Scotts, a family of some consideration in the parish, two or three centuries ago.

The "man in arms" here figured represents Edward Scott, who died 29th September, 1537. In Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments" (vol. ii. p. 386,) is an engraving from a brass plate formerly in the north transept of Hordle Church, Hampshire, which is a perfect fac-simile of this monument. Mr. Warner supposes it to represent a Sir Reginald de Clerk, who perished in one of the bloody battles fought between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. This idea, he thinks, derives some support from the appendages of the figure itself, the head reclining on what he conceives to represent a "saddle," and the feet being armed with spurs. This "saddle," which is exactly similar to the supporter on which the head of Edward Scott is pillowed, Mr Gough takes to be "nothing more" than a helmet, which placed under the head of sepulchral effigies is commonly, though incorrectly, supposed to indicate knighthood, and no inferior rank.

Mills, in his history of Chivalry, represents that doughty *Knight*, Don Rodrigo Trojas, as lying on his shield, with his helmet for a pillow. Sir John Montacute *Knight* says, in his last testament,— "I will that a plain tomb be made for me with the image of a *Knight* thereon, and the arms of Montacute, having a helmet under the head." Richard Lord Poynings (1387) wills, that a stone of marble be provided with an escutcheon of his arms, and a helmet under his head.

The yeomen in Branksome hall

— "lay down to rest,  
With corslet laced,  
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard."

D. A.



## August 5.

## GIPSEY FUNERAL.

On the 5th of August, 1830, died an individual of whom the "Oxford Journal" gives the annexed account:—

The mortal remains of an aged female, belonging to this singular race of people, were on Thursday last consigned to the earth in Highworth church-yard, attended by a great concourse of spectators, attracted to the spot by the novelty of the spectacle. The interment was conducted with the greatest decorum, the interest of the scene being heightened, instead of damped, by the incessant rain, which fell in torrents on the venerable uncovered locks of the husband. He acted as chief mourner on the occasion, and, with his numerous offspring forming the procession was by 'the pitiless storm assailed, unmoved.' They appeared fully impressed with the awful solemnity of the last duty they were about to perform for one who had been a wife and a mother for nearly threescore years and ten. When living, she was a perfect "Meg Merrilies" in appearance, and it is even said that she was the identical person whom Walter Scott had in view when he wrote that inimitable character in Guy Mannering. Be this as it may, for considerably more than half a century she exercised her oracular powers in propounding the "good or bad fortune" of all the fair-going damsels of the country round. She had inspired many a love-lorn maid, not merely with hope, but with a "dead certainty" that the joys of Hymen should be hers in less than one fleeting year; and the Delphic oracle never imparted half the satisfaction to its anxious enquirers that our aged sybil invariably did to hers. True it is, however, that her powers of divining good fortune in some measure depended on the generosity of her applicants; and while, for a shilling, or less, some poor maidens were constrained to put up with the promise merely of "a gentleman with a one-horse shay,"—the boon of half a crown would purchase a "lord with a coach and six." Often at "fair time" she was seen to retire with some expecting lass to a remote corner of Highworth church-yard, when, like a second Cassandra, "big with the mysteries of fate," she would unfold her anxious enquirer's future destiny; her predictions might not "always" come true to the exact letter, still while there

was life there was hope, and who would not purchase a year of *such* hopes for the trifling sum of half a crown?—besides, even in this case, the verifications of her predictions were only in unison with those of our great High Priest of Astrologers, Francis Moore, who wonderfully contrives that every thing shall come to pass "the day before, or the day after." It should have been stated before, that she made her mortal exit in a lane in the vicinity of Highworth, and that, in the coffin with her remains, were enclosed a knife and fork, and plate; and five tapers (not wax we presume) were placed on the lid, and kept constantly burning till her removal for interment; after which ceremony, the whole of her wardrobe was burnt, and her donkey and dog were slaughtered by her nearest relatives, in conformity to a superstitious custom remaining among her tribe, derived, perhaps, from the east, where, on the demise of a person of distinction, the whole of their appendages both living and dead, are destroyed, in order that the defunct may have the benefit of their services in the next world. It is said that a memorial is to be erected to her memory with the following simple epitaph:—

"Being dead yet speaketh."

Beneath lies one—they say could tell  
By the magic of her spell,  
By the most unerring signs,  
By the hand's mysterious signs,  
What our earthly lot should be,  
What our future destiny.  
But the dust that lies below  
Speaks more truly, for e'en now,  
It bids the proud, ere life is past,  
Contemplate their lot at last,  
When this world's gaudy vision's gone,  
When high and low shall be as one,  
When rich and poor, and vile and just,  
Shall mingle in one common dust.

R. T. DYKE.

	h. m.
August 5. Day breaks . . .	1 38
Sun rises . . .	4 25
— sets . . .	7 35
Twilight ends . . .	10 22
Lady's seal bears berries.	

## August 6.

## THE SEASON.

The summer has so many characteristics, in the atmosphere, on the earth, and in the waters, and their changes are so many with change of place, and their

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 7.

succession so rapid with the lapse of time, that no words can convey any thing like an adequate idea of them; and therefore all that can be attempted is to excite, in those who "have eyes but see not," a desire to look around them at that which is produced without the art and labor of man, and they will find a resource, which while, by the spring and impulse it gives to the mind, it makes the business and the duty of life go smoothly on, is a citadel amid misfortune, an inheritance which none of the contingencies of life can impair,—an enjoyment which is, as it were, intermediate between that of the world of possession, and that brighter world of hope to which it is so delightful to look forward.\*

SUMMER AND THE POET.

Poet.

Oh! golden, golden summer,  
What is it thou hast done?  
Thou hast chased each vernal roamer  
With thy fiercely burning sun.

Glad was the cuckoo's hail;  
Where may we hear it now?  
Thou hast driven the nightingale  
From the waving hawthorn bough.

Thou hast shrunk the mighty river;  
Thou hast made the small brook flee  
And the light gales faintly quiver  
In the dark and shadowy tree.

Spring waked her tribes to bloom,  
And on the green sward dance.  
Thou hast smitten them to the tomb,  
With thy consuming glance.

And now autumn cometh on,  
Singing 'midst shocks of corn,  
Thou hastenest to be gone,  
As if joy might not be borne.

Summer.

And dost thou of me complain,  
Thou, who, with dreamy eyes,  
In the forest's moss hast lain,  
Praising my silvery skies?

Thou, who didst deem divine  
The shrill cicada's tune,  
When the odors of the pine  
Gushed through the woods at noon?

I have run my fervid race;  
I have wrought my task once more;  
I have fill'd each fruitful place  
With a plenty that runs o'er.

\* British Naturalist, ii. 383.

There is treasure for the garner;  
There is honey with the bee;  
And, oh! thou thankless scorner,  
There's a parting boon for thee.

Soon as, in misty sadness,  
Sere Autumn yields his reign,  
Winter, with stormy madness,  
Shall chase thee from the plain.

Then shall these scenes Elysian  
Bright in thy spirit burn;  
And each summer-thought and vision  
Be thine till I return.

Howitt.

	h. m.
August 6. Day breaks . . .	1 42
Sun rises . . .	4 27
— sets . . .	7 33
Twilight ends . . .	10 18

Meadow saffron begins, or is about, to flower.

Flowering rush of the marshes in its fullest flower.

August 7.

LAMBETH PALACE GARDEN.

In 1817, the Caledonian Horticultural Society having appointed a deputation to survey and report the state of horticultures in the Low Countries, the gentlemen appointed to the tour arrived in London in August, and, preparatory to their departure for Flanders, they visited Covent Garden green and fruit market, in order to compare the quantity and quality of horticultural productions with those they might witness in the foreign cities they were about to visit.

August 7, the Scottish tourists went early in the morning to the garden at Lambeth palace, in order, chiefly, to see two ancient fig-trees, said to have been planted by cardinal Pole, about 1558, or nearly 260 years ago. They were found to have been greatly injured by the severe winter of 1813-14, and the principal stems had in consequence been cut over near to the ground. The stems, where cut, were as thick as a man's thigh. On one of the trees a large old branch still remained, and extended to a considerable distance along the wall. The whole breadth of this tree was then about thirty feet: the branches had risen forty feet high, having been trained against the palace wall which was marked with nails



THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 8.

and shreds to that height. The tree, therefore, had covered a space of 900 square feet; and bid fair soon to equal its former self. The fruit is of the kind called the white-fig; but there was none upon the tree when the tourists saw it. They remarked that fruit seemed to have failed very generally in that year.

Lambeth palace garden usually produces abundant crops of very fine pears, apples, plums, and peaches; but, on account of the unfavorable state of the season previously, scarcely a specimen of any of these fruits was to be seen. They observed on the lawn in front of the palace some fine trees, of kinds not usual in Britain, and which in Scotland are common in the form only of shrubs. The Carolina sumach-tree (*rhus elegans*), the scarlet oak (*quercus coccinea*), the three-thorned acacia (*gleditschia triacanthos*), may be mentioned; and likewise two excellent specimens of catalpa *syringifolia*, each about twenty feet high, which, in favorable seasons, seldom failed to produce large panicles of flowers. A very lofty American plane-tree (*plantanus occidentalis*) attracted the particular notice of the visitors. Its shape was highly symmetrical; the lower branches then extended not less than 48 feet in diameter, or 144 feet in circumference, and, projecting very considerably beyond those immediately above, they literally sweep the grass; while the upper mass of branches and foliage rose, bell-shaped, to the height of about eighty feet. At three feet from the ground the trunk measured nearly eight feet in circumference. Some of the first-mentioned trees were of considerable age: this plane-tree, however, was then said to be little more than twenty years old, although it seemed double that age. It was in perfect vigor, and seemed to have completely escaped the effects of the winter, 1813-14, already alluded to, which proved fatal to many of the finest specimens of the occidental plane, both in England and Scotland. "We admired," say the tourists, "the taste displayed in preserving an ancient walnut-tree" (*juglans regia*), although one half of it was dead: for, as the bare spray of the walnut-tree speedily blackens with decay, a good contrast is formed with the light green foliage of the living part; and the whole seemed to us to accord well with the venerable antiquity of the archiepiscopal palace."

MY LADY IN A GARDEN.

Within this garden here,  
This happy garden once, while I was happy,  
And wanted not a free access unto it;  
——I, without control, alone might spend,  
With sweet Artemis, in these fragrant walks,  
The days' short-seeming hours; and ravished  
hear  
Her sweet discourses of the lily's whiteness,  
The blushing rose, blue mantled violet,  
Pale daffodil, and purple hyacinth;  
With all the various sweets and painted glories  
Of Nature's wardrobe; which were all eclips'd  
By her diviner beauty.

Thos. May, 1617.

	h. m.
August 7. Day breaks . . .	1 46
Sun rises . . .	4 29
— sets . . .	7 31
Twilight ends . . .	10 14

French marigold flowers.  
Amaranths of various sorts in flower.  
Early peaches ripe.  
Apricots ripe in abundance.

August 8.

August 8, 1817, the Caledonian Horticultural Society tourists, on their way to Dover, observed—"The grand and massy ruins of Rochester Castle presented us with a botanical rarity, during a very hurried visit which we paid to it; in several places the mouldering walls are covered with single red carnations (*dianthus caryophyllus*), which were now in flower. We should have been apt to consider these as accidental wanderers from some neighbouring garden; but sir James Edward Smith, in his *Flora Britannica*, has not scrupled to describe the plant as indigenous to England, and to mention this castle as a principal *habitat*."

They spent the afternoon at Canterbury, greatly pleased with the cleanliness of the streets, with the beauty of the terraces on the ramparts, and with the fine avenues of lime-trees below; but not a little disappointed to find workmen engaged in razing to the ground a *keep*, or stronghold, of Norman architecture, with walls ten feet thick. "This, we think, might have been spared, both as an ornament and as indicating the antiquity of the place. After having surveyed the famed cathedral, and made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Becket, we visited the ruins of the abbey of St. Augustine, said to have been the earliest Christian esta-

blishment in England. In the neighbourhood of this abbey, we understood, were still to be seen some remains of monkish gardens. We accordingly found a mulberry-tree, two vines, and three or four walnut-trees, all of them possessing the marks of great age. The *mulberry-tree* is of the common black species (*morus nigra*). The tree has a venerable aspect. It had once been both lofty and spreading; but had been blown down, and has lain on its side for the last century or more. One old man in Canterbury remembers it in its present recumbent posture for above seventy years past, and declares that he knows no change on it. By permission of the lessee of the garden we particularly examined it. The remains of the original trunk, now lying horizontally on the ground, measured in length twenty-one feet and a half; and in circumference, at four feet from the root, five feet eight inches. Two large branches have risen perpendicularly, and now perform the office of stem, forming a new tree with a double head. The first of these subsidiary trunks, which springs off at the distance of thirteen feet from the original root, measures in height six feet, before it forks; and it is three feet in circumference. The other new stem comes off nearly at the upper extremity of the old trunk, and rises seven feet and a half before dividing; like the former, it is about three feet in circumference. Both of these form handsome heads, and, taken together, cover a space of thirty feet by twenty-four. On examination we perceived that a certain continuous portion of the bark was fresh all the way from the original root; and, by removing a little of the earth, we likewise ascertained that many new roots, though of smaller size, had been sent off from the base of the two branches which had formed themselves into stems and heads. The fruit of this aged tree is excellent; indeed, it is commonly said that the fruit of the oldest mulberry-trees is the best. In 1815 the berries, sold at two shillings a pottle, yielded no less than six guineas. We were told that they are commonly bought up for desserts, by the 'gentlemen of the cathedral,' who, like their predecessors, are probably no bad judges of such matters."

Dr. Andrews, Dean of Canterbury, disliked the nicety which a few of his

wealthy parishioners displayed when applied to for their assistance in aid of private charity. "I am sorry," said he, "that my own means do not enable me to do that which my heart dictates. I had rather be deceived in ten instances than lose the opportunity of making one heart glad—the possession of wealth ought to stimulate the feelings of charity."

He that says well and doth well is commendable; but I like him better that doth well and saith nothing.—*Bp. Hall.*

	h. m.
August 8. Day breaks . . .	1 50
Sun rises . . .	4 30
— sets . . .	7 30
Twilight ends . . .	10 10

Devil's-bit in flower.  
Filberts, in early years, fit to gather.  
Leaves of lime-trees, and some of the elms, change color, and turning yellow.

### August 9.

August 9, 1744, died John Brydges, the "great" duke of Chandos. He expended £200,000 in building the princely seat of Canons, in Middlesex, where he lived with a splendor to which no other subject had ever aspired. It was erroneously supposed that his means were not adequate to the maintenance of the establishment; but the bills of the tradesmen were regularly discharged until the duke's decease, when he was buried at Stanmore-Parva, or Whitchurch, the parish in which Canons is situated. There is a magnificent monument to his memory, in a chapel paved with marble over the vault: his "effigies" are represented as large as life, in a Roman dress, between his two first wives. The earlier part of the duke's manhood was spent in reflection and observation; his middle age in business, honorable to himself, and serviceable to his country; and his advanced years in "patience, resignation, and piety." His liberality was equalled only by his generous forgiveness of injuries. Pope disgraced his muse by unjust and sarcastic wit levelled at the duke, and the poet meanly disclaimed, and Hogarth punished it by representing the bard of Twickenham on a scaffold white-washing Burlington-house,

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 10.

and bespattering the duke of Chandos' carriage as it passed. Yet Pope's verse respecting the short-lived magnificence of Canons was prophetic:—

Another age shall see the golden ear  
Embrown the slope, and nod on the parterre :  
Deep harvests bury all his pride has planned,  
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

The stately mansion was sold, piecemeal, by auction, in 1747, and it became the rage of that day to buy something at Canons; hardly an attendant at the sale went away empty-handed, so numerous and so various were the lots.

The duke of Chandos liberally patronized learning and merit. A clergyman, much esteemed by the duke, was one day viewing the library at Canons. His grace said, "Please, sir, to fix upon any book you like, and it shall be yours." The gentleman chose one, politely, of no great price; afterwards, on turning over the volume, he found a bank bill of considerable value between the leaves. Greatly surprised, he returned it with the book. The duke received the bill, but gave in exchange one of double the value, saying, "Accept that, sir, for your honesty."<sup>2</sup>

Few particulars are known of this munificent peer, and fewer respecting the edifice of Canons. Its site is now in arable, with the exception of a comparatively small stone edifice, since erected. The church of Whitchurch, almost set in solitude, was fitted up by the duke—it is a gem of which Londoners have no conception. They should make holiday to see it. A stroll from thence to Stanmore church, then to Harrow on the Hill, and back through meadows and green lanes, by the way of Willsden, is a delightful summer walk.

		h. m.
August 2.	Day breaks . . .	1 53
	Sun rises . . .	4 32
	—sets . . .	7 28
	Twilight ends . . .	10 7

Lesser persicary flowers.

**August 10.**

August 10, 1786, the Rev. William Bickerstaffe, minister of Ayleston, in Leicestershire, addressed a letter from Leicester, to the lord-chancellor Thurlow, in which he says—"At fifty-eight years of age, permit a poor curate, unsupported

\* Noble.

by private property, to detain your attention a few moments. From 1750 I have been usher at the Free Grammar School here, with an appointment of £19 16s. a year; seven years curate of St. Mary's, my native parish, in this borough; then six years curate at St. Martin's with All Saints', lately bestowed by your lordship on Mr. Gregory of this place; and now an opportunity occurs to your lordship, to give me an occasion to pray for my benefactor, and those that are dear to him, during my life: 'tis this, a dispensation is expected every day, by the head-master of the school where I serve, the Rev. Mr. Pigot, vicar of Great Wigston, in this county, to connect a fresh acquisition in Lincolnshire with it; and he urges your lordship's petitioner to try for the living of St. Nicholas here, which he must relinquish. It is simply £35 a year; but, as this corporation grants an annual aid to each living in Leicester of £10 a year, St. Nicholas, joined to my school, might render me comfortable for life, and prevent the uncertainty of a curacy, and the hard necessity, at my time of life, of being harassed, in all weathers, by a distant cure." In a letter to a friend on the same subject, he urges interference on his behalf, "The living is yet undisposed of: the lord chancellor is, or lately was, at Buxton, and I remain uninformed of any thing further: there is no room to expect a smile of favor till the gout is more civil. It seems like a chancery suit. The present chancellor is said to be a leisurely gentleman in these matters. He keeps livings in suspense. This may be designed to accumulate an aid, to pay for the seals and induction. Swift says, 'Lord treasurer, for once be quick.' Should you tell the lord chancellor, 'It would suit *him*, and that I say it,' it might cost me the loss of his slow favors. At my age, I could tell him, with strict propriety, 'Bis dat, qui cito.'<sup>2</sup>

Mightier interests prevailed, and Mr. Bickerstaffe remained till his death, in 1789, without preferment. The duties of his functions he discharged assiduously; and, being possessed of much medical knowledge, he employed it in comforting the afflicted, as he did the small surplus of his little income in alleviating distress. He gave two guineas a year out of his pittance towards a Sunday school, which he labored to establish in his parish. His industry and humility are apparent from a passage in one of his

letters :—"As my absence from Ayleston on the common week days makes it an indispensable duty to spend my time, as much as possible, on a Sunday, among the parishioners, and assist them in private as well as in public, I think the method I have adopted very convenient for that purpose. I bring with me bread and butter, and, with half a pint of friend Chamberlain's beer, take an expeditious refreshment before the family dines, and then go out among the cottagers. I might dine, if I chose it, every Sabbath-day, at Mr. Chamberlain's cost; but that would frustrate my designs."

We are apt to forget goodness—the goodness which vaunteth not itself, and which is not seen in our blind hurries to commemorate what is called greatness. Is there a *greater* character in society than "a good parish priest?"

	h. m.
August 10. Day breaks . . .	1 57
Sun rises . . .	4 34
— sets . . .	7 26
Twilight ends . . .	10 3
Sun-flower flowers abundantly.	

### August 11.

#### THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

[For the Year Book.]

Time, the universal destroyer, is nevertheless the universal beautifier. It confers the ripeness of manhood, before it brings on the chilly winter of age, and it sheds the mellow tranquillity and the repose of centuries on the lofty tower, which, ere long, it will level in the dust. Like the cannibal who fattens, before he feasts upon his victim; time only scatters beauty that it may have the malignant pleasure of trampling upon it—the gratification of destruction is enhanced by the beauty of the object destroyed.

Were reality to be reversed, and could modern times boast of architects superior to those of the past ages,—the pile of today, though unequalled in every point in which human ingenuity could be exerted, would still be unable to cope with its more aged brother, in impressing the mind of the beholder with that train of deep and retrospective thought into which we are naturally led by gazing on some hoary ruin; sanctified by time, and pregnant with recollections of romance

and chivalry. The newly erected church has an appearance of freshness which seems to insinuate the novelty of the religion it is dedicated to promote. The venerable tower of a village church speaks in a far different language. The stillness of age is upon it. The green youth of the ivy is forcibly contrasted with the gray old age of the mouldering stone. He who died yesterday, reposes by the side of him who died centuries before. The past and the present are strangely interwoven. On viewing the newly erected house of God, we certainly may rejoice in the structure, as a proof of the spreading influence of the Holy Gospel, and a consequent increase of civilization. But the shrine, hallowed by age, stands like an ancient landmark to tell us that despite, the wrath of man, the deluded fanatic, or the attacks of infidelity, our religion has survived the shock, and claims our affection for the perils which it has surmounted.

The appendages of the old village church add greatly to the beautiful ideas with which it is invested. The bell, that early offspring of music, is indispensable in almost every stage of life. We can tell by its gay and lively pealing that hands, and, we hope, hearts have been united. Its slow murmur utters a tale not to be mistaken—a warning differing from the former, inasmuch as the event which the latter proclaims must inevitably overtake us all. In the feeling words of Southey, it is "a music hallowed by all circumstances—which, according equally with social exultation and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, some which it softens." Buonaparte, walking upon the terrace at Malmaison, heard the evening bells of Ruel. His ambitious thoughts assumed a tinge of momentary sadness, and a recollection of less troubled and more innocent days rushed across his mind,—“If such is their effect upon me, what must it be with others.”—Did not his conscience say to him, if such is their effect upon you, so deeply stained with crime, so deaf to every voice, human and divine, how beneficial must the effect be when these sounds fall upon an ear that has never been closed to the voice of mercy and peace?—Such thoughts might have flitted across his brain for a moment, but they were too pure there to fix their resting-

place. It is an instrument breathing a rude music, but, in spite of civilization, it does not a single charm. The camel and the ass refuse to proceed when their bell is removed and the tinkling ceases, and many of us could with difficulty bring ourselves to believe we were going to church, were we not invited by the sacred and accustomed summons. We live in days when it no longer reminds us of slavery. No curfew quenches the cheerful blaze in the hearth, or robs a winter evening of its social happiness. The half-merry, half-melancholy peals that swell the evening breeze glide gently over the tranquillised senses, and leave us, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, doubting whether we will yield to sadness, or resign ourselves to mirth.

Another feature of the old village church is the venerable-looking sundial, a stone in which indeed there is a sermon, or at least a subject for one, viz. some Scripture text rudely carved. The inanimate index of revolving time, it looks with apathy and indifference upon all around it, and, though wanting the tone of the bell to give utterance to its speechless admonition, the silent shadow that it casts expresses a language, a visible rhetoric, that the poorest peasant can understand. It is true it will not go ten degrees backwards for us; but if properly applied it may enable us by its warning to live a life, though short in days, yet long in deeds of goodness and Christian charity. And can we forget the favorite old seat at the porch. Here the rustic pilgrim, before he enters the house of God, rests his toil-strung limbs. Here the villagers congregate in a knot and discuss the politics of the village—the last wedding, or the freshest grave, are main themes of discourse. Here the ancient dames, with their prayer-books neatly folded in their glazed handkerchief, and attired in their scarfs, refreshed by a week's repose, canvass the merits of the parson's wife, or reprobate the vanity which induces some Cicely, or Phœbe, to deck her perishable body in such an unprofitable gaudiness. Alas! did not they, in their spring time, love to bask in the sun, and to heighten their charms by a gay riband, or an envy-exciting lace? Observation will find an ample field to roam over in the church porch; and the benevolent Christian will rejoice in contemplating the unpolished throng, approaching the altar of God, with their countenances clad in the smiles of Sab-

bath peace. He will reflect on the sweet repose of that everlasting Sabbath when we shall rest from our labors in the presence of our Heavenly Father.

Opposite the church, and in a sheltered corner, stands the vicarage house, such a one as Hooker would have loved; where he could eat his bread in peace and privacy. Who can read Goldsmith's beautiful lines on the village curate, and not admire the simplicity of truth, and the vivid purity of the character he draws? How different is his description of the priest from that in Pollok's Course of Time, where the author labors, toils, and pants, and leaves us in pain, not in peace. And such a pastor here resides, active as Gilpin, learned as Hooker, and poor in spirit as Herbert. He is not a dumb dog that does not bark. He is the physician of his flock, spiritual and bodily—a counsellor to the foolish—a reprover of the wicked—an encourager of the lowly and meek-hearted—a father to the fatherless—a husband to the widow—the prop of the aged, and the guide of the young. He meddles but little in matters of state, but when he does he supports his king, and proves himself a zealous defender of the church. "Our minister lives sermons—he is even as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alm two by his cheerful giving it. He loveth to live in a well repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully, and lying on his death-bed he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and examples for a legacy, and they in requital erect every one a monument for him in their hearts." These are the words of the estimable Fuller, and in these has he written his own character. *Many* villages in England have such a pastor—would that *every one* had! Let a blind guide depart, and be succeeded by a faithful minister. The change will fully prove that the bulk of mankind is well inclined to follow righteousness when it is inculcated by one who practises what he preaches.

J. K.

South Stoneham, near Southampton.

April, 1831.

	h. m.
August 11. Day breaks . . .	2 0
Sun rises . . .	4 35
— sets . . .	7 25
Twilight ends . . .	10 0

Golden sparrow flowers.

Meteors common at this season.



BAYNARDS, SURREY.

[For the Year Book.]

It was a calm evening in spring when I first saw Baynards.

I had been house-hunting in Surrey for some days, and having heard that this old mansion was to be let, I was induced by my antiquarian propensities to seek it out, and to make all due enquiries concerning it. "You will never like it," said one friend; "It is down in the clays." Now, in order to make my reader comprehend the due weight of this opprobrium, I must inform him that the fortunate inhabitants of the dry sand-district actually regard the dwellers in the clay as beings of an inferior order, and "down in the clays" is to a Surrey man the climax of all human misery. "But are the roads good?" I enquired.

"Why—yes. Of late years they have been rendered excellent; though I have heard that in former times eight horses could not drag a carriage through them. One thing I must say for them; which is, that they are not so dusty in dry weather as the roads on our lighter soil." "I will not be daunted, then;" I exclaimed. "But"—objected another friend—"the house was built in the reign of Elizabeth, and is destitute of modern comforts. There are no grates in the wide large fire-places, and the windows are all casements." "So much the better," cried I, "I will forego a few luxuries for the sake of living in a real old house." At this confession some shrugged, some hemmed, some lifted their eye-brows, and my friends seemed about to give up

the argument in despair, when a single lady of a certain age timidly faltered forth—"There are no neighbours." "And no scandal, miss Mousetrap"—I retorted—"For my part, I hate what is called a good neighbourhood." The good company were now silenced by amazement, and, seeing that they would not waste any further reasoning upon a madman, I ordered my gig, and set out in search of Baynards.

Pacing through the greater part of the picturesque town of Guildford, I turned to the left, and, leaving the high road to Portsmouth, proceeded, under chalky hills, broken into pits, the steep sides of which almost presented the appearance of lofty cliffs, glittering in beautiful contrast to the blue sky seen through their abrupt chasms. On my right hand the silver stream of the river Wey laved the base of that singular and abrupt hill on the summit of which stands the ruined chapel of St. Catherine, and before me spread the darkening woods of an extensive park. No fairer combination of natural objects can meet the eye of a traveller. Continuing to wind amongst woods, hills, and pastures, and having passed through the lovely village of Womersley, I at length emerged through a rocky sandy way into quite a different style of country—different, yet not without its own peculiar beauty. It consisted of small hills or rather knolls of ground interposed between flat spreading commons, on the verge of which ancient and picturesque cottages generally appeared, half sunk in trees. Some of these commons contracted themselves into the real village-green with all its accompaniments, as described by the poet;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school,  
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

On one side the richly wooded hill of Hascombe, on the other the heathy eminences of Ewhurst and Leith, formed a fine background; though these ranges, retreating from each other more and more as I advanced, made it evident that the country was opening out into the wider champaign. I was sorry for this, for I love hills, and, by the time I had reached the not very inviting village of Cranley, I had almost begun to say,—“After all,

my friends were right. This country will never do for me.” My rising disgust was much increased by the pretensions to suburban elegance which are displayed at the further end of the village, where a white square column, surmounted by a pine-apple, performs the part of a direction-post, flanked by a little square house, with a row of stiff fir-trees in front, and where a yew-tree as bare and as tall as a May-pole displays a scanty top, cut into the semblance of some indescribable bird. However, on leaving the village, the road once more turns in the direction of the hills, and becomes strikingly beautiful from the rich oak woods which rise on either hand, so as to form a continued avenue of more than two miles in length, reaching, as if in fact it were part of the property, to the very lodge-gate of Baynards. The ground also is more varied, after the village is passed, rising into wood-crowned eminences, topped by ancient farms; while a noble sheet of water, that forms a reservoir for the Surrey and Sussex canal, enriches the view, and leads the eye along its bending course, to the blue summits of distant Hindhead.

I had now mounted a pretty steep hill, when through a vista in the woods I caught the first, the most striking view of the old mansion of Baynards. All in front lay in deep shade, except when the lighter branches twinkled to a wandering sunbeam; beyond these, the grey and lordly dwelling steeply rising from a grassy knoll, with all its pointed gables, and stone mullioned windows, and tall clustered chimnies, seemed to slumber in the mellow western light. My first thought was,—“How grand—how beautiful!” My second,—“Is it possible that I shall ever live in so lovely a place?” As yet unadmonished by the real unromantic evils of a house in bad repair, I had long made a real old mansion the Utopia of my imagination; and here was a house not only ancient, but beautiful, not a mere husk of antiquity, but full of antique and lofty associations.

I had ascertained a little of the history of Baynards when I began to think of it as a residence, and, as I gazed at its gray walls, the names of Sidney, More, and Evelyn rose to my recollection. To an ancestor of Sir Philip Sidney of Penshurst the first grant of the Baynards estate had been made in the reign of Henry VI.; the present mansion had been built by a descendant of Sir Thomas More, and had

afterwards been occupied by a brother of the author of *Sylva*. In rather an exalted mood, then, I turned up the approach towards the house;—but, alas, I looked in vain for any vestige of the noble avenue of oaks which Mr. Richard Evelyn, in a letter to his celebrated brother, John, dated the first of October, 1663, thus describes. “The oken walke to my house was planted about sixty years since. It extends in length about seventy rods (at sixteen feet and a half), and hath fifty trees of a side. The walke is in breadth three rodde and a half, and the trees planted about twenty-four foote as under. They cover the whole walke like an arbour, and spread seven rodde and a quarter. There is, by estimation, three quarters of a load of timber in each tree, and in their loppes three cords of wood, one with another. Their bodies are but short, being topped when they were planted. For their heads few excelling them, many of them being planted by themselves in the parke, and not being hindered by others, spread 5 rodde a piece.”\* These had disappeared, and the absence of all large timber on the estate proved that the property had long passed out of noble into needy hands.

The house itself, though apparently as perfect in all its substantial parts as the day it was built, bespoke a century of neglect. The fine old porch was blocked up by a shabby plantation, and had been (as I afterwards discovered) converted into a larder. After looking for some time in vain for an entrance, I came into a small court, to which the latest impression of footsteps conducted me, and arrived at a large door, on each side of which a bundle of furze was stuck upright on a pole, to serve the purposes of a mat, as the well-worn and mud-besmeared condition of each fully indicated. The door, which fitted into a deep and very flattened arch of stone, was of massive oak, studded with enormous octagon-headed nails, against one of which a piece of iron performed the part of a rapper. By aid of this I brought out a respectable looking woman, who admitted me into a spacious and lofty kitchen, supplied with a wide open arched chimney, which was in itself an apartment and with many a

smoke-stained rafter, and dim recess, decorated with ghostly fitches. Having intimated that I was come to see the house, I was conducted over it by the good woman, whose husband farmed the surrounding land, and, contrary to my expectations, found the apartments much larger and loftier than is usual in old mansions, and the plan of the whole building much more regular than I should have supposed. A large hall in the centre, decorated with a carved oak screen, divided the offices from two spacious sitting-rooms; over the hall an immense apartment separated two sets of lofty bed-rooms; and a gallery of a hundred feet in length ran along the top of the house, opening on either hand into smaller dormitories. In this gallery, my guide informed me, an annual cricket match used to be played by the men of Rudgwick against the men of Cranley,—two neighbouring villages. I can scarcely imagine a more inconvenient spot for such an exploit. A ghost also was said to walk here (of course such a place could not be without one), in the form of an old lady carrying her own head in a basket. The grand stair-case was peculiar. It occupied a large and projecting gable, was of immense width and solidity, and kept turning about a square buttress, from the very bottom to the top of the house. All the doors and fire-places were of the low flattened arch peculiar to the Tudor period, and the windows, of great size and height, were most of them divided into two horizontal ranges, by a cross bar of stone, and again into numerous compartments, by upright stone mullions. Such views of the surrounding country as could be obtained through their dingy casements were beautiful in the extreme, although, on one side of the house, a farm yard, a dirty pond, sundry barns, and a wheat stack, with a cock flapping his wings on the top of it, did not compose a very charming foreground. I was disappointed in finding the rooms so entirely destitute of ornament. There was none of the rich carved work which usually decorates an old mansion, and I could only account for the absence of it by supposing that, as the house became deserted by its nobler inmates, the ornamental parts were by degrees removed to other places—a conjecture which was strengthened by the woman's informing me that, within her time, the Onslow family (who possessed Baynards) had

\* From a MS. at Wotton, kindly sent me by Mr. Bray, who continued Manning's History of Surrey.



removed some very fine stained glass from the hall windows to the church of Clandon, near which village they have a splendid old country seat.

The apartment at Baynards which made the most impression upon me was the great room over the hall. There was a savage obscurity and vastness about it, that was extremely striking. Besides a deep oriel window, there was an archway in the thickness of the wall leading to a kind of oratory. The old oak floor was in a most picturesque state of disrepair, and as uneven as the waves of the sea. The dim light, admitted through the only window which had not been blocked up, served to swell the proportions of the room to an indefinite extent, and three gigantic iron-studded doors, mocking at the puny entrances of modern times, conducted the imagination beyond the bounds of vision. "Aye, Sir," said the woman, seeing me pause, and look curiously around me, "this be a big room sure enough, and very convenient for the purpose to which a tenant put it some years ago." "What purpose?" I hastily asked, half-expecting, half-hoping, to hear some tale of terror. "Why, Sir, he dried his malt here to defraud the government—and ever since there have been such a power of rats."—"Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen," muttered I. "Yes, Sir," said the woman, supposing me much interested in the intelligence, "it was indeed a very shocking thing, for he was found out, and obliged to fly, and died soon after, some say of a broken heart—but that may, or may not be, you know." "Well, well, after all" thought I, "something of a story of rustic horror might be made out of this. Give but the man a high-minded wife, and a beautiful daughter, after the fashion of modern 'tale-concocters.'"—"And when did these events take place?" I enquired. "Thirty years gone last Lammas," replied my informant; "I was but a girl then, but I remember the time by the token that yonder great meadow down there, which we call the forty acres, was then first drained. Before that, it had always been as fine a piece of water as ever you could see, with plenty of fish, and with boats and swans. You may yet see the old

pond-head—that high bank with the trees upon it." "Shade of Evelyn!"—thought I—"here has been spoliation with a vengeance! Not a vestige left of that beautiful natural mirror, which must have reflected the landscape so happily in that peculiar spot. Why, now that I know there was once water there, the whole park looks like an eyeless face! Doubtless on that ample pool many a lord and lady gay has launched forth in gilded barge, startling the echoes with music and light laughter. How changed!"—But I will spare my reader any more of my lamentations on the subject. Few may feel as I do with regard to even useful changes, and what are called improvements. Neither shall I say whether, disgusted by these alterations, and by the neglected state of the house, I gave up all thoughts of dwelling in it, or whether I made a fool of myself, and laid out a power of money in restoring it to its ancient splendor. I will however finish the day with my reader, and conduct him safe out of the dreary house.

The sun was very low when I got into my gig, yet his beams still lingered upon the old gray edifice, as I turned to give it a parting look of the warmest admiration, for distance veiled all the ravages of time and neglect, and gave it an appearance of even lordly grandeur. I mounted the hill on the summit of which stands the beautiful village of Rudgwick with its ancient church, and scattered embosomed farms, and just before the descent on the opposite side I checked the rein to gaze upon the glorious scene below. The sun, which had once set to me in the vale, was just resting his orange-colored orb upon the blue ridge of Black Down—the name given to the southern extremity of Hindhead. Long shadows, and golden lines of light, were falling over the richest landscape, diversified in the distance by the dark fir-woods of Petworth, and the bold forms of the Sussex downs. I waited till the last glimpse of the sun's rim had sparkled from behind the hill, and then, proceeding, sunk down into a sort of quiet patriarchal country, the recollection of which, and of my sensations on beholding it, inspired me at a future time with the following poesy:—

Though not from crowded streets I hither came,  
Methought 'twas long since I had round me seen  
Such true repose; though not oppress'd with grief  
More than time brings to all, I deeply felt

## THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 11.

'Twas a heart-healing land. The country there  
Seemed God's own country, for the use of man  
Intended, and by man's abuse unstained :—  
Woods for his hearth and pastures for his board.  
And yet the landscape in its simple wealth  
Had something of a lordly aspect too,  
A fine old English look.

*From the Two Mannons, a Poem.*

Will the reader pardon me, if I also give him a description in verse of the singing of the nightingales in that part of the world? Such things will not do in prose.

Ne'er heard I such a band of nightingales  
As hailed the rising of the vernal Moon;  
Not one poor pensive solitary bird,  
With interrupted strain, but thousands sang—  
Yea, tens of thousands—an unceasing song.  
All notes were heard at once, of every kind,  
At every distance, from the nearest oak  
To the horizon's verge, till heaven's whole cope  
Was but a dome to one resounding choir.  
All notes were heard at once—the quick sharp beat,  
The double thrill, the liquid gurgling shake,  
And that one lowest richest tone of all,  
Its under murmur of delicious sound  
Perpetual kept, to harmonize the whole.

*The Two Mannons.*

I will now take my leave of my reader, —whom I fear I have detained too long— with an extract from Manning's folio History of Surrey, containing the most authentic historical account of Baynards :

“ Baynards is an estate in Cranley parish and Ewhurst, about a mile distant on the south-east from Vacherie, in Cranley. In the 25th of Henry VIth. William Sydney Esquire had leave to impark 800 acres of land in Ewhurst, Cranele, and Ruggewick, within his Maner of Baynards. He was living here in 12 Henry VI., and dying 8th Octr., 28 Hen.VI., Ao. 1449, was buried at Cranley. It was afterwards the estate of Sir Reginald Bray, who gave it to his Nephew Edmund, by whom it was sold to his brother Sir Edward. Sir Ed: the younger, resided here during the life time of his father, and even as late as the year 1577, about which time it was purchased by Sir George More of Loseby, who built a mansion and dwelt here. The next possessor was Richard Evelyn Esquire of Woodcote, in Epsom, younger brother of John author of the Sylva who, speaking of the oaks planted here by his brother, says that he lived to see them so finely thriven, though in a barren soil and cold clay, as to contain, one with another, 3 qrs. of a load of timber in a tree.—He adds that after his brother's

death they were all cut down and destroyed by the persons who continued to detain the just possession of this estate from those to whom in honour and conscience it belonged. Since which, however, he speaks of it as at length disposed of, and expresses himself glad that it had fallen into the hands of its then possessor. The aforesaid Richard Evelyn died at Epsom, March 1669 (see inscription in Epsom church) leaving one only daughter and heir, Ann, wife of Wm. Montague Esquire, son of the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer of that name, of whose heirs it was purchased by Richard, first Lord of Onslow, from whom it descended, with the other family estates, to George, Earl Onslow.”

I have only to add that since it was in the possession of the Onslow family, it has thrice changed its owners.

May 27, 1831.

### HYDON HILL.

This conical hill, in Surrey, to the south of Godalming, and in the vicinage of Baynards, overlooks the wolds of Surrey and Sussex. It is the subject of a poem containing these passages descriptive of the country—

Now on the summit rapt I stand,  
The centre of the circling land.

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 11.

See, around, above, below,  
 What beauties blase, what colors glow !  
 Blending, intersecting, meeting,  
 Or in lengthen'd file retreating ;  
 Slop'd, or, with abrupt abyss,  
 Scoop'd into chalky precipice ;  
 Smooth, or variously emboss'd,  
 Bare, or with many a hedge-row cross'd,  
 Innumeros rise the hills around,  
 And shut the landscape's farthest bound.  
 Swells, o'er all, the coping sky,  
 How grand, how vast a canopy !  
 Above of deep cerulean hue,  
 Low it bends to palest blue,  
 And, on the horizon bright,  
 Melts away in liquid white,  
 Where clouds, of downy texture, spread,  
 Pillows meet for angel's head.

Now the restless eye may rove  
 From mead to mead, from grove to grove ;  
 Now the village church it views  
 Nested in its ancient yew ;  
 Fields with corn, or pasture, green,  
 And stripes of barren heath between ;  
 Villas, farms ; and, glimmering cool,  
 The glassy pond, or rushy pool.  
 Softly blue the distance fades  
 In aerial lights and shades.  
 All, that a painter's eye can charm,  
 All, that a poet's heart can warm,  
 The soul, at one excursive glance,  
 Seizes amid the wide expanse.—

Where the vale appears to rise  
 And mingle with the meeting skies,  
 Back'd by the chalk-pit's snowy hue,  
 Guildford's turrets meet the view.  
 Above impends the castle hoar,  
 Where Tradition's babbling lore  
 Tells, that a Saxon king did keep  
 The rightful heir in dungeon deep.  
 On a rock, above the plain,  
 Rises Catherine's ruin'd fane ;  
 And, where yonder bold hill swells,  
 From out its deep-entangled dells,  
 Martha boasts her house of prayer ;  
 Sister-saints the maidens were,  
 Who, a time-worn legend says,  
 Themselves the hallow'd walls did raise,  
 And a wondrous hammer, still,  
 Tost, as they toil'd, from hill to hill.  
 Far away, pale Hindhead frowns,  
 With level ridge of sun-burnt downs ;  
 With pointed summit, steep and high,  
 Towers fir-cinctur'd Crooksbury.  
 Gazing there, the mind recalls  
 Waverley's old abbey-walls,  
 Or sees the oak's rude branches wave  
 O'er Lud's wild stream, and wisard cave.  
 Below, like one vast wavy mead,  
 The wooded plains of Sussex spread.  
 Is't Fancy's cheat, or can the eye,  
 Beyond, a gleam of sea descry ?  
 Now I turn, where Hascombe vaults  
 Its beechen bowers, and Dryad haunts ;  
 Now, where, on Ewhurst's breezy mound,

Turn the tall windmill's broad vans round,  
 And the distant tower of Leith  
 Looks o'er the subject land beneath.

Nearer as the eye returns,  
 Fresh beauties, raptur'd, it discerns.  
 Like the green, and sunny ocean,  
 Waving with a gentle motion,  
 The billowing barley, o'er the vale,  
 Varies with the varying gale,  
 While, in never-ending race,  
 Light and shade each other chase,  
 O'er its undulating face.

See, where two hills embracing meet,  
 And form a dingle at their feet,  
 Screen'd by elms and poplars tall,  
 A cottage rears its humble wall—

Now the steep my steps descend,  
 Now to the grassy dell I wend.  
 How chang'd the prospect ! Naught is seen  
 Save azure sky, and hill-side green,  
 Where spreads the flock whose tinkling bell  
 Suits the lonely echoes well ;  
 And the valley jocund rings,  
 While the blithe turf-cutter sings—

Oh, ye delicious solitudes,  
 Of peace the only true abodes,  
 Still charm my fancy, for to me  
 Nature is true luxury !  
 More fair to me yon bells of heath,  
 Than glowing India's gaudiest wreath ;  
 More sweet the breeze, that sweeps the broom,  
 Than all Arabia's soft perfume ;  
 More bright the dew-drop on its stems,  
 Than rich Golconda's radiant gems.  
 Then, since Nature, without cost,  
 Gives all, that wealth herself can boast,  
 Let me true to Nature prove,  
 Talk with her, in glade and grove ;  
 By the babbling brook ; and still  
 Woo her charms on Hydon Hill.\*

A RURAL DESCRIPTION.

“ At the doore of the house you meet  
 with a walke with fine avenues, in figure  
 like a starre ; the oakes that compose it  
 make one, with extasie, admire the height  
 of their tops, raising one's eyes from the  
 root to the column ; then, precipitating  
 them down againe, one doubts whether  
 the earth beares them, and whether or no  
 they carry not the earth at their roots :  
 you would think that their proud heads  
 are forced to bend under the weight of  
 the heavenly globes, which burden they,  
 with groaning, support ; their armes  
 stretch towards heaven, embracing it,  
 seem to beg of the stars their influences  
 altogether pure, and to receive them before

\* The Weaver's Boy, and other Poems, by  
 Chauncy H. Townsend, 1825, p. 43, &c.

they have at all lost of their innocence in the bed of the elements. There, on every side, the flowers, having had no other gardener but nature, sent a sharp breath, that quickens and satisfies the smell. The sweet innocence of a rose on the eglantine, and the glorious azure of a violet under the sweet briars, leaving us not the libertie of choice, make us judge that they are both one fairer than the other. The spring there composes all the seasons; there no venomous plant buds, but her breath soon betrays her safety; there the brookes relate their travels to the pebbles; there a thousand feather'd voyces make the Forrest ring with the sweet music of their songs; and the sprightly assembling of these melodious throats is so general, that every leaf in the wood seems to have taken the shape and the tongue of a nightingale; sometimes you shall hear them tickle a consort; another while they'll drag, and make their music languish; by and by they passionate an elegie, by interrupted sobbs; and then, again, soften the violence of their voyces, more tenderly to execute pitty; and, at last, raise their harmony; and, what with their crotchets and warbling, send forth their lives and their voyces together! Echo is so delighted with it, that she seems to repeat their aires only that she may learne them; and the rivolets, jealous of their musique, as they fly away, grumble, much troubled that they cannot equall them. On the side of the castle two walks discover themselves, whose continued green frames an emerald too big for the sight; the confused mixture of colours that the spring fastens to a million of flowers, scatters the changes of one another; and their tincture is so pure, that one may well judge that they get so close one to another, onely to escape the amorous kisses of the wind that courts them. One would now take this meadow for a very calme sea; but when the least Zephyrus comes to wanton there, 'tis then a proud ocean, full of waves, whose face, furrowed with frownes, threatens to swallow up those little fools; but, because this sea has no shore, the eye, as affrighted to have run so long without finding any coast, quickly dispatches the thought, to the end of the world, and the thought being doubtful too, doth almost persuade himself that this place is so full of charms, that it hath forced the heavens to unite themselves to the earth. In the midst of this, so vast, and yet so perfect, carpet,

runs in with silver bubbles and streams, a rustick fountain, who sees the pillows of her head enameled with jesses, orange trees, and mirtles, and the little flowers that throng round about would make one believe they dispute who shall view himself in the stream first; seeing her face so young and smooth as 'tis, which discovers not the least wrinkle, 'tis easie to judge she is yet in her mother's breast, and those great circles which she binds and twines herselfe, by reverting so often upon herselfe, witness that 'tis to her griefe, and against her will, that she finds herselfe obliged to go from her native home: but, above all things, I admire her modesty, when I see her (as ashamed to be courted so neere her mother) murmur and thrust back the bold hand that touches her. The traveller that comes hither to refreshe himselfe, hanging his head over the water, wonders 'tis broad day in his horizon when he sees the sunne in the antipodes, and never hangs over the bank but he's afraid to fall into the firmament."—*Bergerac*

## WOTTON, SURREY

[For the Year Book.]

Mr. Hone,

Having had occasion to go to Mickleham and Wotton churches, Surrey, I made the following observations:—Mickleham church, which stands by the road side, midway between Letherhead and Dorking, presents good specimens of the Saxon, Norman, and Gothic styles of architecture. In a small chapel, seemingly used as a vestry, is a richly sculptured tomb of one of the Wyddowson or, as Aubrey saith, the *Wyddolksou*, family: it was erected in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., whose "livelie povrtraitvre" fairly wrought in brass, together with that of the person who rests below, are in most excellent preservation. The font is probably Norman; it is cut out of a black hard stone, and highly polished; there is a fine one somewhat of earlier date at Hendon, Middlesex, and another still more remarkable, at Brighton old church, Sussex. Among other interesting objects I noticed a curious Saxon window, and two crowned heads on either side of the western door smirking pleasantly.



WOTTON CHURCH, KENT.

The little village of Mickleham was formerly a place of some consequence; it is mentioned in Domesday—"Nigell holds Michelham of the bishop of Baieux. Anstrig held it of king Edward. It has always been assessed at five hides. The arable is four ploughlands. There are two ploughs in the demesne, four villains, four bondsmen, and two ministers. Here is a church, two acres of meadow, and a wood of three hogs. In the time of the Confessor it was valued at three pounds, subsequently at fifty shillings, and it is now estimated at four pounds," &c.

Wotton church is chiefly remarkable from its containing the cemetery of the Evelyn family, which is situated in the north aisle of the chancel, and inclosed by a wooden railing. The tomb of the illustrious John Evelyn stands on the right hand side of the entrance. He lies above ground, in a stone coffin which is cased by a larger one of fair marble, on the slab of which the following epitaph is graven:—

Here lies the Body  
of JOHN EVELYN, Esq.  
of this place, second son  
of Richard Evelyn, Esq.  
who, having served the Publick  
in several employments, of which that  
of Commissioner of the Privy Seal in the  
Reign of king James the 2d. was most  
honourable, and perpetuated his fame  
by far more lasting monuments than  
those of Stone or Brass, his learned  
and useful Works, fell asleep on the 27 day  
of February 1705-6, being the 86 year  
of his age, in full hope of a glorious  
Resurrection, thro' faith in Jesus Christ.  
Living in an age of extraordinary  
Events and Revolutions, he learnt  
(as himself asserted) this Truth,  
which pursuant to his intention  
is here declared,  
That all is vanity which is not honest,  
and that there is no solid wisdom  
but in real Piety.  
Of five Sons and three Daughters  
born to him from his most  
virtuous and excellent wife  
Mary, sole daughter and heiress

## THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 11.

of Sir Rich. Browne, of Sayes Court near Deptford in Kent, onely one daughter, Susanna married to William Draper, Esq., of Adcomb in this County, survived him; the two others dying in the flower of their age, and all the Sons very young, except one, named John, who deceased 24 March, 1698-9, in the 45 year of his age, leaving one son, John, and one daughter, Elizabeth.

His "virtuous and excellent wife" reposes in a like sepulchre on the left hand side of the entrance, and the goodly effigies of his ancestors surround the walls. Among these may be seen the twenty-four children of George Evelyn, Esq., who died in 1603, kneeling on stony cushions, with their hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, saving three or four infants who, strangely swathed with sundry bandages, are lying at the feet of their brethren.

Besides those already mentioned, the church contains several monuments, among which are two tablets to the memory of the earl of Rothes, and the deceased members of his family. His lordship's eulogy, written by his countess, paints his virtues in glowing colors; it concludes thus—"His afflicted widow, and once happy wife, inscribes this marble; an unequal testimony of his worth and excellence, and her affection, wishing that heaven to her may grace supply, to live as well, and as prepared to die." On the opposite side is a fair tablet, denoting the vault of the ancient family of the Steeres, Ockley.

The exterior of the church has been partly modernised; and were it not for the beauty of its situation, and the circumstance of its containing the ashes of John Evelyn, would little deserve attention. The porch represented in the accompanying sketch is the interesting spot where he was taught to read by the village schoolmaster.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that Mr. William Glanville, one of the clerks of the treasury, reposes behind the church, and that yearly, on the anniversary of his death, which happened in January, 1717, forty shillings, in accordance to his last will, are or were paid to five poor boys of Wotton, upon condition that they should, with their hands laid on his tomb, reverently re-

peat the Apostle's creed, the Lord's prayer, the commandments, and part of the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, and write in a legible hand two verses of the said chapter. The surplus of an annual bequest of £30 he ordered to be applied to other charitable uses.

J. F. R.

Wahworth, June 10th, 1831.

### THE PALACE OF WORLDLY FELICITIE.\*

The palace was situated, or built, in a pleasant vallie upon the foote of a high mountain, environed with hills on every side, whereby it was not only defended from force of tempests which way soever the wind blew, but the very hills themselves were very sightly and serviceable; for on the one side was a goodly vineyard, wherein grew grapes of sundry sorts; on the other side it yielded a great quantity of graine; on another side were proper woods, which yielded a good store of timber and trees, wherein bred all manner of birds; on another side were warrens and conniborrowes full of hares and conies; in another place was a goodly park, wherein was no want of deer, red or fallow. Beyond these hills were goodly forests full of gentlemanly game for hunting. In the valley where the palace stood, was a marvellous faire greene meadow, through the middest whereof ran a river of fine fresh water, upon the brimmes whereof, on both sides along, grew apple trees, pear trees, plum trees, olive trees, eldret trees, oke trees, elm trees, and such like; fast by the goodly banke, also, grew many young hasil trees full of nuts, at the time of the yeere; and, by that againe, such store of walnut trees; besides many ponds of fish, and excellent orchards of all kinds of fruits, and goodly gardens also of sweet flowers. The river was not without great store of waterfouls; and, as for the wood, there bred in it hawkes, hernes, pelicans, phesants, cranes, woodcocks, bitterns, kites, crows, cormorants, turtles, woodquists, eagles; to be short, all kinds of birds possible, as might be perceived by the feathers, which fell from them to the ground pruning themselves; what should I speak of pigin houses, and of such bankitting places, fine and delicate? why it were but folly. Besides all this, you

\* From the Voyage of the Wandering Knight, translated from the French by W. G., and dedicated to Sir F. Drake. (Black letter.)

must think what there were of tennis courts, and other places of pastimes, the walls thereof were very high, insomuch that it would have made one amazed, and desire to look down from the top. There was also a marvailouse moate, and, fearful to behold, the bridge whereof was not broad, and called Desperation, the passage over being a long narrow plank, so that, if one went awrie, he fell in with hazard never to be recovered. The stables were full of goodly horses, as hobbies, jennets, barbed horses, geldings, hackneys, mules, camels, and colts; the kennels full of dogs, as grey-hounds, otter-hounds, hare-hounds, spaniels for land or water, mastives for bull, beare, and boare. We suppt in a banquetting house, and our supper excelled all the fare that ever I saw.\*

FLITTON.

[For the Year Book.]

I.

We passed the low stone wall, and stood  
Beside the heedless dead,  
That lay 'unknowing and unknown'  
Each in his narrow bed—  
Oe'r which the mellow summer sun  
Its ev'ning glories shed.

II.

And on the sleek and verdant sod,  
A lengthened shadow threw,  
Where'er an unpretending stone  
Or hillock rose to view;  
Trophies that proved death's kingly claim,  
Beyond all pleading, true.

III.

And there, the church-yard path beside,  
A dial stood, to show  
How, fleetest than the light-wing'd wings,  
Our minutes come and go,  
And certain and unceasing change  
Await on all below.

IV.

We gazed upon its tarnished face,  
Just as the solemn chime  
Rocked the grey tow'r whose sun-lit walls  
Rose on our gaze sublime—  
And, to the well-tuned heart, it seemed  
To say—"Redeem the time."

V.

And now we sought the welcome porch,  
Upon whose front are shown—  
With russet moss that lies in spots,  
And lichens overgrown,  
The bearings of my Lord de Grey,  
Carved daintily in stone.†

\* Flitton church, Bedfordshire, was probably built in the early part of the fifteenth century, by Reginald lord Grey, whose arms, quartering those of Hastings, are carved on the porch.

VI.

Three azure bars, with other three  
Between, of virgin white,  
Which cunningly enwrought were borne,  
By that redoubted knight,  
Sir Henry, at Caerlaveroc,  
When Edward led the fight.\*

VII.

We sat within its quiet shade  
And on the sunny scene,  
More lovely by the contrast made,  
And pleasingly serene,  
Gazed with a joy we scarce had known,  
Since life was young and green,

VIII.

Ere pleasure had been linked to pain—  
And asked ourselves the while,  
Why man should "toil so hard to gain  
"A monumental pile"  
That, whilst it craves the stranger's tear,  
Provokes the scorner's smile.

IX.

But now the grey o.a oaken door  
Swung open to the touch,  
And up and down the breezy aisle  
We passed, and pondered much;  
Nor, as we spoke of mortal man,  
Forgot that we were such.

X.

For as we came within its walls  
So calm a freshness fell  
Upon our minds, we deemed that here  
That perfect peace must dwell  
Which scatters, from its healing wings,  
Delights which none can tell;

XI.

And feared that our unhallowed haste,  
And sounding step, had scared  
The gentle spirit from its rest—  
Which, as it upward fared,  
Had waked those stirrings in the air  
Whose influence we shared.

XII.

And hence, with staid and thoughtful mien,  
We moved along the nave,  
And through a stately iron gate.\*

\* Caerlaveroc castle, in Scotland, was besieged by Edward I., in 1300. Amongst his followers was Henry de Grey, a member of this honorable family. His arms, which are precisely the same with those here described, are thus set forth in the old rhyming narrative of the siege:

"*Henri de Gray, bi le la  
Avec son bon seigneur le compte,  
Banner aboit il par droit coute  
De VI pieres, la brat mesur—  
Barre de argent e de ajur.*"

The distinguished and amiable, but ill-fated lady Jane, came of this stock.

† The Columbarium of the Greys is entered from the nave. It consists of four

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 12.

Where, o'er the Founder's \* grave,  
A costly monument appeared  
Our poor regards to crave ;

XIII.

On which, in effigy he lay,  
A gay and gilded thing,  
Though dimmed and sullied much by time.  
Whose quick, but noiseless wing,  
Fanning the haughty brow, had soothed  
Its winter into spring.

XIV.

And close beside, in silent state,  
Reposed his lady fair—  
Their faces gazing on the roof,  
Their hands upraised in pray'r.  
And others of the house and line  
Of bold de Grey were there,

XV.

By love and grief so eulogized,  
They seemed too good for earth,  
And yet, the language of the Fall  
Exhibited no dearth  
Of words, to sound the deathless praise  
Of such unsullied worth !

XVI.

Now by a dark and winding stair,  
We gained the turret's height,  
And feasted on the goodly view  
Which opened to our sight,  
In all the greenness of the spring,  
And summer's glory dight.

XVII.

And on the still churchyard beneath—  
Whose soft and grassy sod,  
So purely bright, it seemed that there  
No human foot had trod—  
Was ruffled with the cells of those†  
Whose souls had gone to God—

XVIII.

Whose souls had gone to God, though few  
Their days on earth had been,—

For there how many baby-graves  
Ranged side by side were seen †  
So thickly set, a living child  
Might scarcely pass between.

XIX.

And there, we breathed a wish to lie  
Remote from folly's noise—  
It seemed so fit a resting-place  
Between the caro that cloy's  
In such a hollow world as this  
And Heav'n's enduring joys !

XX.

Oh Death of Death ! through whom alone  
All perfect gifts descend,  
Give us that steadfast faith in Thee  
Which brings a peaceful end—  
And whereso'er our bodies rest,  
Our helpless souls befriend.

D. A.

August 12.

12th August, 1662, died Charles Seymour, the proud Duke of Somerset. Charles II., in the last year of his reign, made him a knight of the garter. James II. appointed him a lord of the bed chamber ; and for refusing to introduce Ferdinando Dada, Archbishop of Amasia, the Pope's nuncio, to the public audience at Windsor, discharged him from his place in the palace ; and from the army, as colonel of the third regiment of dragoons. The duke concurred in the Revolution, but kept in retirement at the beginning of William's reign. He afterwards took office as president of the council, and a lord justice. Under Queen Ann he was master of the horse, a privy counsellor, and a commissioner for the Union ; but at the change of the ministry he was superseded. With the Duke of Argyle, he forced himself into the council at Kensington, which had been summoned to deliberate upon the death of the queen, and disconcerted the plans of the Tories. George I. named him a lord justice, and guardian of the realm, and on his landing restored him to all his employments ; yet, on bail being refused for his son-in-law, Sir William Wyndham, who was suspected of holding intelligence with the Court of St. Germain's, he expressed his sentiments so warmly that he was removed from his office of master of the horse. He had boundless pride. In the reign of Queen Ann he ordered his servants to wear the same livery as her majesty's footmen ; and shot their dresses from a cart into the court of the palace. He claimed to be

apartments in the form of a cross, the chancel-end of the church occupying the angle formed by its south and west arms.

\* This was Henry, earl of Kent, who built the first room in 1605. He married Mary, daughter of sir John Cotton ; and their effigies, splendidly habited and crowned, lie directly fronting the gates above mentioned. The other apartments were subsequently erected.

† Wordsworth has

“ the ground beneath

Is ruffled with the cells of death.”

These graves are on the north side of the church, in a spot which, I believe, is not easy of access. There are but few gravestones in this part of the cemetery ; the billowy ridges here adverted to (very many of which seem, from their size, raised over the remains of infants), being, in most instances, the only memorials for the dead.



THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 13, 14.

paid almost regal honors. His servants obeyed by signs; and he caused the roads in the country to be cleared for him, that he might pass without obstruction or observation. "Go out of the way," said one of his attendants to a countryman, who was driving a hog. "Why?" said the man, "Because my lord duke is coming, and he does not like to be looked upon." The offended countryman seized his hog by the ears, and held him up to the carriage window, exclaiming, "I will see him, and my pig shall see him too." The duke married twice. His second duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round indignantly and said, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with slavish respect. His two younger daughters were required to stand and watch, alternately, whilst he slept after dinner. One of them, upon such an occasion, sat down from fatigue; her noble father awoke, and observing her position declared he would make her remember her want of decorum; and he kept his word, by leaving her, in his will, £20,000 less than her sister. Pride was inherent in the Seymours. King William, at a levee, casually observed to Sir Gower Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons, that he believed he was of "the Duke of Somerset's family." "No Sir," said the indignant baronet, "His Grace is of mine."\*

		h. m.
<i>August 12.</i>	Day breaks . . .	2 4
	Sun rises . . .	4 37
	— sets . . .	7 23
	Twilight ends . . .	9 56

Oats frequently carried about this time.

**August 13.**

13th August, 1822, an earthquake devastated the greater part of Syria. It began about half past nine in the evening, and, in ten or twelve seconds, Aleppo, Antioch, Idlib, Riha, Gisser Shogr, Darcoush, Armenas, and every village and detached cottage in the pachalic of Aleppo, and several towns in the adjoining territories, were entirely ruined.—Twenty thousand human beings were de-

stroyed, and an equal number maimed or wounded.

		h. m.
<i>August 13.</i>	Day breaks . . .	2 7
	Sun rises . . .	4 39
	— sets . . .	7 21
	Twilight ends . . .	9 53

Chrysanthemums, China asters, and various other annuals blowing.

**August 14.**

**HORSE-SHOE CUSTOM AT OAKHAM.**

14th August, 1654, Evelyn says, "I took a journey into the northern-parts. Riding through Oakham, a pretty town in Rutlandshire, famous for the tenure of the barons (Ferrers) who held it by taking off a shoe from every nobleman's horse that passes with his lord through the street, unless redeemed with a certain piece of money. In token of this are several gilded shoes nailed on the castle gate, which seems to have been large and fair." A shoe was paid for by the Duke of York in 1788.

**HORSE-SHOES.**

According to Aristotle and Pliny, shoes of raw hides were put upon camels in war-time, and during long journeys.—Arrian mentions soles or shoes among the riding furniture of an ass. Xenophon relates that the Asiatics used socks to prevent their horses sinking in the sands. The Greek word "selinaia," a horse-shoe, first occurs in the ninth century, when it was only used in time of frost, or upon special occasions. Nero's mules had shoes of gold or silver. Winckelman figures a gem with a man holding up the foot of a horse, and another shoeing it. Sir Richard Colt Hoare found halves of two shoes in a British barrow. Dr. Meyrick says, "the Normans first introduced the art of shoeing horses as at present practised in England;" yet there were dug up at Colney, in Norfolk, Roman urns, and a horse-shoe of uncommon form, round and broad in front, narrowing very much backward, and having its extreme ends almost brought close behind, and rather pointing upwards, with the nail holes still perfect.\*

There were superstitious beliefs and practices respecting horse-shoes. Aubrey tells, that, in his time, "It is a thing very

\* Noble.

\* Fosbroke's Ency. of Antq.

common to nail horse-shoes on the thresholds of doors; which is to hinder the power of witches that enter into the house. Most houses of the west of London have the horse-shoe on the threshold. It should be a horse-shoe that one finds. In the Bermudas they use to put an iron into the fire when a witch comes in. Mars is enemy to Saturn." He adds, "Under the porch of Staninfield Church, in Suffolk, I saw a tile with a horse-shoe upon it, placed there for this purpose, though one would imagine that Holy Water would alone have been sufficient. I am told there are many other similar instances." In 1797, Mr. Brand says, "In Monmouth-street, many horse-shoes nailed to the thresholds are still to be seen. There is one at the corner of Little Queen-street, Holborn." April 26th, 1813, Mr. Ellis "counted no less than seventeen horse-shoes in Monmouth-street, nailed against the steps of doors."

In Gay's Fable of "The Old Woman and her Cats," the supposed Witch complains as follows:—

Crouds of boys

Worry me with eternal noise;  
Straws laid across my pace retard,  
The horse-shoe's nailed (each threshold's  
guard),

The stunted broom the wenches hide,  
For fear that I should up and ride.

"That the horse-shoe may never oe pulled from your threshold" occurs among the good wishes introduced by Barton Holiday in his "Marriage of the Arts." Nailing of horse-shoes seems to have been practised as well to keep witches in, as to keep them out. Mr. Douce's manuscript notes upon his copy of Bourn's "Vulgar Errors," say, "The practice of nailing horse-shoes to thresholds resembles that of driving nails into the walls of cottages among the Romans, which they believed to be an antidote against the plague; for this purpose L. Manlius, A. U. C. 390, was named Dictator, to drive the nail. See Mr Lumisden's Remarks on the Antiquities of Rome, p. 148."

Misson says, in his travels in England, "Having often observed a horse-shoe nailed to the threshold of a door (among the meaner sort of people), I asked several what was the reason of it; they gave me several different answers; but the most general was, that they were put there to keep out witches. It is true they laugh when they say this, but yet they do not

laugh at it altogether; for they believe there is, or at least may be, some secret virtue concealed in it; and, if they were not of this opinion, they would not be so careful as they are to nail it to their thresholds."

HANDESEL.

Misson, after remarking as above, upon horse-shoes, says, "This little superstition puts me in mind of another. A woman that goes much to market told me, t'other day, that the butcher-women of London, those that sell fowls, butter, eggs &c., and in general most trades' people have a particular esteem for what they call handsel, that is to say, the first money they receive in a morning; they kiss it, spit upon it, and put it in a pocket by itself." Lemon explains "Handsell" to be, "the first money received at market, which many superstitious people will spit on, either to render it tenacious that it may remain with them, and not vanish away like a fairy gift, or else to render it propitious and lucky, that it may draw more money to it." The latter is at this day (1831) the prevailing belief with lovers of handsel among the London dealers in markets, and hawkers of provision in the streets.

	h. m.
August 14. Day breaks . . .	2 10
Sun rises . . .	4 41
— sets . . .	7 19
Twilight ends . . .	9 50

Ragweed flowers.

Hoary sea-bane in full flower.

August 15.

GUILD OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Mr. Dawson Turner, in his work on Normandy, describes a ceremony of the Guild of the Assumption, at Dieppe, instituted by the governor des Morets, in 1443, in honor of the final expulsion of the English. Des Morets himself was the first grand master of the guild.

About midsummer the principal inhabitants used to assemble at the Hotel de Ville, and there they selected the girl of the most exemplary character to represent the Virgin Mary, and, with her, six other young women to act the parts of the daughters of Sion. The honor of figuring in this holy drama was greatly coveted; and the historian of Dieppe gravely assures us that the earnestness felt on the occasion

mainly contributed to the preservation of that purity of manners, and that genuine piety, which subsisted in this town longer than in any other in France! But the election of the Virgin was not sufficient: a representative of St. Peter was also to be found amongst the clergy; and the laity were so far favored that they were permitted to furnish the eleven other apostles. This done, upon the fourteenth of August the Virgin was laid in a cradle of the form of a fount, and was carried early in the morning, attended by her suite, of either sex, to the church of St. Jacques; while before the door of the master of the guild was stretched a large carpet, embroidered with verses in letters of gold, setting forth his own good qualities, and his love for the holy Mary. Hither also, as soon as Laudes had been sung, the procession repaired from the church, and then they were joined by the governors of the town, the members of the guild, the municipal officers, and the clergy of the parish of St. Remi. Thus attended they paraded the town, singing hymns, which were accompanied by a full band. The procession was increased by the great body of the inhabitants, and its impressiveness was still further augmented by numbers of the youth of either sex, who assumed the garb and attributes of their patron saints, and mixed in the immediate train of the principal actors. They then again repaired to the church, where *Te Deum* was sung by the full choir, in commemoration of the victory over the English, and high mass was performed, and the sacrament administered to the whole party. During the service a scenic representation was given of the "Assumption of the Virgin." A scaffolding was raised, reaching nearly to the top of the dome, and supporting an azure canopy, intended to emulate the "spangled vault of heaven;" and about two feet below the summit of it appeared, seated on a splendid throne, an old man, as the image of the Father Almighty,—a representation equally absurd and impious, and which could be tolerated only by the votaries of the worst superstitions of popery. On either side four paste-board angels, of the size of men, floated in the air, and flapped their wings in cadence to the sounds of the organ; while above was suspended a large triangle, at whose corners were placed three smaller angels, who, at the intermission of each office, performed upon a set of little bells the

hymn of "Ave Maria grat. & Der plena per secula," &c., accompanied by a larger angel on each side, with a trumpet. To complete this portion of the spectacle, others below the old man's feet held tapers, which were lighted as the services began, and extinguished at their close; on which occasions the figures were made to express reluctance by turning quickly about; so that it required some dexterity to apply the extinguishers. At the commencement of the mass, two of the angels by the side of the Almighty descended to the foot of the altar, and, placing themselves by the tomb, in which a pasteboard figure of the Virgin had been substituted for her living representative, gently raised it to the feet of the Father. The image, as it mounted, from time to time lifted its head, and extended its arms, as if conscious of the approaching beatitude; then, after having received the benediction, and been encircled, by another angel, with a crown of glory, it gradually disappeared behind the clouds. At this instant a buffoon, who all the time had been playing his antics below, burst into an extravagant fit of joy; at one moment clapping his hands most violently, at the next stretching himself out as dead, and, finally, he ran up to the feet of the old man, and hid himself under his legs, so as to show only his head. The people called him *Grinaldi*, an appellation that appears to have belonged to him by usage.

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1655. Feb. 24. Mr. Evelyn notes his having seen a curious mechanical contrivance. "I was showed a table clock, whose balance was only a chrystal ball sliding on parallell irons without being at all fixed, but rolling from stage to stage till it was thrown up to the utmost channel again, made with an imperceptible declivity; in this continual vicissitude of motion prettily entertaining the eye every half minute, and the next half giving progress to the hand that showed the hour, and giving notice by a small bell, so as in 120 half minutes, or periods of the bullets falling on the ejaculatory spring, the clock-part struck. This very extraordinary piece (richly adorned) had been presented by some German prince to our late King, and was now in possession of the Usurper, valued at £200."

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THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 16, 17.

*August 15.* Day breaks . . . 2 14  
 Sun rises . . . 4 42  
 — sets . . . 7 18  
 Twilight ends . . . 9 46

Virgin's bower, or traveller's joy, in full flower.

Lerifts begin to migrate.

**August 16.**

A VICTORY—AS PER MARGIN.

16 August, 1718. Admiral Walton having been detached with the Canterbury, and five other ships, against the Spanish fleet, announced his success to admiral Byng, in the following letter, which deserves remembrance, as a record of its gallant wrier's bravery and brevity:

[Copy.]

SIR,

We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels which were upon the coast. The number as per Margin.

I am, &c.

G. WALTON.

*Canterbury, off Syracuse,  
 August 16, 1718.*

*August 16.* Day breaks . . . h. m.  
 Sun rises . . . 2 17  
 — sets . . . 4 44  
 — sets . . . 7 16  
 Twilight ends . . . 9 43  
 Elegant Zennia flowers.

TAKEN.  
 Admiral Mari and four men of war of 60, 54, 40, and 24 guns; a ship laden with arms, and a bomb-vessel.

BURNT.  
 Four men of war of 54, 44, 40, and 30 guns. A fire-ship, a bomb-vessel.

**August 17.**

WAKES.

Most of the sports remaining at country festivals appear to be enjoyed at Didsbury, in Lancashire. The Stockport Advertiser, of August 5, 1825, contains the following paragraph.

“DIDSBURY WAKES will be celebrated on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of August. A long bill of fare of the diversions to be enjoyed at this most delightful village has been published.—The enjoyments consist chiefly of ass-races, for purses of gold; prison-bar playing, and grinning through collars, for ale; bag-racing, for hats; foot-racing, for sums of money; maiden plates for ladies under twenty years of age, for gown-pieces, shawls, &c.; treacle-loaf-eating, for various rewards; smoking matches; apple-dumpling eating; wheelbarrow-racing, the best heats; hell-racing, and balls, each evening. ‘Que nunc prescribere longum est.’ The humors of Didsbury Festival are always well regulated—the display of youths of both sexes, vying with each other in dress and fashion, as well as cheerful and blooming faces, is not exceeded by any similar event—and the gaieties of each day are succeeded by the evening parties fantastically tripping through the innocent relaxation of country dances, reels, &c., to as favorite tunes, at the Cock and Ring o’Bells Inns.”

*August 17.* Day breaks . . . h. m.  
 Sun rises . . . 2 20  
 — sets . . . 4 46  
 — sets . . . 7 14  
 Twilight ends . . . 9 40

Square stalked winter cherry flowers.  
 Weeping willow begins to shed its leaves.

Wasps begin to be common.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

[For the Year Book.]

One stormy night, in August (87),  
 A ship was tost on the Pacific Sea  
 (So call'd, because each fickle wind of heaven,  
 Disturbs its placid waves in this degree:  
 Suppose ten vessels by the said winds tost,  
 Nine of the ten will certainly be lost—)

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 17.

A ship, I said, pursued its awkward course,  
 In the predicament of a raging storm,  
 Brimful of negroes carried off by force,  
 And going to market to be sold in form.  
 The captain's name I cannot think of yet  
 (These Dutch names 'tis so easy to forget),  
 Thus much I know, his vessel was a cutter,  
 His mate a negro of the name of Smutta.

The storm encras'd—the captain thought each minute  
 The ship must sink, and every person in it ;  
 So, conscience-stricken by the angry waves,  
 He order'd Smutta to unloose the slaves,  
 Who long had languished, huddled up in coffins,  
 Exposed to threats and stripes, and kicks and scoldings—  
 Their food dried shark, and other dainty fish ;  
 But potted grampus was the standard dish,  
 A pound of which was every day, at noon,  
 Cramm'd down their gullets with a wooden spoon.

'Tis said, " In danger ceremony ends,"  
 So Smutta went down and released his friends ;  
 Who, much rejoiced at unforeseen relief,  
 Forthwith proclaim'd that villain black their chief.  
 —So far, so good—but liberty restor'd,  
 " Revenge ! Revenge ! " became the general cry,  
 Captain and crew were all thrown overboard.  
 Oh, slaves, for shame ! for shame ! oh, Smutta, fie !  
 They were in truth ill us'd, but Smutta had  
 No cause to grumble.—Smutta, 'twas too bad.

However, to my talk.—The night came on,  
 And yet the tempest's wrath wax'd wild and dread.  
 And now and then a ray of moonlight shone,  
 In lurid loneliness o'er ocean's bed.  
 Pale and alarm'd stood Smutta on the deck,  
 Wistfully looking at the roaring waves,  
 In sad expectance of approaching wreck,  
 And round him all the just enfranchis'd slaves.  
 " Oh, what is that ? " cries Smutta in affright,  
 " Him see alongside of our little ship !  
 Him pale, him grim, him thin, him all in white,  
 And in him bony hand him hold a whip ! "  
 " Smutta, 'tis I, your injur'd captain's ghost,  
 One comfort I have left, you'll all be lost,  
 You and your rascal crew ; for, since you threw me  
 Into the element in which you view me,  
 I have not lost my time, but made you over,  
 To Vanderdecken, that eternal rover,  
 And this for making spectres of your betters ;  
 Fool that I was to free you from your fetters !  
 So think and tremble at your coming fate,  
 No pray'rs, no blubb'ring, both are now too late !

The ghost spake truth, the phantom ship appear'd  
 His ghastly head its horrid captain rear'd,  
 A shower of brimstone shortly sunk the cutter,  
 Drown'd the unlucky crew and smother'd Smutta.

March. 1831.

CLEGG.



UTRECHT FAIR.

[For the Year Book.]

In July 1828, accompanied by two friends, I arrived about mid-day at Utrecht, where, by being detained for want of conveyance until the following day, we were afforded the opportunity of seeing a Dutch merry-making.

Our hotel, though in the centre of this fine town, had a neat rural appearance. There were seats with tables in front, in the tea-garden style, shaded with awnings in a tasty manner, for parties desirous of enjoying refreshments and the fun of the fair at the same time. Passing these, we mixed with the crowd, and a few steps brought us to preparations in the middle of the road for the Egg-Dance, so strikingly described by Goëthe in "Wilhelm Meister." The exhibitors were a man in the usual spangled dress, a lad with a pipe and tabor, and a child about ten years old, equipped in trowsers tightened round the ankle. The countenance of the last was rather interesting, but without an expression from which its sex could be determined; yet, from the peculiar tenderness of manner with which

it clung to the man for a few seconds after he had bound the handkerchief round its eyes, I felt convinced it must be a girl. The merit of the performer in this dance consists in executing a complicated figure blindfold, amongst a number of eggs, without touching them. Fourteen eggs were arranged on the ground at about two feet distance from each other, and after some delay from the pressure of the crowd, and a clumsy waggon, which rolled ponderously through the group and broke some of the eggs, the child approached to commence the dance; but she stepped among the eggs so cautiously, and held her head so much as if trying to peep under the handkerchief, that, to use an American phrase, the dance was "another guess" sort of thing from the brilliant evolutions of Goëthe's airy Mignon. However, though falling short of what I had anticipated, it must have required considerable skill and practice to avoid, as she certainly did, treading on any of the eggs; for I have seen a good performer of the sword-dance in the Highlands of Scotland, which is done by

stepping to a figure between two broad-swords laid crossways, even with his eyes uncovered and exhibiting for a prize too, unable to complete it without his toe coming in contact with some part of the weapons.

Our hotel fronted a large open space forming a sort of promenade, well suited for the booths and shows, which extended towards the right into a still wider opening, like a great market-place, which was the principal rendezvous for the amusements. In this space were two large temporary circuses of wood for horsemanship, besides the usual proportion of other exhibitions and shows of wild beasts and monstrosities. And here too was a large collection of those swings and roundabouts which are now almost banished from the few fairs still lingering near London. I confess to a partiality for a round-about, where children ride on wooden horses, or in little coaches, while others who are allowed the pleasure of going within the circle, on condition of helping to push the machine and swell the harrah, swing themselves without permission on the spokes, till it is wonderful that the machine revolves at all. I have observed children of six feet high upon a round-about. At our own Bartholomew fair I once saw two full-grown sailors smoking their pipes upon hobbies, one behind the other, during their revolution maintaining a gravity which finely contrasted with the redoubled cheering of the lesser children at so respectable a sanction to their sport. At Utrecht Fair the progeny of the phlegmatic Dutch sat with due decorum, while their papas and mamas watched their progress upon the wooden nags, and seemed as much pleased with it as themselves.

Leftwards from our hotel, leading to the church, the street on both sides and in the middle was filled with rows of booths; and there was a plentiful exposure of articles of every description, outside the shops, to tempt the passing throng.

Nearly opposite the hotel was the theatre, a building of some architectural pretension, comprehending within its walls an assembly room and a tavern. In this room a concert was performing, price of admission three pence each. We paid, and received tickets entitling each holder to a small glass of spirits, or *isqueur*, which male and female attendants handed about upon trays amongst the company, in a large handsome room

on the ground floor below the theatre, elegantly ornamented with festoons of pink and white drapery, and filled with tables and benches. During the intervals of the concert there was a prodigious noise of tongues, and clinking of glasses, while the fumes of tobacco mounted to the roof; for almost every male visitor was puffing a pipe or cigar. Some respectably dressed young men, smoking and drinking at the tables next the orchestra, seemed *par excellence* the critics, and gave the tone to the applause. The performance was vocal and instrumental, in two acts. Three of the singers were females. The airs were spiritedly sung; and the band played overtures and other pieces with good effect.

At three o'clock we sat down to dinner with about forty, at the *Table d'hôte* of our hotel, and a large party dined in another room. Considering the bustle of the fair-day, every thing was excellently served. While eating we were serenaded in the room by two strolling companies of musicians. The first consisted of five performers upon different instruments: a French horn and a clarionette were played by women. The other party was vocal; one of the women sang with a full rich voice. The prettiest woman of each group came round to collect contributions; and I believe every body at table gave a trifle: all subscribed with cheerfulness, and sometimes with a joke or compliment.

After dinner we contrived to find places amongst the parties who occupied the seats outside. Amongst them were several military officers. We drunk *Murkenbrenner* wine, smoked cigars, and enjoyed the irresistible attraction of the moving scene before us. There was a charm in the novelty of our situation; for we were accidentally thrown into the midst of the festivities of a Dutch fair, and surrounded with living evidences of the correctness of *Teniers's* figures, unchanged in costume and manners. To watch the countenances and pursuits of the ever-shifting mass was inexpressibly amusing to us. The variety of character was quite a study; and I wished I had been a painter, to fix the appearance of one particular group. It appeared to consist of a family of four generations: the costume of the youngest child did not seem more modern than that of the oldest adult. Its forms might even have been ancient when the old men and women were of the age of the boys and girls whom they tended:

not that the individual garments were so old—although the substantial flowered gowns and petticoats were fit to last for ages—on the contrary they looked fresh, and of such good materials as to augur comfortable circumstances; but the fashion of the dresses, and the *tout-ensemble* of the wearers, smacked of a residence in some retired village, impervious to the impression made by time—even in Dutch cities and towns. The youngest of the family, an infant girl, was tottering along, holding with one hand the great coat of her grandfather, who carried a toy he had treated her with; while a woman, assuredly her great grandmother, almost doubled with age, hobbled in the rear. The little children of the party wore black caps fitting close to the head, bordered with broad handsome fringe, with large broad buckles on their little shoes, extending like those of the elders to the very toe. A profusion of gold ornaments adorned all the females of the party, particularly vast appendages from their ears.

Among the incidents that occur to me, I remember an old woman hawked about a pigeon entirely red, a bright red, which we believed to be artificially colored, although upon examination we could not prove it: she long endeavoured to persuade us to purchase this wonderful bird. A boy with a little guinea-pig amused us exceedingly by his perseverance in placing it on the tables, while he was as perseveringly driven off by the attendants of the hotel; the poor animal was sometimes roughly treated by being thrown after him, or getting under people's feet, so that what money the urchin collected was chiefly out of pity for the pig. We were also continually solicited by wandering dealers to purchase walking-sticks, trinkets, and eatables. Among the latter, hot oblong cakes, striped crossways, with some peculiar but forgotten name, were very abundant: they were carried in tins, generally by neatly-dressed little girls, one of whom looked so becomingly, and her cakes were so nicely browned, that we were tempted to taste them: they were something like Yorkshire pudding, but much lighter. In the course of the evening we saw these cakes manufactured: they were literally cast in metal moulds, held in the hand, like those for pistol bullets.

We observed at one corner of a show a small up-and-down revolving at full swing. The solemn countenances of the

children in the cars led us to philosophize upon these examples of Dutch gravity, when to our surprise, upon going near, we discovered the figures to be wax-work, and that what appeared a crowd of people on the platform was considerably increased by wax figures, the motion of whose heads, occasioned by the motion of the platform, added to the illusion. The groups were well managed, and the master and his deputies had each a waxen *double*. Presuming that where so much could be afforded outside the interior would bear inspection, we obtained admission, and were ushered into a tolerably spacious apartment, with wax-work ranged around, from the floor to some height against the walls. There were two prices, and as we had paid the highest we were entitled to proceed among the figures, within a railing which separated us from the lower-price spectators. A soldier and one or two other persons were shown round with us. The *ciccone*, a boy, seemed to address himself exclusively to us English. He enquired with great formality if we understood French, and, on our nodding assent, he commenced in that language to describe potentates, statesmen, literary characters both ancient and modern, and the royal families of, I think, every country in Europe except England, besides the court of Brazil. All the figures were as large as life, and appropriately dressed. The boy introduced every personage in the most ceremonious and elaborate style, conscientiously giving their full titles, and adding pompous panegyrics, with a perseverance and gravity which we were unwilling to interrupt by laughing, although we could scarcely refrain. A literal version of his descriptive harangue would have been as amusing as the show boys' at Manchester College, inserted in the *Year Book*. The variety and impartiality of his epithets was immeasurably ludicrous. He applied titles and good qualities as lavishly to "Napoleon l'Empereur" as to "Louis le Roi." Even "Ferdinand VII.," a ticklish subject to compliment, he announced as *Sa Majesté très Catholique et très fidèle, Ferdinand sept, Roi d'Espagne, &c. &c.* General Foy, the liberal, was *grecud*; and Chateaubriand, the royalist, *illustre*; the latter he mouthed "*Monsieur de Chateau-brilliant*;" affording unconsciously a sort of character belonging to the style of that agreeable writer. The death of Napoleon formed a



large group, in neat and apparently correct costume; the face of the dying emperor was really well given, and we were assured the whole was an exact representation of the scene at St. Helena at seven o'clock in the evening. Amongst the bystanders were Sir Hudson Lowe, and a catholic priest in full canonicals. In counterpart to this was the death of the duke de Berri, from the shot he received at the old Opera-house at Paris. An archbishop splendidly dressed attended him, and the duchess, with the young duke of Bourdeaux, and other figures, stood near. Presently we came to authentic likenesses of "Susannah and the Elders!" For the benefit of the ignorant it may be stated, upon the authority of this show, that the Hebrew maiden's features and the arrangement of her hair were decidedly those of a little French milliner. These personages assorted oddly with the grandes of the age; but the exhibition was no doubt got up in France, where they treat the ancients more as familiar acquaintances than we venture to do, either from a knowledge of their names being more popularly spread, or from a deficiency in that imagination which leads us to look back upon antiquity through the halo of distant years. In this exhibition Greek and Roman classic characters were ranked with the kings and courtiers of the day; upon the same principle perhaps that a gentleman of my acquaintance, viewing the gardens at Versailles, had a statue pointed out to him by the guide as "The Great Sampson! —the strongest man in France!"

Various diversions remained for our evening amusement, and we had to choose between them. There was to be another concert in the room we had visited before, and on a far superior scale, judging from the vastly increased price of admission. There was also to be a regular play at the theatre, the bills of which announced that gentlemen in "military costume" would be charged only half-price. One of the *circuses* already mentioned, which promised "splendid horsemanship, with the wonderful performances of an elephant," seemed so decidedly the general favorite as to turn the scale of our deliberations. We found the interior strongly and neatly fitted up, with a circular arena, much larger than the pit at Astley's. The surrounding seats gradually rose above each other to the roof, and were divided

into compartments: the admission prices differed according to the distance. The audience being dressed in their holiday-clothes, the amphitheatre presented a gay *coup-d'œil*. Compared with Ducrow's at Astley's, the feats of horsemanship were by no means brilliant, although the troop was more numerous, and went through more chivalric and military manœuvres, than we usually see in England. Their caparisons as knights were very showy, and some of their movements, imitating the mazes of a dance, were singularly clever and picturesque. The evolution which most excited admiration was, when drawn up in line from the centre of the ring to the circumference, each man, wielding a lancer's flag, rode round in the same order, like the spoke of a wheel, the innermost performer merely turning his horse as the pivot upon which the rest revolved; the speed of each increased according to the distance from this point, so that the outside horseman had to ride at full gallop. At last the great attraction, the elephant, was introduced, and went through her achievements of sagacity and strength with unbounded applause. The delight of the Dutch was carried to the highest by the animal's supper, which seemed a trial of rapidity between her and her attendants. As fast as she pulled a bell-rope with her trunk a plate of food was presented, which she threw as fast into her mouth, and again extended her trunk as fast to the bell. Each successive pull was hailed with vociferation. The elephant, though evidently young, was of sufficient size and strength to carry nearly a dozen men on her back. I venture to speak of her as a female, because, after the formal announcement of what she was to do by her ostensible master, her actual keeper in plain clothes, who kept himself out of observation as much as possible, gave the real word of command in a low but decided tone, and the oracular syllables he uttered were English. I recollect the newspaper accounts of the début of Miss Djek, at the Adelphi Theatre; and felt that the elephant at Utrecht fair was no other than Miss Djek, of the Adelphi. Upon going to see her afterwards at that theatre I had little doubt of the fact: man, of her exploits at Utrecht, and particularly the supper, were repeated in London almost verbatim. At the conclusion of the representations, a person dressed like a cavalry officer came forward to thank the audience, to praise the performances,

and to announce those of the following day. He delivered himself in formal phrase, and in the French language, which is extensively understood amongst the middle classes, and I heard a party of ladies behind me expatiate with rapture on the elegance of his style. Before leaving the place, we thought we should be performers ourselves in a sort of quarrel. One of my friends had inadvertently caused a lad's hat to fall through the openings of the wood-work to the ground, which was about fifteen feet down from where he sat; instead of endeavouring to recover it, the youngster, with true Dutch phlegm, had contented himself with giving the unintentional offender an occasional push; but, when he saw us going away, he formally stopped my friend to demand his hat, in Dutch, of which we did not understand a word. We were soon made acquainted with his object, and some of our neighbours volunteered to drop down in search of the hat, when, lo! it was not to be found. I also joined in the search, and at last the lad himself went down in a rage. While he was below, we were advised to retreat at once, or, as he seemed very cross-grained, he might give us trouble. In passing one of the doors we were nearly involved in a more general uproar; for some of the people coming out insisted upon shutting the door, while others resisted; but, after a good deal of consternation and scolding, the hubbub subsided, and we soon found ourselves in the open air.

It was now too late for any other show, and the play at the theatre was entirely over. We observed some peculiarities in our night ramble. Perhaps the most singular one was the manufacture of a species of small cakes to be eaten on the spot. A place nearly opposite our hotel was ranged out into a sort of street of booths, or rather temporary houses. At the door of each stood a furnace, and upon each furnace was a large flat pan, indented by about a dozen or upwards of round hollows; while "aloft in witch-like state" sat the presiding goddess of the pan, a woman, with her feet resting on the edge above the fire, wielding a ladle, a single dip of which into a vessel with the raw material, standing on a shelf behind her, served exactly to fill the hollows. One of her hands effected this with the rapidity of a practised compositor distributing his types, while with the other hand she manœuvred a fork with inconceivable

celerity, first turning each cake in its mould, in order to brown both sides, and next dashing them out, one by one, into a plate, upon which a spoonful of melted butter was instantaneously flung, and it was then handed down to the customers, seated in a small parlour, the entrance to which was simultaneously closed by a curtain, leaving the party to eat in private. The perspective of the double row of these booths, with a figure seated on high in front of each, and the flames from beneath casting a lurid glare upon strongly marked features, suggested to the fancy so many Medeas, or midnight sorceresses, performing their incantations;—the contrast of a dark sky above, and the lights of the fair just showing the outlines of the larger buildings in the distance, formed a subject worthy of Breughel or Rembrandt. We were surprised the clothes of the women escaped the flames which continually burst from the furnaces. Besides the employment just described, these females had to supply fuel to the fires from magazines at their side. It was impossible not to gaze at the surprising agility with which the process was conducted, or not to admire the neatness and comfort with which the little parlours were furnished. Though temporarily put up, they had all the appearance of permanence, in the architecture of the wainscoting and drapery of the walls, and in the substantial ornaments in the shape of pictures, glass candlesticks, and a profusion of indescribable nick-nacks exhibited on what we would term the mantel-shelves.

I must not omit that another peculiarity was the large quantity of pickles offered for sale, and the avidity with which they were devoured. Upon the counters of the shop-booths, cucumbers, girkins, beans, beet-root, mangoes, tomatas, &c., floated prettily in large glass jars of vinegar with spices. Young and old of both sexes went up without ceremony, took a plate and fork, dipped for slices in the jars, and ate them by large mouthfuls "at discretion," paying when done, as familiarly as our dandies at a pastry-cook's. We could scarcely believe that they swallowed raw pickle without accompaniment in such quantities, but we tasted a few specimens, and were convinced of the fact. We watched one man in particular to see how long he would continue eating—I should be afraid to state the result: we could only

ejaculate Shakspeare's benevolent wish, "May good digestion wait on appetite." This practice, which prevails between meals, may partly account for the extraordinary frequency of the word "Apotheek" above the doors in every town in Holland. These apothecaries' shops, too, are among the best fitted up and largest of any, giving strong evidence of a flourishing trade. They have outside a large painted staring head, with the mouth wide open, as if gaping for a bolus—a sign denoting relief to pickle-eaters in case of emergency.

Notwithstanding the dying away of the bustle, and the gradual disappearance of the lights, we did not leave the streets until they were deserted, except by a few people staggering homewards, or sleeping about the booths and in corners, overcome with fatigue, geneva, or pickle. If the report of our fair informers at the hotel was correct, that many did not go to bed during the whole fourteen days of the fair, it is not surprising that they fell asleep "in harness." We had "heard the chimes at midnight," and yet there was a spacious public house near our domicile, in which the company kept up their frolics longer than we chose to stay: they danced to a sing-song tune which all joined in *viva voce*, as well as *viva pede*; and—as old Mr. Pepys says—"it was pleasant to observe," how exactly the uplifted leg and measured hop coincided with the attitudes represented in the paintings of the old Dutch masters.

Next morning we had time to visit the large venerable church, and to enjoy from its lofty tower one of the most extensive views in Europe, no fewer than fifty-one towns and villages being visible from it. We also examined the machinery which set in motion the fine set of *carrillons*, or small bells that play the chimes, the sweet sounds of which so frequently enliven the ear in many of the continental towns, particularly in the Netherlands.

Amongst the merchandize for sale in the neighbourhood of the church, we were attracted to a trinket stand by a pretty variety of broaches, bracelets, and other ornaments, some black, and some the color of box-wood, and of so hard and metallic an appearance that we could not guess what they were made of. The vender told us they were made by himself from the shell of a cocoa-nut. He usually resided for a year at a time in some capital, to introduce his manufacture into the country, and was then established

at Amsterdam, from whence he had come to attend the fair. He said he intended shortly to devote a year to London.

There is a custom in Holland, which, if introduced into this country, would be very convenient to travellers. The booking houses never refuse booking places for a journey; should a greater number of persons apply than the regular vehicle can contain, additional means of conveyance are employed. Thus, at the office in our hotel, forty-four places had been taken for the route we were going, and to carry such an assemblage two diligences of the hugest size, and a smaller *voiture*, were produced. A portrait of one of the former would make a picturesque ornament for the *Year Book*. You may judge of their weight, however, by all the motley group that hang about an inn being required to place their shoulders to the wheels, and aid in launching the horses out of the yard. We sat upon the very top of one of these diligences, which not being a usual place for passengers surprised the Dutch; and I verily believe, had our route been through Cheapside, we might have looked into the second-floor windows. We could not attain to our elevation, however, until the vehicle was clear of the gateway of the inn. During the day's journey we had nearly suffered for choosing so exalted a situation. When near Reinen, a passing waggoner looked up, and endeavoured with great energy to excite our attention; we could not understand him, but we soon perceived that he was warning us of what seemed a gateway with a flat top across the road, which we should not otherwise have observed in time, nor would our driver have troubled himself to recollect where we were. We hastily scrambled down in front, and stooped our heads below the level of the top of the coach, part of the luggage on which grazed rather roughly against the barrier! I cannot conjecture for what purpose such an obnoxious *furca* had been erected: it was neither a gate, a toll-bar, an ornament, nor an entrance to anything; but merely plain brick walls, with a transverse junction at top. This may be a hint to travellers to look before them.

W. G.

March, 1831.

**August 18.**

In August, 1799, died at Romford, in Essex, Mr. Wilson, an eminent butcher of that town, a great proficient in psalmody and a very singular character.

Every Sunday, before the service began at church, he used to amuse himself and the congregation with singing psalms by himself, till the minister came into the desk. He once thought to put a trick upon the minister of Romford. He had been invited to attend the minister's meeting and pay his tithes, but did not appear. He afterwards waited on the clergyman, who was for immediately proceeding to business, but Wilson insisted upon first entertaining him with a psalm. In this kind of merriment he passed the whole evening, drinking and singing psalms till he had emptied three bottles of wine, and tired the minister's patience. They parted without finishing the business of tithes, and next morning, instead of three guineas, which the over night's guest had usually paid, he was ordered to pay nine guineas for his tithes, or they would be taken in kind; with this demand Wilson found himself obliged to comply; and this sum continued his tithe composition ever afterwards. He was, nevertheless, a firm friend to the church. On the last fast-day before his death, while all the congregation were taking refreshment between the morning and evening service, he never quitted the church; but repeated the Lord's prayer, and sung appropriate psalms, from pew to pew, till he had performed these his favorite devotions in every pew in the church.

His singularity was publicly denoted by the manner of eating, and the quantity, of his meals. With a shoulder or leg of lamb, perhaps, in his hand, and a quantity of salt in the bend of the arm which carried the joint, a large knife in the other hand, and a small loaf in his pocket, he would walk through the town, and not return home till he had eaten the whole of his provision.

He was enormously corpulent, and though not as big as Bright, yet there was not a larger man in Romford. In penmanship, as in psalmody, few men could excel him; he daily practused it in his business. Such curious butchers' bills were never seen; they were exquisitely well written, but highly whimsical. The top line perhaps, was German text, the second in Roman print; beef in one hand writing,

mutton in another, lamb in a different hand; all the different sorts of meat were written in as many different hands, and in ink of various colors. These and other odd ways rendered him a remarkable character, while his integrity and gentleness of manners endeared him to his friends, and caused him to be generally respected

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	h. m.
August 18. Day breaks . . .	2 24
Sun rises . . .	4 48
— sets . . .	7 12
Twilight ends . . .	9 36

Everlasting Xeranthemum flowers.

**August 19**

19th August, 1830, six young persons, brothers and sisters, were drowned in the River Ouse. Their fate is commemorated in the church yard of St. Lawrence, at York, by a tablet, erected by public subscription, with the following

INSCRIPTION:

“Raised by friendship, in memory of four sons and two daughters of John and Ann Rigg, of this city; viz: Ann Guthrie Rigg, aged 19 years; Eliza Rigg, aged 17; Thos. Gorwood Rigg, aged 18; John Rigg, aged 16; James Smith Rigg, aged 7; and Charles Rigg, aged 6; who were drowned by their boat being run down on the river Ouse, near York, August 19, 1830:—

“Mark the brief story of a summer's day!  
At noon, youth, health, and beauty launch'd  
away;  
Ere eve, Death wreck'd the bark, and quench'd  
their light;  
Their parents' home was desolate at night;  
Each pass'd alone that gulph no eye can see;  
They met, next moment, in eternity.  
Friend, kinman, stranger, dost thou ask me  
where?  
Seek God's right hand, and hope to find them  
there.”

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	h. m.
August 19. Day breaks . . .	2 27
Sun rises . . .	4 50
— sets . . .	7 10
Twilight ends . . .	9 33

Golden rod in full flower.  
Limes and elms begin to shed their leaves.



ELSTOW CHURCH.

[For the Year Book.]

The village of Elstow is situate about a mile and a half from Bedford, and is noted as the site of an abbey of Benedictine nuns. It is called 'Elnestov,' in Domesday-book, and, at the date of that survey, was held of Judith, countess of Huntingdon, by the monks of St. Mary. The population in 1821 was 548.

The dim, mysterious, ruddy ligh  
That ushers in an autumn night,  
Hung o'er the reeking fields that lay  
Before me, on my lonely way,  
In melancholy stillness spread,  
As if to shroud those dreamless dead,  
Over whose long, unbroken sleep  
No friends nor kindred come to weep,  
Though through its tears the sun-set sky  
Looks kindly down with glimmering eye,  
And, as its tender tints grow dim,  
The red-breast trills their parting hymn.

But now that loved and lonesome thing  
Brought not its tuneful offering;  
Though breaking on the drowsy ear,  
Distinct, yet distant, faint, but clear,

Like the far trumpet's voice of flame  
At times the cock's shrill clarion came,  
Poured blithely forth, as full and free  
As if his misty eye could see,  
In that diseased and cheerless light,  
The waning majesty of night;  
While, from some nearer knoll, the sound  
Of lowing kine, breathed gently round,  
Joined with the homeless wether's bell,  
Drowned not the lisping brooklets' swell.  
No "noise that hinders thought" was there,  
But through the chill substantial air,  
From the still, shadowy hamlet, broke  
The clanging hammer's sturdy stroke,  
And click of hurrying hoofs that trode  
With measured step the twilight road,  
By ancient ELSTOW'S hallowed fane—<sup>\*</sup>  
Now faintly heard, now loud again;  
But still, by distance so subdued,  
They startled not its solitude,

\* The church, which is all that remains of the conventual building, is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, St. Mary, and St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. It is a stately structure, and contains some curious sepulchral brasses, and other monuments of interest.

But served as points to meet and sound  
The deep sepulchral calm around.

The sluggard wind is waking now,  
Round that tall poplar's topmost bough,  
And now, in pulses faint and brief,  
Toys with 'the sere and yellow leaf,'  
Till, bolder grown, it gathers power,  
And whirls a slant a golden shower,  
Trundling its merry charge about  
Like mummings at some lordly rout,  
A reckless, restless, romping clan,—  
Itself the piper to the van.

Look! where, upon the western sky,  
Lifting its solemn front on high,  
Frowns the dark battlemented tow'r,  
And gloomy forms of grandeur low'r—  
There, as I shape my course, and tread  
'Above the venerable dead,'  
What vestiges of days departed  
Up from the teeming past have started!  
Visions of worthies famed in story,  
And fadeless thoughts of faded glory!  
Objects in which my youth delighted,  
Like autumn-gleanings, sear'd and blighted,  
Or sun-shoots from an April sky!  
—Love, hope, fruition, all gone by.—

—'Visions of worthies!'—Aye, let Fame  
Inscribe in water Bunyan's<sup>†</sup> name,  
And merge in darkness, if she will,  
"Erls gruntingon, his ancient Will"†  
The grateful "Pilgrim" still shall go  
To seek his native 'Helenstowe,'  
And, though the place be none so fair—  
Dream of "the land of Beulah" there.—  
'Undying thoughts of dying things!'—  
The bright, but passing, pomp of kings,  
Earth's rottenness, and crafty rath,  
Seen in the blaze of sober truth.—  
—The hopeless hope, by human light,  
To overmatch Essential Right,  
And bind unbending Justice down  
In barter for a fadeless crown.—  
—The convent's gloom—the masses said—  
And requiems chaunted for the dead,  
In solemn voices, loud and clear,  
By old St. Mary's brethren there

\* The tower is detached from the church, as shown in the preceding cut. The "gloomy forms of grandeur" comprise a ruined mansion adjoining, formerly tenanted by the *Hillerson* family, whose arms are carved on the porch, still remaining. An avenue of trees, occupied by a considerable colony of rooks, and shadowing a gentle stream, stands beside it, forming a very striking landscape.

† John Bunyan, author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," was born at Elstow, of mean parentage, in 1628. His native house has undergone such extensive repairs and alterations, that its original features are lost, or a view of it would have probably illustrated this article.

The stealthy rites of those who gave  
Its latest abbeas to the grave,  
And on her tomb engraved the prayer  
They ventured not to proffer there.—  
'Scenes of my youth!'—I thought of you,  
Your dreams, all sunshine,—all untrue—  
—Your sorrows, fleet indeed, but keen,  
Your search for glory, never seen!  
—False,—for I knew not then, nor claimed  
"The hope that maketh not ashamed;"  
—Keen—for I gave myself no care  
To buckle on the shield "All-prayer;"  
And never seen, because I sought,  
Neither when, where, nor how, I ought.

D. A.

There is in the south aisle of the church a memorial for Elizabeth Herwy, whom Mr Lysons calls the last abbess of Elstow, and he endeavours to account for the circumstance of the dates in the inscription being left blank, by supposing that she outlived the dissolution. This, however, is not the fact, as she had three or more successors. The 'prayer' referred to, is that, so usual on sepulchral monuments, previous to the reformation.

## August 20.

20th August, 1734, died at Newcastle-house, Clerkenwell (which house stood in the close, within memory) the duchess of Montagu. She was heiress of Henry, duke of Newcastle, and her hand was solicited by Ralph, duke of Montagu. To an honorable suitor there were two impassable obstacles to the union; the lady was insane—and she determined to marry no one but a monarch. For the sake of her property the duke assumed the character of Emperor of China, made love to a maniac, and she married (or rather was married to) him. Afterwards she suffered no one to approach her but as Empress, and was always served upon the knee. She survived the duke twenty-six years. He was the builder of Montagu-house, now the British Museum.\*

20th August, 1783, died in Moorfields, aged sixty-eight, Mr. Frank Vandermyn, an eminent portrait painter. He was so much attached to a pipe and porter, that he would not paint the portrait of even the first character in the kingdom, unless he was indulged with his pipe at the time, and on that account he lost the painting of many. His likenesses were good, and his fancy heads of Turks, Jew-Rabbies, and Circassians, were much admired.†

\* Noble.

† Gent's Magazine.

		h. m.
August 20.	Day breaks . . .	2 30
	Sun rises . . .	4 51
	— sets . . .	7 9
	Twilight ends . .	9 30

Roadside fleabane flowers.  
Early peaches and nectarines abundant.  
Windsor pears fully ripe.

### August 21.

21st August, 1703, died Thomas Tryon, the amiable author of "The way to health, long life, and happiness, or a discourse on temperance," a work which still retains some celebrity, and of several other pieces on domestic economy and rural affairs. He was the son of a tiler and plasterer at Bibury, in Gloucestershire, and became a shepherd. At thirteen years old he learned to read, and at fourteen gave one of several sheep he had obtained to be taught the art of writing. Afterwards, selling his stock for £3, he went to London, and apprenticed himself to a hat maker at Bridewell Dock, where he spent the day in learning his trade, and most of the night in reading. He commenced business, and acquired a considerable fortune. He rejected the use of animal food, and thought "temperance, cleanliness, and innocency," would purify him for celestial enjoyments. He was a man of kind affections, and when he died, at the age of 69, he is presumed to have anticipated a much longer life in the world, through his tenderness to beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and reptiles.\*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be won for, not without dust and heat.—*Milton.*

		h. m.
August 21.	Day breaks . . .	2 33
	Sun rises . . .	4 53
	— sets . . .	7 7
	Twilight ends . .	9 27

Codlings ready to pick.  
Early apples ripe.  
Red gurnet, red mullet, and red surmullet, in the markets.

\* Noble

### August 22.

This is the anniversary of Bosworth Field, in which battle Richard III. was killed. Modern writers differ with older authors concerning his character. Walpole's "Historic Doubts" first raised suspicion of the veracity of the historians, who represent Richard to have been a monster in mind as well as body. The story of the murder and burial of the infant princes in the tower is much discredited.

There is an interesting account of Richard Plantagenet (a natural son of Richard III.) in the following letter from Dr. Thomas Brett to Dr. William Warren, President of Trinity Hall.

[Copy.]

DEAR WILL,  
Now for the story of Richard Plantagenet. In the year 1720 (I have forgot the particular day, only remember it was about Michaelmas) I waited on the late lord Heneage, earl of Winchelsea, at Eastwell house, and found him sitting with the register of the parish of Eastwell lying open before him. He told me that he had been looking there to see who of his own family were mentioned in it. But, says he, I have a curiosity here to show you: and then showed me, and I immediately transcribed it into my sلمانac—"Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22d daye of December, anno ut supra. Ex Registro de Eastwell, sub anno 1550." This is all the register mentions of him; so that we cannot say whether he was buried in the church or church-yard; nor is there now any other memorial of him except the tradition in the family, and some little marks where his house stood. The story my lord told me was this:—

When Sir Thomas Moyle built that house (Eastwell-place) he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read; but was some time before he could discover it, he still putting the book up if any one came toward him. However, at last, Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and looking into it found it to be Latin. Hereupon, he examined him, and, finding he pretty well understood that language, he inquired how he came by his learning: hereupon the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would

venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to any one. He then informed him, that he was boarded with a Latin school-master, without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old: only a gentleman (who took occasion to acquaint him he was no relation to him) came once a quarter, and paid for his board; and took care to see that he wanted nothing. And, one day, this gentleman took him, and carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there. Then a man, finely drest, with a star and garter, came to him, asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money. Then the forementioned gentleman returned, and conducted him back to his school.

Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again, with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth field; and he was carried to Richard III.'s tent. The king embraced him, and told him he was his son. "But, child," says he, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown; and, assure yourself, if I lose that, I will lose my life too; but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place (directing him to a particular place), where you may see the battle, out of danger. And when I have gained the victory, come to me; I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But, if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father; for no mercy will be showed to any one so nearly related to me." Then the king gave him a purse of gold and dismissed him.

He followed the king's directions. And, when he saw the battle was lost, and the king killed, he hasted to London, sold his horse and fine clothes, and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that he might have means to live by his honest labor, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. But, having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, he was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself.

Sir Thomas said, "You are now old,

and almost past your labor; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live." He answered, "Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired; give me leave to build a house of one room for myself, in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die." Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued to his death.

I suppose (though my lord did not mention it) that he went to eat in the family, and then retired to his hut. My lord said that there was no park at that time; but, when the park was made, that house was taken into it, and continued standing till his (my lord's) father pulled it down. "But," said my lord, "I would as soon have pulled down this house:" meaning Eastwell-place.

I have been computing the age of this Richard Plantagenet when he died, and find it to be about eighty-one. For Richard III. was killed August 23 [22], 1485 (which subtracted from 1550, there remains sixty-five), to which add sixteen (for the age of Richard Plantagenet at that time), and it makes eighty-one. But, though he lived to that age, he could scarcely enjoy his retirement in his little house above two or three years, or a little more. For I find by Philpot that sir Thomas Moyle did not purchase the estate of Eastwell till about the year 1543 or 4. We may therefore reasonably suppose that, upon his building a new house on his purchase, he could not come to live in it till 1546, but that his workmen were continued to build the walls about his gardens, and other conveniences off from the house. And, till he came to live in the house, he could not well have an opportunity of observing how Richard Plantagenet retired with his book. So that it was probably towards the latter end of the year 1546, when Richard and sir Thomas had the forementioned dialogue together. Consequently, Richard could not build his house, and have it dry enough for him to live in, till the year 1547. So that he must be seventy-seven or seventy-eight years of age before he had his writ of ease.

I am  
 dear brother Will,  
 your humble servant,  
 Tho. BRET

*Spring Grove, Sept. 1, 1733.*



Dr. Samuel Pegge, in remarking upon the preceding letter, and upon objections that were urged to the authenticity of its account, says, "Dr. Thomas Brett, of Springgrove, near Eastwell, was the person that penned the story, or that first put down the traditionary account in writing, with a view of obliging his countryman, Dr. William Warren, who was then fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and there resident. Dr. Brett, and Dr. Warren, both of whom I well know, were very serious men, and incapable of forming a design of imposing upon any body, in a point of history especially. When I lived in the neighbourhood of Eastwell, which I did many years, the tradition very currently ran as the doctor has delivered it; but if R. T. will be content with a literal extract from the old register of Eastwell, concerning the person in question, I am ready to oblige him in that, by assuring him that I copied verbatim, above thirty years ago, the following entry from thence:—'Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22nd days of December, anno ut supra, i. e. 1550. [4 Edw. VI.] All I shall further say, is, and this I think may give some satisfaction, that Richard III. certainly had a bastard son of the name of Richard, see Mr. Drake's *Eboracum*, p. 117, where you will find that he was knighted, when a youth, by his father, at York."

Again—The Rev. P. Parsons, rector of Eastwell, further confirms the genuineness of the extract from the register, by stating, "The words of the register of Eastwell are exactly as quoted by Dr. Brett.—It is also remarkable that in the same register, whenever any of noble family was buried, this mark ✓ is prefixed to the name; and the same mark is put to that of Richard Plantagenet."\*

		h. m.
August 22.	Day breaks . . .	2 37
	Sun rises . . .	4 55
	— sets . . .	7 5
	Twilight ends . . .	9 23

Amellus flowers.

Green gage, and Orleans' plums ripe to perfection.

### August 23.

TO BE CONSIDERED.

The light which we have gained was given us not to be ever staring on, but by it to discern onward things, more remote from our knowledge.—*Milton*.

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

August 23.	Day breaks . . .	2 40
	Sun rises . . .	4 57
	— sets . . .	7 3
	Twilight ends . . .	9 20

Sea starwort in full flower.

### August 24.

#### ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY

There is a curious half-sheet octavo tract, printed in 1716, entitled "The Wonders of England, containing Dogget and Penkethman's Dialogue with Old Nick, on the suppression of Bartholomew Fair in Smithfield." The title enumerates several other strange and wonderful matters, as being contained in the book, but, like the showman's painted cloths in the fair, pictures monsters not visible within. There is not a line in the tract respecting the suppression of the fair.

[For the Year Book.]

On the above day the following custom prevailed some time ago at the village of Dorrington, in the county of Lincoln. In the morning a number of maidens, clad in their best attire, went in procession to a small chapel, then standing in the parish, and strewed its floor with rushes, from whence they proceeded to a piece of land, called the "Play Garths," where they were joined by most of the inhabitants of the place, who passed the remainder of the day in rural sports,—such as foot-ball, wrestling, and other athletic exercises, with dancing, &c. The pastimes, however, are not confined to St. Bartholomew's-day, but occur at other times in the year; as the "Garths" was left by an inhabitant for the young men and women of the village to play in. Rush-bearing is still kept up in some parts of Yorkshire by decorating a cart-load of rushes with flowers, &c., and going in procession therewith round the whole of the place.

#### SLEAFORDENSIS.

#### FESTIVALS OF ST. JOHN AND ST. BARTHOLOMEW—EARLY METHOD OF EDUCATION.

Morley, near Leeds, Yorkshire,  
May 8, 1831.

MR. HONE,

It may not be unacceptable to you to communicate something relating to the anniversaries of St. John's and St. Bartholomew's, respectively, which has been

left incomplete or untouched by your former publications. Taking them in order of time, I would first advert to Midsummer-day, or the *Nativity of St. John the Baptist*.

So much of what is most curious respecting this festival has been related in vol. i., p. 846, &c., of your *Every-Day Book*, that little remains to be added. It was a high day with the Catholics of the middle ages, and on it their guilds appeared with unusual splendor. The nature of these institutions is well illustrated by Clarkson in his valuable *History of Richmond* (in Yorkshire), p. 225. They were composed, he says, of persons of both sexes, who were not bound by their statutes to celibacy. They formed chantries, &c., used to make solemn processions through the town on St. John's day, with the portable shrine of St. John and *torches lighted*, bearing the host in a tabernacle, with banners and colors flying; and masses, dirges, &c., were said for the prosperity of the brethren and sisters living, and for their souls after their departure hence. They had also, at the same time, charitable views, as giving relief to poor brethren and sisters, and finding beds and accommodations for distressed strangers, and occasionally lepers.

I shall not trouble you with an account of the "Watch setting" on this night, so frequently mentioned by old John Stowe\* under the Tudor reigns, because you have largely adverted to the subject before. Suffice it to observe, that the custom originated not in superstition (as might be imagined), but from necessity; for there appears to have been one or more nights in early times (of which St. John's was one), when people assembled together to commit depredations, or do "wanton mischief," and we have still an anniversary of this kind in Yorkshire on the night of April 30th. To prevent these injuries and depredations, "watch and ward" was kept in London, on St. John's eve, with great power and splendor till the year 1539, when it was discontinued from the jealousy of the reigning despot, though the practice was afterwards revived.

But my chief reason for noticing St. John's eve is on account of the *fires*, formerly, and still, said to be lighted up on

that night; and which, doubtless, may be deduced from the same origin as our Christmas fires, and the burning of the "yuleclog." To me, at least, the following passage in Mr. Fosbroke's valuable *Encyclopædia* is quite satisfactory:—

"The heathens," says he, "were much delighted with the festivals of their gods, and unwilling to part with those delights; and therefore Gregory (Thaumaturgus), who died in 265, and was bishop of Neocæsarea, to facilitate their conversion, instituted annual festivals. Hence the festivities of Christmas were substituted for the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia—the May games for the Floralia—and the keeping of festivals to the Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, and divers apostles, in the room of the solemnities at the entrance of the sun into the signs of the zodiac, according to the old Julian Calendar."

It is rather remarkable that these *fires* and illuminations before referred to should have been made on the anniversary of the nativity of John the Baptist, if they had no reference to the character of him as given by Jesus Christ. "He was a burning and a shining light (says the Saviour), and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light."\* Unquestionably there is a singular coincidence here, if the customs and ceremonies observed upon it had no relation to the festival.

I now turn to *St. Bartholomew's Day*, for the purpose of noticing a custom annually observed thereon, in the "olden times," though little noticed in antiquarian works, and not at all in yours.† I mean the meeting of scholars, from different schools, for the purpose of disputation, and to try their proficiency in learning. Stowe makes mention of this practice in his "Survey," and also Lilly, the astrologer, in his life. In the note also prefixed to the life of Sir Thomas More it is said, that "on the eve of St. Bartholomew the scholars used to repair to the church yard of the priory, in Smithfield, for trial of proficiency in learning and disputation."

This custom was not quite extinct in Yorkshire, even in that early part of the last century; but what surprises me the most is the place where these disputations or examinations were carried on. Upon authority which I cannot doubt, that place was Lee Fair, where, early in September, an

\* John's Gospel, v. 35.

† [Mr. Scatcherd has overlooked the notice in the *Every-Day Book*, i. 119.]

\* Annals, p. 817, 1118, 1115, 1119.

annual wake and mart is held for cattle and goods of various kinds. The place is an insignificant village about two miles hence, but near Woodkirk, where, anciently, was a cell of black canons under Nostel Priory. To this fair the scholars of Leeds, Wakefield, and perhaps other places, were brought according to tradition; and curious indeed must have been their disputations, when Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, Tullie's *Rhetoric*, the *Syntax of the Grammar Schools*, and *Logic o. the Priests*, were the chief if not the sole studies of youth, apart from martial or rural exercises. As much real knowledge, methinks, might be gathered from the clack of a number of Hindoos, Las-cars, or Guinea fowls.

Connected with this subject is the state of learning and course of education in the middle and later ages. Having for some time made minutes whenever I have lighted upon very curious particulars relating thereto, and being desirous to see them embodied, I shall be glad if you think, with me, that they will be acceptable to your best informed readers. It shall now be my endeavour to arrange them in something like chronological order, I will begin with a specimen of the poetry of the 15th century (said to be from an unpublished version of Hardyng's *Chronicle*), as it displays the course of education then pursued in a most amusing manner:—

“ And as *Lords Sons* bene sett at foure year age  
To scole to learn the *doctrine of Lettrure* ;  
And, after six, to have them in language,  
And sit at meat semely in all nurure ;  
At ten and twelve to *revel in their cours* ,  
To dance and sing and *speak of gentleness* ;  
At fourteen year they shall to field, I sure,  
At hunt the deer and catch an hardness.

“ For Deer to hunt, and slay, and see them  
bleed,  
An hardiment giveth to his courage, \*  
And also in his wit he taketh heed,  
Imagining to take them at advantage ;  
At sixteen year to werray and to wage,  
To *just and ride, and castles to assail* ,  
To skirmish als, and make siker Scurage,  
And set his *Watch, for perill nocturnale* .  
“ And, every day, his Armour to assay  
In feat of arms with some of his many,

\* This, if my memory serves me, was Mr. Wyndham's argument for the perpetuation, if not encouragement, of brutal sports. How different from the views and feelings of that great man, Lord Erskine!

His might to prove, and what that he do may  
If that he were in such a jeopardy  
Of Warre by falle, that by necessitie  
He might algates with weapons him defend ;  
Thus should he learn in his priority  
His weapons all in armes to dispend.”

The inventory of Sir John Fastolf's effects in vol. 20, of the *Archæologia*, p. 237: the *Paston Letters*, vol. 1, p. 173, and vol. 4, p. 79, disclose very curious particulars in perfect accordance with the foregoing description:—

“ One thing (says a commentator) very remarkable, though this inventory (i. e. Fastolf's) was before the invention of printing, is the *absence of Books*. Some MSS. might at least have been expected in a mansion like Fastolf's, in addition to two missals, a psalter, and a martyr-ology. His learned secretary, William of Worcester, does not seem to have directed his patron's taste to the acquirement of a library; though, in his own person, he engaged in the pursuit with all the ardor of a modern bibliomaniac.” In accordance with the last extract is this passage in Camden's remains, p. 273:—

“ A nobleman of this time (i. e. Henry the VIIIth's reign), in contempt of learning, said, that it was for Noble men's sonnes enough to winde their Horne and carry their Hawke faire, and to leave study and learning to the children of meane men.”

Dr. Whitaker, in his history of Whalley, tells us that he could not discover more than *three* books to have been purchased by the canons of Bolton, in 40 years.

In the inventory of the effects of T. Keeble, Esq., taken in 1501, there is only one book. “ *A Boke in French wrote on parchement—£1.*” See Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. 3, p. 272.

As a specimen of the kind of books in the possession of scholars, even so late as 1616, take the following, presented by one of the Fellows of St. John's College, Oxford, of the name of Smith—Hierom's works in three vols.; his *Hebrew Concoissance*; Alphonus de Castro; Cyprian and Augustine's works, being five vols. See Gutch's *Oxford*, p. 551.

In a MS. account of the expenses of Mr. Henry and Wm. Cavendish (sons of Sir Wm. Cavendish, of Chatsworth, knt.) at Exon school, 21st Oct., 1560, are the following:—

- Item. For a Kynges grammar.
- Item. Marcus Tullius office.

Item. *Fabulæ Æsopi.*

Item. For quarteridge in pens and Yake Brom and byrche.—vid.

Item. Paid for Tullius Atticum, iiii.

From the life of Sir Thos. More, it appears that his daughters, on their journeys, exercised themselves in the making of declamations, or composition of verses, or in logic exercises; for which he praises the eloquence of his beloved "wenches." To correct the reading of a passage in such an author as St. Cyprian, he deemed a proof of great learning and talent, p. 154. His daughter, Mary, he recommends to spend the remainder of her life in studying *physic, and the holy scriptures.*

I will now, Mr. HONE, present your readers with a passage in the life of Sir Thomas More, from which they may judge how much of science, or in other words of real, sterling, precious knowledge, was stored in the mind of one of the greatest, wisest, and best men of the 16th century. In one of the letters of Sir Thos. More to his children, he writes respecting their tutor thus—"for I think Mr. Nicolas is with you, and that you have learned of him *much astronomy*, so that I hear you have proceeded *so far* in the science that you now know, *not only the pole star or dog*, and such like of the common constellations; but also (*which argueth an absolute and cunning astronomer*) in the chief planets themselves, you are able to discern the sun from the moon." See p. 146.

When Queen Elizabeth honored Sandwich with her presence in 1573, "She entered into the *Scole house*, wheare she was very merry, and did eate of dyverse dishes, *without any assaye*, and caused certen to be reserved for her and carried to her lodginge. Against the *Scole house*, uppon the new turfed wall, and uppon a scaffold made uppon the wall of the *Scole-house* yarde where dyverse children, Englishe and Dutche, to the number of Cth, or vi. score, all *spynning of fine bag yarne*, a thing well liked both of her Majestie and of the Nobilitie and Ladies." See Antiquarian Repertory, vol. iv. p. 65. "Old Jackquer, now living, has often seen from his house the nuns of St. Mary's (Kingston in Wilts) coming forth into the Nymph Ilay, with rocks and wheels to spin.\* Sometimes to the num-

ber of seventy, all of whom were not nuns, but young girls sent there for education." MS. of Aubrey, *ibid* p. 44 vol. iv.

I next offer to your readers a copy of a letter to the tutor of Prince Henry, son of James the 1st, showing how an English tutor at Paris educated his pupils in 1610: extracted from Mr. Ellis's letters, second series, vol. iii. p. 226.

"Our dayes are thus divided—In the forenoon Mr. Puckering spends two hours on horseback. Two other hours he spends in French—one in reading—the other in rendering to his teacher some part of a Latin author by word of mouth—a fifth hour he is employed in learning to *handleh is weapon*, which entertains him till twelve of the clock, when the bell warns him to dinner, where the company continues together till two o'clock, either passing the time in discourse or in some recreation *pertaining to armes*. Then they are warned by the bell to *dawncing*, which holds him till three, when he retires to his chamber, and there employs with me two other hours in reading over some Latin author; which done, he translates some little part of it into French, leaving his faults to be corrected the morrow following by his teacher. After supper we take a brief survey of all."

"Such was the state of learning," says Aubrey, "from the time of Erasmus down to 1660, *learning was downright pedantry*. The conversation and habits of those times were as starch't as their bands and and square beards, and gravity was taken for wisdom. The doctors were *old boys*. *Quibbles* passed for wit *even in sermons*. 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 schoolmasters. The child loathed the sight of his parents. Gentlemen of thirty or forty years of age were to stand like mutes and fools bareheaded before their parents, and their daughters (grown women) were to stand at the cupboard side during the whole time of their proud mother's visit, unless (as the fashion was) leave was desired that a cushion should be given them to *kneel on*. The boys (I mean the young fellows) had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with spittle. They were to stand *mannerly forsooth, one hand at their band string, the other behind the breech*. The gentlewomen had prodigious fans; with these the daughters were

\* To do justice, however, to our Catholic ancestors, I must add that even this was better than encouraging them in idleness and pride.

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 24.

often slashed and corrected. Sir Edward Coke rode the circuit with such a fan, and the Earl of Manchester used such a one. At Oxford, the rod was often used by the tutors and deans; and Dr. Potter, of Trinity Hall, I know right well whipped his pupil with a sword by his side; when he came to take leave of him to go to the Inns of Court." See Antiquarian Repository, vol. iii. p. 47.

It is manifest to me, Mr. HONE (whatever it may be to other people), that the stern, arbitrary, and unfeeling conduct of parents to children, which continued to the latter part of the last century, took its tone from the despotic and cruel nature of our governments, down to the times of the commonwealth of England. I have alluded to this elsewhere, and Hentzner's account of the court of Elizabeth abundantly confirms me; but my thoughts are chiefly turned to the kind of knowledge which was acquired at grammar-schools in the "good old times!" Let us look a little into this matter.—

So late as 1595, it appears that persons were taught to reckon *with counters*. One may infer from a sketch of a grammar-school founded in Sandwich, in 1580, by sir Robert Manwood, that "cyphering" was not deemed a necessary acquisition to the young inhabitants, though this was a cinque port. Latin, and *parving words*, were then the chief exercises. Mr. Ayscough, indeed, writing in 1797, says,— "Whatever may be the present usage (i. e. in grammar-schools), it is within recollection that, *fifty years ago*, there were sent, from *capital schools*,\* to the universities, youths of good abilities, and not by any means wanting in *grammar and classical learning*, yet so little versed in common figures, as to be obliged to have recourse to a *master of a day school* in the town, for instruction in the *four fundamental rules of arithmetic*."

What, then, did these disputants in churchyards, or at fairs, with whom we commenced, understand? Why, syntax, and what they called metaphysics, or logic, or some other kind of humdrum stuff; and, *after the Reformation*, besides "qui, quæ, quod," they knew something about γὰρ and τοῖ—about Greek particles, and Greek metres, and such unedifying, artificial learning; but could they do more than count with counters, or their

*fingers*? Could they measure a plot of ground? gauge a cistern? find the solid contents of a haystack? or the height of a steeple? Did they know any thing about the history, or constitution, or laws, or customs, or antiquities of their country? What was their astronomical, mathematical, chemical, geographical, or other useful knowledge, down to the times of Bacon, if not of Newton? Why, it was nothing, or next to nothing.—Yet these parrots, with a bit of *dead linguistry*, which a Grecian ploughboy or milkmaid would have laughed at, thought themselves, and were thought by others, mighty fine scholars; and, as is frequently the case even now, very competent to *instruct* others.

Græk, as I before have stated, was almost unknown in this country before the Reformation.\* When Erasmus lectured in one of the universities here, I have somewhere read that he could scarcely obtain an auditory: as to *Hebrew*, there were catholic priests, even, who considered it a new language, then forming, and that *whoever learned it became a Jew*.

I shall here, for the present, close this very amusing subject with a display of the library of that great disputant, theologian, and quack,† the "Defender of the Faith," his Highness, Henry VIII.

One greates booke, called an Herbal.

Two greates Bibles in latten.

One booke of Aristotle.

A Masse booke covered with black velvet.  
vi. other small booke.

For the present I remain,

Yours respectfully,

NORRISSEON SCATCHERD.

I had rather confess my ignorance than falsely profess knowledge.—It is no shame not to know all things, but it is a just shame to over-reach in any thing.—*Ep. Hall.*

	h. m.
August 24. Day breaks . . .	2 43
Sun rises . . .	4 59
— sets . . .	7 1
Twilight ends . . .	9 17

Large dragon fly common.

\* See Ellis's Letters, second series, vol ii. p. 60, Letter 111. M' Cree's life of Knox, vol. i. p. 343.

† It is manifest, from what has come out of late years, that this monster was a very great moll-coddle, besides quack.

\* I. e. The chief, or head public schools.



THE ROYAL CLARENCE VASE.

This engraving held at arms length for a moment, and no more, may convey a slight notion of the superb glass Vase de-

signed and executed at Birmingham, by Mr. John Gunby, and exhibited at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, London.

An immense bason of copper, and its iron shaft, or foot, clothed with two thousand four hundred pieces of glass, construct a vase fourteen feet high, and twelve feet wide across the brim, weighing upwards of eight tons, and capable of holding eight pipes of wine. Each piece of glass is richly cut with mathematical precision, and is beautifully colored; the colors are gold, ruby, and emerald, and they are enamelled upon one side of the glass. These colored sides being cemented upon the metal body, and rendered perfectly air-tight in that junction, the exterior is a gem-like surface of inconceivable splendor.

On entering the room in which it is exhibited, I was not so much struck by the first sight of the vase, as I expected to be from the account I had received respecting it. The room being small, a few steps from the entrance door had brought me too near to the object, and the eye sought relief from a mass of brilliancy. On continuing to look at it, the strong light of a sunny summer afternoon, commixing with the full blaze from several gas-burners, made out the details too clearly. Ascending a small gallery at the back of the apartment, I saw down into the concavity of the immense vessel. After admiring, for a few minutes, the *Thyrsis*-like ornaments of the interior, and then proceeding to descend the stairs, my eye was caught by the shadow which dimmed a portion of the exterior, and rendered more lustrous the gleams shining from other parts. It seemed to me that this was a good place for a view; and, lingering on the stair-case, the beauty of the vase, as a whole, appeared to gradually unfold. But, upon reaching the floor of the room, the sudden drawing of a curtain obscured the day-light; and the vase, by the illumination of gas alone, glittered like diamonds upon melting gold. From a remote corner I observed the magic splendor at leisure, and watched the varying effects of different degrees of the light, as it was heightened or lowered by a valve regulating to the burners of the surrounding lamps. Waiting till the visitors had retired, who were better pleased with its full lustre, the doors were closed, and I was then allowed half an hour's contemplation in a partial and subdued light. By causing some of the gas-burners to be extinguished, and the flame in the others to be reduced to a finger's breadth, one side of the room was

darkened, parts of the vase were in deep shadow, and the rest seemed a glowing golden fire, silently consuming precious gems; while the transparent edge of the encircling rim above became a sparkling nimbus of starlight. I coveted to be shut up with the stillness, and banquet my eyes through the night upon the gorgeous vision. By elevating and adjusting my hands to exclude the illuminating burners from my sight, the colossal gem appeared through the gloom mysteriously self-lighted, and I gazed and mused till I might have imagined it to be the depository of the talismans of Eblis, which disclosed forbidden secrets and exhaustless treasures to the impious caliph who preferred knowledge to wisdom, and who discovered too late that the condition of man is—to be humble and ignorant.

This gorgeous wonder produced solely by native art, at the opening of a new and auspicious æra in our history, should be destined to the palace of a King who holds the hearts of the people to his own, and rules by the law of kindness. Let them respectfully tender it to His Majesty, as the splendid first fruits of British ingenuity in the first year of his beneficent reign, and in testimony of their unanimous sense of his paternal purposes. To a subscription properly originated and conducted, the poorest man that could spare a mite would doubtless contribute; and the "Royal Clarence Vase" may be an acceptable present from the Nation to William the Fourth.

WILLIAM HONE

July, 1831.

TO MR. JOHN GUNBY,  
*On his resplendent Glass Vase*

[From Cowper.]

O! worthy of applause! by all admired,  
Because a novelty, the work of one  
Whose skill adds lustre to his country's fame!  
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,  
The wonder of the arts.—No forest fell,  
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its  
marble,

T'enrich thy walls; but thou didst form thy  
VASE

From molten masses of the glassy wave.  
Silently as a dream the fabric rose,  
No sound of hammer or of saw was there;  
Glass upon glass the well adjusted parts  
Were nicely join'd, with such cement secur'd,  
Experience taught would firm! make them  
one.

Colors of various hues, with gold emboss'd,  
 Illumine all around ; a dazzling light  
 Shoots thro' the clear transparency, that seems  
 Another sun new risen, or meteor fallen  
 From heaven to earth, of lambent flame  
 serene.

So stands the splendid prodigy—A scene  
 Of individual and of British glory—  
 And the rich meed has GUNBY nobly earn'd.

JAMES LUCKCOCK.

*Edgbaston, July 1, 1831.*

ACCOUNT BY MR. REINAGLE.

The present era is distinguished by the grand and rapid progress made in the sciences and in arts, which multiply to infinitum things to fill us with astonishment. But up to the present day no part of the world has produced a genius of sufficient power of mind to conceive even the possibility of fabricating in cut glass an object of such wonderful magnificence, and of a size so immensely colossal, as the Vase of which we are about to paint, in description, a feeble portrait.

The human mind, in all its extensive range of thought, is not able to conceive a splendid Glass Vase, cut in the most elaborate and novel way, and embellished with enamel all over its surface, as this presents itself to the beholder.

At the first sight one is confounded with astonishment, and knows not whether what we see is real, or whether we have not been transported, on a sudden, to another globe, to be surrounded by miraculous things. The spectacle is one of the most surprising that can be exhibited.

To England is due the honor of its production ; and it comes from the hand of one of its numerous celebrated artists, MR. GUNBY. The precious metal, gold, glitters in all its glory, intermixed, or rather united, with extraordinary beauty of cutting, and rich and splendid enamel painting—in colors the most vivid and imposing. The genius that is observed in the design of the ornaments, and in the novel beauty of the coup d'œil, is remarkable in all its details, and leaves the spectator bewildered.

One is at a loss whether most to admire the shape—the gorgeous brilliance—the sparkle of the gems—the beauty of the cutting—the enamelling—the general conception—or the immense bulk of this magnificent and astounding work of art. We have seen China vases of a form and size very large, but never of a decidedly fine contour.

Up to the present day all cut glass vases have been limited to a scale of about two feet, the pedestal included ; but here is a cut glass vase, not only the most embellished and the most beautiful in shape possible to be conceived, but of a magnitude beyond all previous calculation or conception. One is tempted to believe that some supernatural inspiration had developed to the mind of the distinguished artist the plan, and the means to construct what no being of this globe, since the creation, had ever seen. Such is the truth. We know of no description in history that indicates any similar effort ; and this precious colossal vase must be seen to have any just idea of it.

Original Poetry.

W. C.——

[Original.]

We have fill'd many a goblet high,  
 We have drain'd right many dry ;  
 We have trolled the merry glee  
 In tuneful company ;  
 We have laughed the night away,  
 And stood the morning's bay ;  
 We have joy'd in the same sun,  
 By the same moon woo'd and won ;  
 We have together conn'd the page  
 Of the poet and the sage ;  
 Made record of our sighs,  
 And our vows to ladies' eyes ;  
 Scorn'd the world, and the vain,  
 And the proud of its train ;  
 And reveal'd each to the other,  
 As an infant to its mother,  
 All the cares and the joys  
 That befel us men and boys,  
 But these shall never be again,—  
 For thou art not now of men,—  
 But the heart that lov'd thee here  
 Will ever hold thee in its sphere.  
 Joy yet may be with me,  
 And I will think it is with thee.  
 When I tread our haunts of old,  
 I will forget that thou art cold ;  
 I will place thee by my side,  
 As though death had but lied ;  
 And curl my lip again  
 At life and at men :  
 And our words shall be gay,  
 As they were in thy life's May,  
 And my heart shall be bared,  
 As to none but thee it dared :  
 And who will tell me then,  
 That thou art not of men ?

S. H. S.



**August 25.**

August, 1735. At the assizes in Cornwall Henry Rogers was tried, condemned, and executed, for murder. He was a pewterer at a village called Skewis, and was so ignorant of the reason, as well as of the power, of the law, that, when a decree in chancery went against him, he resisted all remonstrances, and fortified his house, making loop-holes for muskets, through which he shot two men of the posse comitatus, who attended the under sheriff. A little while after, he shot one Kitchens, as he was passing the high road, on his private business. He also fired through the window, and killed one Toby; and would not suffer his body to be taken away to be buried, for some days. At length the neighbouring justices of the peace assisted the constables, and procured an aid of some soldiers, one of whom he killed, and afterwards made his escape; but at Salisbury, on his way towards London, he was apprehended and brought down to Cornwall. Five bills of indictment were found against him, by the grand jury, for the five murders. To save the court time, he was tried on three of them only, and found guilty in each case, before lord chief justice Hardwick. As he lay in gaol, after his condemnation, the under sheriff coming in he attempted to seize his sword, with a resolution to kill him, swearing he should die easy if he could succeed in that design. He was attended at the place of suffering by several clergymen, but they could make no impression on his brutal stupidity, and he died without expressing any remorse. His portrait, from which this account is taken, represents him in prison, leaning with his left arm on a bench, and hand-cuffed. His appearance perfectly agrees with the description, and depicts him with a countenance of doltish ignorance, and hardened insensibility to his situation. The print is well executed and very rare

**JEFFERY HUDSON.**

**MR. HONE,**  
Amongst the books of Mr. Nassau, brother to lord Rochford (sold by Evans of Pall Mall, in February 1824) was a copy of "The New Yeere's Gift," mentioned at p. 16, which, according to a manuscript note on the fly-leaf, was "bound with a piece of Charles I.'s waistcoat, and tied with the blue ribbon

of the Garter." A plate of arms, inside, showed that the diminutive ratty had once been the property of "Joannis Towneley de Towneley." A scarce portrait of Jeffery was inserted, under which were inscribed these lines :—

"Gaze on with wonder and discern in me  
The abstract of the world's epitome."  
J. B.—a.

**FIRE ENGINES.**

Mr. John Lofting, a merchant of London, was the inventor and patentee of the fire-engine, as we are informed by a very rare engraving of him. In one corner of it is a view of the Monument, and in another the Royal Exchange, &c. The engines are represented as at work, with letter-press explanations.

**PRACTICAL HINT ON BEES.**

Dr. Joseph Warder, a physician, is now chiefly remembered by a treatise on Bees dedicated to Queen Anne "the Queen Bee of Britain." Upon mentioning this writer the Rev. Mark Noble says, "Few persons have seen more of Bees than the inhabitants of my rural residence; but, after great expense incurred in endeavouring to forward their operations, perhaps the cottager's humble method is the best for profit."

	h. m.
August 25. Day breaks . . .	2 46
Sun rises . . .	5 0
— sets . . .	7 0
Twilight ends . . .	9 14

**August 26.**

26 August, 1776, died, aged 73, at Paris, the celebrated historical tourist of that city, Germain Francois Poullain de St. Foix. His only amusements were the society of a few literary friends, a beautiful garden, an aviary peopled with different kinds of birds, seven or eight cats to which he was strongly attached, and some other animals. In all seasons he slept upon a sofa, with no covering but a dressing-gown. He was desirous of being a member of the French Academy, but it was customary to make visits, and to this he could not conform. He

died in the arms of M. Very, a priest with whom he was intimate.

		h. m.
August 26.	Day breaks . . .	2 49
	Sun rises . . .	5 2
	— sets . . .	6 58
	Twilight ends . . .	9 11

## August 27.

### HUGE FISH.

“Very like a whale.”

Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsal, cites a certain noble Englishman as saying —“In the month of August, 1532, our seas east upon the shores of Tinmouth a dead beast of a vast magnitude, now greatly wasted, yet there remains still as much of it as 100 great waggons can draw. It was about ninety feet long as it lay in the sands, about twenty-five feet in thickness; some conjecture that his back was nine feet or more under the sand —I came thither the 27th of August. He had thirty ribs of a side, most of them twenty-one foot long a-piece; three bellies like vast caves, and thirty throats, whereof five were very great; and two fins, each of fifteen foot long; ten oxen could scarcely draw one of them away. He had no teeth; there grew to his palate above 1000 plates of horn; hairy on one side; the length of the head, from the crown to the chaps, was twenty-one feet: his eyes and nostrils were like to an ox’s, and far too small for so great a head, which had two great holes, whereby it was supposed this monster cast up water. A man rending away his share of the prize, and falling into the inside of the animal, was nearly drowned.”

The archbishop has a marvellous chapter “Of the many kinds of whales.” He says, “some are hairy, and of four acres in bigness; the acre is 240 feet long, and 120 broad.” Another kind “hath eyes so large that fifteen men may sit in the room of each of them, and sometimes twenty, or more; his horns are six or seven-foot long, and he hath 250 upon each eye, as hard as horn, that he can stir stiff or gentle, either before or behind.” He has another chapter, “Of anchors fastened upon whales’ backs,” in which he tells, “The whale hath upon his skin a superficies like the gravel that is by the sea-side; so that, oft-times, when he rais-

eth his back above the water, *swims* taketh it to be nothing else but an island, and land upon it, and they strike piles into it, and fasten them to their ships. they kindle fires to boil their meat, until, at length, the whale, feeling the fire, dives down suddenly into the depth, and draws both man and ships after him, unless the anchor breaks.”

Olaus tells of fish on the coast of Norway, of horrible forms, having very black square heads, of ten or twelve cubits, with huge eyes, eight or ten cubits in circumference; the apple of the eye being of one cubit, and red and fiery colored, which, in the dark nights, and in the deep waters, appears to fishermen like a burning lamp; and on the head there being hair like long goose-feathers hanging down in manner of a beard: the rest of the body, small in proportion, not being more than fourteen or fifteen cubits long. “One of these sea-monsters,” says Olaus, “will easily drown many great ships with their mariners. The long and famous epistle of Ericus Falchendorf, metropolitan archbishop of Norway to Leo X., about the year 1520, confirms this strange novelty: and to this epistle was fastened the head of another monster seasoned with salt.”

In another chapter, “Of the whirlpool, and his cruelty against the mariners,” Olaus treats of this “whirlpool” as a stupendous fish. He says, “the whirlpool, or prister, is of the kind of whales, 200 cubits long, and very cruel. This beast hath a large and round mouth like a lamprey, whereby he sucks in his meat or water, and will cast such floods above his head, that he will often sink the strongest ships. He will sometimes raise himself above the sail-yards, and cruelly overthrow the ship like any small vessel, striking it with his back or tail, which is forked, wherewith he forcibly binds any part of the ship when he twists it about.” Olaus affirms that a trumpet of war is the fit remedy against him, by reason of the sharp noise which he cannot endure, or the sound of cannon with which he is more frightened, than by a cannon-ball, “because this ball loeeth its force by the water, or wounds but a little his most vast body, being hindered by a mighty rampart of fat.”

These relations of the worthy prelate are for the reader to determine upon, according to liking; but it must not be forgotten that the archbishop concludes his

account of the last described "beast," as he calls him, by saying, "Also I must add that, on the coasts of Norway, both old and new monsters are seen," which usually inhabit "the inscrutable depth of the waters;" and that in these great deeps "there are many kinds of fishes that seldom or never are seen by man."

Among the wonderful inhabitants of the ocean, observed upon its surface, are snakes or serpents. Olaus Magnus says, "There is on the coasts of Norway a worm of a blue and gray color, above forty cubits long, yet hardly so thick as the arm of a child. He goes forward in the sea like a line, that he can hardly be perceived how he goes. He hurts no man, unless he be crushed in a man's hand; for, by the touch of his most tender skin, the fingers of one that touches him will swell. When he is vexed and tormented by crabs, he twines himself about, hoping to get away but cannot; for the crab with his claws, as with toothed pincers, takes so fast hold at him, that he is held as fast as a ship is by an anchor. I oft saw this worm," says Olaus, "but touched it not, being forewarned by the mariners."

Again, he says, "They who employ themselves in fishing or merchandize on the coasts of Norway, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there which is of a vast magnitude, namely 200 feet long, and twenty feet thick, which is wont to live in rocks and caves towards the sea-coast, and will go in a clear night in summer, and devour calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed. He is black, hath hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, sharp scales, and flaming eyes. This snake disquiets the sailors: he puts up his head on high like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them. There is also another serpent, of an incredible magnitude, that lifts himself high above the waters, and rolls himself round like a sphere."

If these things be credible, so may the accounts of the American sea-serpent.

	h. m.
August 27. Day breaks . . .	2 52
Sun rises . . .	5 4
— sets . . .	6 56
Twilight ends . . .	9 8

### August 28.

28 August, 1788, died at Paris, aged sixty-eight, Elizabeth Chudleigh, duchess

of Kingston, a woman celebrated for beauty and profligacy. She was a native of Devonshire. Her father, a colonel in the English army, died whilst she was very young. Her mother, supported solely by a slender pension from government, frequented the heartless society of fashionable life, and through Mr. Pulteney, afterwards earl of Bath, procured her daughter to be appointed lady of honor to the princess of Wales. Miss Chudleigh attracted many admirers. The duke of Hamilton obtained the preference, and it was fixed that, upon his return from a continental tour, the marriage should be celebrated. Mrs. Hanmer, aunt to Miss Chudleigh, intercepted the letters addressed to her niece by the duke, and succeeded in persuading her to privately marry captain Hervey, afterwards earl of Bristol. On the day after the nuptials, Miss Chudleigh resolved never to see her husband again, and they separated. The duke, upon returning to England, offered his hand to Miss Chudleigh, of whose marriage he was ignorant, and to his astonishment was refused. To escape his reproaches, and the resentment of Mrs. Chudleigh, who was likewise a stranger to the secret engagements of her daughter, she embarked for the continent in a style of shameless dissipation; and, as Miss Chudleigh, so wrought upon Frederick the Great that he dispensed with all etiquette, in consequence of her request, that "she might study at her ease a prince who gave lessons to all Europe, and who might boast of having an admirer in every individual of the British nation." During her residence at Berlin she was treated with the highest distinction. She afterwards went to Dresden, where she obtained the friendship of the electress, who loaded her with presents. Upon returning to England she resumed her attendance upon the princess of Wales; and continued to be the attraction of the court. Her marriage with Captain Hervey perpetually annoyed her, and to destroy all trace of it she went with a party to the parish, where the marriage was celebrated, and, having asked for the register-book, tore out the register of her marriage, while the clergyman was in conversation with the rest of the party. Shortly afterwards, captain Hervey becoming earl of Bristol by the death of his father, and a rumor prevailing that he was in a declining state of health, Miss Chudleigh, now countess of Bristol, hoping to be soon a wealthy dowager, obtained the restoration of the

register in the vestry-book. To her severe disappointment the earl recovered, while the duke of Kingston, still ignorant of her marriage, solicited her hand. She made unavailing efforts to prevail on the earl of Bristol to agree to a divorce, till at length he became enamoured of another lady, and a divorce by mutual consent was pronounced at Doctors' Commons. She had now reached the summit of her wishes, and was publicly married on the 8th of March, 1769, to Evelyn Pierrepont, duke of Kingston, with whom she lived till his death, in 1773. The duke bequeathed to her his entire property, upon condition that she should never marry again; and the duchess plunged into a course of licentiousness which exposed her to public censure, and in consequence of which she went to Italy. A magnificent yacht, built and ornamented at an immense expense, conveyed her to Rome, where she was received by the pope and cardinals with great pomp, and treated as a princess. During her residence at Rome, she was on the eve of bestowing her hand and fortune upon an adventurer, who represented himself to be the prince of Albania, when he was apprehended as a swindler, and committed suicide in prison. Soon afterwards she learned that the heirs of the duke of Kingston sought to establish against her the charge of bigamy, in order to invalidate her marriage with the duke, and set aside his will. She instantly repaired to her banker, who, having been gained over by the other party, concealed himself, to avoid giving her the sum requisite for a journey to London. She placed herself at his door, and, pistol in hand, compelled him to comply with her demand. Upon her arrival in England she found that her first marriage had been declared valid, upon the ground of incompetency in the court which had pronounced it void. Public opinion was against her; and, under the character of lady Kitty Crocodile, she was ridiculed by Foote, in *A Trip to Calais*, which she succeeded in obtaining to be prohibited. The validity of her first marriage being established, preparations were made to try her for bigamy, and Westminster Hall was fitted up with great state. The trial was attended by most of the members of the royal family, the foreign ambassadors, members of parliament, and other distinguished personages. The duchess, in deep mourning, took her seat unmoved, attended by two

*femmes de chambre*, a physician, an apothecary, her secretary, and six counsel. She addressed the peers with energy, but was declared *guilty*. But, although her marriage with the duke was declared bad, his will was decided to be good: she lost the title but retained the property. Upon this issue of the affair, the adversaries of lady Bristol took measures to prevent her quitting the kingdom; but, whilst the writ *ne exeat regno* was preparing, she embarked for Calais and proceeded to Rome. After remaining there for some time she returned to Calais, and hired a spacious mansion which she splendidly furnished; but, the monotony of the town not suiting her volatile and turbulent disposition, she made a voyage to St. Petersburg, in a magnificent yacht, and was received with the highest distinction by the Empress Catherine, to whom she presented the valuable collection of pictures formed by the Kingston family. She afterwards went to Poland, where prince Radzivil gave sumptuous entertainments in honor of her visit, particularly a bear-hunt by torch-light. Upon returning to France she purchased the beautiful *château de Sainte Assize*, two leagues from Fontainebleau, and the mansion in the rue Coq-Héron, at Paris, where she died, after executing a will, made by two attorneys who came from England on purpose. She bequeathed a set of jewels to the Empress of Russia, a large diamond to the pope, and a costly pearl necklace and ear-rings to the countess of Salisbury, because they had belonged to a lady who bore that title in the reign of Henry IV. Her property in France was estimated at £200,000 sterling, besides which she had valuable possessions in England and Russia.\*

The character of this female is easily explained. She had a foolish fashionable mother, who taught her to covet the vanity of distinction. She acquired it by nefarious arts, became rich and ostentatious, lived flagitiously, died dishonored, and is only remembered for her vices.

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	h. m.
August 28. Day breaks . . .	2 55
Sun rises . . .	5 6
— sets . . .	6 54
Twilight ends . . .	9 5
Blackberries ripen.	

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\* Paris iii. 221



OLD CHAPEL AT PADDLESWORTH.

[For the Year Book.]

This building, now used as an outhouse, is situated within a short walk of Snodland, Kent. The exterior offers little worthy of observation, but internally it bears

considerable evidence of antiquity. "On entering it," says the author of *Summer Wanderings*, "a large white owl, scared by our presence, slid out by an old loop-hole in one of its walls, and swam silently

away through the garish light, to seek some other congenial resort. 'There yet remains the mitred archway very fair and large, of wrought stone, which separated the chancel from the *body* of the Church,' apparently of more recent workmanship than the rest of the building. One of the gable ends having suffered considerable injury, the roof in many places stands off from it, and the light thus admitted strikes so vividly on the eye as to produce a painful effect. When Hasted saw it, there was a breach made in the north side, wide enough for cattle to go in for shelter, and to receive ploughs, harrows, and other implements of husbandry; it is now repaired."—

A little boy went into a barn,  
And lay down on some hay :  
An owl came out and flew about,  
And the little boy ran away.

So runs one of those "Songs for the Nursery" endeared to us by association with our brightest and most pleasurable days. It is culled from a collection published in 1825, by William Darton, Holborn-hill, who is entitled to our best thanks for carrying us back to those scenes of infancy and boyhood which the mist of years cannot shroud, but on the contrary serves only to invest with an air of sanctity and beauty. These verses are different in their character, and display a variety of talent. Some are instructive, some amusing, some traditional, but all, with one or two exceptions, are just what they should be. The *mens conscia recti* is admirably illustrated in the little narrative of

*Jack Horner.*

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Eating a Christmas pie,  
He put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum—  
And said, 'What a good boy am I !'

From this history it will be at once evident that the complacency of Little Jack arises, not from his simple and undivided interest in the pie, but from a consciousness that he had acted uprightly,—the pastry being very possibly the reward of his honorable behaviour.

For sublimity of conception I know of nothing that excels the following :—

*To be sung on a high wind*  
Arthur o'Bower has broken his band,  
He comes roaring up the land—  
King of Scots, with all his power,  
Cannot turn Arthur of the bower.

Milton's winds 'rushing abroad from the four hinges of the world, and falling on the vexed wilderness,' shrinks into insignificance, when compared with this mighty conqueror "breaking his band," roaring and raving up the land, and daring even a "King of Scots" to take the field against him. Then there is the sweet blending of high and manly dignity with all the gentleness of love supposed, in the name bestowed on this valorous personage—the greatness and majesty couched under the appellation "Arthur," combined with the soft and soothing considerations inseparably connected with his title "of the bower !"

Take as a contrast to this busy bustling hero, a piece of "still life" transplanted from p. 11 :—

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one,  
And the mouse came down,  
Hickory, dickory, dock !

Think, gentle reader, of the "grim and breathless hour of noon," and transport yourself to a cottage in the country, with its door standing ajar, and the window thrown open to the widest. The clock stands within a few minutes of the "very witching hour of day," but the good housewife, not having read Milton, knows nothing of the "fear lest dinner cool," and has dropped into her neighbour's to hear the news. A poor mouse steals out into the quiet sunshine and clambers up the varnished case of this appendage, for what purpose this deponent saith not, when lo !

The clock strikes one,  
And the mouse comes down,  
Hickory, dickory, dock !

Some of the descriptive touches of these "Songs" are excellent—

One misty moisty morning,  
When cloudy was the weather—

puts to silence all the "towery dimness" of Mr. Robert Montgomery. The witch's exploit too is quite in character :—

Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high ?  
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky !

Crabbe never did any thing finer than the Poor-house Paralytic, and the Village Idiot—

The girl in the lane, that could not speak plain,  
Went gobble, gobble, gobble—  
The man on the bill, that could not stand still,  
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

Alas for Miss Muffett! she has marvelously diverted us :—

Little Miss Muffett  
She sat on a tuffett,  
Eating of curds and whey  
There came a little spider,  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

Picture to yourself the dark and side-long gait of the smart little spider, scrambling towards the young lady, and taking in most orderly sort his seat beside her! Then for the distress and consternation of little Miss Muffett; how she screams out, leaps up, and shakes her frock as if all the scorpions in Egypt were clinging round it, and then wheels round like a dying peg-top, till, having staggered a few paces onwards, she settles down upon a daisied bank to take breath; and, ten to one, dreams of spiders all the next night!

St. Pierre was right when he said that persons usually choose for their companions through life those who differ from them in certain essentials, and this constitutes the grand mystery of conjugal felicity. Take a lesson from Jack Sprat's wife, and choose one whose habits will as happily dove-tail with yours :—

Jack Sprat  
Could eat no fat,  
And his wife could eat no lean,  
And so, between them both,  
They licked the platter clean.

D. R.

### August 29.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST BEHEADED.

There are particulars concerning the former celebrations of this day in the *Every-Day Book*, ii. 1140, where are also some legendary accounts of the Baptist's decollation by order of Herod.

SALOME.

Once on a charger there was laid,  
And brought before a royal maid,  
As price of attitude and grace,  
A guiltless head, a holy face.

It was on Herod's natal day,  
Who o'er Judea's land held sway.  
He married his own brother's wife,  
Wicked Herodias. She the life  
Of John the Baptist long had sought,  
Because he openly had taught  
That she a life unlawful led,  
Having her husband's brother wed.

This was he, that saintly John,  
Who in the wilderness alone  
Abiding, did for clothing wear  
A garment made of camel's hair;

Honey and locusts were his food,  
And he was most severely good.  
He preached penitence and tears,  
And, waking first the sinner's fears,  
Prepared a path, made smooth a way  
For his diviner master's day.

Herod kept in princely state  
His birth-day. On his throne he sat,  
After the feast, beholding her  
Who danced with grace peculiar;  
Fair Salome, who did excel  
All in that land for dancing well.  
The feastful monarch's heart was fired,  
And whatsoever thing she desired,  
Though half his kingdom it should be,  
He in his pleasure swore that he  
Would give the graceful Salome.  
The damsel was Herodias' daughter:  
She to the queen hastes, and besought her  
To teach her what great gift to name.  
Instructed by Herodias, came  
The damsel back; to Herod said,  
"Give me John the Baptist's head;  
"And in a charger let it be  
"Hither straightway brought to me."  
Herod her suit would fain deny,  
But for his oath's sake must comply,

When painters would by art express  
Beauty in unloveliness,  
Thee, Herodias' daughter, thee,  
They fittest subject take to be.  
They give thy form and features grace;  
But ever in thy beautiful face  
They show a steadfast cruel gaze,  
An eye un pitying; and amaze  
In all beholders deep they mark,  
That thou betrayest not one spark  
Of feeling for the ruthless deed  
That did thy praiseful dance succeed.  
For on the head they make you look,  
As if a sullen joy you took,  
A cruel triumph, wicked pride,  
That for your sport a saint had died.

CHARLES LAMB.

	h.	m.
August 29. Day breaks . . .	2	57
Sun rises . . .	5	8
— sets . . .	6	52
Twilight ends . . .	9	3

Bundle fungus, *agaricus fascicularis*,  
spring at the base of old decayed posts,  
&c.

### August 30.

August 30, 1654. Evelyn, being at Peterborough, makes this entry in his *Diary*:—"From the steeple we viewed the fens of Lincolnshire, now much enclosed, and drained with infinite expense by many sluices, into mounds and ingenious mills, and the like inventions, at which the city and country about it, consisting

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 31.

of a very poor and lazy sort of people, were much displeas'd."

Draining in England was chiefly effected by works undertaken by the monks. In the reign of Elizabeth there was a new invention "to inne and drayne grounds."

		h.	m.
Augus. 30.	Day breaks	3	0
	Sun rises	5	10
	— sets	6	50
	Twilight ends	9	0

The *agaricus integer* forms, particularly the ris, which is found in large woods among fallen bark.

**August 31.**

31st August, 1807, Cardinal York, the last lineal male descendant of the House of Stuart, died.

[For the Year Book.]

"If any thing," says Voltaire, "could justify those who believe in an unavoidable fatality, it would be the series of misfortunes which, for the space of three hundred years, have befallen the House of Stuart."

It is affirmed that when Fleance, the son of Banquo, fled into North Wales to shield himself from the power of Macbeth, the tyrant of Scotland, he found a friendly asylum at the court of Griffydyth ap Llewellyn, the reigning prince, by whom he was long entertained with the warmest affection; and that becoming enamoured of Nest, the daughter of Griffydyth, and violating the laws of hospitality and honor, he formed an illicit intimacy with her, and had by her a son whom they named Walter. Griffydyth, in resentment for so foul an offence, ordered Fleance to be slain, and reduced his daughter to servitude. As her son Walter advanced in years, he excelled in valor and elevation of mind. In a dispute with a companion his birth was reproachfully retorted on him; he slew his antagonist on the spot, and fearing to abide the consequences fled into Scotland, where he attached himself to the English, in the train of Queen Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling. Walter by his conduct and ability acquired great esteem; he obtained honorable public employment, and was ultimately appointed High Steward of Scotland, from which office he and his descendants took the name of Stewart, or Stuart. From this root sprung the royal family of Stuart, as well as other

branches of illustrious families in Scotland.\*

Sir Walter Scott, however, alleges that "Early authorities show us no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled further from Macbeth than across the flat scene according to the stage direction—neither were Banquo or his son ancestors to the house of Stuart."† In addition to this, there is a statement of more importance by Sir Walter—"The genealogy of the Stewart family, who acceded to the throne of Scotland, has been the theme of many a fable. But their pedigree has by late antiquarians been distinctly traced to the great Anglo-Norman family of Fitz-Alan in England: no unworthy descent for a race of monarchs. In David the first's time, Walter Fitz-Alan held the high post of Senechal or high steward of the king's household; and, the dignity becoming hereditary in the family, what was originally a title became a surname."‡

That the Stuarts themselves believed in their being descended from Banquo, and that one of our Universities also gave credence to it, is a recorded fact—for when James I. (of England) visited the University of Oxford, on passing the gate of St. John's College, his Majesty was saluted by three youths representing the weird sisters (Sibyllæ) who in Latin hexameters bade the descendant of Banquo hail, as king of Scotland, England, and Ireland. "Ad Regis introitum, e Joanensi Collegio extra portam urbis Borealem sito, tres quasi Sibyllæ, ut e sylvâ salutârunt.

"1st. Fatidicas olim fama est cecinisse sorores  
Imperium sine fine tum, rex inclyte,  
stirpis.  
Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquabra  
Thanum,  
Nec tibi, Banquo, sed tuis sceptrâ,  
nepotibus illâ  
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ;  
In saltum, ut lateas, dum, Banque,  
recedis ab aulâ.  
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata  
tuisque,  
Dum, spectande tuis e saltu accedis ad  
urbem,  
Teque salutamus: Salve, cui Scotia  
servit.

\* Warrington's History of Wales, b. 4.—Holingshead's Chron.

† Lardner's Ency.—Hist. Scotland, vol. 1, p. 18.

‡ Ibid—p. 219.



- " 2d. *Angliæ cui, Salve.*  
 " 3d.—*Cui servit Hibernia, Salve.*  
 " 1. *Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cetera, Salve.*  
 " 2. *Quem divisa prius colit una Britannia Salve.*  
 " 3d. *Summe, Monarcha Britannia, Hibernia, Gallia, Salve, &c. &c.\**

Walter Stuart or Stewart, High Steward of Scotland, whose office had given name to his family, was married to Marjory, the daughter of Robert Bruce, the deliverer of Scotland. Their son, Robert, succeeded to the throne on the death of his uncle David, with whom the male line of Bruce became extinct.\*

ROBERT II., the first of the Stuarts, came to the throne in right of his mother. He was aged and infirm at his accession, and his reign was neither happy nor tranquil. He was succeeded by his son John,† who, on being crowned, assumed the name and title of

ROBERT III. This prince was lame in body and enervated in mind: his reign was unquiet. The wild conduct and cruel murder of his eldest son, David, and the subsequent unjust detention of James, his surviving son, by Henry IV. of England, caused him to die of sorrow.

JAMES I., for eighteen years a captive in England, found his country in a greatly disturbed state on his return to it; he fell by the hands of assassins at Perth.

JAMES II., constantly in civil wars, basely murdered a Douglas with his own hand, and was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh.

JAMES III. was murdered by his rebellious subjects, after a battle with them near Bannockburn.

JAMES IV. lost his life in Flodden Field.

JAMES V. died of a broken heart, after his defeat at Solway, in the belief that his nobles and generals had been false to him.

MARY, his daughter, experienced a life of strange vicissitudes; she was treacherously deceived, and, after languishing many years in prison, was basely murdered by her kinswoman, Elizabeth.—Whether guilty or not of the crimes laid to her charge, will, probably, ever remain a point for doubt; but, as her latest his-

torian remarks, "This may be truly said, that if a life of exile and misery, endured with the most saintly patience, could atone for crimes and errors of the class imputed to her, no such penalty was ever more fully discharged than that of Mary Stuart."\* Her son united the two crowns

ENGLAND and SCOTLAND.

JAMES I. Adversity remitted, during his time only, the persecution of his race; although the early part of his reign, as king of Scotland, was any thing but felicitous. The change of style on this king's accession is said to have fulfilled an old prophecy. "The prophecy," says Bacon, "I heard when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was

*'When HEMPE is spun,  
 England is done!'*

Whereby it was generally conceived, that after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of that word HEMPE, which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth, England should come to utter confusion, which thanks be to God is verified in the change of name; for that the king's style is now no more England but Britain."

CHARLES I., who deluged his country with his subjects' blood, was dethroned and beheaded. Howel notices a curious error which was made at his proclamation, "King Charles," says he, "was proclaimed at Theobald's Court Gate by Sir Edward Zouch, Knight Marshal, Master Secretary Conway dictating unto him, 'Whereas it has pleased God to take to his mercy our gracious Sovereign King James, of famous memory, we proclaim Prince Charles his rightful and indubitable heir, &c. &c.,' the Knight Marshal mistook, and said, 'his rightful and *dubitable* heir,' but he was rectified by the secretary."

CHARLES II. experienced a long series of misfortunes, both in exile † and on the throne. During his reign, the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, appeared in the

\* Scott's History of Scotland, vol. ii.

† Bacon's Essays.

‡ A narrative of the dangers to which he was exposed after the Battle of Worcester is published in a little volume entitled "Bocobol," from the name of the house in which he lay concealed. This has been lately reprinted, in a collection of other pieces relating to the king's escape.

\* Nichols's Progresses, Processions, &c., of James the first, vol. i. p. 545.

† Le Sage's Historical Atlas No. 16; also Hist. of Scotland passim.

Scott's History of Scotland, vol. i.

Thames, took Sheerness and burnt many ships of war, and almost insulted the capital itself in their predatory incursion. \* Virtue was depressed and vice and levity countenanced throughout the land. His death was sudden and not without suspicion of poison, although some historians say there is no ground for such belief. †

JAMES II., a weak, intolerant, and besotted prince, whose intentions, it was suspected, were to replace the kingdom under the papal jurisdiction; for which, and various acts of despotism, he was deposed, and transmitted to his offspring (male) exile and seclusion from the throne. He died at St. Germain's, in 1701.

Of his daughters, MARY, married to WILLIAM of ORANGE, with whom she reigned jointly; and ANNE, married to GEORGE of DENMARK, who reigned in her own name, no further notice need be taken than that they died without issue. In 1714, the crown of Great Britain passed to the House of Hanover.

In 1711, the Jacobite party in Scotland made no scruple of avowing their attachment to the Pretender, and the duchess of Gordon went so far as to cause medals to be struck with the head of the Chevalier de St. George on one side, and on the other the British Isles, with the motto "Rediite;" these she presented to the faculty of advocates, who passed her a vote of thanks for them. †

CHARLES JAMES, more known by the name of the Chevalier de St. George, the first Pretender, was the only son of James II. He might almost be termed a wanderer, from his seeking a home among various powers on the continent, and being occasionally driven from his asylum, through political motives, whilst striving to interest the court so as to render him assistance in his design of gaining possession of the British throne.

He died at Rome, 1st Jan. 1766, and left two sons.

Among the various attempts made by the Stuarts, with the aid of foreign powers, to regain possession of their lost dominions, in two instances only did they wear any thing like a formidable appearance, those in 1715, and 1745, the latter headed by Charles Edward in person, when so many of the Scotch nobility sealed with

blood, on the scaffold or in the field, their fealty to him whom they considered as their rightful sovereign. §

The extraordinary perils and escapes of the prince Charles Edward, when every hope in his cause was crushed, in traversing, under various disguises, those realms over which his progenitors had, for upwards of three centuries, swayed the sceptre, seeking for the opportunity of some friendly sail to waft him in security to the opposite shore, wear more the appearance of a tale of romance than of reality. † To the immortal honor of the Scottish nation, though a great number of persons of all ranks must, necessarily, have been entrusted with the secret, and though the head of the pretender was "worth its weight in gold," there was not to be found one recreant dastard base enough to betray an unfortunate gentleman for the sake of lucre. ‡

The young prince did at length succeed in quitting the British territories, but it was only to experience fresh vicissitudes, as in a short period afterwards, through the political intrigues of the British court, he was refused an asylum in France. The conduct of Louis XV. towards the prince on this occasion was highly censured, and is thus noticed by Mr. Douglas:—"The fondness of the French for their monarch had been considerably impaired before my arrival in Paris. It was considered as unworthy of a monarch, and an ignominy to the French nation, to abandon the young pretender, and to exclude him from a retreat in France; though the success of the war might have justified the king in making this one of the conditions of peace, and though it had been promised him expressly by treaty. The manner, also, in which this prince, the great grandson of Henry the Fourth, was treated when he was arrested, by being pinioned like a felon, awakened a strong feeling of popular displeasure. It was surprising to hear the remarks of the French on this transaction. Paris was in

1745, 1 vol. 8vo., containing the names, &c., of all who suffered in the Stuart cause.

2. *Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745-6*, by Chevalier de Johnston, 1 vol. 8vo.

† The history of his escape is thought to be pretty faithfully delineated in a little work which was published under the title of "Ascanius."

‡ Thirty thousand pounds were offered for his apprehension. Vide Smollet's *History of England*.

\* Temple, vol. iii. † Hume's *Hist. England*.

‡ Smollet's *Hist. England*.

§ For a History of these rebellions, see

1. Register of the Rebellion 1715, and

a ferment, sufficient to have produced another affair of the Barricades; every tongue was loud and every pen satirical; epigrams and verses flew about the streets and were posted up in the most public places on the occasion, severely reflecting on the conduct of the court. And, though I did not visit the French capital until seven or eight months after, I found this one of the first topics of conversation, and the praises of Prince Edward in every mouth. Louis the XV. is no longer *le bien aimé*.\*

The campaign of 1745 proved so decisive that it terminated the struggle, and the Stuarts retired from the contest.

"That the present pretender," † says Hume, "was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge.

"Two or three days after he gave me this information, he told me that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (who I imagined to be the Lady Primrose, though my lord refused to name her). The pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room where she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name: she thought that the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence of mind enough to call him by the name he assumed, and asked him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay.

"After he and all the company went away the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture, which hung on the chimney piece in the very room in which he had entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady) that he used so little precaution that he went abroad openly in the day light in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribbon and star, walked once through St. James's and took a turn in the Mall.

"About five years ago I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of

State of 1753, and I added that I supposed this piece of intelligence had escaped his lordship at the time. 'By no means,' said he, 'and who do you think first told me; it was the King himself, who subjoined, and what do you think I should do with him? Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments they might favor of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment and extricated him from it, by adding, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; when he is tired of England he will go abroad again.'

"But, what will surprise you more, lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young pretender was at that time in England, or at least had been so very lately, and had been over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact, 'why,' said he, 'a gentleman told me so that saw him there and even spoke to him, and whispered in his ear these words, your royal highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here. It was curiosity that led me, said the other, but I assure you that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy least.' You see this story is so near traced from the fountain head as to wear a great face of probability. Query—What if the pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet? I find that the pretender's visit to England, in 1753, was known to the Jacobites, and some of them assured me that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the church in the Strand, and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particular."\*

CHARLES EDWARD, or, as he was generally called, Prince Edward, the eldest son of Charles James, died at Rome, 31st Jan., 1788, without issue. In the proclamation for his apprehension when heading the forces in Scotland, in 1745, he is called the "Prince Adventurer." †

\* Travels of John Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, in the years 1748-9.

† Charles Edward.

\* David Hume's letter to Sir John Pringle, M. D., dated St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1773.

† Smollet's Hist. England

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 31.

After the death of his father, he also went by the name of the "Pretender."

GENEALOGICAL TREE OF THE HOUSE OF STUART.

WALTER STEWART,—MARJORY BRUCE.

ROBERT II. 1376.

Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan.

JOHN, 1390,

who changed his name to

ROBERT III.

Annabella Drummond of Stobhall David.

JAMES I, 1406,

Johanna of England, niece to Richard II.

JAMES II. 1437.

Mary of Gueldres.

JAMES III. 1460.

Margaret of Denmark.

JAMES IV., 1488,

Margaret of England, daughter to Henry VII.

JAMES V., 1513

Mary of Guise.

Dauphin } MARY. } Henry Stewart.  
afterwards } Resigned 1567, } Lord Darnley.  
Francis II. } Beheaded 1587.  
no issue. }

JAMES VI. and I.—1567,—1603.

Anne of Denmark.

CHARLES I., 1625,

Henrietta of France.

CHARLES II. Ann Hyde, JAMES II. Mary of  
1648, Restoration 1660. Modena.  
Catherine of Portugal.

No issue.

MARY, 1688

who reigned with her husband William III.

No issue.

ANNE, 1702,  
George of Denmark.  
Died 1714.  
No issue.

In 1714. the Crown went to the House of Hanover.

CHARLES JAMES,  
the first pretender,  
generally called the  
Chevalier de St. George

married

Maria Clementina Sobieski.

Died 1765.

CHARLES EDWARD, HENRY BENEDICT,  
who invaded England Cardinal YORK,  
in 1745, married died 1807.  
Louisa Stolberg,  
died 1788.

No issue

HENRY BENEDICT, the second son of Charles James, as soon as he found the designs of his house rendered abortive

from the signal defeat his brother met with in 1745, devoted himself to the church, and in 1747 received the scarlet hat from Benedict XIV., taking the title of Cardinal York.

In 1800, being infirm in body, and degenerated by the change of power in Rome, George III. granted him a pension of £4000 per annum, which became his sole support until 1807, when he died at Rome in his eighty-third year.

An act with respect to the attainer of blood, it is understood, was to expire at the death of Cardinal York.

In a letter to Sir Jas. Coxe Hippisley, dated 26th Feb. 1800, after acknowledging the first half yearly payment of his annuity, the Cardinal thus proceeds:—

"I own to you that the succor granted to me could not be more timely, for without it it would have been impossible for me to subsist, on account of the irreparable loss of all my income, the very funds being also destroyed, so that I should otherwise have been reduced, for the short remainder of my life, to languish in misery and indigence."

The Cardinal left as a legacy to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., the order constantly worn by Charles I., and a valuable ring, which was worn by the kings of Scotland on the day of their coronation.

Among the curious memoranda of the Royal House of Stuart, found in the repositories of cardinal York, was a medal, supposed to be unique. On the obverse is the head of Charles Edward with the significant inscription *suum cuique*, on the reverse is the Scotch thistle with its appropriate motto *nemo me impune lacessit*. This medal is said to have been executed by a French artist, and bears the date of the year 1745.\*

HENRY BRANDON.

	h. m.
August 31. Day breaks . . .	3 3
Sun rises . . .	5 12
— sets . . .	6 48
Twilight ends . . .	8 57

Pheasants' eyes in flower.

Large crimson agaric begins to spring up

\* In the *Every-Day Book* there is an engraving of a medal struck by cardinal York, as Henry IX. King of England, with particulars concerning him.

THE YEAR BOOK.—AUGUST 31.

THE OWL'S CONCERT AND BALL.

BY A YOUNG LADY.)

[For the Year Book.]

On a dew-besprinkled lawn,  
In the summer time so gay,  
A Blackbird met a Thrush  
At early dawn of day.

Said he, of course, we meet  
To night at Crumble Tower,  
Where the OWLS receive their company  
Who love a latish hour.

As every bird of ton  
Is certain to be there,  
I, also, must make one,  
Or all my friends would stare.

The Thrushle said, I well  
With such visit might dispense  
Yet OWls are soonest ruffled,  
So I fear to give offence.

Now, as we shall have music,  
They'll ask us both to sing ;  
Therefore I must advise you  
Your sweetest airs to bring.

I'm going home to practise,  
So, Blackbird, dear, good bye !  
And, if I find I'm not in voice,  
To sing I'll never try.

As evening was approaching,  
Each bird, both great and small,  
Began to plume its toilette  
In full feather for the ball.

LORD OWL was so much troubled  
With that shocking pain, the gout,  
That, had he wished it ever so,  
He could not walk about.

He sat in stately grandeur,  
On a mouldering mass of stone,  
Whilst his lady and her daughter  
Received the guests alone.

Dr. Goose's well-fed goslings  
First waddled up the room ;  
Then, strutting, came lord Peacock,  
With his showy crest and plume ;

Squire Pheasant, yeoman Partridge,  
Miss Lark, so light and airy ;  
A Bullfinch fam'd for piping,  
And an elegant Canary ;

Thrush, Blackbird, Martin, Swallow,  
With a Turkey and Pea-hen,  
And also sir Cock Robin,  
With little Jenny Wren.

Beau Starling never came,  
But sent a civil note,  
In which he said that he was caged,  
And could not then get out.

The pensive lady Philomel  
Soon join'd the motley throng,  
Four Glow-worms, as torch-bearers,  
Her attendants came among.

DAME OWL, whose eyes were weak,  
This splendor dazzled so,  
That all, with much politeness,  
To another room did go.

'Twas every bird's endeavour  
To dance, to sing, or say  
Something new and tonnish  
To pass the time away.

MISS OWL, with much entreating,  
Screamed out a loud bravura,  
So bad her voice, so out of tune,  
That no one could endure her.

When the Lark rose up to sing,  
The Owlet walked away,  
Because, she said, it put her so  
In mind of vulgar day.

Then, from a thorn, sweet Philomel  
Warbled a plaintive strain  
With such pathetic sweetness  
All begg'd for it again.

To rouse their drooping spirits,  
Cornet Bullfinch tuned his pipe,  
And dandy Chaffinch waltz'd  
A round with Mrs. Saipse.

Parson Rook, who 's always hoarse,  
Affected them a song,  
Which, like his drawing homilies,  
Was half an hour too long.

Two timid, twinlike demoiselles,  
Strangers, but no: from France,  
A minuet and a pas-de-deux  
Most gracefully did dance.

Lady Swan, fat, fair, and forty,  
Was known to walk so ill,  
That, like lord Owl, she found it was  
More prudent to sit still.

And also of her singing  
She knew she could not boast,  
So sat and chatted all the night  
With her most learned host.

Dick Sparrow and Miss Swallow,  
Birds known to be ill-bred,  
Twitter'd so long and loudly,  
That more was heard than said.

And the Pie said to the Jay,  
Which, you know, was very pert,  
The room is so ill lighted  
That I cannot see you firt.

A Bat announced the supper,  
And all adjourned soon  
To a fine old Gothic cloister,  
Well lighted by the moon.

And every thing was there  
That the daintiest bird could wish ;  
So they pecked about accordingly,  
Each at his favorite dish.

The supper was scarce over  
When the Lark proclaim'd the day ;  
Then, nodding all a kind farewell,  
They flew their several way.

THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER.



SEPTEMBER.

Soon as the sun is off the ground,  
Rumbling like distant thunder round,  
The waggons haste the corn to load,  
And hurry down the dusty road;  
While driving-boy with eager eye  
Watches the church clock passing by—  
Whose gilt hands glitter in the sun—  
To see how far the hours have run;  
Right happy, in the breathless day,  
To see time wearing fast away.

*CLARE'S Shepherd's Calendar.*

SEPTEMBER is the month of in-gathering, when the produce of the year is warehoused for our subsistence while nature reposes during winter, and is awakened in the spring, and while she is doing her summer business, until, in the ensuing autumn, she offers to our use the provision for another year.

AUTUMN is aptly termed by Dr. Drake the "Evening of the Year." At this season we may advantageously indulge with these beautiful passages from his "Evenings in Autumn." He says—

"Evening, when the busy scenes of our existence are withdrawn, when the sun descending leaves the world to silence, and to the soothing influence of twilight, has been ever a favorite portion of the day with the wise and good of all nations. There appears to be shed over the universal face of nature, at this period, a calmness and tranquillity, a peace and sanctity, as it were, which almost insensibly steals into the breast of man, and disposes him to solitude and meditation. He naturally compares the decline of light and animation with that which attaches to the lot of humanity; and the evening of the day, and the evening of life, become closely assimilated in his mind.

"It is an association from which, where vice and guilt have not hardened the heart, the most beneficial result has been ever experienced. It is one which while it forcibly suggests to us the transient tenure of our being here, teaches us, at the same time, how we may best prepare for that which awaits us hereafter. The sun is descending, but descending, after a course of beneficence and utility, in dignity and glory, whilst all around him, as he sinks, breathes one diffusive air of blessedness and repose. It is a scene which marshals us the way we ought to go; it tells us, that after having passed the fervor and the vigor of our existence, the morning and the noon of our appointed pilgrimage, thus should the evening of our days set in, mild yet generous in their close, with every earthly ardor softened or subdued, and with the loveliest hues of heaven just mingling in their farewell light.

"It is a scene, moreover, which almost instinctively reminds us of another world; the one we are yet inhabiting is gradually receding from our view; the shades of night are beginning to gather round our heads; we feel forsaken and alone, whilst the blessed luminary now parting from

us, and yet burning with such ineffable majesty and beauty, seems about to travel into regions of interminable happiness and splendor. We follow him with a pensive and a wistful eye, and, in the vales of glory which appear to open round his setting beams, we behold mansions of everlasting peace, seats of ever-during delight. It is then that our thoughts are carried forward to a Being infinitely good and great, the God and Father of us all, who, distant though he seem to be, and immeasurably beyond the power of our faculties to comprehend, we yet know is about our path, and about our bed, and careth for us all; who has prepared for those who love him scenes of unutterable joy, scenes to which, while rejoicing in the brightness of his presence, the effulgence we have faintly attempted to describe shall be but as the glimmering of a distant star."

EATING in September—it may be predicated—will proceed as in August, with some additions, well known to providitors.

#### VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

##### Sow

Lettuce, the hardy sorts, in the first and third week.

Carrot, to stand the winter.

Radish, for autumn and winter.

Small salading, two or three times.

Onions—the Welsh, or white, to stand the winter; in first week.

##### Transplant

York and Battersea spring sown cabbages, to come in in November.

Lettuces, leeks, endive, into trenches or warm borders.

Brocoli, the last, for latest spring supply.

Celery, once or twice.

##### Earth up.

Celery in the trenches, and endive, either in the seed beds or trenches, as the plants attain a full growth.

Dig up potatoes, and clear the ground.

Pull up onions, and expose them for a few days to the full sun.

Cut off the stalks of artichokes, and weed between the plants.

Gather, and Dry, seeds as they ripen.

Hoe, rake, weed, and remove

Every species of litter; and carry it to the compost heap, or reserve it for burning, to produce ashes for manure.

September 1.

FIRST DAY OF SHOOTING.

A correspondent transcribes from his common-place book the following memoranda :—

[For the Year Book.]

Setters.

Wood (Athenæ Oxon.) says, that Robert Dudley, duke of Northumberland, son of the great earl of Northumberland, (temp. Eliz.) was the first person who taught a dog to sit, in order to catch partridges. Dudley must have got the idea from having seen dogs sit, and beg.

Shooting Flying.

Pegge (Anonymiana, cent. v. 91) relates that William Tunstall was the first person who shot flying in Derbyshire. He was paymaster-general and quarter-master general of the rebel army, and made prisoner at Preston in 1715. He was taken flying, and narrowly escaped being shot flying. He died in 1728 at Mansfield-wood-house, and was there buried.

Smollett, in his *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, mentions it as a wonderful circumstance, that — (I forget his name) had been known to shoot dead a crow that was on the wing!

Shooting flying is mentioned in the *British Apollo*, printed in 1708, i. 534.

Gent (*History of Rippon*, 1733) has some really good lines on shooting flying, with a sparkling sprinkle of alliteration :

Here, when Arcturus glooms the inverted year,  
And, stript, the Groves in Nakedness appear;  
His *Birding Piece* the wily *Fowler* takes,  
And War upon the feather'd Nation makes.  
Whirling the Pheasant mounts and works his way,

Till Fate flies faster, and commands his stay;  
He falls, and, fluttering, pantaway his Breath,  
What boots his Beauty in th' embrace of Death!

Death spares nor Rank, nor Sex, nor Young,  
nor Old;

Nor can a Form bribe off his fast'ning hold  
See the flush't Woodcock thrill the grovy  
Glades,

Till Death arresting his swift flight invades;  
The Stock-doves fleet, the strong pounc'd Mal-  
lards rise,

The Charge of Death o'ertakes them with  
surprise.

Nor escapes the Lark that serenades the Sun,  
The call of Fate commands the Charmer  
down.

Gent annexes to these lines a print of *Fowler* or *gunner* (or, as the Anglo-

Americans say, a shooter,) shooting-birds on the wing. But what a *Fowler*! what an attitude! what a *Birding-piece*! what a shot! The *shot* must have made an echelon movement to bring down "that, there," bird!

J. M. of M. H.

BIRDING.

Archery was most successfully used in bird-killing. The perfection of a sportsman was to strike the bill of the bird once with the arrow, so as not to wound the body. A short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing, by the mere force of the blow, was called a bird-bolt.\*

After the invention of fire arms the first fowling-piece was the "demi-hag," or, "hag but," a corruption of "haque-but," signifying the harquebuse, which is specifically named as used for fowling in 1585; its barrel was about three quarters of a yard long, and it discharged not only bullets but hail-shot. So early as 1546, a bill was passed to regulate shooting with hand-guns, and hail shot.†

Grouse were usually taken by hawking and netting, until shooting flying was introduced; which is said by Mr. Fosbroke to have been in 1725. The communication of J. M. refers to shooting flying, as practised several years earlier. In 1727 there was a poem published in octavo, entitled "*Ptery-plegia, or the Art of Shooting-flying*," by Mr. Markland."

GENIUS THE DUPE OF ITS PASSIONS.

1 September 1729 Sir Richard Steele died at Llangunmer, his seat near Caermarthen, in Wales. He was born in Dublin either in 1671 or 1675. He is justly celebrated as an essayist in conjunction with Addison, just remembered as having been a dramatist, and almost forgotten as a politician.

Pope said that Steele, though he led a careless and vicious life, yet had nevertheless a love and reverence of virtue. The life of Steele was not that of a retired scholar; hence his moral character becomes more instructive. He was one of those whose hearts are the dupes of their imaginations, and who are hurried through life by the most despotic vo-

\* *Nares's Gloss.*  
Fosbroke's *Ency. of Antiquities.*



lition. He always preferred his caprices to his interests; or, according to his own notion, very ingenious, but not a little absurd, "he was always of the humor of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune." The result of this principle of moral conduct was, that a man of the most admirable abilities was perpetually acting like a fool, and, with a warm attachment to virtue, was the frailest of human beings.

In the first act of his life we find the seed that developed itself in the succeeding ones. His uncle could not endure a hero for his heir; but Steele had seen a marching regiment; a sufficient reason with him to enlist as a private in the horse-guards: cocking his hat, and putting on a broad sword, jack boots, and shoulder belt, with the most generous feelings he forfeited a very good estate.—At length ensign Steele's frank temper and wit conciliated esteem, and extorted admiration, and the ensign became a favorite leader in all the dissipations of the town. All these were the ebullitions of genius, which had not yet received a legitimate direction. Amidst these orgies, however, it was often pensive, and forming itself; for it was in the height of these irregularities that Steele composed his "Christian Hero," a moral and religious treatise, which the contritions of every morning dictated, and to which the disorders of every evening added another penitential page. Perhaps the genius of Steele was never so ardent and so pure as at this period; and in an elegant letter to his commander, the celebrated lord Cutts, he gives an interesting account of the origin of this production, which none but one deeply imbued with its feelings could have experienced.

"*Tower Guard, March 23, 1701.*

"My Lord,

"The address of the following papers is so very much due to your lordship, that they are but a mere report of what has passed upon my guard to my commander; for they were writ upon duty, when the mind was perfectly disengaged, and at leisure, in the silent watch of the night, to run over the busy dream of the day; and the vigilance which obliges us to suppose an enemy always near us has awakened a sense that there is a restless and subtle one which constantly attends our steps, and meditates our ruin.\*"

\* Mr. Nichols's "Epistolary correspondence of Sir Richard Steele," vol. I p. 77.

To this solemn and monitory work he prefixed his name, from this honorable motive, that it might serve as "a standing testimony against himself, and make him ashamed of understanding, and seeming to feel what was virtuous, and living so quite contrary a life." Do we not think that no one less than a saint is speaking to us? And yet he is still nothing more than ensign Steele! He tells us that this grave work made him considered, who had been no undelightful companion, as a disagreeable fellow—and "The Christian Hero," by his own words, appears to have fought off several fool-hardy geniuses who were for "trying their valor on him," Thus "The Christian hero," finding himself slighted by his loose companions, sat down and composed a most laughable comedy, "The Funeral;" and, with all the frankness of a man who cares not to hide his motives, he tells us, that after his religious work he wrote the comedy because "nothing can make the town so fond of a man as a successful play." † The historian who had to record such strange events, following close on each other, of an author publishing a book of piety and a farce, could never have discovered the secret motive of the versatile author; for what author had ever such honest openness of disposition?

Steele was now at once a man of the town and its censor, and wrote lively essays on the follies of the day in an enormous black peruke which cost him fifty guineas! He built an elegant villa, but, as he was always inculcating œconomy, he dates from "The Hovel." He detected the fallacy of the South-sea scheme, while he himself invented projects neither inferior in magnificence nor in misery. He even turned alchemist, and wanted to coin gold, merely to distribute it. The most striking incident in the life of this man of volition was his sudden marriage with a young lady who had attended on his first wife's funeral—struck by her angelical beauty, if we trust to his raptures. Yet this sage, who would have written so well on the choice of a wife, united himself to a character the most uncongential to his own; cold, reserved, and most anxiously prudent in her attention to money, she

† Steele has given a delightful piece of self-biography, towards the end of his "Apology for himself and his writings," p. 80, 4.

THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER 2.

was of a temper which every day grew worse by the perpetual imprudence and thoughtlessness of his own. He calls her "Prue," in fondness and reproach; she was prudery itself! His adoration was permanent, and so were his complaints; and they never parted but with bickerings:—yet he could not suffer her absence, for he was writing to her three or four passionate notes in a day, which are dated from his office, or his bookseller's, or from some friend's house—he has ruse in the midst of dinner to dispatch a line to "Prue," to assure her of his affection since noon. "Prue" used poor Steele at times very ill; indeed Steele seems to have conceived that his warm affections were all she required, for lady Steele was usually left whole days in solitude, and frequently in want of a guinea, when Steele could not raise one. He, however, sometimes remonstrates with her very feelingly. The following note is an instance:

"Dear Wife,

"I have been in great pain of body and mind since I came out. You are extremely cruel to a generous nature, which has a tenderness for you that renders your least dishonour insupportably afflicting. After short starts of passion, not to be inclined to reconciliation, is what is against all rules of Christianity and justice. When I come home, I beg to be kindly received; or this will have as ill an effect upon my fortune as on my mind and body."

In a postscript to another billet, he thus sneers at lady Steele's excessive attention to money. "Your man Sam owes me three pence, which must be deducted in the account between you and me; therefore, pray take care to get it in, or stop it."

Such despatches as the following were sent off three or four times in a day.

"I beg of you not to be impatient though an hour before you see

Your obliged husband,  
"R. Steele."

"Dear Prue,

"Don't be displeas'd that I do not come home till eleven o'clock. Yours ever."

"Dear Prue,

"Forgive me dining abroad, and let Will carry the papers to Buckley's.

"Your fond devoted R. S."

"Dear Prue,

"I am very sleepy and tired, but could not think of closing my eyes till I had told you, I am, dearest creature, your most affectionate faithful husband,  
"R. Steele."

"From the Press, One in the morning."

It would seem by the following note, that this hourly account of himself was in consequence of the connubial mandate of his fair despot

"Dear Prue,

"It is a strange thing, because you are handsome, that you will not behave yourself with the obedience that people of worst features do—but that I must be always giving you an account of every trifle and minute of my time. I send this to tell you I am waiting to be sent for again when my lord Wharton is stirring."

Yet Steele, gifted at all times with the susceptibility of genius, was exercising the finest feelings of the heart; the same generosity of temper which deluded his judgment, and invigorated his passions, rendered him a tender and pathetic dramatist; a most fertile essayist; a patriot without private views; an enemy whose resentment died away in raillery, and a friend who could warmly press the hand that chastised him. Whether in administration, or expelled the house—whether affluent, or flying from his creditors—in the fulness of his heart he perhaps secured his own happiness, and lived on, like some wits, extempore. But such men, with all their virtues and all their genius, live only for themselves; they are not links in the golden chain of society. Steele, in the waste of his splendid talents, had raised sudden enmities and transient friendships. The world uses such men as eastern travellers do fountains; they drink their waters, and, when their thirst is appeas'd—turn their backs on them! Steele lived to be forgotten. He opened his career with folly; he hurried through it in a tumult of existence; and he closed it by an involuntary exile, amidst the wrecks of his fortune and his mind.\*

h. m.

September 1.—Day breaks . . . 3 6  
Sun rises . . . 5 14  
— sets . . . 6 46  
Twilight ends . . . 8 54

Game first in season.

September 2.

LONDON BURNT, Sept. 2, 1666. Particulars of this memorable devastation are in the *Every-Day Book*. In 1831, an inscription charging the conflagration upon the Catholics was erased from the Monument, pursuant to a vote of the court of Common Council of London.

\* Calamities of Authors, ii. 161.

September 2.—Day breaks . . . h. m. 3 9  
 Sun rises . . . 5 16  
 — sets . . . 6 44  
 Twilight ends . . . 8 51  
 Golden rod abundant.

**September 3.**

**ALTERATION OF THE STYLE.**

The commencement of the year in England was formerly on the 25th of March, until the year 1751, when it was deemed necessary to correct our calendar according to the Gregorian computation, which had been long before adopted in other European kingdoms, and by which the equinoxes and solstices were made to fall nearly on the same nominal days on which they had happened at the council of Nice in the year 325. For this purpose there was passed an act of parliament, directing,—that the year should for the future begin on the 1st of January; and that the eleven intermediate or nominal days between the 2d and 14th of September, 1752, should for that year be omitted, so that the day which would otherwise have been called the 3rd of September, should be dated the 14th September, &c. In pursuance of this act the alteration took place: the following 1st of January was dated as 1752, and the eleven days in that year, from the 3rd to the 13th of September inclusive, were omitted.

September 3.—Day breaks . . . h. m. 3 9  
 Sun rises . . . 5 17  
 — sets . . . 6 43  
 Twilight ends . . . 8 49  
 Yellow fleabane flowers abundantly.

**September 4.**

4th September, 1733, died, in the Tower of London, the first lioness that visited England. She was very aged, and had annually produced a litter of young ones in the Tower, for several years. The then keeper of the Lion Office in the Tower was a Mr. Martin, who, it is said, had more skill than any former keeper in rearing lions' whelps. Mr. Martin was succeeded by John Ellis, Esq., in his office, which, according to tradition, an Earl of Oxford had once filled. This Mr. Martin was related to Sir Joseph Martin, a

wealthy and eminent Turkey merchant, resident in London, of which city he was a common councilman for the ward of Billingsgate, and a member of the court of lieutenancy. Sir Joseph was a representative in parliament for Hastings in Sussex, in 1712 and 1713; and died August 16, 1792, at the age of 80. He used to say, "it was better to be a rich mechanic, though of the lowest order, than a poor merchant."\*

**RICHES.**

— Many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;  
 Waked all the night, and labored all the day.  
 And what was this allurements dost thou ask?  
 A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,  
 Which, being cast into the fire, came out  
 A shining thing that fools admired, and called  
 A god; and in devout and humble plight  
 Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;  
 And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,  
 Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience,  
 friends,  
 Love, charity, benevolence, and all  
 The sweet and tender sympathies of life;  
 And, to complete the horrid, murderous rite,  
 And signalize their folly, offered up  
 Their souls and an eternity of bliss,  
 To gain them—what? an hour of dreaming  
 joy.  
 A feverish hour that hasted to be done,  
 And ended in the bitterness of woe.  
Pollok.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.**

From the commencement of summer to the end of autumn, the noble assemblage of animals in the Regent's Park may be seen in perfection. A day can scarcely be spent to more advantage than at this exhibition; and certainly one of the most delightful holiday enjoyments that can be afforded to young persons is a visit to the "Zoological Gardens." The first attraction to them, on entering, is the sight of the bears lumbering up and down their pole; and, then, the colossal cage of beautiful parroquites: after passing these there are almost countless birds, from the songsters of our native groves to the majestic eagles of distant regions; and beasts, from the mouse and domestic cat to the elephant and the lions of the desert. They are variously disposed about the grounds: many of them range upon green lawns, and all are within safe enclosures.

\* Noble.

THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER 4.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S QUADRUPEDS  
AND BIRDS.

There is a delightful work entitled "The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated." This book is published "with the sanction of the Council, under the superintendence of the Secretary, and Vice Secretary of the Society." It is filled with exquisite engravings on wood, by Messrs. Branston and Wright, from highly finished drawings executed by Mr. Harvey, with the living originals in the gardens before him. To his portraits of the quadrupeds and birds he has added delightful views, principally of picturesque scenery in the grounds. The number and beauty of the engravings, the elegance of the printing, and the exceedingly moderate price, occasion this to be one of the most enchanting books that a lover of nature and art can desire.

Persons of taste, not having the fear of the Zoological Society before their eyes, mercilessly covet the rich embellishments of "The Gardens and Menagerie" for their ornamented albums. Indeed, this work, which is in two handsome octavo volumes, with above two hundred and twenty delicious engravings, and which may be had for four-and-twenty shillings, by merely ordering it of any bookseller in the kingdom, is irresistible; and,—read it, readers, and tremble—many a copy has already fallen under the scissors of scrap-book makers.

Place these volumes before a fair "collector of prints,"—with flashing eyes she

"spreads the glittering forfex wide,"

and, in a moment, the "Esquimaux dogs" and "Maccaws," and other desirable creatures, are fluttered away from the "superintendence of the society's secretary, and vice secretary," and find themselves—without "the sanction of the council"—within the lady's covers.

The masterly engravings, with the fine printing of this work, which is so enticing, and which is afforded at so low a price, obviously cost several thousand pounds. Since Bewick's Quadrupeds and Birds, there have not been any illustrated books of natural history that approach in merit to these two volumes of "The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society." They are printed by Whittingham, and continue to uphold the unsurpassed fame of the Chiswick Press.

THE LARK.

From the "Paradis d'Amour."

The livelong night, as was my wonted lot,  
In tears had pass'd, nor yet day's orb was hot,  
When forth I walk'd my sorrows to beguile,  
Where freshly smelling fields with dewdrops  
amile.

Already with his shrilling carol gay  
The vaulting skylark hail'd the sun from far;  
And with so sweet a music seem'd to play  
My heart strings round, as some propitious  
star  
Had chased whate'er might fullest joyaunce  
mar:  
Bath'd in delicious dews that morning bright,  
Thus strove my voice to speak my soul's de-  
light:—

Hark! hark!

Thou merry lark!

Reckless thou how I may pine,  
Would but love my vows befriend,  
To my warm embraces send  
That sweet fair one,  
Brightest, dear one,  
Then my joy might equal thine.

Hark! hark!

Thou merry lark!

Reckless thou how I may pine;  
Let love, tyrant, work his will,  
Plunging me in anguish still:  
Whate'er  
May be my care,  
True shall bide this heart of mine

Hark! hark!

Thou merry lark!

Reckless thou what griefs are mine;  
Come, relieve my heart's distress,  
Though in truth the pain is less,  
That she frown,  
Than if unknown  
She for whom I ceaseless pine.

Hark! hark!

Thou merry lark!

Reckless thou how I may pine.

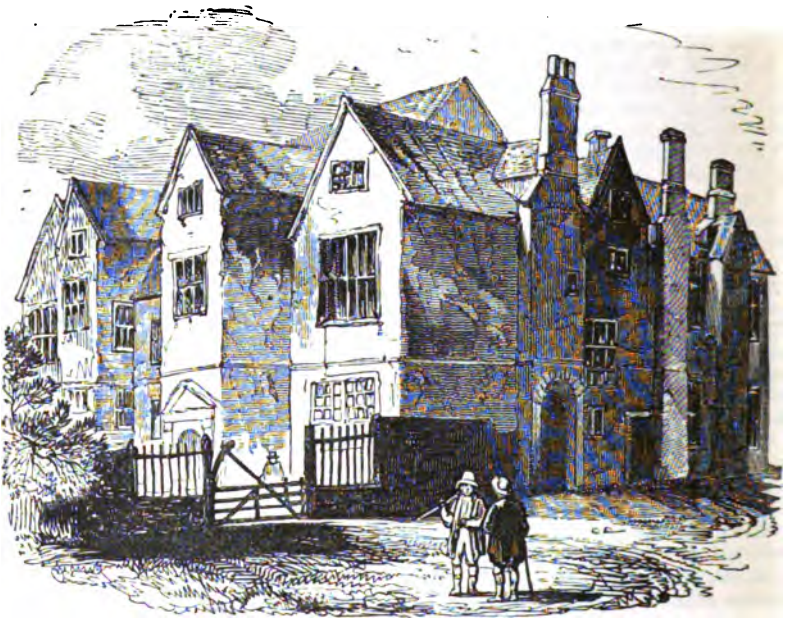
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	h. m.
September 4.—Day breaks . . .	3 14
Sun rises . . .	5 19
— sets . . .	6 41
Twilight ends . . .	8 46

Chequered meadow-saffron flowers  
abundantly.

Red surmulletts caught on the coast.

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SAWSTON HALL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

[To Mr. Hone.]

During a visit to Sawston, I was invited to look over "the Great House," and its antiquity excited my curiosity to collect a few observations concerning it for the *Year Book*, which I send you with the accompanying N. E. sketch of the building.

"The Hall" stands detached from the village, south of the church, surrounded with trees and a spacious garden and lawn; it is a large quadrangular building, and was erected in the year 1557, upon the site of a former edifice. In the rooms are the portraits of Sir John Huddleston the protector of queen Mary, and several more of the Huddleston family. "Sir John Huddleston entertained the princess Mary at his house immediately after the death of her brother king Edward VI., and contrived her escape to Framlingham castle in Suffolk, for which his house was plundered by the mob, who took part with lady Jane Gray.

Fuller, in his "History of Cambridge," says, "The lady Mary, after her brother's death, hearing queen Jane was proclaim-

ed, came five miles off to Sir John Huddleston's, where she heard masse; next day Sir John waited on her in Suffolk, though she for the more secrecy rode on horse-back behind his servant, which servant lived long after, the queen never bestowing any preferment upon him, whether because forgetting him (when memory was engaged on greater matters) or because she conceived the man was rewarded in rewarding his master. Indeed she bestowed great boons on Sir John, and, among the rest, the stones of Cambridge castle, to build his house at Salston. Hereby that stately structure, anciently the ornament of Cambridge, is at this day reduced next to nothing."

The following information I obtained from the present highly esteemed possessor of Sawston Hall.—"Sir John Huddleston was of the queen's privy counsel, and captain of the guard to king Philip. He was entrusted by the queen with a jurisdiction over part of Cambridgeshire and Hertfordshire: she likewise granted him Wilbraham Temple. The Rev. Mr. Hicks, the present possessor of Wilbra-

nam, has the original deed of the Grant. Father John Huddleston, a Benedictine Monk of Lampspring in Germany, was Chaplain in the family of Mr. Whitgrave of Moseley in the county of Stafford,—who was a principal contriver of king Charles's escape from the battle of Worcester." My informant says—"The family of Huddleston is supposed to be Saxon, and to trace *five generations before the Conquest*. The most ancient residence was Huddleston in Yorkshire, from which place comes the name.—*Nine brothers* of the Huddleston family are said to have lost their lives in fighting for king Charles." Respecting the commotion, I derive from the same source that "The council took the part of lady Jane. The duke of Northumberland was their general; he had his troops at Cambridge, and the council promised to stand by him, but upon finding the lady Mary had gone from New Hall, a palace of Henry VIII. in Essex, by Copt Hall and Sawston to Framlingham castle in Suffolk, had been joined by the Suffolk men, and had claimed the crown, they deserted him; i. e. would not acknowledge he had acted under their authority. He therefore, though he threw up his cap in the market place and proclaimed the queen, was beheaded; none of the Tudors being much given to mercy."

It is a singular proof of the tenacity with which the unlettered preserve oral information that, at this day, the village dames tell how the queen escaped the fury of the mob, by quitting "the Hall," in the disguise of a milk-maid, with a pail on her arm. They say she had got a short distance from the village, when her conductor requested her to look back and see how her enemies had served Sawston-hall; the lady Mary turned her eyes and saw it in flames; she immediately promised that, if ever she was made queen of England, Sawston Hall should be rebuilt of stone, and by that means defy the fury of the lawless element. Traditional report, however seemingly vague and desultory, has a connexion with fact.—The village now presents

The joys of liberty and smiling Peace

No doubt further interesting particulars of this momentous era are capable of being added, and your attention and that of your numerous literary friends is respectfully solicited to the subject.

Cambridge.

T. N.

A LADY'S SONG.

The wise man sees his winter close  
Like evening on a summer day;  
Each age, he knows, its roses bears,  
Its mournful moments and its gay.

Thus would I dwell with pleasing thought  
Upon my spring of youthful pride;  
Yet, like the festive dancer, glad  
To rest in peace at eventide.

The gazing crowds proclaim'd me *fair*,  
Ere, autumn-touch'd, my green leaves fell:  
And now they smile and call me good—  
Perhaps I like that name as well.

On beauty bliss depends not; then  
Why should I quarrel with old time?  
He marches on: how vain his power  
With one whose *heart* is in its prime!

Though now perhaps a *little* old,  
Yet still I love with youth to bide;  
Nor grieve I if the gay coquettes  
Seduce the gallants from my side.

And I can joy to see the nymphs  
For fav'rite swains their chaplets twine,  
In gardens trim, and bowers so green,  
With flowerets sweet, and eglantine.

I love to see a pair defy  
The noontide heat in yonder shade;  
To hear the village song of love  
Sweet echoing through the woodland glade.

I joy too (though the idle crew  
Mock somewhat at my lengthen'd tale,  
To see how lays of ancient loves  
The listening circle round regale.

They fancy time for *them* stands still,  
And pity *me* my hairs of gray,  
And smile to hear how once their sires  
To me could kneeling homage pay.

And I, too, smile, to gaze upon  
These butterflies in youth elate,  
So heedless, sporting round the flame  
Where thousand such have met their fate.

*Comte de Barbe de Verrus.*

September 5.

5th September, 1569, died Edmund Bonner. He was bishop of London in the reign of Henry VIII., but in 1549 was deposed by king Edward VI. and committed to the Marshalsea, whence he was released in 1550, and restored to the see by queen Mary, during whose reign he exercised the office of an ecclesiastical judge, condemned two hundred persons to the flames for their religion, and caused great numbers of others to suffer imprisonment. In his violent proceedings

against Richard Gibson, a gentleman, who, being surety for a debt, was imprisoned in the Poultry Compter, Bonner required him to confess or deny whether, if at liberty, he would go "in procession" with others to his parish church upon appointed days, "bear a taper or a candle upon Candlemas-day, take ashes upon Ash Wednesday, bear palm upon Palm-Sunday, creep to the cross upon days and and times accustomed, receive and kiss the pax, &c." Bonner pronounced the fatal sentence against him, and "he valiantly underwent the cruel death of burning in Smithfield." About the same time, Cardinal Pole, as legate, interposed between Bonner and two-and-twenty Colchester people, and saved their lives. Bonner wrote to the Cardinal, "that he thought to have had them all to Fulham, and to have given sentence against them." He whipped some of the victims of his judicial character with his own hands. In Fox's "Acts and Monuments" there is a wood-cut of his inflicting this punishment on Thomas Henshawe. When the print was shown to Bonner, he laughed at it, saying, "A vengeance on the fool, how could he get my picture drawn so right?" He was commonly called "Bloody Bonner." On the accession of queen Elizabeth, this cruel man was finally dismissed from the bishopric of London, and again committed to the Marshalsea. He died in that prison, and was buried in St. George's church-yard in the borough.\* The following epigram was found attached to his monument:—

If Heaven be pleased when sinners cease to sin,  
 If Hell be pleased when sinners enter in,  
 If Earth be pleased when it hath lost a knave,  
 Then all are pleased! for Bonner's in his grave.

	h. m.
September 5.—Day breaks . . .	3 17
Sun rises . . .	5 21
— sets . . .	6 39
Twilight ends . . .	8 43

Bladder catchfly flowers the second time.

### September 6.

6th. September, 1783, died in her seventy-eighth year, at the house of Dr. Samuel Johnson, in Bolt-court, Fleet-

\* Strype, Grangor.

street, where she had lived by his bounty nearly twenty years, Mrs. Anna Williams, who had long been deprived of her sight. She published, in 1745, the "Life of Julian," from the French of M. de la Bletterie. In 1766, she published a volume of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse" 4to. Dr. Johnson wrote several of the pieces contained in the volume. She was the daughter of Zachariah Williams, who published a pamphlet printed in English and Italian, intitled, "An Account of an Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea, by an exact Theory of the Variation of the Magnetical Needle. With a table of Variations at the most memorable Cities in Europe, from the year 1660 to 1680," 1755, 4to. The English part of this work was written by Dr. Johnson, the Italian by Mr. Baretti. In Boswell's life of Johnson there are interesting memorials of Johnson's kindness to Mrs. Williams, and her grateful attachment to him.

### DR. JOHNSON'S MAN, "FRANK."

Francis Stewart was the son of a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. He was brought up to the law, and for several years employed as a writer in some of the principal offices of Edinburgh. Being a man of good natural parts, and given to literature, he frequently assisted in digesting and arranging MSS. for the press; and, among other employments of this sort, he used to boast of assisting, or copying some of the juvenile productions of the afterwards celebrated Lord Kaimes, when he was very young, and a correspondent with the Edinburgh Magazine. When he came to London he stuck more closely to the press; and, in this walk of copying, or arranging for the press, he got recommended to Dr. Johnson, who then lived in Gough-square. Frank was a great admirer of the doctor, and upon all occasions consulted him; and the doctor had also a very respectable opinion of his amanuensis, Frank Stuart, as he always familiarly called him. But it was not only in collecting authorities that "Frank" was employed; he was the man who did every thing in the writing way for him, and managed all affairs between the doctor, his bookseller, and his creditors, who were then often very troublesome, besides every species of business the doctor had to do out of doors. For this he was much better qualified than the doctor himself,

as he had been more accustomed to common business, and more conversant in the "ways of men."

In another department, besides collecting authorities, Frank was remarkably useful to Dr. Johnson; this was, in explanation of low cant phrases, which the doctor used to get Frank to give his explanation of first. All words relating to gambling and card-playing, such as *All-fours*, *Catch-honors*, *Cribbage*, &c., were, among the "typos," said to be Frank's, corrected by the doctor, for which he received a second payment. At the time this happened Johnson's Dictionary was going on printing very briskly in three departments, letter D, G, and L, being at work upon at the same time; and the doctor was, in the printing-house phrase, "out of town," that is, had received more money than he had produced MS.; for the proprietors restricted him in his payments, and would answer no more demands from him than at the rate of a guinea for every sheet of MS. copy he delivered, which was paid him by Mr. Strahan on delivery; and the doctor readily agreed to this. The copy was written upon quarto post paper, and in two columns each page. The doctor wrote, in his own hand, the words and their explanation, and generally two or three words in each column, leaving a space between each for the authorities, which were pasted on as they were collected by the different clerks or amanuenses employed. In this mode the MS. was so regular, that the sheets of MS. which made a sheet of print could be very exactly ascertained. Every guinea parcel came after this agreement regularly tied up, and was put upon a shelf in the corrector's room till wanted. The MS. being then in great forwardness, the doctor supplied copy faster than the printers called for it; and in one of the heaps of copy it happened that, upon giving it out to the compositors, some sheets of the old MS. that had been printed off were found among the new MS. paid for. This led to a charge against the doctor of having obtained double payment for the same MS. copy. As the MS. was then in such a ready and forward state, it is but justice to the doctor's character to say, that he does not appear to have been driven to his shifts so much as to make use of this shabby trick to get three or four guineas, for the sum amounted to no more. It is probable that it happened by the doctor's

keeping the old copy, which was always returned to him with the proof, in a disorderly manner. Besides this there was another mode of accounting for it, which, at that time, was very current in the printing-house. In addition to his old and constant assistant, Stuart, the Doctor had several others, some of them not of the best characters; one of this class had been lately discharged, whom the doctor had been very kind to, notwithstanding all his loose and idle tricks; and it was generally supposed that the rogue had fallen upon the expedient of picking up the old MS. to raise a few guineas, finding the money so readily paid on the MS. as he delivered it. Upon the whole, every body was inclined to acquit the doctor, as he had been well known to have rather "too little thought about money matters." What served to complete the doctor's acquittal was, that, immediately on the discovery, Frank supplied the *quantum* of right copy (for it was ready); which set every thing to rights, and that in the course of an hour or two.

Frank usually "spent his evenings" at the Bible, in Shire Lane, a house of call for bookbinders and printers; where he was in good esteem among some creditable neighbours that frequented the back-room. Except his fuddling, he was a very worthy character; yet his drinking and conviviality, he used to say, he left behind him at Edinburgh, where his intimacy with some jovial wits and great card-players made his journey to London very prudent and necessary, as nothing but such a measure could break off the connexion. Before Frank determined on quitting Edinburgh, he took some pains to bring his companions to order and good hours; and one of his efforts in this way was his writing a song of four verses, to the famous old tune of "Woe's my heart that we should sunder;" every verse concluded with a chorus line, "Let's leave lang-jinks but never sunder."<sup>\*</sup>

In one of his Edinburgh night rambles, Frank and his companions met with the mob-procession when they were conducting Captain Porteus to be hanged; and Frank and his companions were next day examined about it before the town-council, when, as he used to say, "we were found to be too drunk to have had any hand

\* Lang jinks is the name for lansquenet in Scotland among gamesters.



THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER 7.

in the business." He gave an accurate and particular account of that memorable transaction in the Edinburgh Magazine of that time, which he was rather fond of relating.

	h. m.
September 6.—Day breaks . . .	3 19
Sun rises . . .	5 23
— sets . . .	6 37
Twilight ends . . .	8 41

Large purple starwort flowers.  
Currants nearly gone, unless preserved under nets on walls, or under mats over standard trees.

September 7.

REMARKABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

[To Mr. Hone]

Edinburgh, June 1831.

7 September 1820 is the date of the following advertisement in the "Edinburgh Evening Courant" of the 9th of that month:—

"NOTICE.

"THE LAMITERS of Edinburgh and its vicinity are respectfully informed, that a FESTIVAL will be celebrated by the READY-TO-HALT-FRATERNITY, at M'LEAN'S Hotel, Prince's-street, on Thursday the 14th day of September inst.

"Dinner on the table at Five o'clock.  
"All such Cripples and Lamiters as wish to consociate and dine together will give in their names at the Hotel, before the 14th inst.

"No procession.  
"W. T. Secretary.

Concerning the advertisement of "the Lamiters" I have made several enquiries, the result of which show that it was a mere *quix* on the public.

The following, equally curious, and of more value perhaps to your erudite Miscellany, is copied from "Parker's London News, or the Impartial Intelligencer, containing the most remarkable occurrences Foreign and Domestic 18th January 1722"—

"WHEREAS GENTLEMEN AND GENTLEWOMEN, in walking the streets in dirty slabby weather, very frequently incommode their stockings and petticoats by the filth and nastiness thereof. There is a person who gives daily attendance from 9 to 3 in the afternoon, at the Hercules in Nags-head-court in Bartholomew lane,

behind the Royal Exchange, to instruct how all persons may walk the streets without *dirting* themselves in the worst or dirtiest weather."

The "Post Boy" from Thursday May 16 to Saturday May 18, 1723, in narrating the execution of counsellor Laver for High Treason, says "his head was carried to Newgate, in order to be *parboiled* and affixed upon Temple-bar this day."—Alas, wnat *Cookery!*

I am, &c.,  
I.

BIRMINGHAM TRAVELLING—1742.

[Advertisement from Walker's Birmingham paper, Monday April 12th 1742. No 26.]

THE LITCHFIELD AND BIRMINGHAM STAGE-COACH set out this morning [Monday] from the Rose Inn at Holbourn bridge, London, and will be at the house of Mr. Francis Cox, the Angel and Hen and Chickens, in the high town, Birmingham, on Wednesday next to dinner, and goes the same afternoon to Litchfield, and returns to Birmingham on Thursday morning to breakfast, and gets to London on Saturday night, and so will continue every week regularly, with a good coach and able horses.

A NOTED SURGEON.

[From a Lancashire paper, about the year 1778.]

ELLEN HAYTHORNTWAINTE, the wife of Robert Haythornthwaite, of Dicklin green, near Whitewell, in the forest of Bowland, Lancashire, is supposed to be one of the best Surgeons in the country; she has performed several amazing cures, given up for incurable by the Whitworth doctors, and others.

As for Asthmas, Coughs, Fevers, and all internal disorders, she will not prescribe a large quantity of drugs, and yet effectually cure, if curable; but as for burns, scalds, fractured skulls, bruises, and all external wounds, she will in a very little time make a perfect cure, if they come to her before they are mortified.

N. B. She will take nothing in hand if she finds it incurable.

Her charges are also very moderate, twelve pence a week, if they come to her. She travels none abroad.

The following can testify of her excellent remedies, with many others too tedious to mention.

John Langton, a lame hand.  
 James Dewhurst, ditto.  
 James Parker, a fractured skull: his brain was bare.  
 Christopher Martin, lame leg.  
 Robert Parkinson, ditto.  
 William Livesey, ditto.  
 Richard Knowles, a lame arm, two years standing.

have their wedding dinner in the gardens, may be married in the said chapel without giving any fee or reward whatsoever: and such as do not keep their wedding dinner at the gardens, only five shillings will be demanded of them for all fees."

Many similar advertisements in old newspapers show the facilities formerly afforded to private marriages.

H. B. ANDREWS.

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.

[From a new Jersey Paper, 1821.]

TO BE SOLD, on the 8th of July, one hundred and thirty-one suits at law, the property of an eminent attorney about to retire from business. Note, the clients are rich and obstinate.

[Note. Whether this is serious or satirical I know not.]

BETROTHING CUSTOMS.

*Hand-fasting.*

In 1794 the minister of Eskdalemuir, in the county of Dumfries, mentions an annual fair held time out of mind at the meeting of the Black and White Esks, now entirely laid aside. At that fair it was the custom for unmarried persons of both sexes to choose a companion, according to their liking, with whom they were to live till that time next year. This was called "hand-fasting," or hand in fist. If they were pleased with each other at that time, then they continued together for life: if not, they separated, and were free to make another choice as at the first. The fruit of the connexion, if there were any, was always attached to the disaffected person. In later times, when this part of the country belonged to the Abbacy of Melrose, a priest, to whom they gave the name of "Book i'bosom," either because he carried in his bosom a Bible, or perhaps a register of the marriages, came from time to time to confirm the marriages.

In the Isle of Portland, near Weymouth, where the inhabitants seldom or never intermarry with any on the mainland, young women betroth themselves to lovers of the same place, and allow them the privileges of husbands, with the certainty of being made wives the moment that the consequences of their intimacy become apparent.

[This usage I ascertained, upon the spot, to prevail in 1817, and was assured, by respectable married females of the place, that only one instance of the engagement not being fulfilled by a young man had occurred within their memory, and in that case the offender was driven by the inhabitants with ignominy from the island. W. H.]

*Breaking a Piece of Money.*

It was anciently customary to break a piece of gold or silver in token of a verbal

	h. m.
September 7.—Day breaks . . .	3 22
Sun rises . . .	5 25
— sets . . .	6 35
Twilight ends . . .	8 38

Green gage plums in great plenty.  
 Peaches and nectarines abundant.

September 8.

PRIVATE MARRIAGES.

[For the Year Book.]

July 1831.

The parsons of the old Fleet, and of May fair, were noted for their celebration of private marriages; and it appears that the village of Hampstead was not less remarkable for conveniences of that kind to couples who wished to increase their happiness by a little air and exercise.

About the beginning of the last century there stood, near the Wells, a place called Sion chapel, which seems to have been the property of the keeper of the adjoining tavern, by the following advertisement from a newspaper of 1716: it will be seen what temptations were held out to such parties as should keep their wedding dinner in his gardens.

"8th September 1716.—SION CHAPEL AT HAMPSTEAD, being a private and pleasure place, many persons of the best fashion have lately been married there. Now, as a minister is obliged constantly to attend, this is to give notice, that all persons bringing a licence, and who shall

contract of marriage and promises of love; one half whereof was kept by the woman, while the other part remained with the man. The Dialogue between Kitty and Filbert in the "What d'ye call it," by Gay, illustrates the usage:—

Yet, Justices, permit us, ere we part,  
To break this Ninepence as you've broke our  
heart."

*Filbert* (breaking the ninepence)—As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

*Kitty* (joining the pieces)—And, as this meets, thus may we meet again.

In "The Country Wake," a comedy by Dogget, 4to., London, 1696, Act v. sc. i., Hob, who fancies he is dying, before he makes his last will and *testimony*, as he calls it, when his mother desires him to try to speak to Mary, "for she is thy wife, and no other," answers, "I know I'm sure to her—and I do own it before you all; I ask't her the question last Lammas, and at Allhallow's-tide *we broke a piece of money*; and if I had lived till last Sunday we had been ask'd in the church." Mr. Douce's MS. Notes say: "Analogous to the interchanging of rings seems the custom of breaking a piece of money. An example of this occurs in 'Bateman's Tragedy,' a well-known penny history, chap. v." A law book, "Swinburne on Spousals," p. 12, says: "Some spousals are contracted by signs, as the giving and receiving a ring, others by words."

It appears to have been formerly a custom, also, for those who were betrothed to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. Spenser, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," says,

"Bring coronations and eods in wine  
Worn of paramours."

Sops in wine were a species of flowers among the smaller kind of single gilliflowers or pinks.\*

#### CREELING.

In 1792 the minister of Galston, in Ayrshire, mentions a singular custom there: "When a young man wishes to pay his addresses to his sweetheart, instead of going to her father's, and professing his passion, he goes to a public-house,

and, having let the landlady into the secret of his attachment, the object of his wishes is immediately sent for, who seldom refuses to come. She is entertained with ale and whisky, or brandy; and the marriage is concluded on. The second day after the marriage a "creeling," as it is called, takes place. The young wedded pair, with their friends, assemble in a convenient spot. A small creel, or basket, is prepared for the occasion, into which they put some stones: the young men carry it alternately, and allow themselves to be caught by the maidens, who have a kiss when they succeed. After a great deal of innocent mirth and pleasantry, the creel falls at length to the young husband's share, who is obliged to carry it generally for a long time, none of the young women having compassion upon him. At last his fair mate kindly relieves him from his burden; and her complaisance, in this particular, is considered as a proof of her satisfaction with the choice she has made. The creel goes round again; more merriment succeeds; and all the company dine together, and talk over the feats of the field.\*

#### TRUE-LOVERS-KNOTS.

Among the ancient northern nations a knot seems to have been the symbol of indissoluble love, faith, and friendship. Hence the ancient runic inscriptions, Hickeys, are in the form of a knot; and hence, among the northern English and Scots, who still retain, in a great measure, the language and manners of the ancient Danes, that curious kind of knot, which is a mutual present between the lover and his mistress, and which, being considered as the emblem of plighted fidelity, is therefore called "a true-love knot;" a name which is not derived, as may be naturally supposed, from the words "true" and "love," but formed from the Danish verb "*trulofa*," *fidem do*, I plight my troth, or faith. Thus, in the Islandic Gospels, the following passage in the first chapter of St. Matthew confirms, beyond a doubt, the sense here given—"til einrar Meyer er *trulofad* var einum Manne," &c.; i. e. to a virgin espoused; that is, who was promised, or had engaged herself to a man, &c. Hence, evidently, the "bride favors,"

\* Brand.

\* Brand.

THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER 8.

or the "top-knots," at marriages, which have been considered as emblems of the ties of duty and affection between the bride and her spouse, have been derived.

In Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody, 1611," are the following verses:—

*The True Love's Knot.*

Love is the linke, the knot, the band of unity,  
And all that love do love with their beloved  
to be:

Love only did decree  
To change his kind in me.

For though I loved with all the powers of my  
mind,

And though my restless thoughts their rest in  
her did finde,

Yet are my hopes decline  
Sith she is most unkinde.

For since her beauties sun my fruitles hope  
did breede,

By absence from that sun I hop't to sterve  
that weede;

Though absence did, indeede,  
My hopes not sterve, but feede.

For when I shift my place, like to the stricken  
deere,

I cannot shift the shaft which in my side I  
beare:

By me it resteth there,  
The cause is not else where.

So have I seeme the sickle to turne and turne  
again,

As if that outward change could ease his in-  
ward paine:

But still, alas! in vaine,  
The fit doth still remaine.

Yet goodnes is the spring from whence this  
ill doth grow,

For goodnes caused the love, which great  
respect did owe,

Respect true love did show;  
True love thus wrought my woe.

Gay, in his Pastoral called "the Spell," describes the rustic manner of knitting the true-love-knot:—

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,  
I twitched his dangling garter from his knee;  
He wist not when the hempen string I drew,  
Now mine I quickly doff of Inkle blue;  
Together fast I tye the garters twaine,  
And, while I knit the knot, repeat this strain—  
Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure:  
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

In England these knots of ribands were formerly distributed in great abundance as bride favors, even at the marriages of persons of the first distinction. They were worn at the hat, and consisted of ribands of various colors. M. Misson,

in his Travels in England, printed in 1696, says, "Formerly, in France, they gave Livrees de Noces, which was a knot of ribands, to be worn by the guests upon their arms; but that is practised now only among peasants. In England it is done still amongst the greatest noblemen. These ribands they call 'favors,' and give them not only to those that are at the wedding, but to five hundred people besides. T'other day, when the eldest son of M. de Overkerque married the duke of Ormond's sister, they dispensed a whole inundation of those little favors: nothing else was here to be met with, from the hat of the king down to that of the meanest servant." Ozell, in a note to his translation of Misson, says: "The favor was a pretty large knot, of several colors, gold, silver, carnation, and white. This is worn upon the hat for some weeks." The only color for wedding-favors at this time [1831] is white.

The bride favors have not been omitted in "The Collier's Wedding," a northern provincial poem:—

The blithsome bucksome country maids,  
With knots of ribands at their heads,  
And pinners flut'ring in the wind,  
That fan before and toss behind, &c.

The same poem, speaking of the youth attending the bridegroom, says

Like streamers in the painted sky,  
At every breast the favors fly.

*Bridal Colors.*

In a curious old book "The fifteen Comforts of Marriage," a conference is introduced concerning bridal colors in dressing up the bridal-bed by the bridesmaids.—"Not, say they, with *yellow ribbands*, these are the emblems of jealousy—not with '*Fucille morti*,' that signifies fading love—but with *true blue*, that signifies constancy, and *green* denotes youth—put them both together, and there's youthful constancy. One proposed *blue and black*, that signifies constancy till death; but that was objected to as those colors will never match. *Violet* was proposed as signifying religion: this was objected to as being too grave. and at last they concluded to *mingle a gold tissue with grass green*, which latter signifies youthful jollity." For the bride's favors, top-knots, and garters, the bride proposed *blue, gold color, lemon-color, &c.* *Gold-color* was objected to as signifying avarice. The younger bride-

maid proposed to mix *willow and milk white*: the *willow* was excluded because it signified forsaken.\*

*A virtuous, discreet, and loving Wife.*

Let no man value at a little price  
A virtuous woman's counsaile; her wing'd  
spirit  
Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly  
words;  
And (like her beauty) ravishing, and pure  
The wear'r bodie, still the stronger soule.  
When good endeavours do her powers applie,  
Her love draws nearest man's felicitie.  
O what a treasure is a virtuous wife,  
Discrete and loving: not one gift on earth  
Makes a man's life so highly bound to  
heaven;  
She gives him double forces, to endure  
And to enjoy; by being one with him,  
Feeling his joies and griefes with equal sense;  
And like the twines Hippocrates reports,  
If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as  
short:  
If he lament, she melts herself in teares;  
If he be glad, she triumphs; if he stirre,  
She moves his way; in all things his sweet  
ape:  
And is, in alterations passing strange,  
Himselfe divinely varied without change.  
Gold is right precious; but his price infects  
With pride and avarice; authority lifts  
Hats from men's heads; and bows the strong-  
est knees,  
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts,  
Musick delights but one sense; nor choice  
meats;  
One quickly fades, the other stir to sinne;  
But a true wife, both sense and soul delights,  
And mixeth not her good with any ill;  
Her virtues, ruling hearts, all powers command;  
All store without her leaves a man but poore;  
And with her, povertie's exceeding store;  
No time is tedious with her; her true worth  
Makes a true husband thinke his arms enfold  
(With her alone) a compleate world of golde.

Chapman, 1606.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

There is nothing can please a man without love: and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the Apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself, but

\* Brand.

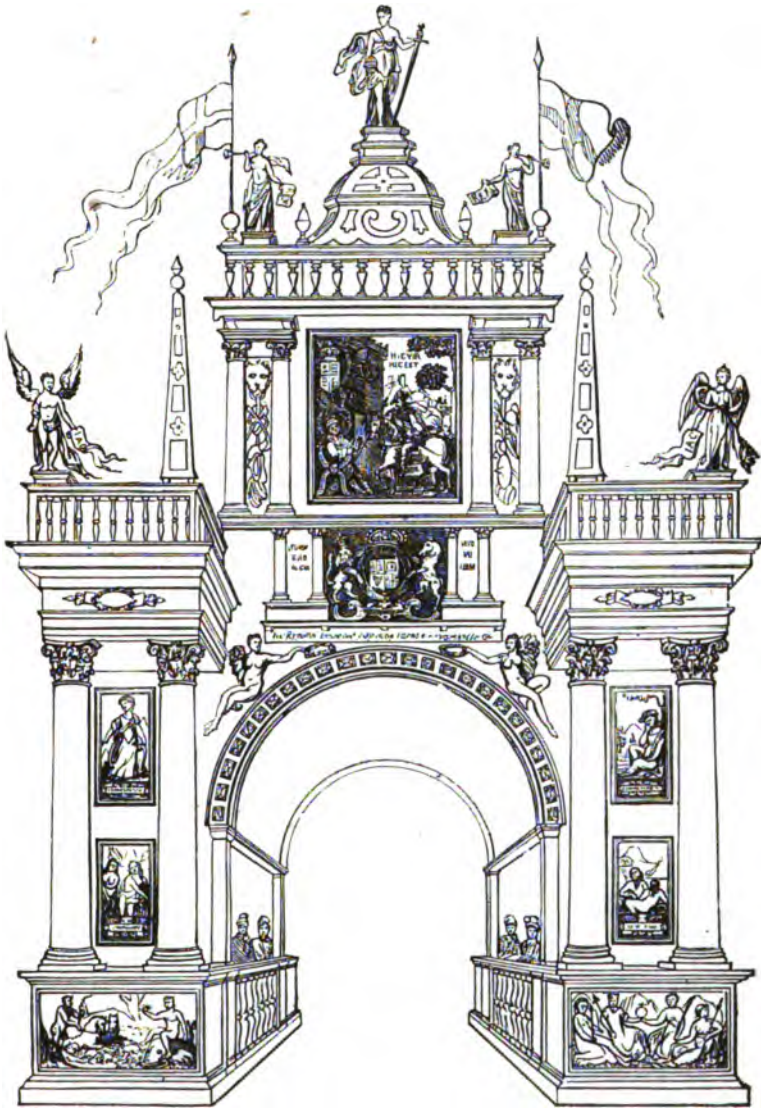
love; but, when a man dwells in love, then the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell, but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CHILDREN.

Oh! to my sense, there is in childhood's  
kiss,  
And in its trust, that, in a world like this,  
Each that surrounds it is its genuine friend!  
Their little pranks, the which with emphasis  
Speaks of the heavens! 'Tis to condescend,  
From converse with a child, with aught on earth  
to blend.  
In a child's voice—is there not melody?  
In a child's eye—is there not rapture seen?  
And rapture not of passion's revelry?  
Calm, though impassion'd! durable, though  
keen!  
It is all fresh, like the young spring's first  
green!  
Children seem spirits from above descended,  
To whom still cleaves heaven's atmosphere  
serene;  
Their very wildnesses with truth are blended:  
Fresh from their stieky mould, they cannot be  
amended.  
Warm and uncalculating, they're more wise—  
More sense than extasy of theirs denotes—  
More of the stuff have they of paradise—  
And more the music of the warbling throats  
Of choirs whose anthem round th' Eternal  
floats—  
Than all that bards e'er feign; or tuneful shall  
Has e'er struck forth from artificial notes—  
Theirs is that language, ignorant of ill,  
Born from a perfect harmony of power and  
will.

C. Lloyd, 1831.

	h. m.
September 8.—Day breaks . . .	3 25
Sun rises . . .	5 27
— sets . . .	6 23
Twilight ends . . .	8 35
Late crocus, and naked crocus blow.	



ARCH ERECTED IN GRACECHURCH STREET,  
FOR THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF JAMES I.  
FROM THE TOWER TO WESTMINSTER, 1603-4.

In a handsome three and sixpenny tract, entitled "London Pageants," Mr. John Gough Nichols has compiled "Accounts of fifty-five Royal Processions and

Entertainments in the City of London." It is printed in octavo, and embellished with a folding quarto plate (from which the preceding engraving is copied), after

one of seven very rare folio prints representing "The Arches of Triumph erected in honor of the High and Mighty Prince James, the first of the name king of England, and the sixth of Scotland, at his Majesty's entrance and passage through his honorable City and Chamber of London, upon the 15th day of March, 1603. Invented and published by Stephen Harrison, Joyner and architect; and graven by William Kip." In 1803 a set of these prints, at Mr. Woodhouse's sale, produced twenty-six guineas, and therefore Mr. Nichols's view of one of these coronation arches enhances the interest of his work. It abounds in curious knowledge, familiarly communicated upon competent authority, and is consequently a desirable publication to all who wish to be acquainted, at a small expense, with the old royal processions in the metropolis.

On reference to Mr. Nichols's "London Pageants," we find, that, from very early times, the kings of England made processions *through* London to their coronation.

In 1236, Henry III. having solemnized his marriage with Eleanor of Provence, at Canterbury, they were met, on their way to London, by the mayor, aldermen, and principal citizens, on horseback, richly arrayed in silk embroidered robes, each carrying a gold or silver cup, in token of the privilege claimed by the city, of being chief butler of the kingdom, at the king's coronation; and so they rode with the king and queen to their coronation at Westminster: there were set out in the streets pompous shows, and at night the city was splendidly illuminated with cressets and other lights. This seems to be the first coronation procession *through* the city upon record.

The procession of Richard II. on St. Swithin's day, 1377, is remarkable. The king, then a youth, clad in white garments, with a multitude of attendants, rode from the tower after dinner, through the city. The conduits ran with wine. In the Cheap was erected a castle spouting wine with four towers, and in each tower a beautiful virgin in white, of like stature and age with the king; on his approach each virgin blew in his face leaves of gold, and threw on him and his horse counterfeit gold florins, and, filling wine from the castle spouts into gold cups, presented wine to the king and his nobles; and on the top of the castle was a golden angel, holding a crown, and so contrived,

that he bowed down when the king came, and offered him the crown. There were other pageants, or shows, at other places in the line of route, but this was the most striking.

The return of Henry V. from his victory at Agincourt was welcomed with great rejoicing. The king was met at Blackheath by the mayor and aldermen of London, arrayed in orient grained scarlet, and 400 commoners in beautiful murrey, all with rich collars and chains, and on horseback. At St. Thomas a Watering he was received by the London clergy in solemn procession, with sumptuous copes, rich crosses, and censers. At London bridge, on the top of the tower, stood a gigantic figure with an axe in his right hand, and in his left the keys of the city hanging to a staff, in manner of a porter; by his side was a female figure, of scarcely less stature, intended for his wife: around them was a band of trumpets and other wind instruments: and on the towers were banners of the royal arms. On each side of the drawbridge was a lofty tower; one was painted to represent white marble, and the other green jasper; they were surmounted by figures of the king's beasts, an antelope, with a shield of the royal arms from his neck, holding a sceptre with his right foot; and a lion bearing in his right paw the royal standard. At the foot of the bridge, next the city, was raised a tower, having in the middle a splendid pavilion, under which stood a beautiful image of St. George, armed, except his head, which was crowned with laurel, studded with precious gems; behind him was crimson tapestry, bearing a multitude of glittering shields, and on one side of him was his triumphal helmet, and on the other his arms, a red cross; he held in his right hand the hilt of his sword, girted, and in his left a scroll, extending along the turrets, and inscribed, *Soli Deo Honor et Gloria*. In an adjoining edifice innumerable boys, representing the angelic host, in white, with glittering wings, and sprigs of laurel in their hair, on the king's approach sang an anthem, accompanied by organs. The tower of the Conduit on Cornhill was decked with a tent of crimson cloth, and ornamented with the king's arms, and those of St. George, St. Edward, and St. Edmund. Under the pavilion was a company of hoary prophets, in golden coats and mantles, and their heads covered with gold

and crimson; who, when the king passed, sent forth a great quantity of small birds, as a sacrifice agreeable to God, some of which alighted on the king's breast and shoulders, and others fluttered around him: the prophets then sang the psalm, *Cantate Domino canticum novum, &c.* The tower of the Conduit at the entrance of Cheap was hung with green, and ornamented with escutcheons. Here sat twelve old men, having the names of the apostles written on their foreheads, together with the twelve kings, martyrs, and confessors of England; these also chanted at the king's approach, and sent forth upon him round leaves of silver mixed with wafers, and offered wine from the pipes of the conduit, imitating Melchisedek's reception of Abraham, when he returned from his victory over the four kings. The Cross of Cheap was concealed by a noble castle, constructed of timber, and covered with linen, painted to resemble squared blocks of white marble, and green and crimson jasper; the arms of St. George adorned the summit, those of the king and the emperor were raised on halberds, and the lower turrets had the arms of the royal family and great peers of the realm. From a stage in front came forth a chorus of virgins with timbrel and dance, as to another David coming from the slaughter of Goliath; their song of congratulation was, "Welcome, Henry the Fift, King of Englonde and of Fraunce:" throughout the building there was dispersed a multitude of boys, representing the heavenly host, who showered on the king small coins resembling gold, and threw boughs of laurel, and sang, accompanied by organs, *Te Deum laudamus*. The tower of the conduit at the west end of Cheap was surrounded with pavilions, and in each pavilion was a virgin, and each virgin held a cup, and these virgins blew forth from their cups golden leaves on the king: the tower was covered with a canopy resembling the sky and clouds; and the four corners of the celestial canopy were supported by angels, and on the summit was an archangel of brilliant gold. Under the canopy, on a throne, was a resplendent image representing the sun, shining above all things, and around it were angels singing, and playing all kinds of musical instruments. On the king leaving this pageant he passed on to his devotions at St. Paul's, and thence he departed to his palace at Westminster.

In order to make due mention of the subject of the present engraving, all notice of other processions, and scenes of uncommon splendor, must be omitted. Arriving then at the coronation progress of James I., Mr. Nichols says, "The king left the tower between the hours of eleven and twelve, mounted on a white jennet, under a rich canopy, sustained by eight gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, instead of the Barons of the Cinque Ports. His notice was first directed to three hundred children of Christ's Hospital, placed on a scaffold at the Church of Allhallows, Barking." He next came to the first arch, which was at Fenchurch, and is described in Mr. Nichols's work. Proceeding onwards towards Cornhill the cavalcade reached the edifice represented by the engraving at the head of this article, and which occurs to be spoken of in Mr. Nichols's words: "The second Pageant was erected in Gracechurch-street, by the Italian merchants.\* Its ground plan was a square ornamented with four great columns; in the midst of which was cut one arch, twenty-seven feet in height. Above the arch was represented king Henry the Seventh, seated, approached by king James, on horseback (as he was usually seen), to receive the sceptre from his ancestor. Between the columns were also four allegorical paintings. On the roof, on a pedestal, stood a female figure, holding a crown, which she seemed to stoop to bestow upon the king. At the four corners, were erected figures with trumpets; and over the gateway, on one side, were palm trees, and on the other a vine, with angels." This is the arch depicted in the print.

But, upon the same spot, in Gracechurch-street, a Pageant of far greater splendor had been erected a century before, in 1501, to welcome the entry of the princess Katherine of Spain, on occasion of her approaching marriage with Arthur prince of Wales. In the middle

\* This custom, that Arches of Triumph should be erected by foreign merchants, prevailed also on the Continent. At a public entry into Lisbon, in 1729, on the marriage of the prince of Brazil, when there were twenty-four Triumphal Arches in the several streets, each of the nations of strangers was obliged to erect one. "The English arch will be the finest, and will cost at least 20,000 crusadoes; the Hamburgers about 15,000." — *Whitehall Evening Post*, Feb. 22, 1728-9.



of Gracechurch-street "where the water runneth into the channel," was fixed a foundation of stone of three or four feet high, having a passage for the current of water as usual: on which foundation was constructed a castle, formed of timber, but covered with canvas painted to resemble masonry. Within a man's height from the stonework, were battlements ornamented with these badges; 1, a red rose with a white one within it, surmounted by a crown of gold; 2, three blue garters, with the posey of the order, also crowned; 3, a golden fleur-de-lis; and 4, a portcullis with two chains, surmounted by a crown. In some parts also were clouds, with beams of gold, in a blue firmament; in other places white harts; and in others peacocks displayed. Above the first battlement was a great gate, with folding leaves, full of great bars of iron with nails, and over the gate a large portcullis, having in every joint a red rose; over this gate, on the stone work, were the King's arms, supported on the right side by a red dragon, dreadful, and on the left by a white greyhound; and a yard from these arms on every side was a great red rose of half a yard in breadth. Above this gate was another course of battlements and badges, like the former. Beneath, in the opening, stood a Knight, armed cap-a-pié, named Policy. The building stretched on each side into the adjoining windows and shops, with two other portcullises embattlemented, and ornamented with numberless repetitions of the badges and royal insignia already described; and at each corner of this middle story and great tower was a turret, decked with roses, greyhounds, portcullises, and St. George's crosses of white and red, each turret having at top seven sides, and on each side a pinnacle and a vane. Above all this great story was another somewhat smaller, leaded above, and painted on its four sides like rag and flint stones, with hollow crosses, windows, and gunholes, and on the top great vanes with the King's arms, and at the summit of the whole a red dreadful dragon holding a staff of iron, and on it a great crown of gold. In this upper story was another large door wherein stood a knight with a beard-piece, called Nobleness; and on his right hand a bishop who was named Virtue. The Knights and the Bishop all delivered long poetical addresses. The horseways and passages were under the wings of this Pageant, which was called the Castle of Portcullies. The prescribed limits restrain all notice

of the other gorgeous Pageants set out by the corporation for the entertainment of the princess, and the royal and noble personages accompanying her progress: nor can even a glance be taken at any of the numerous splendid Processions and Pageants described in Mr. Nichols's interesting publication.

Enquirers concerning accounts of "Lord Mayors' Shows" may be gladdened by knowing that in Mr. Nichols's "London Pageants" there is a thorough clue to their pursuits. The work contains a "Bibliographical list of Lord Mayors' Pageants," from the mayoralty of sir Woolston Dixie in 1585; with particulars of some of earlier date, and notices of others belonging to our own times; not omitting the mayoralty show of Mr. Alderman Lucas in 1827, when the guild walked.

#### OLD TRIUMPHAL SONG.

My mind to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
That it excels all other bliss  
Which God or nature hath assign'd:  
Though much I want that most would have  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,  
No force to win a victory;  
No wily wit to salve a sore;  
No shape to win a loving eye:  
To none of these I yield as thrall;  
For why? my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers soonest fall;  
I see that such as are aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
These get with toil, and keep with fear:  
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;  
I wish no more than may suffice;  
I do no more than well I may;  
Look, what I want my mind supplies:  
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
My mind content with any thing.

I laugh not at another's loss;  
Nor grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss;  
I brook what is another's bane;  
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;  
And conscience clear my chief defence:  
I never seek by bribes to please;  
Nor by deceit to give offence:  
Thus do I live; thus will I die:  
Would all did so, as well as I!

### September 9.

September 9, 1759, died, at the age of eighty-six, Thomas Bradbury, an eminent dissenting minister, whose meeting-house, in New-street, Shoe-lane, was lawlessly destroyed by Sacheverel's mob. He preached many years in New-court, Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, where he was succeeded by Mr. Winter, whose brother married one of Mr. Bradbury's daughters. Mr. Bradbury was a man of superior abilities, and real piety without bigotry. Mr. Granger saw a friendly letter from archbishop Wake to him, part of a correspondence between the metropolitan and this patriarch of the dissenters, which was creditable to their respective views of each other. The principles of the revolution, which called the house of Hanover to the throne, were warmly espoused, and firmly maintained, by Mr. Bradbury, both privately and in public. He was of a merry disposition; a social, pleasant companion, more famed for mirth than harangues, and had a good ear for music, with a fine strong voice. He was supposed to sing "The Roast beef of old England" better than any other man. "Such," says the Rev. Mr. Noble, "was a brave old Tom Bradbury, a good preacher, and a facetious companion." It is not the cheerful man that disturbs the state, nor often the rich; but the sour, disappointed, needy man. Bradbury was happy in his temper, rich in the gifts of fortune, and possessed the esteem of a wide circle of friends. A perfect toleration would be an act of prudence as well as humanity; and, while the establishment is not invaded, it will always be advantageous; for

Conscience is a thing, we know,  
Like to a mastiff dog,  
Which, if tied up, so fierce will grow,  
He'll bite his very clog."

	h.	m.
September 9.—Day breaks . . .	3	27
Sun rises . . .	5	29
— sets . . .	6	31
Twilight ends . . .	8	33

The nights and mornings become sensibly colder, and are often frosty.

### September 10.

HARVEST-SUPPER — THE MEL-SUPPER —  
KERN-SUPPER—SHOUTING THE CHURN.

The learned and ill-fated Eugene Aram says, "These rural entertainments and

usages were formerly more general all over England than they are at present, being become by time, necessity, or avarice, complex, confined, and altered. They are commonly insisted upon by the reapers as customary things, and a part of their due for their toils of harvest, and complied with by their masters, perhaps more through regard of interest than inclination. For, should they refuse them the pleasures of this much-expected time, this festal night, the youth especially, of both sexes, would decline serving him for the future, and employ their labors for others, who would promise them the rustic joys of the harvest supper, mirth, and music, dance, and song." He has other observations to the following effect. These feasts appear to be the relics of Pagan or Jewish ceremonies, and carry in them more meaning, and are of higher antiquity than is generally apprehended. We hear in different countries, and often in the same county, of *mel-supper*, *churn-supper*, *harvest supper*, *harvest home*, *feast of ingathering*, &c. The antiquity of the custom appears from Exod. xxiii. 16. "The feast of harvest, the first fruits of thy labors, which thou hast sown in the field." The Jews celebrated the feast of harvest, by precept; and, prior to this, Gen. vi. 3, "Cain brought of the fruit of the ground, and offering to the Lord."

Yet the offering of the first-fruits, it may well be supposed, was not peculiar to the Jews. Calimachus affirms that these primitives were sent by the people of every nation to the temple of Apollo, in Delos, and by the Hyperboreans in particular, the most distant that enjoy the happiness of corn and harvest. Herodotus also mentions this annual custom of the Hyperboreans, remarking, that those of Delos talk of "Holy things tied up in a sheaf of wheat, conveyed from the Hyperboreans." The Jews, by command of their law, offered also a sheaf, Lev. xxiii. 10, "And shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf, the first fruits of your harvest, unto the priest." This may be looked upon as equivalent to a proof; for, as the offering and the feast appear to have been always and intimately connected, in countries affording records, so it is more than probable they were connected too in countries which had none, or none that survived to our times.

There seems great reason to conclude, that this feast, which was once sacred to Apollo, was constantly maintained, when

a far less valuable circumstance, i. e. shouting the churn, is observed to this day by the reapers, and from so old an æra; for we read of this acclamation, [*Isa.* xvi. 9,] "For the shouting for thy summer fruits, and for thy harvest is fallen." And again, verse 10, "And in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting." Hence then, or from some of the Phœnician colonies, is our traditionary "shouting the churn." Bread or cakes composed part of the Hebrew offering, [*Levit.* xxiii. 13,] and a cake thrown upon the head of the victim was part of a Greek offering to Apollo, whose worship was formerly celebrated in Britain, where the May-pole yet continues one remain of it. This they adorned with garlands on May-day, to welcome the approach of Apollo, or the sun, towards the north, and to signify that the flowers were the product of his presence and influence. But, upon the progress of christianity, Apollo lost his divinity, and the adoration of his deity subsided. Yet so permanent is custom, that this rite of the harvest-supper, together with that of the May-pole, have been preserved in Britain; and what had been anciently offered to the god, the reapers prudently eat up themselves. At last, the use of the meal of new corn was neglected, and the supper, so far as meal was concerned, was made indifferently of old or new corn, as most agreeable to the founder.

The usage itself accounts for the name of *mel-supper*. *Mel* signifies meal, and the instrument also called with us a *mell*, wherewith corn was anciently reduced to meal, in a mortar. Provisions of meal or of corn in furmity, &c., composed by far the greatest part of these old country entertainments, perfectly conformably to the simplicity of early times and persons. And as the harvest was concluded with preparation of meal, ready for the mell, this came to mean the *last* of all things; as, when a horse comes last in a race, they often say in the north "he has got the *mell*."

The other names of this country festivity sufficiently explain themselves, except *churn-supper*. This is entirely different from the *mel-supper*; but they generally happen so near together that they are frequently confounded. The thurn-supper was always provided when all was shorn, but the *mel-supper* after all was got in. It was called the churn supper because, from immemorial times, it was

customary to produce in a churn a great quantity of cream, and to circulate it by dishfuls to each of the rustic company, who ate it with bread. Though this custom has been disused in many places, or is agreeably commuted for by ale, yet it survives still about Whitby and Scarborough, in the east, and round about Guisburn, &c., in Craven, in the west. But, perhaps a century or two more will put an end to it, and both the things and name shall die. Vicarious ale is now more approved, and the tankard almost every where politely preferred to the churn.

*Churn*, in our provincial pronunciation *kern*, is the Hebrew *kern* or *kerin*, from its being circular, like most horns; and it is the Latin *corona*, named so either from its radii, resembling horns, as on some very ancient coins, or from its encircling the head; so a ring of people is called *corona*. Also the Celtic *koren*, *keren*, *corn*, which continues according to its old pronunciation in Cornwall, &c., and our modern word *horn* is no more than this; the ancient hard sound of *k* in corn being softened into the aspirate *h*, as has been done in numberless instances. The Irish Celtæ also call a round stone clough *crene* when the variation is merely dialectic. Hence, too, our *crane* berries, i. e. round berries, from the Celtic adjective *crene*, round.

These particulars are derived, as before stated, from a dissertation by Eugene Aram, who, after an ingenious defence, was clearly convicted of a murder he had committed sixteen years before his trial, and suffered death for the crime.

#### "LARGESS."

[For the Year Book.]

It is, or lately was, a custom in Hertfordshire, for the men employed in getting in the corn, to meet in companies on the morning next after the "Harvest-home," for the purpose of perambulating the neighbourhood of their work, to "beg a *few-largess*," as they term it. Each party is headed by a "lord o' th' harvest," who is generally spokesman for the rest. They solicit from all persons respectably attired, whom they may happen to meet; but they are more urgent in their requests at the dwellings of persons to whom their masters or themselves have been customers during the past year. In most instances "largess" is very liberally bestowed, both in money and a *kiud*; and

THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER 10.

the total sum collected is equitably divided at the close of the day, when  
 " ——— The laughing hinds rejoice ;  
 And  
 " The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks  
 With joy unfeigned."

E. H. B.

HARVEST-HOME.—" LARGESS."

[For the Year Book.]

The sounds of rustic rejoicing, at the close of harvest, fall pleasantly upon the ear, and are affecting to the feelings of a kind-hearted traveller: he knows that pleasure prevails among the toil-worn laborers of a good-natured farmer.

Here, once a year, distinction lowers its crest,  
 The master, servant, and the merry guest,  
 Are equal all; and round the happy ring  
 The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling;  
 And, warmed with gratitude, he quits his place,  
 With sun-burnt hands, and ale-enlivened face,  
 Refills the jug his honored host to tend,  
 To serve at once the master and the friend;  
 Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,  
 His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

Bloomfield.

In some parts of Suffolk and Essex, after the Harvest-home feast, there still remains the old custom of "Hallowing Largess." At the beginning of the reaping a leader is appointed. He is generally the best of the reapers, and called the lord; and, when the labor of the harvest is over, he and the husbandmen are borne home upon the last load of grain. Their wives and children, and immediate friends, follow in procession, carrying the implements used during the harvest, with green boughs, a sheaf of wheat, and, perhaps, a flag or two made of handkerchiefs, and such other rude demonstrations of rejoicing as fancy may suggest, or convenience offer. With light hearts and smiling faces, and cheerful shouts, they proceed merrily along to the farmer's house, where a good substantial supper is provided for them, and to which are generally invited the neighbouring farmers. This is called the "Horkey," or Harvcat-home. There

—first the fuelled chimney blazes wide;  
 The tankards foam; and the strong table  
 groans  
 Beneath the smoking sirloin stretched im-  
 mense

From side to side, in which, with desperate  
 knife,  
 They deep incision make, and talk the while  
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced,  
 While hence they borrow vigour.

During the day it was the business of the "Lord" to collect from the neighbours and friends of the farm what is called "Largess money." At night, when

Now twelve o'clock was drawing nigh,  
 And all in merry cue;  
 I knocked the cask, "oh, oh!" says I,  
 We've almost conquer'd you.

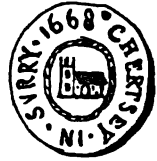
'Twas near upon as light as noon;  
 A largess, on the bill,  
 They shouted to the full round moon;  
 I think I hear them still.

Upon the breaking up of the "Horkey," the husbandmen of the farm assemble upon some near eminence, or conspicuous place, and lustily call out "Holla, holla, holla,—Largess." The "Holla" they repeat quick, reserving all their strength for the word "Largess," and on this word they dwell till their voice is exhausted. On a clear still night the shout of "largess" may be heard at a great distance, and the lengthened sound is very peculiar and pleasing. They repeat the shout as often as they have received "largess," and then, with some parting merriment, which the "brown October" often makes obstreperous, they close an evening, the anticipation of which had cheered the old, and delighted the young, throughout the toils of harvest.

Bloomfield has very pleasantly introduced the custom by a poem called the "Horkey-night," in his beautiful garland of "Wild flowers," from which the above two verses are extracted, and to which I refer readers fond of nature, "though in simple guise." The custom is fast sinking; it only lingers among a few farmers who are old fashioned enough to bestow their "Largess" freely, and who love to hear the welkin ring with the shout of gratitude.

W. DOORUH.

	h. m.
September 10.—Day breaks . . .	3 30
Sun rises . . .	5 31
— sets . . .	6 29
Twilight ends . . .	8 30
Official saffron blows	



CHERTSEY FARTHING.

[For the Year Book.]

Above is a copy of a Farthing in my possession, inscribed on one side, "THIS FARTHING MADE FOR," on the other side, "CHERTSEY IN SURREY, 1668." As the inscription implies, it was once a current coin of the town: it is now very scarce.

Around the *third* bell of Chertsey church is the following inscription, in monkish characters about an inch and a half high, "ORA MENTE PIA PRO NOBIS VIRGO MARIA." This bell was brought to the church of Chertsey from the monastery, which was established there in the year 666 upon the conversion of the Saxons from Paganism. Subsequently, that building was destroyed, and a new edifice erected by king Edgar. King Henry VI. was buried at Chertsey monastery, which in the reign of Henry VIII. finally underwent the fate of the religious houses.

Shakspeare frequently mentions Chertsey in Richard III. Thus, at the close of the scene with the lady Anne, he makes Richard say—

Repair to Crosby place,  
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—  
I will with all expedient duty see you.

Cowley, the poet, lived at Chertsey, in the Porch-house, the residence of the late chamberlain of London, Richard Clark, esq., who materially improved the estate. In the vicinity of the town is St. Ann's-hill, on which was anciently a cell of worship attached to the monastery; near its site is the picturesque residence formerly the seat of the late right hon. Charles James Fox.

A. R. SMITH.

FARTHING.

A farthing is the fourth part of a penny. The Anglo-Saxon penny is known to have been as early as 688, and was perhaps earlier: it was of silver. The cross is said to have been deeply impressed upon it, that it might be divided into the half-

ling, or halfpenny, and the fourth-ling, or fourth of a penny, now called farthing. There is a passage in Whitaker's Richmond, which shows that coins were halved and quartered,\* as the dollar is at this time in remote settlements of the United States in America.

In 1444, 23 Henry VI., a petition was presented to the House of Commons, stating, that for default of half-pence and farthings, men "travailing over Contrees, must depart our Sovereigne Lorde's coigne, that is to wete, a Peny in two peces, or elles forgo all the same Peny for the paiement of an Half-Peny." †

Henry I. first ordered half-pence and farthings to be made round. Before that time they had been made square. ‡

James I. granted by patent, to Frances, duchess of Richmond, the monopoly of coining farthings for seventeen years. §

Queen Anne's Farthings.

It prevails, as a vulgar error, that a Queen Anne's Farthing is of immense value. Her farthing is scarce, but not valuable, unless in fine preservation. The only farthing issued in her reign bears her head, inscribed ANNA DEI GRATIA, and on the reverse BRITANNIA 1714. In the finest condition it is not worth more than twenty shillings, or, with the broad rim, thirty shillings. There were patterns for farthings of her reign, which were not issued, one with Britannia under a portal, and another with Peace in a car, are rare, and valued at forty shillings. The rarest pattern is inscribed on the reverse BELLO ET PACE 1713. The field in the centre is sunk, the rims indented, to prevent casting in sand, and it has all the improvements so much boasted of as being the invention of Boulton in his last coinage of copper. ||

\* Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.

† Antiq. Repertory.

‡ Andrew's Hist. G. Britain.

§ Rymer.

|| Fosbroke.

## September 11.

The season of harvest is memorable for an act of cruel injustice, perpetrated in the name of religion by Ferdinand II., emperor of Germany, against several flourishing communities of peaceable christians. Robert Robinson, in his "Ecclesiastical Researches," tells the following story of this outrage.

The ancestors of these people had been driven from France in the twelfth century. They were Baptists, and the records of Bohemia state that, about that time, exiles of this persuasion arrived and settled, near a hundred miles from Prague, at Satz and Laun on the river Eger, just on the borders of the kingdom. Almost two hundred years after, an undoubted record of the same country mentions a people of the same description, some as burnt at Prague, and others as inhabiting the borders of the kingdom; and, a hundred and fifty years after that, we find a people of the same description, settled by connivance in the metropolis, and in several other parts of the kingdom.—About one hundred and twenty years lower, a people in the same country, exactly like the former, lived on the estate of prince Lichtenstein. They were about thirty or forty thousand in number. They had no priests, but taught one another. They had no private property, for they held all things jointly. They executed no offices, and neither exacted nor took oaths. They bore no arms, and rather chose to suffer than resist. They worshipped God only by adoring his perfections, and endeavouring to imitate his goodness. They thought Christianity wanted no comment. They professed their belief of it, by being baptized; and their love to Christ, and one another, by receiving the Lord's supper. They aspired at neither wealth nor power, and their plan was industry. Bohemia afforded them work, wages, and a secure asylum, which were all they wanted. These facts do honor to human nature; they exhibit in the great picture of the world a few small figures in a back ground, unstained with the blood, and unruffled with the disputes of their fellow creatures. It was their wisdom, in their times, not to come forward to deliver apologies to the world, and creeds with flattering prefaces to princes; the turbulence of the crowd would have caused the still voice of reason not to be heard.

The protestants of Bohemia alternately endured persecution and enjoyed repose, according to the bigoted or lenient dispositions of successive emperors. They existed by connivance and expedients till the accession of Maximilian II., who declared that such princes as tyrannized over the consciences of men attacked the Supreme Being, and frequently lost possessions on earth by concerning themselves with what exclusively belonged to the divine government. He used to say of Huss, "they very much injured that good man." Lamenting with Crato, his physician, the contentions of mankind about religion, the emperor asked the doctor what sect he thought came nearest to the simplicity of the apostles; Crato answered, "I verily think the people called Picards." Maximilian replied, "I think so too." During his reign every body enjoyed liberty of conscience. His son and successor Rodolph, was of the same pacific nature; but some jesuits who insinuated themselves into his councils persuaded him to enforce an old decree, obnoxious against the Picards. Just afterwards the Turks took one of his towns, and Rodolph exclaimed, "I expected some such blow from the moment I began to usurp dominion over the consciences of men; for they belong to God alone." From that time he expressly granted liberty of conscience, and the free exercise of religion. His brother Mathias contested with him for dominion, and Rodolph finally ceded to him Hungary, Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia. Though the Bohemians did not approve of this transfer, yet they so far deferred to Rodolph as to elect Mathias, and crown him king of Bohemia. He succeeded Rodolph as emperor, and, being desirous of excluding his brothers from the imperial throne, he adopted his cousin Ferdinand, and so intrigued as to effect his election by the states of Bohemia, and Ferdinand was crowned at Prague. It was evident to the Bohemians that the house of Austria was elevating itself on the ruins of German liberty. When, therefore, on the death of Matthias, his nominee was elected emperor of Germany, under the title of Ferdinand II., the Bohemians chose Frederick, the elector palatine, king of Bohemia, and having stipulated for their liberties they crowned him. Frederick had married the princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. king of England, from whom, and other princes of

Europe, who dreaded the growing power of Austria, expectations of support were entertained. The Bohemians insisted on their ancient right to elect their own king and make their own laws. To protect their claims they raised an army, which was signally defeated. The short-lived dignity of Frederick and his wife was extinguished by this blow, which riveted the chains of Austria upon Bohemia from that hour to the present.

When Ferdinand II. was crowned emperor of Germany, he paid a visit to our lady of Loretto, and made a vow to extirpate heresy from his dominions, on condition that the virgin would render his arms successful. He reinstated the jesuits, and they advised him to begin with that part of the Baptists whose principles would not allow them to make any resistance, and who would remove at a word, without giving his majesty the trouble of putting them to death.

The Bohemian and Moravian Baptists were then divided into two classes; the Bohemians consisted of Calvinist Picards, and resided at different places all over the kingdom. Some of their ministers kept school; others practised physic. The other class lived all together in Moravia, and are called in the imperial edict by the new German name Anabaptists. These people lived in forty-five colleges or fraternities, exactly as their ancestors had done previously to their banishment from France, about four hundred and fifty years before this period. Each of these little corporations consisted of many families, who held all things common. Each fraternity contained between some hundreds and a thousand, and thence it is inferred that they were about forty thousand. Some of these fraternities carried on manufactories, others were factors and merchants, and others were employed in agriculture, and a wine trade. All were busy, peaceable, and happy, under regulations of their own making, having none of that class of mankind among them who live on the vices and follies of their fellow-creatures. They were no burden to any body: on the contrary they served and enriched the community. They had founded liberty on independence, and independence on industry.

It was not an easy matter to get rid of these Baptists. The emperor's chaplains, who were privy counsellors, talked of heresy: but it was difficult to bring a direct charge against a people who had

no public faith, and who never attacked any religion by publishing creeds. They could not be charged with perjury, for they had never taken any oaths, and one of their maxims was "Swear not at all." Sedition could not be pretended, for they never bore arms. They could not be awed by one another, for they had no masters; they could not be bribed, for they had no necessitous gentry. Filled with that unsuspecting freedom, which innocence inspires, they had not even one patron at the imperial court, and their whole expectation was placed on the superintending providence of God.— Prince Lichtenstein, on whose domain they lived, and to whom they paid rent, and many other noblemen, endeavoured to save these people, on account of the benefits which they derived from them. Ferdinand wrote first to prince Lichtenstein and cardinal Dietrichstein, the first general of the army, and the last governor of the province, to inform them of his design, and to require their concurrence on pain of his displeasure. Then followed the edict, in which his majesty expressed his astonishment at the number of the Anabaptists, and his horror at the principal error which they embraced, which was that, according to the express declarations of holy scripture, they were to submit to no human authority. He added, that his conscience compelled him to proscribe them, and accordingly he banished them from all his hereditary and imperial dominions on pain of death. The jesuits contrived to publish this edict just before harvest and vintage came on, for two reasons, first that the neighbouring gentry would be absent, and next that the people might not carry away the produce of the present year. They allowed them only three weeks and three days for their departure; it was death to be found even on the borders of the country beyond the expiration of the hour.

It was *Autumn*—the prospect and the pride of husbandmen. Heaven had smiled on their honest labors; their fields stood thick with corn, and the sun and the dew were improving every moment to give them their last polish. The yellow ears waved in homage to their owners and the russet herbage softly said, "Put in the sickle, the harvest is come." Their luxuriant vine leaves too, hung aloft by tendrils, mantled over the clustering grapes like watchful parents over their

tender offspring : but all were fenced by an imperial edict, and it was instant death to approach. Without leaving one murmur upon record, in solemn silent submission to the power that governs the universe, and causes "All things to work together for good" to his creatures, they packed up and departed. In several hundred carriages they conveyed their sick, their innocent infants sucking at the breasts of their mothers who had newly lain in, and their decrepid parents whose work was done, and whose silvery locks told every beholder that they wanted only the favor of a grave. At the borders they filed off, some to Hungary, others to Transylvania, some to Wallachia, others to Poland and Szek-hel; greater, far greater, for their virtue, than Ferdinand with all his titles, and in all his glory.

In this instance the lords who benefited from their lands being occupied by these peaceful communities, and who must have been deeply injured by their forcible expulsion, offered no resistance to the lawless will of the imperial chief. Yet many of the denounced, in other parts of the empire were suffered to remain. Some of the nobility protected and employed them; but, when they lost their love for civil liberty, they neglected or persecuted them.

The able writer from whom these particulars are derived concludes his narrative by exclaiming,—“Woful is the state of that people who having no property in the soil, and no protection by law, are indebted for a momentary gleam of liberty to the precarious affection or convenience of great families! In a change of patrons, purity of faith is a jest; and innocence of manners is as the harmlessness of sheep: they are sure to be sacrificed whenever it becomes the interest of a family to make such an offering to the ruling despot.”\*

#### THE PALATINE FAMILY.

Frederic accepted the crown of Bohemia under a persuasion that his father-in-law, the king of England, James I., with whose pacific and unenterprising character he seems to have been but little acquainted, would fix him on the throne. James tamely suffered him, not only to be deprived of his kingdom, but even of his

hereditary dominions. Granger refers to a very curious account of Frederic, in Winwood's Memorials, iii. 403. He died 29th November 1632.

Elizabeth, James's daughter, saw only a phantom of royalty, and had nothing more than the empty title of queen. She bore her misfortunes with patience and even magnanimity. So engaging was her behaviour, that she was, in the Low Countries, called the “Queen of Hearts.” When her fortunes was at the lowest ebb, she never departed from her dignity; and poverty and distress seemed to have no other effect upon her, but to render her more an object of admiration than she was before. In May, 1661, when between 60 and 70 years old, she returned to England, and was one of the most sprightly and agreeable women of her age in the kingdom. She died 13th February 1661-2.

*Frederick Henry*, eldest son of the king and queen of Bohemia, was drowned in 1629, at the age of fifteen. Of Prince *Rupert*, another son, who joined Charles I. in arms, there is an account of in a previous page. Prince *Maurice*, their third son, engaged on the same side, laid siege to Exeter and Dartmouth, and several places in the west of England, and achieved a distinguished victory at Lansdown. *Charles Lewis*, the eldest surviving son of the unfortunate Frederic and Elizabeth, came into England at eighteen years of age, and received the order of the garter; but, upon the breaking out of the civil war, he left Charles I. at York, and went into Holland. The next year he returned to England; and, while his brothers were exposing themselves in battles and sieges, he paid his court to the parliament, joined the two houses of Westminster, and sat in the assembly of divines. In 1648 he was restored to the lower Palatinate, upon condition of his quitting all right and title to the upper. He died 28th August, 1600, and was succeeded in the electorate by his son Charles, who dying without heirs 16th May, 1685, the family became extinct, and the electoral dignity with its appendages devolved to the house of Newburgh.

The Princess *Elizabeth*, eldest daughter of the ill-fated king and queen of Bohemia, was distinguished in early years for extraordinary genius, and became one of the most illustrious women in history. She corresponded upon abstruse subjects with the celebrated Des Cartes. He says,

\* Ecclesiastical Researches by Robert Robinson, p. 523—534.



in the dedication to her of his "Principia," that she was the only person he had met with who perfectly understood his works. Christina, queen of Sweden, was conscious of her great knowledge. She had many conferences with William Penn, the legislator of Pennsylvania. He has published in his "Travels" several of her letters to him. She presided as abbess over the protestant nunnery of Hervorden in Germany.

Her sister, the princess *Louisa*, ranks as high among female artists as her sister does among learned ladies. Gerard Honthorst instructed the queen of Bohemia and her family in painting. The works of the princess *Louisa* are greatly esteemed by the curious, not only for their rarity but merit; and are in foreign cabinets with the works of the first masters. In 1660 she professed herself of the Roman Catholic religion, and was made abbess of Maubuisson, at Ponthoise, near Paris. She died in 1709 at the age of eighty-six.

The princess *Sophia*, another daughter of the king and queen of Bohemia, became queen of Prussia, and mother of George I., king of England. She was mistress of every qualification that could adorn a crown, and lived to a very advanced age.

Of these illustrious sisters it has been observed, that Elizabeth was the most learned, *Louisa* the greatest artist, and *Sophia* the most accomplished lady in Europe.\*

There is a large collection of portraits of the Palatine family at Combe abbey in Warwickshire, the seat of lord Craven.

	h. m.
September 11.—Day breaks . . .	3 32
Sun rises . . .	5 33
— sets . . .	6 27
Twilight ends . . .	8 28

Passion flower blows fully, and continues all the autumn.

### September 12.

September 12, 1798, died at St. Alban's, aged eighty, John Kent, plumber and glazier, but better known as the venerable and intelligent clerk of the Abbey, which place he filled nearly fifty-two years. In him, the antiquary and the curious tra-

veller lost their guide through the Abbey church, the beauties of which he familiarly pointed out, with great accuracy. He was intimate with the learned Browne Willis. Mr. Gough has noticed his intelligence in the second volume of the "Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain;" and the rev. Peter Newcombe expressed his thanks for the variety of information he derived from him towards his "History of the Abbey," accompanied with a copy of that instructive and laborious work. His veneration for the remains deposited in the abbey often created disputes; the monks could not have taken more care of the shrine of St. Alban, than Kent did of the reliques of good duke Humphrey; and he caused a wooden stall to be made which inclosed the duke's remains. Some years before Kent's death, he suspected a gentleman, who never passed through the town without stopping to view the church, of having taken a piece of bone from duke Humphrey's tomb, and frequently mentioned his suspicion to him, which the gentleman as often answered with a smile. At their last interview he said, "Kent, I am come for the last time to look at your abbey;" and, when in the vestry, he added, "I am come on purpose to deposit this piece of bone in that sacred place from which it was taken; for I could not depart easy with it in my possession." In politics Mr. Kent was a distinguished partisan of the "Blues," and, from his spirit and independence, he was called "Honest John." As a convivial and social companion his company was much courted. He annually entertained the society of "College Youths," of which he was a member, with his favorite ditty, called "The Old Courtier," which also was annually called for at the mayor's feast, and received by the nobility and gentry with a thunder of applause. In his official station as parish clerk, his psalmody was excelled by no one, and equalled by few, particularly in the old hundredth psalm. He had a voice strong and melodious, was a complete master of church music, and was always pleased to hear the congregation sing. When country choristers came from a neighbouring parish to perform in the abbey, with instruments termed by him a box of whistles, which the congregation could not join, he, on those occasions, gave out the psalm or anthem in this way; "Sing ye to the praise and glory of God." He

\* Granger, Noble.

was rarely absent from his desk; and, notwithstanding, in June, 1793, he had a first stroke of the palsy, which he called a "body blow," and which much distorted his mouth, and occasioned him to stammer in conversation, yet, in worship, it could not be discerned. His final essay was two days before his death, on occasion of the consecration of a pair of colors to the St. Alban's Volunteers, by the honorable Miss Grimstons, when he sang the twentieth psalm with all the strength and vivacity of youth. It was well observed, in his funeral sermon, by the worthy rector, that "on that day nature seemed to have re-assumed her throne; and, as if she knew it was to be his last effort, was determined it should be his best." He was interred in the abbey, in a spot marked by himself.\*

	h. m.
September 12.—Day breaks . . .	3 35
Sun rises . . .	5 35
— sets . . .	6 25
Twilight ends . . .	8 25

Wasps abundant.

### September 13.

13th of September, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, lieutenant George Spearing went into a little wood called Northwoodside, about three miles N. W. of Glasgow, with a design to gather hazel-nuts, and fell into an old coal-pit, seventeen yards deep, which had been made through solid rock. He was for some time insensible. Upon recovering he found himself sitting with the blood flowing from a wound in his tongue, which he had bitten in the fall. He was soon reconciled to his situation, not doubting of being relieved in the morning; for the wood being small, and near a populous city, it was much frequented, especially in the nutting season, and there were several footpaths leading through it. At night it began to rain violently: the pit was about five feet in diameter, but, not having been worked for several years, the passages were choked up, and he was exposed to the rain, and wetted completely through. In this comfortless condition he endeavoured to take repose. A forked stick, found in the pit, he placed diagonally against the

side of the rock, to support his head as a pillow, and occasionally his body, which was much bruised. But, he says, after a very disagreeable and tedious night, he was somewhat cheered with the appearance of daylight, and the melody of a robin red-breast, which had perched directly over the mouth of the pit. At the distance of about a hundred yards, in a direct line from the pit's mouth, there was a water-mill, with the miller's house nearer to the pit, and the road to the mill still nearer. He could hear the horses going this road to and from the mill, the sound of human voices, and the ducks and hens about the mill. He called on every occasion with all his might, but to no purpose; for the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit, and his voice was carried the contrary way.

Lieutenant Spearing has left a narrative of the circumstances relating to his perilous situation:—He says, "After two or three days my appetite ceased, but my thirst was intolerable; and, though it almost constantly rained, yet I could not till the third or fourth day preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress I sucked my clothes; but from them I could extract but little moisture. The shock I received in the fall, together with the dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever. At last I discovered the thigh-bone of a bull (which, I afterwards heard, had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me), almost covered with the earth. I dug it up; and the large end of it left a cavity that the water gradually drained into, but so slow that it was a considerable time before I could dip a nut-shell full at a time; which I emptied into the palm of my hand and so drank it. The water now began to increase pretty fast, so that on the fourth or fifth day I had a sufficient supply; and this water was certainly the preservation of my life."

On Saturday, the 16th, there fell but little rain. He heard the voices of some boys in the wood, and called aloud but in vain, though they actually heard him; being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted. He says, "Sunday, the 17th, was my birth day, when I completed my forty-first year; and I think it was the next day that some of my ac-

\* *Gent's Magazine*

acquaintance sent two or three porters out purposely to search the pits for me. These men went to the miller's house, and made enquiry for me; but, on account of the very great rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pits, and that I was not to be found." He enjoyed great composure of mind, and on Tuesday, the 19th, having then been six nights in the pit, he, by way of amusement, combed his wig on his knee, humming a tune.

At length, on the morning, Wednesday, September 20, through the brambles and bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, he saw the sun shining brightly, and heard the robin chanting his melodious strains, with a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching towards the pit. He immediately called out, and most agreeably surprised several of his acquaintance who were in search of him. He says, "As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well-known voice exclaim, 'Good God! he is still living!' Another of them, though a very honest North Briton, betwixt his surprise and joy, could not help asking me in the Hibernian style, 'If I were still living?' I told him 'I was, and hearty too;' and then gave them particular directions how to proceed in getting me out." At that juncture a collier was passing along the road, and, hearing an unusual noise in the wood, he entered it to learn the occasion. By his assistance, and a rope from the mill, he was soon drawn up.

Lieutenant Spearing proceeds to say,—"Every morning while I was in the pit I tied a knot in the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that, if I died there, and my body should be afterwards found, the number of knots would certify how many days I had lived. Almost the first question my friends asked me was, how long I had been in the pit? Immediately I drew my handkerchief from my body, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hastened out of the wood. I could walk without support, but that was not allowed, each person present striving to show me how much they were rejoiced that they had found me alive and so well." He was led to the miller's house, where he ate a piece of toasted bread soaked in white wine. The miller's wife made up a bed,

and he thought that nothing more was wanting to him than a refreshing sleep, but he had to undergo greater sufferings than he had yet endured. By the almost continual rains, and the cold damp from the wet ground, and the impossibility of taking the least exercise in the pit to keep up a proper circulation, his legs were swollen and benumbed. He sent to Glasgow for a physician and a surgeon. Instead of ordering his legs into cold water, and rubbing them with a coarse towel, they applied hot bricks and poultices, which produced mortification. His nerves were much excited. Opposite the river on which the mill stood there was a bleach-field, where the watchmen in the night blew a horn to frighten thieves; this he frequently heard when he was in the pit; and very often, when in a sound sleep at the miller's, he was awakened by it in great horror, thinking himself in the pit. He continued six weeks at the miller's, when the roads became too bad for the doctors to visit him, and then he was removed in a sedan chair to his lodgings in Glasgow. By this time his right foot had healed, but he subsequently endured several months of great pain with the left, and, being reduced to a mere skeleton, finally suffered amputation below the knee. "Six weeks after the amputation, I went out," he says, "in a sedan-chair, for the benefit of the air, being exactly nine months from the day I fell into the pit. Soon after, I took lodgings in the country; where, getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite and strength increased daily; and to this day, I bless God, I do enjoy perfect health; and I have since been the happy father of nine children.—GEORGE SPEARING. *Greenwich Hospital*, August 1, 1793."\*

	h. m.
September 13.—Day breaks . . .	3 37
Sun rises . . .	5 37
— sets . . .	6 23
Twilight ends . . .	8 23

Crimson rudbeckia flowers, and continues till the middle of October.

### September 14.

14th of September, 1714, died Thomas Britton, the celebrated "musical small-coal man." He was born near Higham

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

Ferrers, Northamptonshire, and apprenticed in London to a dealer in small-coal. He rented a stable near the gate of the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell, and converted it into a dwelling-house. There honest Tom carried on his business, and recreated himself in learning chemistry and music. He became an adept in the roscrusian science, and excelled in many curious arts and crafts. Being deeply read in black-lettered lore, he gained considerable fame, but never neglected his business. Britton was seen in the morning, with his sack and measure, crying small-coal; and in the evening conducting a concert in his rooms, which were almost too low for his guests. So great was the attraction of his music-meetings that men of fashion, and well-dressed ladies of high rank, were frequently seen climbing to his loft, by a ladder, to regale their ears. He never aimed at appearing more than he was, and he was accustomed to appear in his check-shirt at a weekly society of black-lettered literati, which was attended by noblemen; leaving his sack and measure at the door, he entered the apartment in common with the other members, and produced his books, collected from stalls and shops in blind alleys. His death was occasioned by a ventriloquial friend, who met him, and during a musical conversation pronounced these words distinctly as from a distance:—"Thomas Britton, go home, for thou shalt die." Honest Tom, supposing the voice to have proceeded from an angel, went home, depressed in spirits, took to his bed, and died. He was buried in the cemetery of Clerkenwell church. After his death, his library, which was considerable, and contained many curious articles, together with his musical collections, were sold by public auction. His friend Wollaston prevailed upon him to sit twice for his portrait, one of which is in the British Museum. He is represented in one of these in a blue frock, with a small-coal measure in his hand. In the other he is tuning a harpsicord, with a violin hanging on the side of the room; from this his portrait was engraved for Hawkins's "History of Music," but without the accompaniments. Under Johnson's print of him are these lines, which were written by Prior to recommend Vertue to notice.\*

\* Noble.

Though doctored to sma.-coal, yet to arts allied;  
 Rich without wealth: and famous without pride.  
 Music's best patron; judge of books and men;  
 Belov'd and honor'd by Apollo's train.  
 In Greece and Rome sure never did appear  
 So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere.  
 More of the man had artfully been sav'd  
 Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue 'grav'd.

Until now there has not occurred an opportunity of inserting the following communications.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS.

*Dancing — The Fico — Kissing — Ear Rings — Sabre de bois.*

Morley, near Leeds.  
 April 9th. 1831.

MR. HONE.—The time of year has now come when our neighbours the French will begin to think of turning *out* to enjoy their beautiful village dance upon the green, while our lower orders are turning *into* the "small beer," or "Tom and Jerry Shops," all over the kingdom. It is not my intention to trouble you with a contrast between the rival nations as respects sobriety, courtesy, honesty, wanton mischief, and good manners, for I fear it will little suit our national vanity and conceit; besides it forms a mortifying subject for reflection to protestants and some classes of protestant dissenters. My object is quite of another, and much more amusing kind. It is, briefly, to show how much may be learned from that fine people by men of antiquarian taste and knowledge, and I shall now touch upon some particulars which have never, as I believe, been told in print by any person whomsoever.

It is evident to me that our ancient national manners and customs may be still seen in France in many curious instances. The greatest insult or sign of contempt which a Frenchman can show to any one is by a most significant action which I cannot adequately express in words: he puts his Thumb to his Mouth, seizing the nail of it with his teeth as if about to bite it, and he then draws out the arm towards his adversary with a curious and very significant grin. This was anciently the practice in England. The Thumb in this instance represented a Fig, and the action expressed "I don't care a Fig for you," an expression which is still retained: it was called giving a man "the fico." In

Yorkshire we have amongst our lowest orders a still more contemptuous and ludicrous word as a substitute for "Fig," and one which will make every Yorkshire Man, who reads this, laugh heartily. But to prove that this "action" was anciently in England, as it is now in France, in Shakspeare's play of Romeo and Juliet "I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it."—"Dags and Pistols!—to bite his thumb at me!" Again—"Behold I see contempt marching forth, giving me *the Fico*"—(Lodges Wit's *Miserie* 1596.)

To bite the Ear, on the other hand, was, anciently, an expression of endearment; and it is, still, so far retained by the French that to pull a man, gently, by the ear is the most sure token of good will. This, as appears from Mr. O'Meara's first vol. of "Napoleon in exile," p. 184 and 212, was the practice of that extraordinary man when in high good humour. Indeed I have known persons of great respectability pull one by the ear, gently, in England. But formerly it was common, as appears from the plays both of Shakspeare and Jonson.

Another specimen of our ancient manners is seen in the French embrace. The gentlemen, and others of the male sex, lay hands on the shoulders, and touch the sides of each other's cheek; but on being introduced to a lady they say to her Father, Brother, or Friend, "permettez moi," and salute each of her cheeks. Hence, as I take it, has come the expression of "Kissing Comfits," which were sugar plumbs, perfumed to make the breath sweet. This appears from Massingers "Very Woman—"

"Faith, search our pockets, and if you find there

Comfits of ambergrease to help our *Kisses*  
Conclude us faulty" &c.

And was not this the custom in England in Elizabeth's reign? Let us read one of the epistles of the learned Erasmus, which being translated is in part as follows:

—"Although Faustus, if you knew the advantages of Britain, truly you would hasten thither with wings to your feet; and, if your gout would not permit, you would wish you possessed the heart of Dædalus. For, just to touch on one thing out of many here, there are lasses with heavenly faces; kind, obliging, and you would far prefer them to all your Muses. There is,

besides, a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place you are received with a *kiss* by all—if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a *kiss*—you return—*kisses* are exchanged—they come to visit you—a *kiss* the first thing—they leave you—you *kiss* them all round. Do they meet you any where—*kisses* in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but *kisses*—and if you, Faustus, had but *once* tasted them! how soft they are, how *fragrant*! on my honor you would wish not to reside here for ten years only, but for life."

Frenchmen also wear *Ear-rings* as did the coxcombs in Shakspeare's time. I cannot just now quote my authorities for this assertion, but you may rely on it as matter of fact.

The most usual common oath in France is "*Sabre de bois*," or swearing by a sword of wood. "The singular mixture of religious and military fanaticism," says Nares, "which arose from the Crusades, gave rise to the extraordinary custom of taking a solemn oath upon a sword. In a plain sword the separation between the blade and the hilt was usually a strait transverse bar; which, suggesting the idea of a *cross*, added to the devotion which every true knight felt for his favorite weapon, and evidently led to the custom of *swearing* upon the *sword*, of which the instances are too numerous to be collected." The meaning of "*Sabre de bois*" may therefore be well understood, especially by people well read in history; and its connexion with our ancient manners will be immediately perceived, by our ancient oaths all referring to *the cross*. The addition of *de bois* settles the question.

I remain, Sir,  
Yours very respectfully,  
NORRISON SCATCHERD.

	h	m.
September 14.—Day breaks . . .	3	39
Sun rises . . .	5	39
— sets . . .	6	21
Twilight ends . . .	8	23

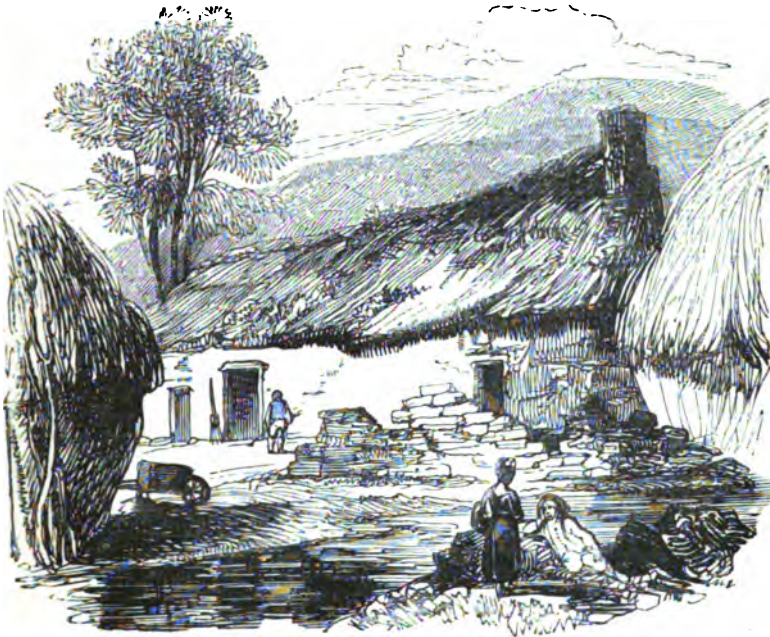
Rough rudbeckia flowers.

## September 15.

THE SEASON.

The congregations of swallows and martins increase, and they alight in thousands on the roofs of houses, and other buildings, previous to their departure.\*

\* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.



MUIRHOUSE, EAGLESHAM, RENFREWSHIRE.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT POLLOK.

In humble dwelling born, retired, remote,  
In rural quietude, 'mongst hills and streams  
And melancholy deserts, where the sun  
Saw as he passed a shepherd only, here  
And there, watching his flock——

POLLOK.

[For the Year Book.]

On the 15th of September, 1827, died *Robert Pollok*, author of "The Course of Time, a Poem in ten books." He was born at Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, in 1799, "of parents whom God made of kindest heart." They appear to have been engaged in agricultural pursuits, and to have moved in a sphere of life by no means elevated, possessing, in the absence of worldly wealth, that best of all riches, 'the testimony of a good conscience and the favor of God.

It seems that whilst a mere boy he was remarkably thoughtful, seldom joining in those frivolities which usually characterize that period of life; and from a very early age evinced a relish for the beauties of nature, and a capacity of enjoying them,

rarely to be met with. The scenery of "Scotia's northern battlement of hills," connected as it was with many important points in his history, and associated with feelings and incidents of unusual interest, seems to have exercised an influence over him which the trials of after years failed to wear away.

All forms of beauty, gentle or sublime, impressed him with feelings which belong peculiarly to those who look on nature in connection with that gracious Power which called it at first into existence, and, sanctifying it by his condescending approval, pronounced it to be "very good." He viewed them with the sincere desire that all which met the eye might touch the heart, and seen, like a bright enchantment through its overflowings, instruct, elevate, and purify the affections.

“ His spirit drank  
The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form  
All melted into him ; they swallowed up  
His animal being ; in others did he live,  
And by them did he live ; they were his life.”\*

The immediate neighbourhood of his natal place presented no features of peculiar beauty, and seems to have been endeared to him chiefly by the associations with which it stood connected. Amongst the most remarkable, he refers in his poem to those early lessons of piety with which his mind became impressed amidst the quiet solitude in which he spent the former portion of his life. These seem to have powerfully influenced his feelings, and quickened the natural susceptibility of his mind, communicating a largeness of soul and elevation of thought which fitted him equally to expatiate on the vast, and to find abundant matter for praise in the minute.

“ Early had he learnt  
To reverence the volume that displays  
The mystery, the life which cannot die ;  
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith,  
Responsive to the writing, all things there  
Breathed immortality, revolving life,  
And greatness still revolving, infinite ;  
There littleness was not ; the least of things  
Seemed infinite ; and there his spirit shaped  
Her prospects : nor did he believe—he *saw*.  
What wonder if his being thus became  
Sublime and comprehensive ! Low desires,  
Low thoughts, had there no place ; yet was  
his heart  
Lowly ; for he was meek in gratitude.”\*

Such seems to have been the early career of Robert Pollok. He was not, however, considered a youth of very great promise, though he seems to have formed no mean estimate of his own abilities. With a feeling peculiar to his countrymen, he indulged in dreams of future eminence ; and labored diligently in the path which seemed to promise a sure but toilsome passage to glory, honor, and earthly immortality. But the praise of men, for which he had so determinately striven, presently appeared in all its hollowness, to one whose gaze had now become fixed on the steadier and more substantial brightness of that crown which fadeth not away. He renounced those hopes which had before influenced all his conduct, and sought for distinction where alone it can be found—in the approval of that God whose favor is life, and whose

loving kindness is better than life. He has described in his third book the dimness and indecision characterizing this portion of his life, with a felicity of expression and energy of feeling, that, whilst they prove his lyre to have been his heart, evidently testify, that the faculties which God has given us, when unhesitatingly resigned to Him again, with the sincere desire that they may be employed simply and unreservedly in his service, shall be multiplied manifold, and accomplish infinitely more than the loftiest stretch of human study or ingenuity ever yet compassed. Lest it should be thought that I am not warranted in asserting thus much, I must refer to that notice of the work which appeared in the “ Eclectic Review” for October 1827, in which the reviewer makes this manly avowal :—“ We cannot refuse credit to the author’s representation, that he has devoutly sought, not in feigned numbers but on his bended knees, the unction of the Holy One, which will sufficiently account for his having so far transcended the loftiest flight of earthly wing.”

Mr. Pollok, being designed for the church, studied theology under the Rev. Dr. Dick, of Glasgow. His health became seriously impaired, and so formidable were the advances of disease that the exertion of delivering a sermon, on the 3d of May, 1827, obliged him to keep his bed for several days afterwards. Those who were present on that occasion bear testimony to the hallowed tone of eloquence which distinguished that discourse, and the zeal and fearlessness with which it was delivered. It now became evident that the mighty workings of a mind thus gifted, and absorbed in the contemplation of mysteries which transcend the scope of archangel’s intellect, must prove too much for the body which enshrined it, already worn and wasted by disease, and destined, as the sequel showed, in a few months to return to its primitive elements. Such means were consequently adopted as circumstances seemed to require, but without success. At length a tour to Italy was resolved on, and our author left Scotland in the following August, but had only proceeded to Southampton before his malady presented such a formidable aspect as precluded all hope of recovery. He died at Shirley Common, near that place, on the day above stated ; and as a fact that sets the emptiness of earthly glory forcibly before us, it may be

\* Wordsworth.

well to mention, that the same review which passed sentence on his poem recorded also the lamented decease of its author.

"The Course of Time" was originally published without any preface, dedication, introduction, advertisement, or argument whatever. Its merits, however, soon became known, and it passed rapidly through several large editions. The Eclectic reviewer thinks it "the finest poem which has appeared in any language since Paradise Lost," and adds, "without meaning to intimate that it discovers genius superior to that of Milton, it is, of the two, the poem of which we should ourselves prefer to have been the author."

It certainly exhibits talents of no common order—a loftiness of thought—a sweetness of feeling—a boldness and energy of expression—a devotedness of spirit—a majesty of diction—an authority irresistible—a noble singleness and simplicity of aim, and a closeness of reasoning that shuts us up to the contemplation of eternal truths.

Perhaps the first and second books possess fewer attractions than those which follow. The fearful sublimities which distinguish a considerable part of them (though the language may in one or two instances degenerate into angry declamation), and the vivid pictures of those stern and unpalatable realities existing beyond the grave, may well give umbrage to the fastidious reader who has been accustomed only to the "windy rhyme" of men-pleasing poets, and cause him to turn in disgust from the unbending protest exhibited against him.

The lofty tone assumed by our author rests not in a single instance on any thing approaching to human authority, but speaks out its thunders in His right before whom the nations are as grasshoppers. He pleads as one *having* authority, and not as one who only *claims* it. A tongue enriched with all utterance, and a heart enkindled at the heavenly altar, are conspicuous in almost every page of this stupendous poem, which sets in the full light of Revelation the pretence and rottenness of poor humanity under all its varied forms and circumstances. It tells the truth "so boldly, plainly, perfectly distinct," that the most captious cannot gainsay it, or the most inveterate resist its force. It blends the independent dignity of Omnipotence with the deep humility of utter weakness.

It pours forth its "manly music" in deep but fluent numbers, betraying a loftiness of soul that cannot brook the solemn follies of mankind, and fears not to trample unsparingly on its splendid abominations. It carries with it, in short, a power which must satisfy every reader that the author was one whom the truth had made free indeed, and who, fearing God only, stood "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," by the cunning craftiness of the hypocrite, or the open enmity of the profane.

D. A.

A *Portrait* of Robert Pollok "engraved by T. A. Dean, from the *only* drawing from life ever taken," embellishes the "Pious Minstrel," a collection of poetry published by Tilt.

Besides the "Course of Time," which has passed through nine editions, Mr. Pollok wrote "Ralph Gemmel, a Tale for Youth," and "The Persecuted Family, a narrative of the Sufferings of the Presbyterians, in the reign of Charles II.," which were reprinted when his name became distinguished. Some verses entitled "Horrible Things" are ascribed to him. They appeared first in a defunct periodical work, the "British Magazine," and, though they possess no merit, were transplanted into many of those ephemeral publications which trust every thing to the "magic of a name."

#### POLLOK'S NATIVE SCENERY.

Nor do I of that isle remember aught  
Of prospect more sublime and beautiful,  
Than Scotia's northern battlement of hills,  
Which first I from my father's house beheld,  
At dawn of life; beloved in memory still,  
And standard still of rural imagery.  
What most resembles them the fairest seems,  
And stirs the eldest sentiments of bliss;  
And, pictured on the tablet of my heart,  
Their distant shapes eternally remain,  
And in my dreams their cloudy tops arise.

— Four trees I pass not by,  
Which o'er our house their evening shadow  
threw;  
Three ash, and one of elm. Tall trees they  
were,  
And old, and had been old a century  
Before my day. None living could say aught  
About their youth; but they were goodly trees;  
And oft I wondered, as I sat and thought  
Beneath their summer shade, or, in the night



THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER 16.

Of winter, heard the spirits of the wind  
 Growing among their boughs,—how they had  
 grown  
 So high, in such a rough tempestuous place,  
 And when a hapless branch, torn by the blast,  
 Fell down, I mourned, as if a friend had  
 fallen.

These I distinctly hold in memory still,  
 And all the desert scenery around.  
 Nor strange, that recollection there should  
 dwell,  
 Where first I heard of God's redeeming love;  
 First felt and reasoned, loved and was beloved;  
 And first awoke the harp to holy song:

To hear and green there was enough of joy.  
 Hopes, friendships, charities, and warm pursuit,  
 Gave comfortable flow to youthful blood.  
 And there were old remembrances of days,  
 When, on the glittering dews of orient life,  
 Shone sunshine hopes, unfailed, unperjured  
 then:

And there were childish sports, and schoolboy  
 feasts,  
 And schoolboy spots, and earnest vows of  
 love,  
 Uttered, when passion's boisterous tide ran  
 high,  
 Sincerely uttered, though but seldom kept;  
 And there were angel looks, and sacred hours  
 Of rapture, hours that in a moment passed,  
 And yet were wished to last for evermore;  
 And ventures exploits, and hardy deeds,  
 And bargains shrewd, achieved in manhood's  
 prime;  
 And thousand recollections, gay and sweet.

POLLOX'S MUSINGS.

Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me  
 The solitude of vast extent, untouched  
 By hand of art, where Nature sowed, herself,  
 And reaped her crops; whose garments were  
 the clouds;  
 Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the  
 moon and stars;  
 Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;  
 Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes,  
 storms;  
 Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers,  
 flowers;  
 Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;  
 Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;  
 Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;  
 And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,  
 Prospect immense spread out on all sides  
 round,  
 Lost now between the welkin and the main,  
 Now walled with hills that slept above the  
 storm.

Most fit was such a place for musing men,  
 Happiest sometimes when musing without aim  
 It was, indeed, a wondrous sort of bliss  
 The lonely bard enjoyed, when forth he  
 walked,  
 Unpurposed; stood, and knew not why; as  
 down,  
 And knew not where; arose, and knew not  
 when;  
 Had eyes, and saw not; ears, and nothing  
 heard;  
 And sought—sought neither heaven nor  
 earth—sought nought,  
 Nor meant to think; but ran, meantime,  
 through vast  
 Of visionary things, fairer than ought  
 That was; and saw the distant tops of thoughts,  
 Which men of common stature never saw,  
 Greater than aught that largest words could  
 hold,  
 Or give idea of, to those who read."

*Course of Time.*

	h. m.
September 15.—Day breaks . . .	3 42
Sun rises . . .	5 41
— sets . . .	6 19
Twilight ends . . .	8 18

Agaricus verucosus appears in abundance.

September 16.

ALLITERATIVE ADVERTISEMENT.

This date is attached to the following announcement, printed as a handsome hand-bill, which appeared at Manchester in 1829,—viz.

SPANKER,

The property of O\*\* D\*\*.

Saturday, the 16th of September next, will be sold, or set up for sale, at Skibberdeen,

A strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, smooth, spunky, well-skinned, sized, and shaped, sorrel steed, of superlative symmetry, styled SPANKER; with small star and snip, square-sided, slender-shouldered, sharp-sighted, and steps singularly stately; free from strain, sprain, spavin, spasms, stringhalt, sciatica, staggers, strangles, seeling, sellander, surfeit, seams, strumous-swellings, sorrancess, scratches, splint, squint, scurf, sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling-gait, or symptoms of sickness of any sort. He is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, saddle-backed, shell-toothed, slim-gutted, surbated, skiv-

scabbed, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped; and is sound in the sword-point and stiffl-joint. *Has neither sick spleen, sleeping evil, set-fast, snaggle-teeth, sand-crack, subcutaneous sores, or shattered hoofs; nor is he sour, sulky, curly, stubborn, or sullen in temper. Neither shy nor skittish, slow, sluggish, or stupid. He never slips, strips, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, snivels, snuffles, snorts, stumbles, or stocks, in his stall or stable, and scarcely or seldom sweats. Has a showy, stylish, switch tail, or stern, and a safe set of shoes on; can feed on stubble, sainfoin, sheaf-oats, straw, sedge, or Scotch-grass. Carries sixteen stone with surprising speed in his stroke over a six-foot sod or stone wall. His sire was the SLY SOBERSIDES on a sister of SPINDLESHANKS by SAMPSON, a sporting son of SPARKLER, who won the sweep-stakes and subscription-plate last session at Sligo. His selling price sixty-seven pounds, sixteen shillings, and six pence, sterling.*

Horse-racing was established in the reign of James I., with nearly all the rules for training, physicking, carrying weights, and running for prizes, as at present. A silver bell was the usual prize; hence the proverb "bear the bell."

	h. m.
September 16.—Day breaks . . .	3 44
Sun rises . . .	5 43
— sets . . .	6 17
Twilight ends . . .	8 16

Michaelmas daisies flower in warm situations.

## September 17.

### THE EPHEMERON.

One of my young friends, to whom I had been the day before explaining the structure of some minute vegetables of the fungus kind, called upon me the evening before last, to tell me of a discovery he had just made of a new and beautiful plant of this lowly class, and begged I would direct the succeeding morning walk to the place of its growth.

He led me to a brook near Kentish-town; over a narrow part of which an antique willow, declining under the infirmities of age, and robbed of half the earth that used at once to support and supply

nourishment to its roots, by the effects of the undermining stream, which extended its slant trunk, and spread every way its tortuous branches.

The youth mounted the little ascent to the head of the tree with all that warmth that attends the pride of a discovery, and, pointing to a drooping bough which hung immediately over the water, showed me a multitude of his favorite objects. I discovered at first sight what they were; but, as information always remains longest when it is the effect of the person's own observations, I took out my pocket microscope, and, desiring the youth to cut off a piece of the branch on which what he called the plants were placed, separated one of them from it, and, adapting it to the glass, gave it into his hand for examination.

It was not half a minute before he burst out into an exclamation, "How have I been deceived! As I am alive, the egg of some animal!"

While he was yet speaking, I had fixed my eye upon a fly employed on another part of one of the branches, already loaded with these bodies, in a manner that perfectly explained what was going forward.

I led him to the properest place for making the necessary observations, and we had the pleasure to see the whole process of their formation. The creature presently applied the extremity of her tail, to which, at that instant, there hung a drop of a glutinous fluid, close to the branch. She by this means lodged a particle of liquid glue, as it were, on its bark: from this, raising her hinder part, very slowly, to the height of three quarters of an inch, she drew after her a thread of the liquid, which almost immediately hardened in the air into a firm and solid substance, capable of supporting itself erect. She paused a few moments, while it acquired a sufficient firmness for her purpose, and then deposited upon its summit an egg of an oblong figure, milk-white in color, and covered with the same gluey moisture. The egg became fixed in an instant on the top of its slender pedestal, and the fly went on depositing more in the same manner.

A cluster of these eggs, regularly supported on pedicles of the length of small pins, and arising each from a broad shining base on the bark, had given my young botanist the idea of a set of little fungi; but, on examining the first that came to hand before the microscope, it proved to

be big with life: an egg just disclosing a fine white worm.

Nature has so provided for the winged tribe of insects, that they all of them pass a part of their lives, and that, indeed, much the greatest part, in form of reptiles; their wings, their eyes, and the rest of their wonderful apparatus, are too delicate and tender to be trusted to the air immediately from the egg: the creature is therefore covered with a peculiar skin, under which it wears the form of a maggot, a worm, or a caterpillar, till, at the destined period, when all the parts are grown firm, and ready to perform their several offices, the perfect animal appears in the form of its parent, out of the disguise of its reptile state.

The worms that are thus produced from the eggs of beetles, and are the disguised forms of the beetle brood, feed on wood: the caterpillars, which are the reptile state of the butterflies, feed on different substances. It is the fate of the worm, hatched from the egg of this peculiar species, to live under water, protected by the covert of a clay shed in the bank, and there to feed on lesser insects that inhabit the mud; when the time of its appearing under the fly state approaches, it leaves the water, and the perfect insect bursts from its case on dry land.

The life of the creature in this winged state is but of a few hours' duration; the continuation of the species is all the office to which the economy of the animal is destined. The female is prompted by nature to get rid of her load, and instinct points out to her that the young to be hatched from her eggs should find their support in the water; but, were she to endeavour to lay them upon the surface of the fluid, she would probably be drowned in the attempt. If she even succeeded, their thin coats would be rotted by the moisture, or become a prey to fish and a thousand other devourers. She therefore artfully suspends them on trees that grow over waters. If they were deposited close upon the bark, they would be in the way of mites, and other destroyers; and if, until the hatching, they escaped these, the young worms might remain upon the branches till they perished of hunger, from ignorance that the food for their necessities was below. Whereas, in this careful disposition of the eggs, they are out of the reach of all the insect tribe that crawl upon the tree; and are no sooner hatched than the eggs

the tiny worms necessarily fall into the water, where every thing requisite is provided for their sustenance.

Cicero, in the first book of his *Tusculan Questions*, finely exposes the vain judgment we are apt to form of the duration of human life. In illustrating his argument, he quotes a passage of natural history from Aristotle, concerning a species of insects on the banks of the river Hypanis, which never out-live the day wherein they are born.

To pursue the thoughts of this elegant writer; let us suppose that one of the most robust of these Hypanians (so famed in history) was in a manner coeval with time itself; that he began to exist at the break of day; and that, from the uncommon strength of his constitution, he had been able to show himself active in life through the numberless minutes of ten or twelve hours.

Through so long a series of seconds, he must have acquired vast wisdom in his way, from observation and experience. Looking upon his fellow-creatures, who died about noon, to have been happily delivered from the many inconveniences of old age; he can perhaps recount to his grandson a surprising tradition of actions, before any records of their nation were extant. The young swarm, who may be advanced one hour in life, approach his person with respect, and listen to his improving discourse. Every thing he says will seem wonderful to this short-lived generation. The compass of a day will be esteemed the whole duration of time; and the first dawn of light will, in their chronology, be styled the great æra of their creation.

Let us now suppose that this venerable insect, this Nestor of Hypanis, should a little before his death, and about sun-set, send for all his descendants, his friends, and his acquaintance; out of the desire he may have to impart his last thoughts to them, and admonish them with his departing breath. They meet, perhaps, under the spacious shelter of a mushroom; and the dying sage addresses himself to them after the following manner:—

“Friends and fellow-citizens! I perceive the longest life must have an end; the period of mine is now at hand: neither do I repine at my fate, since my great age has become a burden, and there is nothing new to me under the sun. The calamities and revolutions I have seen in my country; the manifold private misfor-

unes to which we are all liable; and the fatal diseases incident to our race; have abundantly taught me this lesson—that no happiness can be secure nor lasting which is placed in things that are out of our power. Great is the uncertainty of life! a whole brood of infants has perished in a moment by a keen blast; shoals of our straggling youth have been swept into the waves by an unexpected breeze: what wasteful deluges have we suffered from a sudden shower! our strongest holds are not proof against a storm of hail; and even a dark cloud makes the stoutest heart quail.

“I have lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a larger size and stronger make, and (I must add) of greater virtue, than any can boast of in the present generation. I must conjure you to give yet farther credit to my latest words, when I assure you that yonder sun, which now appears westward beyond the water, and seems not to be far distant from the earth, in my remembrance stood in the middle of the sky, and shot his beams directly upon us. The world was much more enlightened in those ages, and the air much warmer. Think it not dotage in me if I affirm that glorious being moves: I saw his first setting out in the east; and I began my race of life near the time when he began his immense career. He has for several ages advanced along the sky with vast heat, and unparalleled brightness; but now, by his declension, and a sensible decay (more especially of late) in his vigor, I foresee that all nature must fail in a little time, and that the creation will lie buried in darkness in less than a century of minutes.

“Alas! my friends, how did I once flatter myself with the hopes of abiding here for ever! How magnificent are the cells which I hollowed out for myself! What confidence did I repose in the firmness and spring of my joints, and in the strength of my pinions! But I have lived enough to nature, and even to glory: neither will any of you whom I leave behind have equal satisfaction in life, in the dark, declining age, which I see is already begun.”

This fiction, founded upon the thought of Cicero, will not seem extravagant to those who are acquainted with the manner of instruction practised by the early teachers of mankind. Solomon sends the sluggard to the ant; and, after his example, we may send the ambitious or the

covetous man, who seems to overlook the shortness and uncertainty of life, to the little animals upon the banks of the Hypanis—let him consider their transitory state, and be wise. We, like the ephemeri, have but a day to live; the morning, and noon, and the evening of life, is the whole portion of our time. many perish in the very dawn; and the man, out of a million, who lingers on to the evening twilight, is not accounted happy.\*

	h. m.
<i>September 17.</i> —Day breaks . . .	3 46
Sun rises . . .	5 45
— sets . . .	6 15
Twilight ends . . .	8 14

Rue flowers again.

### September 18.

18th of September, 1830, died, at the age of 52 years, William Hazlitt, a writer of great eminence and ability. He was a native of Maidstone. His boyhood was chiefly spent in Shropshire, Devonshire, and Wiltshire. At an early age he came to London, and employed much time in painting, or rather in attaining to a knowledge of the art, than in perseveringly applying it. He soon relinquished the pencil for the pen, which he wielded with distinguished power; yet, when he saw the works of the great masters assembled at Paris, a fondness for his first pursuits came over him, and he occupied an easel at the Louvre in copying portraits by Titian. He brought his pictures to England. They obtained unqualified praise from Northcote, and for a time were possessed by Haydon; but were seen by few other artists, and are now dispersed.

Mr. Hazlitt wrote to live, and therefore his pen was never idle. His life will be published by his son, who is collecting and arranging materials for that purpose. It is to be accompanied by his father's unpublished pieces, and a portrait of him from an excellent likeness. The latter years, and especially the last months of his existence, were marked by circumstances of peculiar interest.

	h. m.
<i>September 18.</i> —Day breaks . . .	3 49
Sun rises . . .	5 46
— sets . . .	6 14
Twilight ends . . .	8 11

Eatable fungus found.

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\* Sir John Hill.



RUSH BEARING IN LANCASHIRE.

This engraving is derived from sketches accompanying the following communication, which was originally designed by a respected correspondent for the *Every-Day Book*; but, which, in expectation of other contributions on the same subject, was not inserted in that work.

*Rochdale Lancashire,*  
May 31, 1825.

Mr. HONE,

As the custom of rush-bearing prevails in this part of the country, and you have not noticed the practice, I send you a sketch of a rush cart and banner, gene-

rally made for these holidays, which you can use as you please.

A few years ago, I was told by an old man, now deceased, that he remembered the rushes to have been borne on the shoulders of the country people in bundles, some very plain, and others ornamented with ribands, garlands, &c., to the church yard in Rochdale; that they were there dried, previous to being put into the church, and that these rush-bearers received a small compensation from the churchwardens. This was before churches were floored with wood. The rushes were strewed for the purpose of rendering the congregation more comfortable, and saving their feet from being chilled by the stone pavements, and, in some instances, the clay floors. In many churches rushes are used in the same manner in the present day. The improvements in education, manufactures, and commerce, have rendered the taste and manners of the working classes more refined, and the old homely method of rush-bearing on the shoulders has given place to the more luxurious and gorgeous display of the rush cart and banner, the form of which will be far better understood by the sketches I enclose, than by a long description.

The rushes are laid transversely on the rush cart, and are cut by sharp knives to the form desired, in which no little art is required. The bolts, as they are termed, are formed of the largest rushes tied up in bundles of about two inches in diameter. These bolts are, as the work of making proceeds, affixed to rods fixed in the four corners of the cart, and carved to the form required. When the cart is finished, the load of rushes is decorated with carnations and other flowers, in different devices, and surmounted by branches of oak, and a person rides upon the top. The carts are sometimes drawn by horses gaily caparisoned, but more frequently by young men, to the number of twenty or thirty couple, profusely adorned with ribands, tinsel, &c. They are generally preceded by men with horse-bells about them, grotesquely jumping from side to side, and jingling the bells. After these is a band of music, and sometimes a set of morris dancers (but without the ancient appendage of bells), followed by young women bearing garlands; then comes the banner made of silk of various colors, joined by narrow riband fretted, the whole profusely covered on both sides

with roses, stars, &c., of tinsel (which in this part is called horse gold), and which, being viewed when the sun shines upon it, dazzles the eye. The banners are generally from four to five yards broad, and six to eight yards long, having on either side in the centre a painting of Britannia, the king's arms, or some other device. The whole procession is flanked by men with long cartwhips, which they keep continually cracking to make a clear path. On the front of some carts is a white cloth, to which is attached a number of silver spoons, tankards, cups, and watches, tastefully displayed.

Great rivalry exists between the young men of the neighbouring villages, which shall produce the best formed cart and banner, and it not unfrequently happens that, when two of them meet in the street, a scuffle takes place, and many bloody noses are the result. Six or seven rush-carts are frequently in the town (Rochdale) on the third Monday in August, which is the day for strewing them. A collection is made by each party from the gentry and other inhabitants, which enables them to sacrifice very freely at the shrine of Sir John Barleycorn. The displays are very gay, and afford much gratification to strangers, who never before witnessed a rush-bearing. The practice is general in the months of July, August, and September. Those held round this place are at Ashworth, Littlebro, Minbrow, Shaw, Oldham, Royton, Middleton, Heywood, and Whitworth; the customs at each place being much alike. The person who has the forming of a rush-cart is called a "featherer," and it was one of these men who unfortunately lost his life at the riots in this town on Easter Monday, in April 1794 or 5. He resided at Marland, and for a number of years afterwards, in commemoration of his death, each of the young men who drew the rush-cart from Marland wore a black scarf, but it is now discontinued. There is a remarkable anecdote concerning the event in the Imperial Magazine, vol. iv. 1822, col. 1203.

J. L.

RUSH-BEARING, AND PERAMBULATING.  
Morley, near Leeds, May 4, 1831.

Mr. HOME,

An account of a "Rush-bearing," in Whitaker's *Richmondshire*, as far as my observation has extended, is quite correct. He says,—

"This ceremony, at Warton, appears to have been on the feast of the dedication of the patron saint,\* St. Oswald, or on the Sunday nearest the first of August.

"The vain custom of excessive drinking, dancing, &c., having been laid aside, the inhabitants, and strangers, spend that day in duly attending the service of the church, and making good cheer within the rules of sobriety, in private houses; and, next, in several kinds of diversions, the chief of which is a rush-bearing; which is thus:—

"They cut hard rushes from the marsh, which they make up into long bundles, and then dress them in fine linen, silk ribands, flowers, &c. Afterwards, the young women of the village who perform the ceremony that year, take up the burdens erect, and begin the procession (precedence being always given to the churchwarden's burden), which is attended with multitudes of people, with music, drums, ringing of bells, &c. When they arrive at the church, they go in at the west door (the only public use I ever saw that door put to), and, setting down their burdens in the church, strip them of their ornaments, leaving the heads or crowns of them decked with flowers, cut paper, &c., in some part of the church, generally over the cancelli.

"Then the company return to the town from whence they came, cheerfully partake of a collation provided for the purpose, and spend the remaining part of the day, and frequently the night also, in dancing, if the weather permits, about a May-pole, adorned with green and flowers, or in some other convenient place."

Rushbearings were not uncommon hereabouts when I was a boy.—At Birstal, about three miles hence, I remember once to have seen a procession, as I did at Rochdale, in Lancashire, in 1828; but you will be pleased to observe one thing, Mr. Hone, which is this,—wherever our churches are paved or flagged, as most have been since the Tudor reigns, and *all* since the reformation, there has been no necessity to strew the churches; and this part of the ceremony has, generally, if not always, been dispensed with. I can, however, refer to one place where the whole ceremony (with the exception of the May-pole dance) is gone through,

and that place is Grassmere, noticed in vol. ii. p. 277 of your *Table-Book*. This place (in a pedestrian excursion to the lakes) I visited in 1828, and, being more intent upon antiquities than even lake scenery, you may be sure I overlooked nothing, in the church especially. Judge my surprise, when I tell you I found the very seat floors all unpaved,\* unboarded, and the bare ground only strewed with rushes. My eye was also particularly attracted by the paper garlands which I found deposited in the vestry: they were curiously and tastefully cut, and I was almost tempted to beg one of them. Not to be tedious, I would refer your readers to the account of your correspondent above alluded to, whose accuracy I can testify, and in nothing more truly than as respects the civility, nay, even friendliness, of the people in this charming district.

I do not know how I can better fill my sheet than by sending you an account of parochial perambulations, or boundary riding, as I remember no particular account of them in your "Every-Day" or *Table-Book*." My best extract is from Fosbroke's *Encyclopaedia*, vol. ii. p. 500.

"Those boundaries which commonly marked the limits of jurisdiction appertaining to the founder of the church were distinguished by trees, called 'gospel trees,' because the clergyman read the gospel of the day under or near them. The processionists carried a cross, or crosses, and staves. Boys were taken in order to be flogged at the boundaries, for the purpose of infixing them in their memories. Among us a figure of Christ was hung up to represent the ascension. In some churches a dragon with a tail, filled with chaff, was exhibited,† and emptied on the third day, to show that the devil, after prevailing on the first and second day before, or, under the law, was, on the 'thyrd daye of grace, by the passion of Jhesu Criste, put out of his reame.' After dinner, in some countries, the people went to church, where a wooden image of the devil was placed upon the altar. This was drawn up to the roof, let down by a violent fall, and broken to

\* Many of the old churches in Westmerland, Cumberland, &c., have never been ceiled, or, as we call it in Yorkshire, underdrawn.

† In our churchwardens' accounts I find notices of this curious ceremony.

\* In proof of this see also Drake's Illustrations, i. 210.

wafers by the boys. Wafers and cakes, wrapped in paper, were next showered down, and water poured from the beams by way of jest upon the scramblers."

In return for those curious and spirited sketches with which your works are adorned, and by which they are distinguished, it is my desire to send you appropriate communications. If notices of annual customs, unrecorded in your publications, shall be acceptable, they will be at your service.

I remain, Sir,  
Yours obediently,  
NORRISSON SCATCHERD.

RUSH-BEARING—EGG-SETTING CHARM—  
BLACK PUDDING CHARM—YULE CY-  
DER—LEET SPORTS.

[To Mr. Hone.]

Marsham, Norwich, April 27, 1831.

My dear Sir,

At the time I had the pleasure of an hour or two's chat with you at your family table in Gracechurch Street, I made a promise to collect a little information on the custom of rush-strewing.

In the town account book of the parish of Hardley, near Loddon, Norfolk, it seems to have been customary to strew the church with rushes, as the entries therein plainly show, commencing with the year 1709, and the last in 1736; it is generally entered thus, "paid for rushes for the church, 3s.;" but in some years it is entered in two half-yearly payments of 1s. 6d. each. After the last years are entries of the same annual sum of 3s. for "nats or knats (I presume for mats) for the church."

It is still the custom to strew Norwich cathedral, on the mayor's day, or guild day, out of compliment to the corporation, who on that day attend the cathedral service. I must here observe that it is the sweet-scented flag, "*acorus calamus*," that should be used on these occasions, whose roots when bruised give out a very powerful and fragrant odour, somewhat resembling that of the myrtle. This plant, from the great demand the root has attained in our breweries (under the name of quassia), has not been obtainable for many years, and the yellow water iris, "*iris pseudo-acorus*," has been substituted. The flags were formerly strewed from the great west door to the entrance of the mayor's seat; but are now laid no further than the entrance of the choir. Twelve

shillings per annum are now allowed by the dean and chapter for this service.

I am informed that it is yet the custom to strew the Trinity-house, at Hull; perhaps you have some correspondent there from whom you can obtain information.

CUSTOMS. It is customary with the good housewives of Norfolk on placing a "clutch or litter" of eggs (generally thirteen) in a nest for incubation (more particularly of a goose or duck), to swing a lighted candle over them at the time, as a charm, to prevent hawks, crows, or other birds of prey, flying away with the young gosslings or ducks, produced from the eggs charmed.

In Somersetshire, when a black or blood pudding is boiling, an old wig of the parson's is much coveted, and, when obtained, hung up in the chimney as a charm, to prevent the pudding bursting.— [This I had from Tawney Rachel.]

An old laborer, who worked many years on my farm, informed me that when a boy he was in the service of a farmer at Mulbarton, Norfolk, who had two considerable orchards, and a sufficient quantity of cyder for the family for the whole year: and it was customary with the servants to preserve the most cross-grained block of elm (if they could find one) for the Christmas or yule block: and my informant adds, that, as long as any part of the block remained unconsumed, they had the best and strongest cyder at their meals; and that a small portion of the yule-block was always preserved till the joyous season came again, when it was used for lighting the new Christmas block.

The following is a copy of a MS. notice (*verbatim et literatim*) posted on the sign post of the Bull Inn, East Tuddenham, Norfolk:—

*"Sports of the Week.*

Nekt Wednesday 25th of may there will be at East Tuddenham Bull Jingling matches for Hats Jumping in Sacks Catching a pig with the

Tail greazed climbing of a pole of women Runing

For Snuff old men for tobacco there will be also A place Reserved for Dancing and Seats will be Also Reserved for the Leades there will be A band of musick pepered to conclude with A grand Exhibition of Fire Works by J.T."

The above notice relates to a sort of village wake, called there "a leet,"



which Major Moor in his Suffolk words, under "Foury-leet," says is an old word for a meeting.

GODDARD JOHNSON

A great number of notices concerning Rush-bearing may be found scattered in different works, and many are collected together by Mr. Brand among his "Popular Antiquities."

In ancient times the parishioners brought rushes at the feast of the dedication, to strew the church, and hence the festivity was called "Rush-bearing." The churchwardens' accounts of St. Mary at Hill, London, 1504, have this item: "Paid for 2 Berden Rysshes for the strewyng the newe pewes, 3d." In the accounts of 1493, there is charged "for 3 Burdens of Rushes for the new pewes, 3d. In similar accounts for the parish of St. Margaret's Westminster, 1554, is the following item: "Paid for Rushes against the Dedication Day, which is always the first Sunday of October, 1s. 5d." In Coates's History of Reading, among the entries in the churchwardens' accounts of St. Laurence Parish, 1602, we have: "Paid for Flower, and Rushes for the Church when the Queene was in towne, xxd." Newton's Herball to the Bible, 1587, mentions "Sedge and Rushes, with the which many in the country do use in sommer time to strawe their parlors and churches, as well for cooleness as for pleasant smell."

Chambers, and indeed all apartments usually inhabited, were formerly strewed in this manner. As our ancestors rarely washed their floors, disguises of uncleanness became very necessary. It appears, too, that the English stage was strewed with rushes. Compare Reed's Shakspeare, vol xi. p. 331.

The author of "Whimzies, or a New Cast of Characters, 1631," describing a zealot, says: "He denouneeth a heavy woe upon all Wakes, Summerings, and Rush-bearings, preferring that act whereby pipers were made rogues, or Act of Parliaments, before any in all the Acts and Monuments." Speaking of a pedlar the author says: "A Countrey Rush-bearing, or Morrice-Pastoral, is his Festivall; if ever he aspire to plum-porridge, that is the day." So, also, in "A Boulster Lecture, 1640," we are told of "Such an one as not a Rush-bearer, or May-morrish in all that parish could subsist without him."

Bridges, in his History of Northamptonshire, says, of the parish of Middleton Chendeut, "It is a Custom here to strew the Church in summer with Hay gathered from six or seven swaths in Ash-meadow, which have been given for this purpose. The Rector finds straw in winter." Hentzner, in his Itinerary, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber at Greenwich, says, "The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with Hay," meaning Rushes. In "Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614," we read,—"Henry the Third, king of France, demaunded of Monsieur Dandelot, what especial things he had noted in England, during the time of his negociation there: he answered that he had seene but three things remarkable, which were, that the people did drinke in bootes, eat rawe fish, and strewed all their best roomes with Hay, meaning blacke Jackes, Oysters, and Rushes." It were needless to multiply instances of this general custom of strewing rushes in old times.\*

## September 19.

### THE GOLDFINCH.

This bird, sometimes called the thistle finch, is highly esteemed for its singing, and the brilliancy and variety of its colors. It is certainly the most beautiful and finest feathered of all song birds; and is so well known as to render description needless. It is of a mild and gentle nature, and, presently after being taken, will eat and drink, and be little troubled by imprisonment in a cage. It is called in some places the draw-water, from its readily learning to draw water in a little ivory bucket, fastened to a small chain, made for that purpose. This little creature pulls up the bucket, drinks, and throws it down again; and lifts up the lid of a small box or bin with the bill to come at the food. It is wonderfully delighted with viewing itself in a glass, fixed to the back of the bucket-board. It will sit upon the perch opposite, preening itself, often looking in the glass, and placing every feather in strict order. No lady can take greater pleasure, or be more nice, in dressing herself. It is a long-lived bird, sometimes reaching to twenty years of age. It flies in flocks or companies; and, when at liberty, delights to feed upon the seeds of thistle, teasel, hemp, dock, &c.

\* Brand

The feathers in the male on the ridge of the wing are coal-black, quite up to the shoulder: while, in the hen bird, though they appear black, they are of a greyish, or dusky ash-color. He is browner on the back and sides of the breast; the red, yellow, and, in short, all his colors, are much brighter than those of the hen. These are constant, infallible marks, by which he may be known from the female, whether old or young; and, besides, the hen has a smaller note, and does not sing so much.

The female begins to build in April, when the fruit-trees are in blossom. Her nest is not only very small, but exceedingly pretty; the outside consists of very fine moss, curiously interwoven with other soft bedding; the inside lined with delicate fine down, wool, &c. She lays six or seven white eggs, specked and marked with a reddish brown. It is not very easy to find her nest; for she builds in apple, pear, plum, and other fruit trees, but most commonly in the apple, pretty high upon the branches, where either the blossom or leaves intercept the sight; and at a season when the nest cannot be approached without the hazard of damaging the bloom or young fruit. She likewise frequently builds in the elder-tree, and, sometimes, in thorns and hedges.

Young goldfinches are tender, and should not be taken before they are pretty well feathered; they will not be sullen, like the young of many other birds, by staying long in the nest. For their meat, when young, soak white bread in fair water, strain it, and then boil it with a little milk to the consistence of hasty-pudding, adding a little flour of canary-seed. Feed them every two hours, or oftener, giving them two or three small bits only at a time. Begin to feed them about sun-rising, continue after this manner till sun-setting, and let them have fresh victuals every day. When thus fed for a month, or thereabouts, begin to break from this soft meat, by giving them a little canary seed, and soft meat besides. When they feed pretty freely upon the seed, keep them constantly to that diet. They will eat hemp, and other kinds of seed, yet nothing agrees so well with them as canary.

A young goldfinch, brought up under the woodlark, the canary, or any other fine singing bird, will take their song very readily. It is said that a lady had one of these birds which talked very finely.

The length of a full-grown goldfinch, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail, is five inches and a half; of which the latter is two, and the former a little more than half an inch long. A healthy bird weighs about an ounce.

If a bird be out of order, or droop, give saffron in the water. If the bowels are relaxed, crumble a little dry chalk in the cage, or among the seed, or stick a bit betwixt the wires of the cage, and lay gravel at the bottom; or try him with a little thistle seed, or other seeds which they delight to feed upon when wild: the first may be found in the great thistle, at the bottom of the white down.

The goldfinch is taken in great numbers with lime twigs, or the clap-net, in the fields where they feed. When first caught they may have hemp-seed cracked, or some of the seeds they feed upon in the meadows. They may soon be brought to eat canary seed, which is more wholesome.\*

There sat upon the linden-tree

A bird, and sang its strain;

So sweet it sang, that, as I heard,

My heart went back again.

It went to one remember'd spot,

It saw the rose-trees grow,

And thought again the thoughts of love

There cherish'd long ago.

' thousand years to me it seems

Since by my fair I sate,

et thus I have been a stranger long

Was not my choice, but fate:

Since then I have not seen the flowers,

Nor heard the birds' sweet song;

My joys have all too briefly past,

My griefs been all too long.

*Dietmar von Ast, 13th Cent.*

	h. m.
September 19.—Day breaks . .	3 51
Sun rises . .	5 48
— sets . .	6 12
Twilight ends . .	8 9

Martins congregatæ.

### September 20.

20th of September, 1815, died, at the great age of ninety-two, William Hut- ton, Esq., F. S. A., the historian of Birmingham and Derby, eminent in anti- quities for his itinerary of the Roman

\* Alb. n.

wall, and similar works, and especially eminent for an able treatise on the Court of Requests. He may be deemed to have been the legislator of the town of Birmingham. He entered it a poor boy, and by great industry, undeviating economy, and inflexible integrity, he acquired in it an ample fortune. His own memoirs, edited by his daughter Catharine Hutton, is the most teaching volume of autobiography in the English language.

Mr. Hutton left behind him a MS. "Book of Memory." It contains a recollection for every day, except ten, in some one year; the recollections were to be as insignificant and as remote as possible, as the design was to show the powers of the writer's memory. From this MS. the following are

*Unpublished Extracts.*

1732, May 27. Rejoicing at the silk mills [Derby], and I was sent on an errand to Little Chester. I heard the cannon fired for joy, and I wept with vexation.

1734, December 28. One of the masters of the silk mills sent a message to the boys that, as the holidays could not yet be out of their bones, he did not expect much attention to work. Astonished at so unusual a precept, we believed it ironical, and labored with double diligence.

1738, March 1. I first saw a Welchman with a leak in his hat, and thought it would have been better in his porridge.

1741, July 21. I saw a running footman belonging to a gentleman's equipage at Nottingham. His cap was of black velvet, his jacket of white dimity, fringed with black. I thought the man enviable, his dress beautiful, and his staff desirable.

1761. March 8. I went to Middleton [about ten or twelve miles] before breakfast, to purchase an ash tree; I left it at noon, and got home at three o'clock; it was still before breakfast. I was surprised the people had not asked me to eat. Their surprise was probably equal to mine, for I afterwards understood it was a public house.

NO MAN CAN BE GOOD TO ALL.

I never yet knew any man so bad but some have thought him honest, and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil, and hated

him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality, of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man, in himself, always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and, in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the body's humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies, which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two houses, reason and common-sense. As if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes condemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and, another time, hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection: and having found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are let about, we neither know whither nor how.

—Owen Felltham, 1636.

	h. m.
September 20.—Day breaks . . .	3 53
Sun rises . . .	5 50
— sets . . .	6 10
Twilight ends . . .	8 7

Green gage and other plums still plentiful.

September 21.

21 September, 1327, king Edward II. was murdered in Berkley Castle, Gloucestershire, at the instigation of his queen. She had caused him to be deposed and committed to the keeping of the earl of Leicester, from whom he was taken and imprisoned successively at Kenilworth, Corfe Castle, and in the castle of Bristol, whence he was removed, in disguise, to Berkley Castle; on his way thither, his conductors dismounted him, and, for purposes of concealment, shaved his head

and beard with water from a ditch. His barber telling him that cold water must serve for this time, the miserable king, looking sternly upon him, said "that whether they would or no, he would have warm water, and shed a shower of tears." None of the monasteries adjacent to Berkeley Castle would receive his body, except Gloucester, where he was buried.

	h. m.
September 21.—Day breaks . . .	3 55
Sun rises . . .	5 52
— sets . . .	6 8
Twilight ends . . .	8 5

### September 22.

MAJOR JOHN BERNARDI.

This name is familiar to readers of book-catalogues as being attached to his *Life*, published in 1729, written by himself in Newgate, where he was a state prisoner, and had been confined without trial upwards of thirty years. He was then in his seventy-fourth year. His history is no less memorable than melancholy. In 1672, being then eighteen years old, and a cadet at Portsmouth, he was pressed on board the *Royal James*, at Fareham, but claimed by his captain and discharged; had he sailed in that ship he had died when she was blown up the following year. In that year he lost his patron, and was reduced both in prospect and constitution. He was wounded at the siege of Gibraltar in 1674; and again in 1675, while parting two gentlemen who were fighting a duel. At the siege of Maestricht in 1678 he lost an eye, was shot through the arm, and left for dead in the field. He was apprehended in 1696, and accused of being concerned in a plot to assassinate William III. Sufficient evidence could not be brought to prove the fact, and, by the acts of six successive parliaments, he was sentenced with five other persons, to be detained in prison. Under this extraordinary exercise of legislative power he was imprisoned more than forty years, and, surviving all the partners of his punishment, he died in Newgate at the age of eighty-two.\*

	h. m.
September 22.—Day breaks . . .	3 58
Sun rises . . .	5 54
— sets . . .	6 6
Twilight ends . . .	8 2

Small (summer) bergamot pears ripe.

\* Noble.

### September 23.

OBSELETE CUSTOMS.

EMBRACING—PREACHING COVERED—  
THE DANCE ON THE GREEN.

[From the same Correspondent.]

Morley, near Leeds.

Mr. HONE,

May 4th, 1831.

About three weeks ago I sent you a paper upon the similarity of the customs and manners of the French, as now seen, and of our ancient English, in the reign of Elizabeth; and I now furnish you with another authority upon the subject of the "embrace." See Ellis's original Letters, p. 211, referred to in vol. 97 of the Gentleman's Magazine, p. 158, from which it appears that, under the Tudor reigns, "the women of this country took great offence if they were not saluted in the form of *kissing*." Nay, I find from Ellis, vol. iii. p. 214, that the "embrace" was not left off, even between men, in the days of James I.; for the Spanish ambassador, being indisposed, it appears "James visited him, and gave him a hearty embrace in bed." Now, as to France, I am assured, by those who have lived many years there, that were a friend or an acquaintance to omit the customary salutation, the father, brother, or friend, of the lady so slighted, would resent it highly. The change of religion, from catholic to protestant, no doubt produced a great change in our national manners and habits, which our neighbours, still adhering to the old religion, have retained. It is very curious, however, to observe how little they have improved in regard to their vehicles, of one of which you have favored the public with an acceptable engraving. In short, between the holiday sports and pastimes of the French, their spectacles and shows, and habits in church, and those of our forefathers in times long subsequent to the reformation, there is, I fancy, a very striking resemblance.

In 1564 a priest, preaching before Elizabeth at Cambridge, and having made her the obeisance of three bows, as was customary, she sent Sir Christopher Hatton to him, in the middle of his sermon, willing him to put on his cap, which he did, keeping it on to the end. In this reign an ordinance was made that at the name of Christ every woman curtsey and every man take off his cap. In

THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER 24.

1603 was an order that all persons be uncovered in the churches. On the restoration of Charles II., there were attempts made to restore the ancient usage, but they made little impression upon the public at large.

Permit me to conclude with an extract from Whitaker's History of Craven, page 467, not doubting that the custom to which he alludes was universal throughout England in former times. The passage has just struck my eye, and it illustrates my subject very appropriately.

"Once every summer was good cheer and glee upon the village green; vast syllabubs being mixed in pails at the place of milking, to which all the inhabitants contributed, and of which, if they thought proper, they partook; at the same time the young people danced upon the greensward, and the public intercourse of the two sexes, promoted by these means, was favorable to the morals of both."

I remain, Sir,  
Yours very respectfully,  
N. SCATCHERD.

	h.	m.
September 23.—Day breaks . . .	4	0
Sun rises . . .	5	56
— sets . . .	6	4
Twilight ends . . .	8	0

Autumnal pears ripe.

September 24.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A WIFE.

These are set forth in the "Worcester Journal 1761" to the following effect.—Great good-nature, and a prudent generosity.

A lively look, a proper spirit, and a cheerful disposition.

A good person, but not perfectly beautiful,—a moderate height,—complexion not quite fair, but a little brown.

Young by all means—old by no means.

A decent share of common sense, just seasoned with a little repartee—a small modicum of wit, but no learning: no learning, I say again and again (either ancient or modern) upon any consideration whatever.

Well, but not critically, skill'd in her own tongue.

In spelling a little becoming deficiency; and in the doctrine of punctuation (or

what is generally call'd stopping) by no means conversant.

A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic; but no sort of skill in fractions.

A more than tolerably good voice, and a little ear for music—a capability of singing (in company), but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with minims, crotchets, quavers, &c.

Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than to fine—no enemy to knitting.

Not always in the parlour, but sometimes in the kitchen—yet more skilled in the theory, than in the practice of cookery.

Fonder of country dances than minuets. An acquaintance with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.

Not entirely fond of quadrille, but a little given to whist.

In conversation a little of the lisp, but not of the stammer

POETRY.

By FROISSART, XIV. CENTURY.\*

Parting.

The body goes, the spirit stays;  
Dear lady, till we meet, farewell!  
Too far from thee my home must be;  
The body goes, the soul delays;—  
Dearest of ladies, fare thee well!  
But sweeter thoughts that in me dwell  
The anguish of my grief outweigh;  
Dearest of ladies, fare thee well!  
The body goes, the soul may stay.

Invitation to Return.

Return, my love; too long thy stay;  
Sorrow for thee my soul has stung;  
My spirit calls thee ev'ry day.—  
Return my love, thou stay'st too long.  
For nothing, wanting thee, consoles,  
Or can console till thou art nigh;  
Return, my love, thou stay'st too long,  
And grief is mine till thou be by.

	h.	m.
September 24.—Day breaks . . .	4	2
Sun rises . . .	5	58
— sets . . .	6	2
Twilight ends . . .	7	58

Guernsey lilies, and other amaryllides, blow in the green-house, and in the open air.

\* Lays of the Minnesingers.



DOWIE'S TAVERN, LIBBERTON'S WYND, EDINBURGH,  
FREQUENTED BY THE LATE ROBERT BURNS.

This engraving is from an original drawing in 1831, by Mr. William Geikie, obligingly communicated with the following article:—

[To Mr. Hone.]

Edinburgh, May 10, 1831.

I have sent you a sketch of a Tavern, which, for the last quarter of the last century, was the resort of all the revelling wits of our "Gude Town." Robert Burns was one of its constant—poor fellow—too constant frequenters; so much so that, when he died, his name was assumed as its distinguishing and alluring cognomen. Until it was finally closed, lately, previous to being taken down (it being immediately in the line to

the new South bridge), it was visited nightly by many a party of jolly fellows, whose admiration of the poet, or, more probably, whose predilection for the "gousty viver," and the exhilarating potions, which were administered to them, drew them "nothing loth" to its "douce couthie cozy canty ingles." Few strangers omitted to call in to gaze at the *coffin* of the bard—this was a small dark room, which could barely accommodate, even by squeezing, half a dozen; but in which Burns used to sit. Here he composed one or two of his best songs, and here were preserved, to the last, the identical seats and table which had accommodated him.

The house is situated in a steep lane, *Scottice* "Wynd," but which was a place of *nigra* note when its neighbourhood was the court end of the town. Now, its shut windows, and the forsaken houses beside it, must in the minds of those who remember the mirth and madness which were here ever at home—the roaring and roysting of its ever-coming customers—awaken the sober reflection, that time is quickly passing on, and making the things that were as though they had not been. There are notices of the place in "Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh."

I am, &c.

A. G. J.

#### DOWIE'S TAVERN.

*Dowie's* tavern in Libberton's Wynd, well known as the resort of Burns, is said by the able recorder of the "Traditions of Edinburgh," to have been formerly "as dark and plain an old-fashioned house as any drunken lawyer of the last century could have wished to nestle in; but it is now (adds Mr. Chambers, in 1825, *hinc illæ lachrymæ!*) painted and lighted with gas; while the room in which Burns sat with the 'Willie' and 'Allan' of his inimitable bacchanalian lyric, and where he scribbled verses upon the walls, has been covered over with elegant green cloth and fitted up with a new table."

*Dowie's* was one of the most popular taverns of its day, and much resorted to by the Lords of Session, after leaving the Court, for "meridians," as well as in the evening, for its admirable Edinburgh ale. The ale was Younger's. That brewer, together with John Gray, city-clerk of Edinburgh—Mr. John Buchan, writer to the Signet—Martin the celebrated portrait-painter and the master of Sir Henry Raeburn—and some others, instituted a club here, which, by way of a pun upon the name of the landlord, they called the "College of *Douay*." Mr. Younger's ale alone was always sold in the house; as it also was at *Maut Ha'*, a snug old tavern, kept by one Pringle, in the Playhouse-close, Canongate; and it was owing to the celebrity which it acquired in these two establishments, that "Edinburgh ale" attained its present high character.

*Johnnie Dowie* was the sleekest and kindest of landlords. Nothing could equal the benignity of his smile, when he brought in a bottle of "the ale," to a

company of well-known and friendly customers. It was a perfect treat to see his formality in drawing the cork, his precision in filling the glasses, his regularity in drinking the healths of all present in the first glass (which he always did and at every successive bottle,) and then his *douce* civility in withdrawing. *Johnnie* lived till within the last few years, and with laudable attachment to the old costume, always wore a cocked hat, and buckles at knees and shoes, as well as a cane with a cross top, somewhat like an implement called by Scottish gardeners "a dibble."

#### DRUNKEN LAWYERS.

"Any drunken lawyer of the last century—" says Mr. Chambers. His mearing shall be illustrated by examples from the bench and bar of Edinburgh, set forth by himself,—viz.:

The late lord Newton was one of the ablest lawyers, and profoundest drinkers, of his day. He had a body of immense breadth, width, and depth, which could hold (without affecting in the least degree the broad, wide, and deep head attached to it) six bottles of port. He was never so able to do business as after drinking that enormous quantity of liquor. Upon one occasion, after having dined with two friends, and, to use his own phrase, drunk them both under the table, he dictated to his clerk a law-paper of sixty pages, which that gentleman has since declared to be one of the ablest and clearest he had ever known his lordship produce.—Lord Newton often spent the night in all manner of convivial indulgences, in a tavern somewhere in the High street; at seven in the morning he drove home; slept two hours, and, mounting the bench at the proper time, showed himself as well qualified to perform his duty as if his fancy had been on this side, instead of beyond the Pole.

Simond, the French traveller, tells in his book (1811), that he was quite surprised, on stepping one morning into the Parliament house, to find in the dignified capacity, and exhibiting all the dignified bearing of a judge, the very gentleman with whom he had just spent a night of debauch, and from whom he had only parted an hour before, when both were excessively intoxicated.

The following story was told of lord Newton by Dr. Gregory, to king George III., who laughed at it very heartily.

While an advocate, and then plain Mr Hay, a country client, coming to town for the purpose of consulting him, enquired of some of Mr. Hay's friends at what hour it was proper to call upon him, and was informed that the most propitious time was four o'clock, immediately before the lawyer sat down to dinner. The man accordingly called at four; but was informed that Mr. Hay was at dinner and could see no person—the servant moreover asseverating, that, if he were to disturb his master at this critical moment, it would be as much as his place, or perhaps his life, was worth! The client went away disappointed,—promising, however, to call next day a little before four. This he did, when to his surprise he was informed by the lacquey that Mr. Hay could not possibly see him—being at dinner. "At dinner!" cried the enraged applicant; "Sirrah, did you not tell me that *four* was his dinner-hour, and now it wants a quarter of it!"—"Yes sir," said the servant; "but it is not his *this day's* but his *yesterday's* dinner, that Mr. Hay is engaged with—so you are ather too early than too late!"

It is related of a certain lord of Session who died within the last twelve years (preceding 1825) that, going home after one of his *Saturday-nights'* debauches, he stumbled among the sootyman's bags at the end of the Old Town-guard-house in the High street, and, being there overtaken by sleep, did not come to his senses till next forenoon, when the sound of the Tron Kirk bell, rung at ten o'clock to denote the church-going hour, roused him from his dirty lair in the full view of persons passing along the street.

The debaucheries of the great lawyers were imitated by their dependents, and possibly while lords of Sessions and advocates of high practice were bousing over stoups of French claret, or playing at "High Jinks," in Mrs. ———'s best room, the very next apartment contained their equally joyous clerks who transacted the same buffooneries, drank the same liquor, swore the same oaths, and retailed the yesterday's jokes of their masters. A thousand pictures might be drawn, and an thousand anecdotes related, of these inferior practitioners in the courts of wit and drinking. Jamie M—— was one of those singularly accomplished clerks, who, whether drunk or sober, could pen a paper equally well. His haunt was Luckie *Middlemass's* in the Cowgate,

where he had a room, with a chair by the fire in winter and one by the window in summer, between which were his only migrations. At late hours, and when far gone, he was often sent for by his master, and, with a sad heart, had to leave his jovial companions and snug parlour, in order to sit down at the dry desk and write some tedious law-paper, which would keep him at work the whole night. On one of these dreary occasions, when apparently both blind and insensible, he found himself at a table in his master's bed-room, required to write a very long paper, which was wanted to be sent to press early next morning. The advocate, being in bad health, lay in bed, with the curtain drawn, and, though his clerk seemed worse than usual, did not entertain the slightest doubt as to his capability of performing the duties of an amanuensis, which he had often done faithfully and well when in a similar condition. Jamie, perfectly confident in his own powers, began in the usual way, by folding in the usual marginal allowance of foolscap, and the bed-fast advocate opened up his flow of dictation, implicitly believing that not one of his precious words would be suffered to escape by his infallible dependent. He continued to sentence forth his long-winded paragraphs for several hours, and then drawing aside the curtain in order to rise he was thunder-struck, on observing that his clerk—for once faithless—was profoundly sleeping in his chair, with the paper before him unconscious of ink, and the whole business just as it was before he began to dictate.

#### OLD EDINBURGH TAVERNS.

Among the remarkable old taverns were *Miles Machphail's* (who was nicknamed *Lord North*, on account of his personal resemblance to that celebrated minister) — *Luckie Jaup's* in Bailie Fyfe's close — *Metcalf's*, opposite the old Tollbooth, in the Lawn-Market — *Tak' a pint and greet* near the Parliament house — *Balchild's King's arms Tavern*, on the spot now occupied by the Commercial bank — and *Mrs. Flockhart's* in the Potterow.

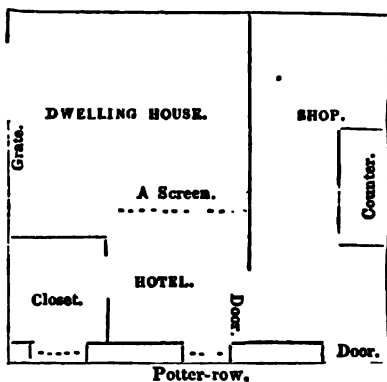
#### *Mrs. Flockhart's.*

This landlady seems to have been the "Mrs. Flockhart of Waverly."

*Mrs. Flockhart*, or, as she was more ordinarily called, *Luckie Fykie*, was a neat,



little, thin woman, usually habited in a plain, striped blue gown, and apron of the same stuff, with a white "mutch," having a black ribbon round the head, and lappets brought down along the cheeks and tied under the chin. She was well to do in the world; as the umquhile John Flucker or Flockhart had left her a good deal of money, together with his whole stock in trade, consisting in a multifarious variety of articles, such as ropes, tea, sugar, whip-shafts, porter, ale, beer, butter, sand, caum stane, herrings, nails, cotton, wicks, papers, pens, ink, wafers, thread, needles, tapes, potatoes, rubbers, gundy, spunks, colored eggs in their seasons, &c. &c.—constituting what was then called a "merchant," and now a small grocer. Mrs. Flockhart sat, moreover, in a "front loft" in Mr. Pattieson's ghostly chapel in Bristo street, and was well-looked-upon by all her neighbours, on account of the quality of her visitors. Her premises were situated directly opposite to Robb's (now Chalmers') Entry; and, within a space about fifteen feet square, she had a shop, dwelling-house, and hotel, agreeably to the following diagram :



Mrs. Flockhart's customers were very numerous and respectable, including Mr. Dundas, afterwards lord Melville,—lord Stonefield,—lord Braxfield,—Sheriff Cockburn,—Mr. Scott, father of sir Walter—Mr. Donald Smith, banker,—and Dr. Cullen. The use and wont of these gentlemen, on entering the shop, and finding Mrs. Flockhart engaged with customers, was, to salute her with "Hoo do ye doo, mem?" and a *coup de chapeau*, and then walk "ben" to the room, where, upon the bunker seat of the window, they found three bottles, severally containing brandy,

rum, and whiskey, flanked by biscuits and gingerbread; the latter, either in thin, crisp, square cakes, called "Parliament"—in round pieces, denominated "Snaps"—or in thin soft cakes, chequered on the surface, and, according to its color, called white or brown "Quality," and biscuits. The gentlemen seldom sat down, but, after partaking of what bottle they chose, walked quickly off. Upon certain occasions, there was provided more solid fare than these simple refreshments—such as a chop-steak stew, prepared by Mrs. Flockhart's own skilful hands. This entertainment, termed a "soss," was always laid out on the bunker seat in the closet, which was covered with a clean napkin, there being room besides only for a chair.

After the death of her first husband, Mrs. Flockhart, despairing of another, her stock (£800) in the hands of a banker, who allowed her a certain annuity. But she afterwards *did* procure another husband—namely, a highland pedlar, who, finding his hands much cramped by the annuity affair, proceeded to dilapidate her stock in trade, and was at length caught stealing (ominous article!) a coil of ropes. The old lady's banker, who was also her relation, then ordered the hotel to be shut up; and she died afterwards in Middleton's Entry, while enjoying the said annuity.

*Danicie's.*

*Daniel Douglas's Tavern*, or, as it was more commonly called, *Danicie's Tavern*, was situated in the Anchor close, near the Cross. The house of which it composed one flat is extremely ancient, and was probably built for some religious purpose, as over the door, which is the second on the left hand down the close, there is the following inscription—"O LORD IN THE IS AL MY TRAIST." *Danicie's Tavern* has been shut up for many years, like a plague-cellar; and the door, and the long, tall, religious-looking windows are overgrown with dust. Of course, it is at present impossible to get admission into the very scene of the orgies of the Pleydells and Fairfords, the Hays and the Eskines, of the last century; but curiosity may be gratified by the sight of the outside of a long line of windows, indicating a gallery within, along which those votaries of bacchanalian glory formerly passed to their orgies.

During the period when it flourished, *Douglas's* was one of the most noted and

respectable taverns in Edinburgh. It could only be reckoned inferior to the *Star and Garter*, in Writer's court, which was kept by *Clerihugh*, and which was the chief resort of the then magistrates of Edinburgh (who had all their regular parties there,) as well as of Dr. Webster, lord Gardenstone, David Hume, John Home, and James Boswell. The entrance into *Douglas's* was by a low narrow passage, and up a few steps—in every respect resembling the description of Pleydell's Saturday-night house in *Guy Mannering*. The guests, before getting to any of the rooms, had to traverse the kitchen—a dark, fiery Pandemonium, through which numerous ineffable ministers of flame were constantly flying about, like the devils in a sketch of the valley of the Shadow of Death, in the Pilgrim's Progress. Close by the door of the kitchen sat Mrs. Douglas, a woman of immense bulk, splendidly arrayed in a head-dress of stupendous grandeur, and a colored silk-gown, with daisies upon it like sunflowers, and tulips as big as cabbages. Upon the entry of guests, she never rose from her seat, either because she was unable from fatness, or that, by sitting, she might preserve the greater dignity. She only bowed as they passed; there were numerous waiters and slip-shod damsels, ready to obey her directions as to the rooms in which the customers should be disposed; and when they went out, another graceful bend of the head acknowledged her sense of gratitude.

*Daunie* himself (for so he was always called) was—in perfect contrast to his wife—limber, nimble, and insignificant. He precisely personified Shakspeare's *Francis*, with only a few more words, but fully as passive and inane. The genius and tongue of his helpmate had evidently been too much for him; she kept him in the most perfect subjection, and he acted under her as a sort of head-waiter. He spoke very seldom—only when he was obliged to do so by a question—and seemed to have no ideas further than what were required to make a monosyllabic answer. Quietness—humble, peaceful, notless quietness—was the passion of the man. He did every thing quietly—walked quietly, spoke quietly, looked quietly, and even thought quietly. He lived under his breath. So completely was he imbued with the spirit of quietness, or such was the effect of his quiet habits, that he acquired a trick of inter-

jecting the word “quietly,” whenever he opened his mouth, or adding it to the ends of all his little quiet sentences, without regard to the construction of the said sentences, or the turn which it sometimes gave to their sense. Nor could he restrain himself from uttering it, even when speaking of things which had no relation whatever to quietness. A gentleman one day on entering the house, and being attended by *Daunie*, asked him, in a trivial way, if there were any news to-day, “No—sir” lisped the weakling, —“though—I—believe—the—Castle has—been—firing—the—day,—quietly.” On another occasion, being met in the street, along which he glided like a ghost, he was asked how Mrs. Douglas was to-day, “Ou,—sir,—she's—aye—flytin—away—quietly.”

*Daunie's* Tavern was remarkable, above all other things, for its cheap and comfortable suppers. Vast numbers of people of every rank and profession, not excepting noblemen and judges, used to frequent it on this account. Tripe, minced collops, *rizzared* haddocks, and *haches*, were the general fare; and, what will surprise modern hosts, as well as modern guests, sixpence a-head was the humble charge for all these plenteous purveyances! Yet, such were the effects of Daniel's good management, that he got rich upon these charges, and left Mrs. Douglas, when he died, in very good circumstances.

The convivialities of the time appear to have often assumed the shape of supper-parties. Undisguised “even down drinking” was not the habit of all. There was a considerable minority of respectable persons, who wished to have some excuse for their potations, and this was afforded by their professing to meet at supper. Nevertheless, perhaps, while they seemed to gather together, as by chance, in Mrs. Douglas's, for the mere sake of the “crumb o' tripe,” or the “twa-three peas,” or the “bit lug o' haddo'” (for such were the phrases), social mirth was in true verity their only object. Nor was the supper without its use; for, though some partook of it only as an incentive to subsequent potations, it generally acted as a sort of ballast in steadying their over-crowded top-sails through the tempests of the night.

The rooms in *Daunie's* tavern were all in a string, the kitchen being placed in the first rank, like a fuggle-man, and serving to remind the guests, at their entry, of cor

tain treats and indulgences which their stomachs would not otherwise have thought of. Beyond this, there was a passage or gallery, from which the rooms were entered, as well as lighted, and at the end was a large room, lighted from both sides. The latter was the scene of many a game (similar to that of "high jinks" described in Guy Mannering), played on Saturday-nights by a club of venerable compotators, who had met regularly for the better part of a century, and grown, not gray, but red, in each other's company.

HIGH JINKS

This drinking sport, well known in Scotland, Allan Ramsey calls a "drunken game, or new project to drink and be rich." Thus, the quaff or cup is filled to the brim; then one of the company takes a pair of dice, and, after crying *Hy-jinks*, he throws them out: the number he casts up points out the person that must drink; he who threw beginning at himself No. 1, and so round till the number of the persons 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 forfeiture in money; then throws, and so on: but if he forgets to cry *Hy-jinks* he pays a forfeiture into the bank. Now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be any think in bank worth drawing, gets it all if he drinks. Then, with a great deal of caution, he empties his cup, sweeps up the money, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws; for, if he err in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are (1) Drink. (2) Draw. (3) Fill. (4) 'ry *Hy-jinks*. (5) Count just. (6) Choose your doublet man, viz. when two equal numbers of the dice are thrown, the person whom you choose must pay a double of the common forfeiture, and so must you when the dice is in hand. "A rare project this," adds honest Allan, "and no bubble, I can assure you; for a covetous man may save money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire, in less than an hour's time."

FA ERS.

According to Ramsay *Facers* were "A club of fair drinkers who inclined rather to spend a shilling on ale than two-pence for meat. They had their name from a

rule they observed of obliging themselves to throw all they left in the cup in their own faces; wherefore, to save their faces and clothes, they prudently suck'd the liquor clean out."

A DRINKING SONG.

Fill the cup, the bowl, the glass,  
With wine and spirits high,  
And we will drink, while round they pass,  
To—*Vice and Misery!*

Push quickly round the draught again  
And drink the goblet low;  
And drink in revelry's swelling strain,  
To—*Rouson's overthrow.*

Push round, push round, in quickest time,  
The lowest drop be spent,  
In one loud round, to—*Guilt and Crime*  
And *Crime's just punishment!*

Fill fill again!—fill to the brim;  
To—*Loss of honest fame!*

Quaff—deeper quaff—while now we drink  
*Our Wives' and Children's shame!*

Push round, and round, with loudest cheer  
Of mirth and revelry—  
We drink to—*Woman's sighs and tears,*  
And—*Children's poverty.*

Once more! while power shall yet remain,  
E'en with its latest breath,  
Drink!—To *OURSSELVES Disease and Pain,*  
And *Infamy and Death!*

September 25.

25th September, 1825. About this time a bird of the cormorant kind flying over the river, near Rippon, snapped up a fish, which just at that moment had made a leap from the water; while the bird was devouring his prey he was shot on the banks of the river, and, on being opened, a gold brooch, of the value of ten guineas, was found in his maw. A similar circumstance happened about three months before, near Dewsbury.\*

The cormorant subsists upon fish. It is probable that jewellery, coin, and similar articles sometimes found in the stomachs of these voracious birds, had been previously swallowed by their prey.

EPITAPH.

*In the Churchyard of Hythe.*

His net old fisher George long drew,  
Shoals upon shoals he caught,  
"Till Death came hauling for his due,  
And made poor George his draught.

\* British Traveller.

THE YEAR BOOK.—SEPTEMBER 26.

Death fishes on through various shapes;  
 In vain it is to fret;  
 Nor fish or fisherman escapes  
 Death's all-enclosing net.

	h.	m.
September 25.—Day breaks . . .	4	4
Sun rises . . .	6	0
— sets . . .	6	0
Twilight ends . . .	7	56

Various species of cereopsis, helianthus, radbukin, and other late syngenecean plants abound.

September 26.

BOOKSELLERS OF LITTLE BRITAIN.

The last of the old booksellers in Little Britain was Ballard, remarkable for curious divinity catalogues, who died towards the close of the last century. The Hon. Roger North gives an account of the place, and some of the fraternity in the century preceding. He says, "Mr. Robert Scott, of Little Britain, was, in his time, the greatest librarian in Europe; for, besides his stock in England, he had warehouses at Francfort, Paris, and other places, and dealt by factors. After he was grown old and much worn by multiplicity of business, he began to think of his case, and to leave off: hereupon he contracted with one Mr. Mills, of St. Paul's Church Yard, near £10,000 deep, and articulated not to open his shop any more. But Mills, with his auctioneering, atlases, and projects, failed; whereby poor Scott lost above half his means. But he held to his contract of not opening his shop; and, when he was in London, for he had a country house, passed most of his time at his house amongst the rest of his books; and his reading (for he was no mean scholar), was the chief entertainment of his time. He was not only a very great bookseller, but a very conscientious good man; and, when he threw up his trade, Europe had no small loss of him. Little Britain was, in the middle of the last century, a plentiful emporium of learned authors; and men went thither as to a market. This drew to the place a mighty trade, the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation; and the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversable men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to

converse; and we may judge the time as well spent there as (in latter days) either in taverns or coffee-houses, though the latter hath carried off the spare time of most people. But now this emporium is vanished, and the trade contracted into the hands of two or three persons, who, to make good their monopoly, ransack not only their neighbours of the trade, that are scattered about town, but all over England; aye, and beyond the sea too; and send abroad their circulators, and in that manner get into their hands all that is valuable; and the rest of the trade are content to take their refuse, with which, and the first scum of the press, they furnish one side of a shop, which serves for the sign of a bookseller, rather than a real one; but, instead of selling, deal as factors, and procure what the country divines and gentry send for; of whom each one has his book-factor; and, when wanting any thing, writes to his bookseller, and pays his bill; and it is wretched to consider what pickpocket work, with the help of the press, these demi-booksellers make; they crack their brains to find out selling subjects, and keep hirelings in garrets, on hard meat, to write and correct by the groat; so puff up an octavo to a sufficient thickness, and there is six shillings current for an hour and a half's reading, and perhaps never to be read or looked upon after. One that would go higher must take his fortune at blank walls and corners of streets, or repair to the sign of Bateman, Innys, and one or two more, where are best choice and better pennyworths." In Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch Book there is a delightful paper on the residents in Little Britain.

	h.	m.
September 26.—Day breaks . . .	4	6
Sun rises . . .	6	2
— sets . . .	5	58
Twilight ends . . .	7	54

Damsons and bullices ripening fast.

"A HALF HOLIDAY.

[For the Year Book.]

One sultry summer's afternoon, having a little business to transact at Deptford, I quitted the city betimes, resolving not to return to it that day, but after accomplishing my purpose to wander wherever my inclination might lead me.

The venerable tower of St. Nicholas church was the first object of attention, and I halted to transfer it to my sketch book. The body is a mean red-brick building, erected early in the last century, one individual—at that time high sheriff for the county—contributing upwards of nine hundred pounds towards the cost of it. Of this sum, a considerable portion was applied to the “charnel house,” though I know not whether we are indebted to this gentleman’s munificence for those enormous death’s heads, crowned with laurel, which grin horribly on the piers of the church-yard gates.

Passing the alm’s houses of the Trinity corporation, I came presently to the Ravensbourn, which having first received a small stream from Lee, called in old records “the little bourne,” disembogues itself into the Thames at this place.

I crossed it by a neat iron bridge with stone piers, designed by Mr. James Walker, and erected by Messrs. Hunter and English, at each end of which I observed the inscription here copied:—

INCEPTUS.  
IV. JUN : MDCCCXIV.  
DIE : NAT : GEOR : III. LXXVII.  
ANN : REG : LIV.  
FINITUS  
IV. JUN : MDCCCXV.  
DIE : NAT : GEO : III. LXXVIII.  
ANN : REG : LV.

I remained for some minutes looking up the sluggish stream, gleaming in the mellow haze of noon and darkened here and there with craft of various sorts and sizes, and over the congregated roofs beyond it to the green-topt hills in the distance, on one of which, between Peckham and Sydenham, I had often traced the vestiges of a camp mentioned by Mr. Bray in his History of Surrey, supposed to have been constructed by the Romans, but used afterwards by the Danes, who for a long time lay “at rode,” not far distant in the river behind me, pillaging the country “as often as they would,” and putting to a mercileas and ignominious death the pious Alphege, to whom the neighbouring church of Greenwich is dedicated. These musings called to my remembrance the “composure” following, made long since on an old bone picked up within the limits of this same camp—

Beaus! Hona' Bonum! which means, you know,

He-lone, she-bone, bone of the neuter gender,  
Or by what name soever thou may’st go,  
Bone of a certain age, tough bone or tender!  
Art thou a rib of that illustrious Dane  
Hight Sweyne by those old rogues who wrote  
his history?

Or part and parcel of some other swain?  
Speak, if thou canst speak, and resolve this  
mystery!

Thou wert, aforetime, that which now thou art  
(For certain things change not with chang-  
ing time),

Haply, some hard, unyielding, *Bonpart*  
Too stern for verse, too rigid for a rhyme,  
So I’ll betake me to mine ease again,  
Restrain the muse, and lay aside my pen.

I strolled onwards to Greenwich, and came soon in sight of the new church of St. Mary, finely set off by the green hill beyond it, and those groves of song forming the park, which I soon entered, and, seeking a quiet spot, lay down on the soft sward to gaze at the deep blue heavens, and listen to the pleasant piping of the birds around me. Of these there were many, and they sat discoursing most excellent music on the knotty old hawthorns, silvered with age and partially leafless, with which this place abounds. I half raised myself to look around, and, though every thing was boisterously happy, derived little satisfaction from the scene, my heart melting within me and becoming rapidly overshadowed with heavy thoughts, and bitter reminiscences—  
And so it often chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,—  
As high as we have mounted in delight,  
In our dejection do we sink as low.\*

I passed round One-tree-hill, and over a green level, to the gate which opens upon Vanbrugh house, and, as I gazed at that ponderous jumble of brick and mortar, thought of its worthy architect, and this apt epitaph upon him:—

“Lie heavy on him Earth!—for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee!”

Nor could I forget that reasonable wish of the ancient ethnicks, which gives it so much point —“that the tombe stones of their dead friends might be light unto them, and that a perpetual springe-tide of all kind of fragrant flowers might encircle their verdant graves.”

After satisfying a pardonable curiosity by staring in mute wonderment at its massy “out works,” I pursued my way through Vanbrugh fields, and soon reached

\* Wordsworth.



CHARLTON CHURCH, KENT.

Woodlands, a pretty villa of modern erection, though not a little bleached with the ashy rust of antiquity, standing in a butter-cup meadow, very like a mould of blanche mange surrounded with a profusion of sliced lemon.

On emerging from the fields, I descended a shady lane towards the river, commanding to the right some romantic and varied scenery, with the tower of Charlton church peering above it.

————— there with pendant boughs  
The thick shrubs cling, and straggling oaks  
profrude

Their pollard trunks, with ivy close enwreathed ;  
While slender ashlines o'er the stony brow  
Bend their grey stems, and quiver in the  
breeze.

There the loud cuckoo rings her double chime ;  
While, softly sweet, the blackbird fills the air  
With amorous descant, and the chattering jay  
On streaky plumage rustles through the wood.\*

The blank and homeless aspect of the Thames at low water, and the swampy coast of Essex in the distance, presented little to interest a mind wasted with many

cares, and seeking solace in the gentleness and quiet of nature; nor was the monotony of a hot dusty road likely to minister that peace of which I was now in quest, and in reference to which I was asking myself, in the words of good old Herbert,—

“ Sweet peace, where dost thou dwell I humbly  
crave

Let me once know ?”

I toiled up the steep picturesque road leading to Charlton, charmed with the beauty and seclusion of the grassy dingles to my right, beside a long sunny wall, occasionally shadowed by the rich foliage which trembled over it, and almost shut out from view the neat church tower terminating the landscape. On reaching its summit I lay down on the grass beneath the shelter of a friendly hedge,—preferring, with Shakspeare, the silent shades of a hawthorn, to the bewildering splendors of the richest canopy—and made the accompanying sketch of Charlton Church.\*

\* Blackheath, a poem, 1808.

\* From which the above engraving is taken.

## September 27.

I passed an hour in its cemetery, conning over the epitaphs with which it abounds, and listening to the little folks whose "young ideas" were just learning to shoot with Dilworth for a *primer*, and Priscian for a *butt*, in the adjoining school-room, "erected at the charge of Sir William Langhorne, Bart., in 1713." And truly they murdered most valiantly the king's English, impetuously and obstinately asserting their reversionary interest in every 'on'—'no'—'saw'—'was'—'but'—and 'tub' which they stumbled on, to the manifest discomfiture of their worthy pedagogue, who, in despair of rearing the "tender thought," paid considerable attention to raising the cane.

I noticed particularly a handsome tomb to the memory of a certain gentleman of the place, "who by industry acquired, by economy improved, and with equity dispensed, a considerable fortune amongst his surviving friends." But the circumstance most worthy of note is, that the name of this individual should have proved so prophetic of his future history, for I found it to be "John Turnokey, esq.," and that he died the 9th Dec. 1756, aged 57.

Before quitting the spot, I copied the following lines, which are prettily modulated, though the idea expressed in them is by no means original,—

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

"She did but take a transient glimpse of life,  
Found it replete with dangers and alarms,  
Then shrunk dismayed before the scene of strife,  
And fled for refuge to her Saviour's arms"

The princely house built by Sir Adam Newton, opposite the church, claimed a brief attention on account of its marble chimney piece, so exquisitely polished that my Lord Doune saw reflected in it a robbery committed on Blackheath, or as some say Shooter's-hill, and so opportunely were the servants sent out that the thief was apprehended.

I returned along the road and crossed Blackheath, towards Lee, where I saw nothing worthy of record excepting an old seat of the Boones, and their family vault in the church yard, with a ponderous door covered with rust and mildew, and half hidden by the huge fern-leaves fringing its "devouring mouth," and straggling in wild profusion over the crazy steps leading to it.

B. A.

27th September, 1788, died, aged seventy-four, Sir Robert Taylor, knight, architect to the Bank of England, and other public offices. His father was the great stone-mason of his time, and got a vast deal of money; but could not keep what he got. When life was less gaudy than it is now, and the elegant indulgences of it were rare, old Taylor, the mason, revelled at a village in Essex, and kept a coach. Excepting some common schooling, a fee when he went pupil to Sir Henry Cheere, and just money enough to travel on a plan of frugal study to Rome, Robert Taylor got nothing from his father. Before his purpose at Rome was completed, his father died; and the son hurried homewards during a war on the continent. Assuming the apparel of a friar he joined a Franciscan, and so passed unmolested through the enemy's camp. When he came to England, he found that to live he must work, and that his work must be good. He, therefore, worked in good earnest, advanced himself in art by application, and what could be done he never ceased to do. His best work, as a sculptor, is Guest's monument in Westminster Abbey. After executing Britannia at the Bank, and the bas-relief in the Mansion-House pediment, he relinquished statuary, unless incidentally in house-ornament, and confined his pursuits to architecture. Here he was strong; for he was sure in his principles, and correct in applying them. His plans were free from faults. In reference to beauty, perhaps, his Richmond villa for Sir Charles Apsley is the best. His additions to the Bank constitute his finest public work. Lord Grimston's, at Gorbamby, was his last private work. Old London-bridge he altered in 1756 and 1758, as it stands at present, in conjunction with Mr. Dance. He had a seat at the Board of Works, was surveyor to the Admiralty, Greenwich hospital, and the Foundling hospital, with numerous surveyorships and agencies of the first property in the kingdom. As the architect of his own fortune, there is no instance in art like it. Kent died worth £10,000, and Gibbs about £25,000. Sir Christopher Wren built the first palace, the first hospital, the first cathedral, fifty-five churches, the Monument, and seven other public edifices, and died worth only £50,000. Sir Robert Taylor realized

£180,000; and yet he said "when he began life he was not worth eighteen pence!" This astonishing accumulation was the growth of his last forty years. He never slept after four in the morning. When he had a journey to make, he did it in the night, and never slept on the road but in a carriage. When other people were at diversions, he was in bed, and while they were in bed his day was far advanced in useful avocations. His diet was little animal food, and no wine. Thus, in temperance, if not in imagination, he may be compared with Sir C. Wren. In them was another resemblance; they were both very devout: whatever might be the distractions of the day, they found opportunity, like the great Boerhaave, to consecrate, both in the morning and in the evening, a stated portion of their time to religious duties. In the moral wisdom of life they were equally to be envied. Sir Robert Taylor knew the value of money, but it did not outweigh claims upon his justice. When he stepped forward in any public trust, in the magistracy, or in the little policies of his district, his intelligence and free spirit carried all before him. His honor, integrity, and the experienced purity of his intentions, were often relied upon for the fulfilment of purposes he had not declared, and the reliance was never disappointed. His conduct as sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1783 was exemplary, and he was then knighted. His time, property, experience of life, assiduous effort, and remote influence, all were at the service of his friends. He was all inventive wish and strenuous co-operation. In the last hour of life his friends were in his thoughts. He gave directions in their behalf, and suspended the consolations of religion till he had finished letters in favor of Mr. Cockerell and Mr. Craig, who had been his pupils, to get them new patronage, and to secure to them better than they had. In half an hour afterwards he died.\*

	h. m.
September 27.—Day breaks . . .	4 9
Sun rises . . .	6 4
— sets . . .	5 56
Twilight ends . . .	7 51

Saffron crocus flowers.

\* *Gent. Magazine.*

## September 28.

### MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

[For the Year-Book.]

28 September, 1654. Under this date there is a letter from Milton, then residing at Westminster, containing some account of the beginning and progress of his blindness. A copy is subjoined. It is addressed to Leonard Philaras, an Athenian, and forms part of a small collection of Milton's "Familiar Letters," published by Brabazon Aylmer in 1674.

H. B. ANDREWS.

#### *Milton's Letter.*

"As I have been from a boy a great admirer of every thing that bore the Grecian name, and more particularly of your own Athens, so likewise have I been ever fully persuaded that that city would some time or other make me an excellent compensation for the attachment which I have always expressed towards it. This persuasion of mine the ancient genius of your illustrious country has kindly accomplished in giving me an Athenian friend, so strongly endeared to me; who at a time when I was known to him only by my writings, and at an immense distance from him, sent me the most obliging letters, and afterwards coming unexpectedly to London, and visiting me, when I was deprived of my sight, even in that distressing situation, which could add nothing to my respect, and which might be slighted by many, still treated me with the same affection.

"Since, therefore, you have recommended me not to relinquish all hopes of recovering my sight, as you have most intimate friend in Mr. Thevenot, a physician of Paris, who is celebrated for his successful treatment of disorders in the eye, and whom you offer to consult on my case, if you can hear from me the cause and symptoms of my blindness, which it will be necessary for him to know, I shall certainly comply with your wishes, that I may not appear to reject assistance from any quarter which perhaps may be providently sent for my relief.

"It is now I believe ten years, more or less, since I found my sight growing weak and dim; at the same time I experienced a melancholy affection attended with disordered bowels and flatulency. If I began to read at all in the morning, as I was accustomed to do, my eye balls



instantly pained me, and shrunk from their office, but recovered after a moderate exercise of the body. Whenever I looked at a candle, it appeared surrounded with a kind of rainbow. Not a long time afterwards a darkness, which began in the left part of my eye (for that eye was dim some years before the other) concealed every object situated on that side. Whatever likewise was in front of me, if I appeared to shut my right eye, appeared less. My other eye has gradually failed me for the last three years; and, a few months before it became quite dark, every thing which I looked at stedfastly seemed to swim before me, sometimes to the right hand and sometimes to the left; continued mists appeared settled on the whole part of my forehead and temples, which usually press and weigh down my eyes, particularly after dinner, until the evening, with a kind of sleeping heaviness, so that I often think of the fate of Phineas in Apollonius:—

In purple mist profound

His eyes involv'd, seem on its centre deep  
To see old earth turn round, while mute he lay

In helpless drowsiness.

But I should not omit to mention, that while I had yet some sight remaining, as soon as I lay down in bed, and reclined on either side with my eyes shut, there used to shine forth an abundance of light; and afterwards, as the light was daily on the decrease, colors of a darkish cast rushed before me with a certain inward and violent crush. Now, however, the light is extinguished, and nothing presents itself but pure darkness, or diversified as it were, interwoven with a cineritious or ash color. But the darkness which continually clouds my sight approaches, as well by night as by day, rather to a white than to a black hue; and on turning my eye it admits a small portion of light, as if through a little crevice. Although this may afford some hopes to the physician, yet I resign and compose myself as in a case that defies a remedy. I likewise often reflect on this, that since to every man are allotted many days of darkness (as we are told by the wise man) mine as yet through the favor of heaven, which has given me leisure and resources, with the calls and conversations of my friends, have been much more easy than those fatal days. But if, as it is written, "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that pro-

ceedeth out of the mouth of God," what reason is there why a man should not rest satisfied, that it is not with sight alone, but with the guidance and providence of God, that his eyes can avail him. Surely while he regards, while he considers me, as he certainly does, and leads me, as it were, by the hand as a guide through the whole of my life, I cannot but willingly resign my sight to him, who has so ordained it. I bid you adieu, my dear Philaras, with as constant and fixed affection as if I had the sight of Lynceus."

AUTUMN, and particularly the *Evening of Autumn*, has been a chosen season for study and reflection with some of the most exalted spirits of which our country can boast. Milton we know to have been so partial to this period of the year, and so impressed with a conviction of its friendliness to poetic inspiration, as to leave it on record that he felt the promptings of his genius most effectual and satisfactory to himself about the *Autumnal Equinox*.

To Thomson, who partook of much of the sublimity, and possessed an ample share of the pensive enthusiasm of Milton, we are indebted for an express tribute to Autumn, as the season best suited to philosophic thought and poetic composition. He is describing the retired and contemplative man, who watches with discriminating admiration the phenomena of the revolving year, and who from all he sees and feels derives a source of the purest and most permanent enjoyment.

He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gem,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale

Into his freshened soul; her genial hours  
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows  
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.  
In summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these

Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung:  
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends  
With gentle throes, and through the tepid gleams  
Deep-musing, then he best exerts his song.

There is in the grey and sober tinting of an *Evening in Autumn*, in the many-colored hues of the trembling foliage, in

the fitful sighing of the breeze, in the mournful call of the partridge, in the soft low piping of the red-breast, and, above all, in the sweetly-plaintive warbling of the thrush, the blackbird, and the wood-lark, a union of sight and sound which can scarcely fail to touch the breast with a corresponding sense of pensive pleasure. More especially is this felt to be the case, if, while we are contemplating such a scene, the setting-sun, hitherto shrouded in the gathering gloom, should gleam a farewell lustre on the fields; it is then, perhaps, that our emotions harmonize most completely with external nature; it is then that, in the touching language of a contemporary poet,\* and in the same exquisite spirit of tender enthusiasm, we must wish to take our leave of the departing luminary:—

Farewell, farewell! to others give  
The light thou tak'st from me:  
Farewell, farewell! bid others live  
To joy, or misery.

Say, breathes there one who at this hour  
Beholds thy glories shine,  
And owns thy strangely-thrilling power,  
With feelings such as mine?

For I have view'd thee as a friend,  
And lov'd, at morn or eve,  
Thy golden progress to attend,  
Thy first, last look receive.

Thou witness of my lonely dreams,  
Inspirer of my shell,  
Like Memnon's, answering to thy beams,  
Not yet—not yet farewell!

How soft, how tender a repose  
O'er Nature sheds its balm,  
Like sorrow, mellowing at the close,  
To resignation calm!

While man's last murmur, hush'd to rest,  
Steals gradual from the ear,  
As the world's tumult from a breast  
Where heav'n alone is dear.

O'er all my soul seems gently shed  
A kindred soften'd light,  
I think of hopes that long have fled,  
And scarcely mourn their flight.

Once more farewell! Another day,  
To all, or dark or glad,  
Fleets with thy vanish'd orb away,  
And am I pleas'd or sad?

I know not. All my soul to speak,  
Vain words their aid deny,  
But, oh, the smile is on my cheek,  
The tear is in mine eye!

It is this *tender melancholy*, an emotion originating from some of the finest feelings

which do honor to the human heart that has rendered the evening of the day and year so peculiarly a favorite with the lovers of nature and of nature's God. It is then we cease to commune with the world of man; we turn disgusted from its cares, its follies, and its crimes, to seek in solitude and contemplation, in the fields, and woods, and by the fall of waters, that peace and consolation, that wisdom, and that hope, without which our being here would be as the mockery of an idle dream, and our waking from it but one scene of inextinguishable regret. It is, in fact, through the vicissitude and decay of all around us, through the solemn and the dying aspect of this monitory season, that the voice of our Creator speaks in tones that cannot be misunderstood. They admonish us, that we too are hastening to a temporary dissolution; that the spring and summer of our days have past, or are fleeting fast away; that the hour is come, or shall approach, when the blanched head, the enfeebled eye, and tottering step shall assimilate our state to that of the faded and the fallen leaf; when the pride and vigor of this earthly frame shall wither and be extinct, and the heart that throbb'd with joy or grief, with anger or with love, shall cease to beat for ever!—These are reflections which give birth to the noblest emotions that can animate the breast of man. We are dying mid a dying world, an idea which can scarcely be entertained without extinguishing in our minds every harsh and hurtful passion—without our feeling, indeed, for all that live around us, that holy sympathy, that kindling charity, from which the strifes and bickerings, the envy and the hatred, of a selfish world, must sink appalled away. They are reflections too, which, while they incline us to humility and philanthropy to that kindness and commiseration which a mutual and a general fate have awakened in our bosoms, lead us, at the same time, and by the most delightful of channels, a love for all that lives, to put our trust in Him with whom “there is no variableness nor shadow of turning.”<sup>20</sup>

	h. m.
September 28.—Day breaks . . .	4 11
Sun rises . . .	6 6
— sets . . .	5 54
Twilight ends . . .	7 49

Autumn crocus flowers.

\* Mr. Chauncy Hare Towns—end.

<sup>20</sup> Dr. Drake's Evenings in Autumn.

## September 29.

## MICHAELMAS DAY.

For usages upon this festival, reference may be made to the *Every-Day Book*, where there is much upon the custom, still general in England, of eating goose at Michaelmas.

*Goose.*

In France the goose is in little repute as a dish, and seldom appears upon the tables of Parisian epicures. The flesh they condemn as coarse and unwholesome; and the apple-sauce, when mentioned, never fails to elicit flashes of astonishment, subsiding into peals of laughter. But the livers and thighs of geese, learnedly made into pies, and properly truffled, '*patés de foies gras*,' are reckoned a most delicate article; although they have killed nearly as many gastronomers as the small pox and scarlet fever have destroyed children. The department of Perigord, with Toulouse and Bayonne, used, notwithstanding, to cook annually, for the rest of the world, about 120,000 of these *lethiferous pies*. Large droves of geese were anciently led from Picardy to Italy, waddling over the Alps, and constantly stooping, according to their prudent custom, under the lofty triumphal arches which they happened to pass in their way. Yet geese are not so stupid as they are generally supposed to be. The famous chemist, Lemery, saw a goose turning the spit on which a turkey was roasting, unconscious, we hope, that some friend would soon accept the office for her. Alas! we are all *turnspits* in this world; and when we *roast* a friend let us be aware that many stand ready to return the compliment.\*

*Rue aux Ours* is the name of a street in Paris, formerly called *Rue aux Oues*, an obsolete term for *oies* (geese), and was given to it on account of the great number of *rotisseurs* that resided in it. The authors of the "Dictionnaire historique de la Ville de Paris" say;—"The capons of Mans, the pullets of Mezerai fattened by art, the chickens of Caux, and a thousand other luxuries, were absolutely unknown in those old times of moderation and continence, when good morals prevailed, and our fathers, less sensual and delicate than the present generation, re-

galed themselves upon *geese*, a kind of fowl despised in an age when sensuality and gluttony have the ascendancy. It was not till the reign of Charles IX. that *turkeys* appeared in France, that is to say, a few years after the discovery of the West Indies. They were originally brought from Mexico, where they are common. It is said that the first turkey was served up at the marriage of Charles IX., and was considered an extraordinary dainty."†

Dr. Thomas Sprat, afterwards bishop of Rochester, took orders at Wadham College, Oxford, and at the restoration became chaplain to the witty and profligate duke of Buckingham. At his first dinner with the duke, his grace, observing a goose opposite to his chaplain, remarked that he wondered why it generally happened that geese were placed near the clergy. "I cannot tell the reason," said Sprat, "but I shall never see a goose again but I shall think of your grace."

Sprat was the son of a country clergyman, who sent him to Wadham College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself in mathematics, poetry, and wit. His repartee to the duke of Buckingham won the favor of that nobleman, who found in Sprat the man he wanted. The duke deemed his own writings imperfect, until they had his chaplain's approbation. Sprat's preferment was rapid. He obtained a stall at the church of St. Margaret, Westminster, a canonry of Windsor, the deanery of Westminster, and the see of Rochester. The revolution stayed his further promotion, and involved him in unmerited disgrace. He, and other distinguished persons were charged with unjustly conspiring to restore James II., and seize queen Mary. The falsehood of this accusation was discovered, and they were released. Sprat spent his remaining life in privacy, except when he judged the situation of affairs peculiarly demanded his zeal, and then it blazed up. It flamed fiercely during Sacheverel's trial. His piety was sincere, and he kept as a day of devotion the anniversary of his escape from the wicked snare laid for his life. For his share in drawing up the thanksgiving for James's queen being pregnant he was ridiculed in a ballad beginning,

\* Notes to Tabilla Cibana, cited in Time's Telescope, 1823.

† Paris iii. 273.

Two Toms, and Nat,  
In council sat,  
To rig out a thanksgiving,  
And make a prayer  
For a thing in air,  
That's neither dead nor living.

The "Two Toms and Nat" refer to Thomas Sprat, bishop of Rochester; Thomas White, bishop of Peterborough; and Nathaniel Crew, bishop of Durham.\*

	h. m.
September 29.—Day breaks . . .	4 13
Sun rises . . .	6 8
— sets . . .	5 52
Twilight ends . . .	7 47

Swallows migrate, but a few remain till October.

### September 30.

#### SWEARING-IN THE SHERIFF OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

On the day after Michaelmas day, or, if that day fall on a Sunday, on the Monday following, the lord mayor and aldermen proceed from Guildhall, and the two sheriffs, with their respective companies, proceed from their particular halls, and embark on the Thames, his lordship in the city barge, and the sheriffs in the company's barge, and thus go, in aquatic state, up the river to Palace-yard. They land there, and proceed to the court of exchequer; where, after salutations to the bench (the cursor baron presiding), the recorder presents the two sheriffs. The several writs are then read, and the sheriffs, and the senior under-sheriff, take the usual oaths.

There are ceremonies on this occasion, in the court of exchequer, which vulgar error supposes to be a trial of the qualification of the new sheriffs for their office, whereas the sheriffs have not the least concern with the formal chopping of sticks, and counting of hobnails.

The tenants of a manor in Shropshire are directed to come forth to do their suit and service. The corporation of London being tenant of the manor, the senior alderman below the chair steps forward and chops a single stick, in token of its having been customary for the tenants of that manor to supply their lord with fuel.

The owners of a forge in the parish of St. Clement (which formerly belonged to the city, and stood in the high-road from the Temple to Westminster, but now no longer exists) are then called forth to do their suit and service; when an officer of the court, in the presence of the senior alderman, produces six horse-shoes and sixty-one hobnails, which are counted over in form before the cursor baron, who, on this particular occasion, is the immediate representative of the sovereign. The origin of this latter usage is a grant in 1235, from Henry III., to Walter de Bruin, a farrier, of the said piece of ground, whereon to erect a forge, he rendering annually to the exchequer, for the same, a quit-rent of six horse-shoes, with the nails belonging to them. In process of time the ground became vested in the city, and, though now lost to it, the city still renders the quit-rent.

After these ceremonies the civic authorities re-embark in their barges, and return to Blackfriars' bridge, whence they proceed in the state carriages to the company's hall, and partake of an elegant dinner.\*

And so—as of ancient usage—ends September with the Corporation of London.

#### EDINBURGH.

September, in the *Year Book*, may agreeably end with a fact or two, omitted before, relating to the ancient metropolis of Scotland, its old shops and residents, old modes of doing business, and old manners, now extinct or obsolete.

The small booths in Edinburgh, around St. Giles, part of which were first erected in 1555, continued, till 1817, to deform its outward appearance. Long before their destruction, the booksellers at least had found the "cabin'd space" of six or seven feet too small for the accommodation of their fast increasing wares, and removed to larger shops in the square; but, to compensate this change, a great number of dealers in toys, gloves, &c., had taken up their abode in the *krames*—for so were the shops designated upon the north side of the cathedral. There were also shops under, and at the ends of, the Old Tolbooth. One of these, at the east end, not more than seven feet long, and three feet wide, was occupied by an old

\* Noble.

\* *Gents. Mag.*

glover named K—, who, with his *cara sposa*, stood retailing his wares within its narrow limits, for nearly half a century. They had not a fire, even in winter—there being no room for such a convenience; and this was a specimen of the life led by all the patient creatures who kept similar shops in the neighbourhood, most of whom, upon the demolition of the *krames*, and the general alterations of the town which then took place, retired from business with competent fortunes.

One of the largest of these booths, adjacent to the north side of the New or High Church, and having a second story, was occupied, during a great part of the last century, by Messrs. Kerr and Dempster, goldsmiths. The first of these gentlemen had been member of parliament for the city, and was the last citizen who ever held that office. Such was the humility of people's wishes, in those days, respecting their houses, that the honorable member for Edinburgh actually lived, and had a great many children, in the small space of the flat over the shop, and the cellar under it, which was lighted by a grating in the pavement of the square. The subterraneous part of his house was chiefly devoted to the purposes of a nursery, and proved so insalubrious, that all his children died successively at a particular age, with the exception of his son Robert, who had the good luck to be born much more weakly than the rest, and, being sent to the country to be nursed, grew up to be the well-known author of the *Life of Robert Bruce*, and other works.

All the goldsmiths of Edinburgh were collected in the Parliament Close, whither, of course, all the country people resorted, during the last century, to purchase the silver tea-spoons which always preceded their nuptials. It was then as customary in the country for the intending bridegroom to take a journey, a few weeks before his marriage, to the Parliament Close, in order to buy the *silver spunes*, as it was for the bride to have her clothes and stock of bed-furniture inspected by a committee of matrons upon the wedding-eve. This important transaction occasioned two journeys;—one, in order to select the spoons, and prescribe the initials which were to be marked upon them;—the other, to receive and pay for them. The goldsmiths of Edinburgh then kept scarcely any goods on hand in their shops, and the smallest article had then to be bespoken from them some time before it

was wanted. An octogenarian goldsmith, who entered as an apprentice about the beginning of George the Third's reign, says that they were beginning only, at that time, to keep a few trifling articles. Previous to that period, also, another old custom had been abolished. It had been usual, upon both the occasions above mentioned, for the goldsmith to adjourn with his customer to John's Coffee-house, or to the *Bajzen Hole* (which was then a tavern), and to receive the order, or the payment, in a comfortable manner, over a dram and a *caup* of small ale; which were, upon the first occasion, paid for by the customer, and, upon the second, by the trader; and the goldsmith then was, perhaps, let into the whole secret counsels of the rustic, including a history of his courtship—in return for which, he would take pains to astonish his customer with a sketch of the city news. As the views and capitals of the Parliament Close Goldsmiths became extended, these pleasant customs were relentlessly abandoned.\*

	h. m.
September 30.—Day breaks . . .	4 16
Sun rises . . .	6 10
— sets . . .	5 50
Twilight ends . . .	7 44
Asters all in flower.	

#### P. S.

A few days ago an accident threw in my way a small pocket volume, upon a subject which I had little disposition to inquire about. However, I read it, and never was more riveted by a book. I venture to declare my conviction that all persons who have not seen it, whether gentle or simple, old or young, of either sex, will be equally pleased. Upon mention of the title the rich may frown, and fair ladies smile disdainfully, but, if they read the work, they will confess their mistake. It is "The Working-man's Companion—the Results of Machinery." The price of the volume, although it contains 216 pages, neatly printed upon good paper, is only "One Shilling and Threepence bound in cloth." It is not only the cheapest, but the best pocket-book of recreation and instruction I am acquainted with; and I earnestly recommend it to every reader of the *Year Book*.

W. HOWE.

\* Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, ii. 205.



OCTOBER.

The hedger stopping gaps, amid the leaves,  
Which time, o'er head, in every color weaves;  
The milkmaid passing with a timid look,  
From stone to stone, across the brimming brook,  
The cotter journeying, with his noisy swine,  
Along the wood-side where the branches twine,  
Shaking from mossy oaks the acorns brown,  
Or from the hedges red haws dashing down.

*CLARE'S Shepherd's Calendar.*

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER.

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*, whence the lines are taken on the preceding page, affords a natural picture of the waning year.

Nature now spreads around, in dreary hue,  
A pall to cover all that summer knew ;  
Yet, in the poet's solitary way,  
Some pleasing objects for his praise delay ;  
Something that makes him pause and turn  
again,

As every trifle will his eye detain :—  
The free horse rustling through the stable  
field ;

And cows at lair in rushes, half conceal'd ;  
With groups of restless sheep who feed their  
fill,

O'er clear'd fields rambling wheresoe'er they  
will ;

The nutters, rustling in the yellow woods,  
Who tease the wild things in their solitudes ;  
The hunters from the thicket's avenue,  
In scarlet jackets ; startling on their view,  
Skimming a moment o'er the russet plain,  
Then hiding in the motley woods again ;

The plopping gun's sharp, momentary shock,  
Which Echo bustles from her cave to mock ;  
The bawling song of solitary boys,

Journeying in raptur o'er their dreaming joys,  
Hunting the hedges in their reveries,  
For wilding fruit that shines upon the trees ;  
The wild wood music from the lonely dell,  
Where merry Gypsies o'er their raptures  
dwell,

Haunting each common's wild and lonely  
nook,

Where hedges run as crooked as the brook,  
Shielding their camp beneath some spreading  
oak,

And but discovered by the circling smoke,  
Puffing, and peeping up, as wills the breeze  
Between the branches of the colored trees :—

Such are the pictures that October yields,  
To please the poet as he walks the fields ;

While Nature—like fair woman in decay,  
Whom pale consumption hourly wastes away—  
Upon her waning features, winter chill,  
Wears dreams of beauty that seem lovely still.  
Among the heath-furze still delights to dwell,  
Quaking, as if with cold, the harvest bell ;  
And mushroom-buttoons each moist morning  
brings,

Like spots of snow-shine in dark fairy rings.  
Wild shines each hedge in autumn's gay pa-  
rade ;

And, where the eldern trees to autumn fade,  
The glossy berry picturesquely cleaves  
Its swarthy bunches 'mid the yellow leaves,  
On which the tootling robin feeds at will,  
And coy hedge-sparrow stains its little bill.  
The village dames, as they get ripe and fine,  
Gather the bunches for their "eldern wine ;"  
Which, bottled up, becomes a rousing charm,  
To kindle Winter's icy bosom warm ;

And, with its merry partner, nut-brown beer,  
Makes up the peasant's Christmas-keeping  
cheer.

Like to a painted map the landskape lies ;  
And wild above shine the cloud-thronged  
skies,

That chase each other on with hurried pace,  
Like living things, as if they ran a race.  
The winds, that o'er each sudden tempest  
brood,

Waken, like spirits, in a startled mood ;  
Flirting the sear leaves on the bleaching lea,  
That litter under every fading tree ;  
And pausing oft, as falls the patting rain ;  
Then gathering strength, and twirling them  
again,

Till drops the sudden calm :—the hurried  
mill

Is stopt at once, and every noise is still ;  
Save crows, that from the oak trees quawking  
spring,

Dashing the acorns down with beating wing,  
Waking the wood's shorn sleep in noises low,  
Patting the crimp brake's withering brow—  
below ;

And whirl of startling crows, that dim the  
light

With mimic darkness, in their numero  
sight ;

Or shrilly noise of puddocks' feeble wail,  
As in slow circles round the woods they sail  
While huge black beetles, revelling alone,  
In the dull evening hum their heavy drowse.  
These trifles linger, through the shortening  
day,

To cheer the lone bard's solitary way ;  
Till surly Winter comes with biting breath,  
And strips the woods and nams the scene  
with death ;

Then all is still o'er woods and field and plain,  
As nought had been, and nought would be  
again.

Most of the winter birds which frequent our islands arrive in October. Numerous sea fowls at stated periods, or at uncertain intervals, perform short migrations to and from different parts of the island. The ring-ousel comes soon after Michaelmas ; the Royston crow arrives in October ; the redwing about the middle of October ; the fieldfare and woodcock keep arriving all October and November ; the snipe and jack arrive during the same period,—some hens breed here ; the pigeon, or stockdove, comes towards the end of November, and some abide here all the year, with the wood pigeon and ring dove ; some of which arrive in spring, and others perform partial migrations. Among occasional visitors, which frequently change their summer and winter

## THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER.

quarters, we have the wild swan, wild goose, wild duck, pochard, and teal. The grosbeak, crossbill, and silk tail, or waxen chattering, appear at uncertain intervals.

When great abundance of winter migratory birds, particularly fieldfares, arrive early, they usually forbode a hard winter. The same prognostic of a severe season is to be inferred from the early or numerous migration of wild geese, wild ducks, and other winter fowls, or the appearance of sea gulls in the inland marshes.

The harsh screaming of aquatic fowls, as they pass over us, may often be heard at night, when they themselves are unseen. Cranes, storks, geese, and ducks, all fly by night as well as by day; and the stork is the only one of them who is not clamorous: he takes to wing in silence, and pierces the aerial regions unheard. Cranes, on the contrary, are the most sonorous. Dr. Forster saw a flight of them in November, 1799, at Hackney, in Middlesex; they flew at an immense height. The flight of cranes has been always notable; and Homer, in a beautiful passage, compares it to the march of the Trojan phalanx. In summer they spread themselves over the north of Europe and Asia, as far as the arctic circle, and in winter they are met with in the warmer regions of India, Syria, Egypt, &c., and at the Cape of Good Hope. The course of their flight is discovered by the loud noise they make; for they soar to such a height as to be hardly visible to the naked eye. Jeremiah, vii. 7, notices the annual migration of cranes and storks, as also that of the swallow. The story is well known of a brass plate fixed on a swallow, with this inscription, "Prithee, swallow, whither goest thou in winter?" The bird returned with the answer subjoined, "To Anthony of Athens, why dost thou inquire?" The elevated and marshalled flight of wild geese, like that of cranes, seems dictated by geometrical instinct. Shaped like a wedge, they cut the air with less individual exertion; and it is conjectured that the change of its form from an inverted V, an A, and L, or a straight line, is occasioned by the leader of the van's quitting his post at the point of the angle through fatigue, dropping into the rear, and leaving his place to be occupied by another.\*

\* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

### ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

The temperature of this month is peculiarly favorable to the brewing of malt liquor, being neither too hot nor too cold. For ales, however, which require long keeping, the month of March is by some deemed the preferable season.

In October, chickens, pullets, capons, and turkeys, are in high order for the spit. Beef and mutton improve in quality while hares, pheasants, wild ducks, wild geons, teal, plovers, woodcocks, snipes and larks, are added to the former list of viands, and continue in season for the remainder of the year. Cod, which has been absent from table since April, now reappears for the winter season: herrings also, having spawned, are by some connoisseurs more esteemed than in the spring of the year. Oysters, particularly the native Milton and Colchester, are full fed, and in high flavor. Potatoes have attained to proper growth and mealiness, and carrots are in perfection. The dessert chiefly consists of peaches, grapes, apples, pears, and plums.

### KITCHEN GARDEN DIRECTORY.

#### Sow

Small salading; lettuces; radish, &c.; in the first week.

Mazagan beans; peas, the early frame; at the end of the month.

#### Plant

Slips of many kinds of the sweet herbs; early in the month.

#### Transplant

Endive and lettuce; into warm borders.

Early York cabbage; about the middle or latter end.

A few fine roots of beet, carrot, and parsnep, to rise from seed.

#### Dig up

Carrots, parsneps, beet, Hamburg purple; a few roots for early supply, or to preserve in sand. Potatoes, the winter stock, for pitting, or storing in dry cellars or sheds.

#### Earth up

Celery in the trenches, and endive.

Clear from weeds the beds of winter spinach, lettuce, broccoli, cabbages, &c.; and dig lightly, and draw earth to the stems of all the brassica tribe.

Hoe, rake, destroy weeds, and remove litter of every kind.



Prepare arching with hoops, &c., over those beds or patches of tender crops which are to be covered with mats or tarpauling for protection during frosty and severe weather.

**October 1.**

**DECOY DAY.**

The first day of October is appointed by act of parliament for commencing to decoy wild-fowl in Lincolnshire, whence the London markets are chiefly supplied with wild ducks, teals, and widgeons: in a single season 31,200 of these birds have been sent to the metropolis from Wainfleet.\*

**SONG.**

**AUTUMN** gale! sweet autumn gale!  
Sing with me a sober wail;  
Summer loves the melting song;  
Lightsome airs to spring belong;  
Old December shouts with glee,  
O'er wassail cup and revelry:  
Them I note not; thee I call  
To my sober festival.

Haste with sighs to woo the rose,  
Blooming not till summer's close;  
Seek her bower, but O beware  
Not to romp or frolic there!  
Lest she lose her silken dress,  
And her blushing loveliness—  
Suck her fragrant breath, and bring  
Odours on thy fluttering wing.

Hither, hither, autumn gale!  
Turn thy flight, and lightly sail.  
I see you sweet bird's quivering throat,  
But scarcely hear his liquid note:  
Turn thy flight, and to mine ear  
Bring the music loud and clear.  
Nearer—haste thee!—nearer still—  
Now, go wander where you will.

Idle breeze!—that plaintive sigh  
Tells me thou art lingering nigh.  
Where the fruit hangs golden now,  
Roughly blow, and bend the bough;  
Or, to please my wayward will,  
Shake the branch—'tis easier still—  
And drop the fruit, that's ripe and sweet,  
On the green grass at my feet.

Autumn gale!—away, away!  
We will seek you ruin gray;  
Where old Time hath hung his pall  
O'er roofless aisle and ivied wall.  
Ceasing now the wail you love  
O'er fading flower and leafless grove,

Lift that dusky pall, and show  
The dim forgotten tales below.  
Fancy lingers thereabout,  
To help your pleasant story out.

Night is coming; sit away,  
Till the dawn of cheerful day;  
Braid your loose hair round your brow  
With scarlet poppies, drooping low,  
That the dew flowers may weep  
Over your eyelids as you sleep:  
Fold your wing, and hang your head,  
And sink into your leafy bed.

What! returning! restless breeze!  
Not so near, sir, if you please.  
Hence! away! thou specious foe!  
All too like some friends I know;  
Boon companions, warm and gay,  
While the golden sunbeams stay;  
Rude, and bitter cold, like thee,  
In darkness and adversity.

So ends an "Evening Song," in the library at "Old Court," which Grace sings without music to one of Purcell's airs." These, and more of such verses, are in "A Fireside Book," a little volume of delightful tales and melodies, suited to a mind that would "study to be quiet."

	h. m.
October 1.—Day breaks . . .	4 18
Sun rises . . .	6 12
— sets . . .	5 48
Twilight ends . . .	7 42

Here-hunting begins.

**October 2.**

2nd October 1394 king Richard II. after a truce with France landed with a large force at Waterford in Ireland, and succeeded in reducing to obedience the natives, who in the absence of the English barons and knights from their estates had intercepted and refused the revenues. His object was principally achieved by hospitality, and by extensive largesses, to the chiefs of the different kingdoms into which the country was divided. Richard's pleasure on accomplishing the object of this expedition was marred by the death of his favorite, Robert de Vere, who was killed in Brabant by the tusk of a wild boar. The minion's body was brought to England and viewed by the king, who consoled himself by allotting to the remains a splendid funeral, at which, like Edward II. at the obsequies of Piers Gaveston, he attended almost alone. The king had previously lost his amiable wife.

\* Butler's Chronological Exercises.

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER 3.

whom the people styled "good queen Anne." This lady commenced the custom of riding on side saddles. Before her time, women rode on horseback astride, like men.

Froissart in his chronicle gives very interesting particulars of Richard's expedition in Ireland. Although a native of Flanders and an ecclesiastic, a large portion of Froissart's life was spent in the courts of this king and Edward III. Nothing can exceed the amusing manner in which he tells his tales. In the most wild fantastic narrations he rivets the reader's attention. His history, though strictly true, has the air of a romance from the numberless exploits of chivalry which he celebrates. He looks on a knight as little less than an angel, and pays St. James the compliment of calling him "Le saint Baron St. Jacques." In one part of his works he exults in having lived with the great and elegant, and partaken of their dainties, and especially of the "spiced wines," which were the last and most valued regale with our ancestors, before they went to rest. He was a poet as well as an historian. In 1397 he presented to Richard II., as he was sailing on the Thames, a book, finely illuminated, bound in crimson velvet with silver bosses and clasps and gold in roses. "What is the subject?" said the king; "D'Amour," answered Froissart: Richard smiled upon him, and ordered that he should be well entertained. After a careful collection of different MSS. Mr. Johnes rendered a translation into English of Froissart's chronicle, which he printed at the Hafod press, in quarto, with variations and additions, and fac simile engravings from curious and beautiful original illuminations of the time. There is an admirable translation by John Bouchier, knight, lord Berners, in the reign of Henry VIII. printed by R. Pynson 1525, recently reprinted, and edited by Edward V. Utterson, Esq.

	h.	m.
October 2.—Day breaks	. .	4 20
Sun rises	. .	6 14
— sets	. .	5 46
Twilight ends	. .	7 40

Long-leaved starwort flowers.  
Summer Bergamot pears ripe.

**October 3.**

Early in October, 1818, a robin during the mild weather of that season was seen

to hover and alight constantly near the Trafalgar, a new ship of 100 guns building in the dock-yard at Chatham, to commemorate Lord Nelson's victory. Curiosity was excited by this frequency of the bird's visits—when it was discovered that she had formed a nest in the ship, and had nearly completed her labours. The motions of the bird were purposely observed, and on the morning of the 21st of October 1818, the anniversary of the victory, she laid her first egg and subsequently five others.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,  
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,  
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy—  
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crowded streets to fly,  
And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought,  
She could not bear to see my joy;  
For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,  
My mother, shuddering, clos'd her ears;  
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd,  
My mother answered with her tears.

"Why are you crying thus," said I,  
"While others laugh and shout for joy?"  
She kiss'd me—and with such a sigh!  
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,  
As in her face I look'd and smil'd;  
My mother through her tears replied,  
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"

And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,  
And I'm no more a parent's joy:  
O lady,—I have learnt too well  
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!  
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide,—  
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;  
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

Lady, you weep!—ha!—this to me!  
You'll give me clothing, food, employ  
Look down, dear parents! look and see  
Your happy, happy orphan bay!

*Mrs. Opie.*

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER 4, 5, 6.

	h. m.
October 3.—Day breaks . . .	4 22
Sun rises . . .	6 16
— sets . . .	5 44
Twilight ends . . .	7 38

The second, or autumnal, flowering of hawkweed.

**October 4.**

1744, October 4, Harry Carey destroyed himself at his house, in Great Warner-street, Coldbath-fields. He was a popular wit, a dramatic writer, and a musical composer. He studied music under Olaus Westeinson Linnert, a German, and received some instruction from Roseingrave, and was finally a disciple of Geminiani. He published a small collection of poems in duodecimo, 1713. In the "Provoked Husband" are some of his songs, and his farce of the "Contrivances" contains several pretty airs of his own composition. In 1734, to burlesque the bombast common to the tragedies of the day, he wrote "Chrononhotonthologos." Mr. Noble derives one of the characters in this piece "Aldiboron-tifoscophornio," from "Aldeboroni-fuscophoni," a great giant, mentioned in Sprigg's "Philosophical Essayes, with brief adviso's," printed at London, in a very small size, 1657, from a hint in Ralph's "Touchstone." He wrote the "Dragon of Wantley," and, as a companion, the "Dragoness," both set to music by Lampe. These were intended to ridicule the prevailing taste for the Italian opera. His "Musical Century, or a hundred English ballads," were, he said, "adapted to several characters and incidents in human life, and calculated for innocent conversation, mirth, and instruction;" and, in 1743, he published by subscription his dramatic works, in a small quarto volume. Mr. Noble says, "This man of song and whim is an instance, among many others that I have remarked, of those who seem to live without care, and pretend to be occupied only with exciting pleasantry, having, when alone, the most severe afflictions. Life must have its serious moments; and the important duties must be performed, or distress will unavoidably approach. That Carey was highly admired by the public at large, the subscriptions to his works evidently prove. He had wit, and wit that was felt; but nothing causes so much

hatred as ridicule. Those who were exposed to laughter by his means detested him; and some who were capable retorted: and he who most provokes can least bear the retort. Envy, ridicule, pecuniary embarrassments, but, above all, an injury to his domestic felicity, the worst to be borne of any, occasioned a despondency that prompted him to terminate his life, prematurely, by his own hand. Let wit be chastened, and gaiety moderated, or they will generally lead to misery, disgrace, and ruin."

	h. m.
October 4.—Day breaks . . .	4 25
Sun rises . . .	6 18
— sets . . .	5 42
'twilight ends . . .	7 35

**October 5.**

SEVEN DIALS.

5th October, 1694, Evelyn says, in his diary, "I went to see the building beginning near St. Giles, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area, said to be built by Mr. Neale, introducer of the late lotteries in imitation of those at Venice, now set up here for himself twice, and now one for the state." It appears that this Mr. Neale was a speculator. He took a large piece of ground on the north side of Piccadilly, of Sir Walter Clarges. He was to lay out 15,000*l.* upon it in building, but did not, and Sir Walter got lease back and built Clarges street.

	h. m.
October 5. Day breaks . . .	4 27
Sun rises . . .	6 20
— sets . . .	5 40
Twilight ends . . .	7 33

**October 6.**

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

It is as combining the *éclaire* of the day with that of the year, the period both of beauty and decay, that an *Evening* is *Autumn* becomes so generally the parent of ideas of a solemn and pathetic cast. Not only, as in the first of these instances, do we blend the sun-set of physical with that of moral being, but a further source

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER 6.

of similitude is unavoidably suggested in the failure and decrepitude of the dying year, a picture faithfully, and, in some points of view, mournfully emblematic of the closing hours of human life.

With the daily retirement of the sun, and the gradual approach of twilight, though circumstances, as we have seen, often associated in our minds with the transitory tenure of mortal existence, there are usually connected so many objects of beauty and repose as to render such a scene in a high degree soothing and consolatory; but with the customary decline of light are now united the sighing of the coming storm, the edging of the withered foliage;

for now the leaf

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;  
Of startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But, should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;  
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary  
shower,

The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle  
bleak.

These are occurrences which so strongly appeal to our feelings, which so forcibly remind us of the mutability of our species, and bring before us, with such impressive solemnity, the earth as opening to receive us, that they have, from the earliest period of society, and in every stage of it, been considered as typical of the brevity and destiny of man. Like leaves on trees,—says the first and the greatest of all uninspired writers,—

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the  
ground;

Another race the following spring supplies;  
They fall successive, and successive rise:  
So generations in their course decay;  
So flourish these, when those are pass'd  
away;\*

a simile which, as originating in the sympathies of our common nature, has found an echo in the poetry of the melancholy Ossian. "The people are," exclaims the Bard of Cona, "like the waves of ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high."†

\* Homer apud Pope, book 6.

† Macpherson's Ossian, Berrathon, vol. I. p. 208.

The preceding are a portion of many delightful thoughts and reflections in Dr. Drake's "Evenings in Autumn."

NATURE'S MUSIC.

The mountain torrent, and the rill  
That bubbles o'er its pebbly bed,  
Make music which can soothe and still  
The aching heart and weary head;  
For nature's simple minstrelsy  
Proffers a thousand charms for me.  
The ruthless gale that Autumn brings,  
The lispings of the summer breeze,  
And winter's wildest murmuring,  
Have each a sovereign power to please,  
And minister untold delight  
To fancy in her vagrant flight.  
When midnight tempests loudly ring,  
And from their crazy thrones on high,  
Around the moon's faint glimmering,  
The stars are watching tremblingly,—  
A calm amidst the storm I find,  
And quiet in the wailing wind.

Bible Lyrics.

PERIWIGS

[For the Year Book.]

The strong feeling against the use of false hair which the lines express at p. 92 is still common amongst country people, and was once almost universal; even the "profane" partook of the antipathy, as well as the precisians, for Heywood, in one place, where Sardanapalus enumerates his enormities, makes him say:—

"Curl'd periwigs upon my head I wore,  
And, being man, the shape of woman bore."

And amongst the Annotations on his "Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, 1637," describing the disgusting excesses to which the Iapygæ abandoned themselves, he remarks "they grew to such profuse riot, intemperance, and wantonness," that, "forgetting their country modesty and honesty, they painted their faces and wore other folk's hair."

J. B.—n.

Staffordshire Moorlands

	h. m.
October, 6.—Day breaks . . .	4 29
Sun rises . . .	6 22
— sets . . .	5 36
Twilight ends . . .	7 31

Martins emigrate: a few remain till the middle of the month.



KINGSTHORPE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

[For the Year Book.]

There is not a prettier village near Northampton, at least within the same distance from the town, than Kingsthorpe. Half an hour's leisurely stroll will conduct you thither, by a rural route. Follow the line of Sheep-street, northward along the London road, till you reach a gate just beyond a row of unfinished houses facing the race ground; push open the gate, and continue along the path till you reach a lane crossing your right and left; turn to the right? and stroll along the delightfully pleasant and picturesque lane, and you will again find yourself in the high London road, and, after proceeding a few yards along the road, step over a low stile on the left into a path running parallel with the road, but separated from it by a row of fine elms. On the left is a prospect almost as lovely as an inland and not mountainous country can pos-

sibly present. Crossing a stile or two (which, by the way, are annoyingly numerous hereabouts), you will enter the Park and catch a pretty view of a stone mansion, recently occupied by Mr. Dwarria, embowered in some of the finest forest trees I have seen. By a stile at the end of this path, you are once more in the high road, but at a very picturesque portion of it. On the east side is a cluster of primitive-looking cottages, built of stone and thatched. Upon an attentive inspection they appear to have been formed from the remains of some ancient ruin, probably of an hospital which was founded here about the year 1200. Except for one object, a very charming picture might be painted from this spot: that object is a toll-gate, modern and very ill assorted with its antique and lowly neighbours. It has an impertinent perkish look, which disconcerts the eye. Pass it, and taking

the first turning on the left, pursue a lane formed on one side by the low stone wall and noble trees of the park you just traversed, and on the other by closes and the stabling belonging to an antique-looking farm-house. This lane will bring you to the spot in my pencil sketch to which I wish I could have done more justice. This is Kingsthorpe.

In Dooms-day Book Kingsthorpe is named simply Torp, and is bounded on the east by Moulton, on the north by Boughton (remarkable for its Fair), on the west by the river Nyne, or Nen, and on the south by Northampton. "The church," says Bridges in his History of Northamptonshire, is "dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and consists of a body, north and south aisle, and chancel, leaded; with a chaunting chapel at the east end of each aisle. At the west end is a spire raised on an embattled tower, in which are five bells. Within the church-yard, near the south door of the church, are still remaining the steps and stump of a cross. The register begins in 1540." I have sought for this relic in vain. It has yielded to the great destroyer "Time," or perhaps to the yet more destructive judgment of some Dogberry of a churchwarden.

Kingsthorpe is remarkable too for its beautiful springs. One of them supplies the rivulet represented in my sketch, and is called I believe King's Well. This place was anciently a royal manor. The old rent was £60 per ann.: which was reduced for a term of 40 years to an annual rent of £1 by Henry VI., on the complaint that the freeholders had fallen to decay and the town become impoverished. It seems to have subsequently revived; for Edward IV. granted an annuity of £40, "out of the farm at Kingsthorpe," to his queen Elizabeth.

The "May-games" were anciently celebrated at Kingsthorpe with much pomp and circumstance, and an order was wont to be made by the bailiff in the court for appointing "a lord and lady on Easter-day after even-song, under the penalty of paying 6s. 8d. in case the office was refused." But for upwards of a century and a half there are no records of any observance of this kind. A tradition however assigns a better reason for the disuse than can usually be given for similar omissions—namely, that of a man having been killed at the last wake observed at this place.

G. J.

## October 7.

7th October, 1792, died at his domain of Gunston-hall, in Fairfax county, Virginia, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, Col. George Mason. The following extract from his will is worthy of lasting remembrance:—"I recommend it to my sons, from my experience in life, to prefer the happiness and independence of a private station to the troubles and vexations of public business; but, if either their own inclinations or the necessity of the times should engage them in public affairs, I charge them, on a father's blessing, never to let the motive of private interest, or ambition, induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or the fear of danger or death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavouring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which themselves were born."\*

### *Good Life, Long Life.*

It is not growing like a tree  
In balke, doth make man better be;  
Or standing long an oake, three hundred  
years,  
To fall a logge, at last, dry, bald, and scarce  
A lillie of a day,  
Is fairer farre, in May,  
Although it fall, and die that night;  
It was the p.a.nt and flowre of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Ben Johnson.*

	h.	m.
October 7. Day breaks . . .	4	31
Sun rises . . .	6	24
— sets . . .	5	36
Twilight ends . . .	7	29

Damsons and bolusses gathered

## October 8.

1795, October 8, died at his house in Crown street Westminster, in his seventy-second year, the learned Andrew Kippis, D. D., F. R. S., and A. S. He was born at Nottingham, March 28 (O. S.) 1725. His father, Robert Kippis, a respectable silk hosier of that town, dying in 1730

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

he went to reside with his grandfather, at Sleaford; and received his classical education at the grammar-school in that town. In 1741 he removed to Northampton, and commenced his academical studies under Dr. Doddridge. After a residence of five years at the academy, he settled as a dissenting minister at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1746, and in November 1750 accepted the charge of a congregation at Dorking, Surry. In June 1753, the congregation in Princes-street Westminster chose him their minister, and in September following he married, and fixed his residence in Westminster. In June 1767 he received the degree of D. D. from the University of Edinburgh, on the unsolicited recommendation of Professor Robertson. He was elected F. A. S. March 19, 1778, and F. R. S. June 17, 1779; and was, of the council in both societies. Dr. Kippis was eminently distinguished for the virtues and accomplishments which form the chief ornaments of private life. He united that knowledge of men and books which rendered his conversation uncommonly entertaining; and as a minister he was eminent for his profound acquaintance with every branch of theology. His sermons were remarkable for perspicuity, elegance, and energy; and his elocution was unaffected and very impressive. The superior powers and vigour of his mind he had cultivated with diligence and success. He labored incessantly with his pen. His improved edition of "Dr. Doddridge's Lectures" is a work of great value; and the "History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain," prefixed to the New Annual Register, was received with deserved approbation. But the work which engaged his principal attention, and by which he is chiefly distinguished, is the last edition of the "Biographia Britannica." In this great national publication, which unhappily remains incomplete, are developed the comprehensiveness and powers of his mind, the correctness of his judgment, the vast extent of his information, his indefatigable researches and unremitting assiduity, his peculiar talent of appreciating the merits and analysing the labors of the most eminent writers, and his unshaken integrity, unbiassed fidelity, and impartial decision on the characters of the philosopher, statesman, poet, scholar, and divine. His style is remarkable for its perspicuity, elegance,

and purity; and gives a peculiar lustre to the rich stores of knowledge he imparted.\*

## DORSETSHIRE CUSTOMS, &amp;c.

[For the Year Book.]

*Harvest Home—Hay making—Matrimonial Oracles—Midsummer Eve—Peace in 1814—Country Fairs—Perambulations.*

*Harvest Home*, formerly celebrated with great mirth, but now a declining usage, was a feast given by the farmer at the end of harvest, or when his hay and corn were got in. "*O fortunatos nimium, sua sibi bona narrant, agricolas,*" says Virgil; how happy, if they knew their bliss, are farmers! yet this, like all other happiness, has its alloy. The farmer's seed is scattered upon the surface of his field, where it receives the attentions of a nurse, and yet sometimes perishes with his hopes; he has anxieties for the firstlings of his flock, exposed to the storms of March, and many die from inclemency; bad weather, unhealthy and thin crops, fluctuations of market, loss of cattle, inroads of thieves, and unfaithfulness of servants, often disturb the farmer's peace; and, if he have not a just confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God, he is an unhappy and ill-tempered man. Some years ago the "Harvest-home" in my native county, Dorset, was kept up with good old English hospitality. When the last load was ricked, the laborers, male and female, the swarthy reaper, and the sun-burnt hay-maker, the saucy boy who had not seen twelve summers, and the stiff horny-handed old mower who had borne the toil of fifty, all made a happy groupe, and went with singing and loud-laughing to the "harvest-home supper" at the farm-house, where they were expected by the good mistress, dressed in a quilted petticoat and a linsey-wolsey apron, with shoes fastened by large silver buckles which extended over her foot like a pack-saddle on a donkey. The dame and her husband welcomed them to a supper of good wholesome food,—a round of beef, and a piece of bacon, and perhaps the host and hostess had gone so far as to kill a fowl or two, or stick a turkey, which had fattened in the wheat-yard. This plain English fare was eaten from wooden trenchers, by the side of

\* Genta. Magarine.

which were put little cups of horn filled with beer or cider. When the cloth was removed, one of the men, putting forth his large hand like the gauntlet of an armed knight, would grasp his horn of beer, and standing on a pair of legs which had long out-grown the largest holes of the village stocks, and with a voice which, if he had not been speaking a dialect of the English language, you might have thought came from the deep-seated lungs of a lion, he would propose the health of the farmer in the following lines:—

Here's a health unto our miaster  
The founder of the feast,  
And I hope to God wi' all my heart  
His soul in heaven mid rest;

That every thing mid prosper  
That ever he tiak in hand,  
Vor we be all his sarvants,  
And all at his command.

After this would follow a course of jokes, anecdotes, and songs, in some of which the whole company joined, without attention to the technicalities of counterpoint, bass, tenor, and treble, common chords and major thirds; but each singing the air and pitching in at the key that best fitted his voice, making a medley of big and little sounds, like the lowings of oxen and the low bleatings of old ewes, mixed up with the shrill pipings of the lambs at a fair. The conversation commonly turned on the incidents of the summer: how the hay-makers overtook the mowers, or how the rain kept the labor back; how they all crept in a heap under the waggon in a thunderstorm; how nearly some of them were crushed under the load that was upset; who was the best mower or reaper in the village; which field yielded the best crop; and which stack was most likely to heat.

*Hay-making* is one of the most pleasing occupations of an English summer. The bright green of the smooth mown fields, bordered by "hedge-row elms," the sweet smell of the new hay, the bustle and merry songs of the busy hay-makers, and the waving uncut crops, are to the peaceful mind of a thinking observer really charming. In the hay-field the master distributes his men with the same attention to their abilities as the manager of a theatre casts the characters of a play among his performers. The younger and less experienced are set to rake the hay up unto ridges, called in Dorset "wales,"

or to put it up into cocks; some of that numerous class of laborers who have more strength than wit are sent to pitch or unload; the next "grade," as brother Jonathan says, is that of the loader, who must be a man of some little talent, to build the load upright, and make it firm by properly putting in the binding masses at the corners; but the highest rank is that of the rick or stack-maker, who, besides having a proper knowledge of the mathematical lines under which hay-stacks are commonly comprehended, must be a man of activity and strength. The ground-shape of the rick is either a circle or a parallelogram, which is to be correctly kept; the rick must be upright, rounded out in the middle, and then go off into a cone or pyramid; and the rick-maker must so fix its size that it may take all the hay intended to be put into it, without spoiling its shape and without waste or want! or, in the expression of the hay-makers, "with none to leave and none to lack."

*Matrimonial Oracles, and Midsummer Eve.*—When we think on the consequences of a woman's marriage—that she may be dragged into a long train of evils, and her heart be broken by a profligate or indolent partner—or be led smiling in well-being through life, by a man of virtue and good sense:—when we see a happy girl, and imagine what may be her fate—subjected to the unkind treatment and coarse language of a boor, or have her mind soothed and exalted by the conversation of a well-acting and right-thinking Christian man;—whether, like another Penelope, she is to regret the absence of a husband wandering in other lands, or navigating the stormy deep; to be united to a home-dwelling partner, and make with him a pair as inseparable as the two staves of a piece of music for the piano-forte, and as like in sentiment as the two texts of a bigot Bible;—whether she is to inhabit the "flaunting town," or to live in the quiet farms and fields;—when we think and reflect that her destiny depends upon him whom she chooses for better or for worse, we cannot be surprised that young females hanker to know what sort of men the fates have given them for husbands, even at an early age.

In my childhood, a time when—as Petrarch says of old age—little lovers may be allowed

"Federali insieme, e dir ehe lor incostra,"



to sit together, and say whatever comes into their heads; when the pretty name of Flora or Fanny was not a whit more charming to me than Tom or Jack; and when a pound of marbles, with half a score of shouting boy-playmates, were as pleasing as a dance with a party of smiling, rosy girls; I recollect some of my female friends, while gathering flowers in a meadow, would stop, and, plucking a large daisy, pull off the petals one by one, repeating at the same time the words

“ Rich man, poor man, farmer, ploughman, thief ;”

fancying, very seriously, that the one which came to be named at plucking the last petal would be her husband. Another way of knowing the future husband (inferior only to the dark words of that high priestess of the oracles of Hymen, the running gypsy), is, to pluck an even ash-leaf, and, putting it into the hand, to say,

“ The even ash-leaf in my hand,  
“ The first I meet shall be my man.”

Then, putting it into the glove, to say,

“ The even ash-leaf in my glove,  
“ The first I meet shall be my love.”

And, lastly, into the bosom, saying,

“ The even ash-leaf in my bosom,  
“ The first I meet shall be my husband.”

Soon after which the future husband will make his appearance, and the lass may observe him as accurately as she will.

*Midsummer Eve*, however, is the great time with girls for discovering who shall be their husbands; why it is so, more than any other, I cannot tell, unless, indeed, the sign Gemini, which the sun then leaves, is symbolical of the wedding union: but, however that may be, a maiden will walk through the garden at midsummer, with a rake on her left shoulder, and throw hemp-seed over her right, saying, at the same time

“ Hemp-seed I set, hemp-seed I sow.  
“ The man that is my true-love come after me  
and mow.”

It is said by many who have never tried it, and some who have, without effect, that the future husband of the hemp-sowing girl will appear behind her with a scythe, and look as substantial as a brass image of Saturn on an old time-piece. Or if, at going to bed, she put her shoes at right angles with each other, in the shape of a T, and say,

“ Hoping this night my true love to see,  
“ I place my shoes in the form of a T.”

they say she will be sure to see her husband in a dream, and perhaps in reality, by her bed-side. Besides this, there is another method of divination. A girl, on going to bed, is to write the alphabet on small pieces of paper, and put them into a basin of water with the letters downward; and it is said that in the morning she will find the first letter of her husband's name turned up, and the others as they were left.

*The celebration of Peace*, in August, 1814, took place when I was a boy, old enough to enjoy the merry doings at my native village, and to remember them till now. The respectable inhabitants subscribed largely to treat the poor with a public dinner of beef and pudding, and strong beer. Their festival was held in a field by the river side, where several hundreds of people, young and old, sat down at two long lines of tables. Their hearing was gratified by the lively music of a band; and their taste and smell by the savour of a wholesome old English meal, at which they held their noses for an hour over the steam of boiled beef, or thrust them at intervals into the cool deepening vacuum of the beer jug. Their sight was afterwards indulged with spectacles of village merry-making; and their feelings by the twistings and twinings, and spirit-stirring hop, skip, and jump agitations of the dance: gallopades were not then invented, or two thousand people might have hopped along in a string, like a row of little mop-stem-riding boys on their wooden horses. Among the sports were *Jumping in sacks*, thus performed:—half a dozen men were put into as many sacks, which were tied round their necks, and gave them the shape of a row of blacking jars in a shop. In this state they were to hop a given distance for the mastery; and, as they could not erect themselves into the natural perpendicular of the human body, when they fell down, there were what may have been called resurrection men, to help them up. There was *Grinning through horse-collars*, in which the winner is he who can thrust through a horse's collar the ugliest sample of a human face, either by showing the odd substitutes which nature might have stuck in his head for features, or else by distorting them into something still more unlike, and uglier than natural features. Besides these there was *Running by young*

women, a sport in which the victress received a white holland shift; not without having shown, however, by the high up-flinging of her "light fantastic toe" in the race, that she could mark her initials, and, at least No. 2, upon it. *Running for the pig* with the greased tail was a famous general chase, in which the individual who caught the pig by the tail became its lawful owner—when, after many long strides and hard strainings, many a breathless wight overtook the galloping porker, and grasped the slippery little member, "*Heu omnis effusus labor!*" it slipped through the fingers, and the trotters carried off the head, hams, and sides, at full speed, till a dexterous victor made them his own. An effigy of Buonaparte was also carried about: this the good people first hung, then shot, and lastly burnt; thus securing the arch enemy of England by various deaths, as, in a suit at law, the plaintiff secureth the defendant by the various counts in the declaration.

*The Fair Day* is to the milk-maids and striplings of some villages one of the brightest in their calendar. As the time approaches to it, their joy rises, like the mercury in a barometer at the coming of fine weather. The children lessen their outlay for toys and sweetmeats, and hoard the saved pence; and the trite observation on meeting friends, that "it is fine weather," gives place to the earnest question, "Be gwain to fa-yer o' Monday?" Some time ago, on a fine day in September, I went to a famous fair, held at the foot of one of the green hills of Dorset. When I first set out I walked along the still shady lanes alone, but, as I drew near the fair-place, I commingled with a stream of people, all tending to the same point. There were groups of white-gowned, red-faced lasses, led by their swains with bunches of flowers stuck in the button-holes of their long blue coats, and switching in one hand a tough ground-ash stick. I had not a fair mate myself, and could well listen to their observations. "How much money hast got vor fayer?" said a ruddy little boy to another, whom he had a little before overtaken. "Zix-pence," said the other, with a grin of satisfaction; thumping his hand on his pocket, and erecting his body into a posture of dignity he thought himself entitled to by his wealth. Alas! thought I, how true is it that our wants are only imaginary, and that riches and poverty are only relative

terms! this boy is proud to go to fair with his sixpence, while many spend-thrifts think themselves stinted if they have not hundreds to squander in things as worthless as those that will be bought by him. With these thoughts in my mind, my attention was drawn to the rude, though well-meant, salutation of a Dorset swain, who, seeing a friend forward, crept softly behind him, and with the full force of an arm which had perhaps been long exercised in mowing, or swinging the flail, laid his stick athwart his back, upon which his acquaintance looked round, and received his assailant with a hearty shake of the hand. I was by this time in the fair, where the din of drums and horns at the shows, the loud invitation, "Walk up, walk up," of the showmen, the hum of voices, the squeaking of fiddles, and the creaking of rattles, made altogether a medley of sounds which, supposing with Pope "all discord harmony not understood," would have been very pleasing to my ear, but for my ignorance of harmony. Seeing a merry-Andrew come out at one of the shows, I went up to listen to a few of his much-repeated, though still laugh-stirring jokes. He was surrounded by a crowd of starers, with their faces all worked up into grins, so exactly like his own that they seemed reflections of his own—like the faces you would see were you to twist your mouth to the expression of drolling laughter, and look into a multiplying glass. The dense crowd around the show was, however, suddenly scattered by a bull. He had escaped from the cattle-fair, to exhibit himself at full run among the standings, where he was received with chuckles and shouts by those who were out of his way, and with screams from women and children in his line of race: after a short peep at the humours of the fair, he was prevailed upon to retire, and leave the bipeds to their former fun. I withdrew with the coming on of the evening: as I wound round the hill the noise of the fair died gradually away, and I reached my home in silence.

*A Perambulation*, or, as it might be more correctly called, a circumambulation, is the custom of going round the boundaries of a manor or parish, with witnesses, to determine and preserve recollection of its extent, and to see that no encroachments have been made upon it, and that the landmarks have not been

taken away. It is a proceeding commonly regulated by the steward, who takes with him a few men and several boys who are required to particularly observe the boundary lines traced out, and thereby qualify themselves for witnesses, in the event of any dispute about the landmarks or extent of the manor, at a future day. In order that they may not forget the lines and marks of separation, they "take pains" at almost every turning. For instance, if the boundary be a stream, one of the boys is tossed into it; if a broad ditch, the boys are offered money to jump over it, in which they of course fail, and pitch into the mud, where they stick as firmly as if they had been rooted there for the season; if a hedge, a sapling is cut out of it, and used in affixing that part of their bodies upon which they rest in the posture between standing and lying; if a wall, they are to have a race on the top of it, when, in trying to pass each other, they fall over on each side,—some descending, perhaps, into the still stygian waters of a ditch, and others thrusting the "human face divine" into a bed of nettles; if the boundary be a sunny bank, they sit down upon it, and get a treat of beer, and bread and cheese, and, perhaps, a glass of spirits. When these boys grow up to be men, if it happens that one of them should be asked if a particular stream were the boundary of the manor he had perambulated, he would be sure to say, in the manner of Sancho Pança, "Ees, that 'tis, I'm sure o't, by the same token that I were tossed into't, and paddled about there lik a water-rot, till I wor hafe dead." If he should be asked whether the aforesaid pleasant bank were a boundary,—“O, ees it be,” he would say, “that’s where we squat down, and tucked in a skinvull of vittles and drink.” With regard to any boundary perambulated after that, he would most likely declare, “I won’t be sartin; I got zo muddled up top o’ the banks, that don’ know where we ambulated arter that.”

W. BARNES.

	h. m.
October 8. Day breaks . . .	4 33
Sun rises . . .	6 26
— sets . . .	5 34
Twilight ends . . .	7 27

African and French marigolds fade and will be soon cut off by frosty nights.

**October 9**

9th of October, 1690, died at the age of eighty-seven sir John Maynard, an eminent lawyer, who had been active in the prosecution of the earl of Strafford and archbishop Laud. He subscribed to the solemn league and covenant, had sat in the assembly of divines, and was sent with Glynn to the Tower by the parliament, for opposing the victorious army. Not in the least intimidated, he told the house that, by voting no more addresses to Charles I., they virtually dissolved themselves; and, when forcibly secluded, he boldly broke in, and vehemently, but vainly, pleaded for the king's life. During the protectorate, he was equally intrepid in pleading the cause of a gentleman, who refused the payment of a tax not granted by parliament. On that occasion he was sent, with two other lawyers, to the Tower; but was released upon his submission, and named serjeant to the protector Oliver, as he was afterwards to Richard Cromwell his successor. Charles I. recalled him to the coif, knighted him, and would have made him a judge, but he refused the intended honor. At the revolution he waited upon the prince of Orange, who, observing his great age, said, "You must have outlived all the men of the law who have been your contemporaries;" Maynard replied, "Yes sir; and, if your highness had not come over, I should have outlived the law itself." When the prince was declared king, he named sir John Maynard one of the lords commissioners of the great seal. His professional skill was very great. He died at Gunnersbury, in the parish of Ealing, and was buried in that church. He is called in the register "the lord Mapard."\*

At Hertford assizes, 4 Car. I., the following information was taken by Sir John Maynard, from the deposition of the minister of the parish where a murder was committed:—"That the body being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants (suspected of murdering her) being required, each of them touched the dead body; whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion color, began to have a

\* Noble.

dew, or gentle sweat, arise on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down 'in drops on the face; the brow turned to a lively and fresh color; and the deceased opened one of her eyes, and shut it again three several times: she likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropt blood upon the grass." The minister of the next parish, who also was present, being sworn, gave evidence exactly as above. See further on this subject Oct. 12

To tempt thy care, may, each revolving night,  
Purses and maces swim before thy sight!  
From hence in times to come, advent'rous  
deed!  
May'st thou essay to look and speak like  
Mead!  
When the black bag and rose no more shall  
shade  
With martial air the honours of thy head;  
When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,  
And only leave to view thy learned nose;  
Safely may'st thou defy beaux, wits, and  
acoffers,  
While tenants, in fee-simple, stuff thy coffers!

	h. m.
October 9.—Day breaks . . .	4 35
Sun rises . . .	6 28
— sets . . .	5 32
Twilight ends . . .	7 25

	h. m.
October 10. Day breaks . . .	4 37
Sun rises . . .	6 30
— sets . . .	5 30
Twilight ends . . .	7 23

Golden rod, almost out of flower.

**October 10.**

October 10, 1723, died at his seat at Colnegreen, near Hertford, William Cowper, Earl Cowper, who had filled the office of lord high chancellor with integrity and ability. He was eldest son and heir of Sir William Cowper, baronet, and had been entered with his only brother, Spencer, of the profession of the law. Spencer became a judge in the Court of Common Pleas, but in 1705 William was appointed lord-keeper; and afterwards lord chancellor of Great Britain. With a greatness of mind that marked his character, he ordered a chair for Richard Cromwell, when he attended upon a trial at Westminster-hall. For this civility to the ex-protector of the common wealth, it was expected that earl Cowper would have been reprimanded by the reigning sovereign, but he received praise and thanks. He had the honor to abolish the immemorial custom of "New-year's" gifts to the chancellor.\*

Mrs. Madan, whose maiden name was Cowper, and who was perhaps a sister of the preceding, wife of colonel Madan, and wrote the following

VERSES IN HER BROTHER'S COKE UPON  
LITTLETON.

O thou, who labour'st in this rugged mine,  
May'st thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine!  
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow!  
Doubt not to reap, if thou can'st bear to  
plough.

\* Noble.

**October 11.**

11th of October, 1806, the remains of the right honorable Charles James Fox were interred in Westminster-abbey.

At the sale of Mr. Fox's library the following memorandum and verses were found in his hand writing in the first volume of a presentation copy of Gibbon's "Decline and fall of the Roman Empire" "The author of this book, upon the delivery of the Spanish rescript in 1779, declared publicly at Brookes's that there was no salvation for this country, unless six of the heads of the cabinet council were cut off, and laid on the table of the houses of parliament, as examples, and in no less than a fortnight after this declaration he took an employment under the same cabinet council.

" King George in a fright,  
Lest Gibbon should write  
The story of Britain's disgrace;  
Thought no means more sure  
His pen to secure,  
Than to give the historian a place.

But his caution is vain,  
'Tis the curse of his reign  
That his projects shall never succeed;  
Though he write not a line  
Yet a cause of decline  
In the author's example we read.

His book well describes  
How corruption and bribes  
Overthrew the great empire of Rome;  
And his writings declare  
A degeneracy there,  
Which his conduct exhibits at Lome!"

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER 12, 13.

	h. m.
October 11. Day breaks . . .	4 39
Sun rises . . .	6 32
— sets . . .	5 28
Twilight ends . . .	7 21

**October 12.**

**BLEEDING OF THE MURDERED.**

King James I., in his "Dæmonology," says, "In a secret murder, if the dead carkasse be at any time thereafter handled by the murthurer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to heaven for revenge of the murthurer."

The author of the "Living Librarie, 1621," inquires, "Who can allege any certaine and firme reason why the blood runnes out of the wounds of a man murdered, long after the murder committed, if the murdurer be brought before the dead bodie?"

Reginald Scot too, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," says, "I have heard of credible report, that the wound of a man murdered renews bleeding at the presence of a dear friend or of a mortal enemy. Divers also write that if one pass by a murdered body (though unknown) he shall be striken with fear, and feel in himself some alteration of nature."

In relation to this belief is the following in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 4to:—"A gentlewoman went to church so concealed, that she thought nobody could know her. It chanced that her lover met her, and knew her, and spake unto her: Sir, (she answered) you mistake me, how know ye me! All too well, replied the gentleman, for so soon as I met you, behold my wounds fell fresh a bleeding! Oh, hereof you only are guilty."\*

	h. m.
October 12. Day breaks . . .	4 41
Sun rises . . .	6 32
— sets . . .	5 26
Twilight ends . . .	7 19
Woodcocks begin to arrive	

**October 13.**

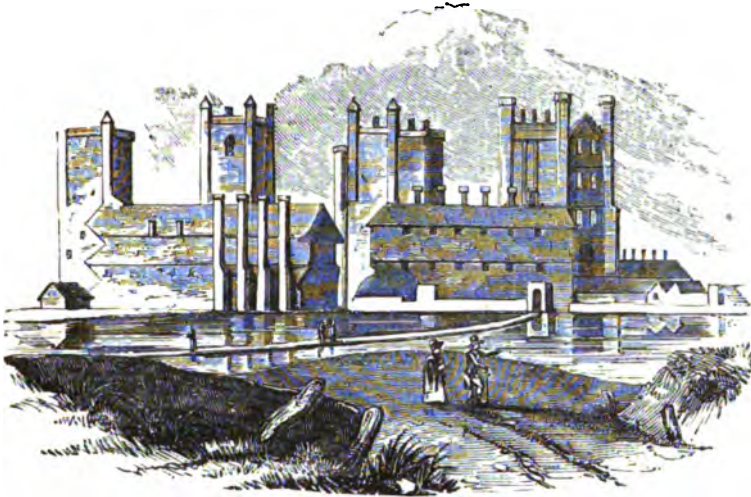
13 October 1683, died Dr. George Hicces then a probendary in Worcester cathedral. At the revolution, he was a warm supporter of James II. and was deprived

\* Brand.

for declining to take the oaths to William and Mary. Upon that occasion he wrote a paper, addressed to the members of his cathedral, in which he declared his rights still valid; and affixed it at the entrance of the choir. This was thought so great an insult on the government that the attorney-general was ordered to prosecute him for it. It is a singular fact that his brother John Hicces had been a non-conformist minister, and was executed for being concerned in Monmouth's rebellion; and that George became the champion of the nonjurors, and, changing his clerical garb, sheltered himself at Amersden, in Oxfordshire, under the roof of Dr. White Kennett, who was a violent a revolutionist." Good resulted from the association of these two opposite characters. It was impossible for them to converse sciaibly on church religion and their general topic was literature. Kennett obtained Hicces's assistance in acquiring a knowledge of the northern European languages; and this intercourse laid the foundation of Dr. Hicces' "Thesaurus," a work which gained him, a deserved reputation for immense learning in Anglo-Saxon, and the Runic and other northern dialects. At length Hicces was discovered in his asylum at his friend Keunett's, and compelled to fly for privacy elsewhere. He secreted himself in London, and lived in obscurity, until lord chancellor Somers, who venerated his learning, procured a *noli prosequi*, which freed Hicces's from personal danger; still he was insensible to moderation. He bore inveterate hatred to archbishop Tillotson, whom he treated in controversy as an "atheist," but the amiable private used no acrimony in reply. He called bishop Burnet a liar, and the prelate retorted, by charging Hicces with being all but a papist. Hicces, with a constancy which the stake could not have shaken, made heaven's gate so narrow that it could admit none but a few nonjurors to pass. Whilst we lament his bigotry, we exult in his learning, which has done honour to his country"

	h. m.
October 13. Day breaks . . .	4 43
Sun rises . . .	6 35
— sets . . .	5 25
Twilight ends . . .	7 17

\* Noble.



BASING-HOUSE, HANTS.

**October 14.**

On the 14th of October, 1645, during the civil wars, Basing-house was taken by storm for the Parliament by Cromwell. The preceding view of it at that period is upon the authority of an ancient drawing.\*

Basing-house was so called from Basing, or Old Basing, a considerable village in Hampshire, about two miles north-east of Basingstoke. The name is Saxon, and signifies a coat of mail, to which the place is said to have borne some resemblance. That Basing, previous to the conquest, was of more importance than Basingstoke, there is no reason to doubt, from the Saxon addition to the latter of "stoke," signifying a hamlet.

In 871, a bloody battle was fought at Basing between the Danes and Saxons commanded by King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, in which the latter were defeated. It attained to more recent fame

for its defence against the parliamentary forces, by John Pawlet, Marquis of Winchester, a lineal descendant from Hugh de Port, who, at the period of the Domesday survey, held fifty-five lordships in this county. Basing was the chief of these large possessions, and appears to have been very early the site of a castle, as mention of the land of the old castle of Basing occurs in a grant made by John de Port, to the neighbouring priory of Monk's Sherborne, in the reign of Henry II. William, his grandson, assumed the name of St. John; and Robert, lord St. John, in the forty-third of Henry II., obtained a license to fix a pole upon the batt of his moat at Basing, with permission to continue it so fortified during the king's pleasure. In the time of Richard II., Basing, with other estates of the family, was transferred, by marriage, to the Poynings; and again in the time of Henry VI. to the Pawlets, by the marriage of Constance, heiress of the former, with Sir John Pawlet, of Nunny Castle in Somersetshire. Sir William Pawlet, Knt., third in descent from them, was created Baron St. John, of Basing, by Henry VIII., and earl of Wiltshire, and Marquis of Winchester, by Edward

\* From an engraving in "The History of Basing-house," an octavo pamphlet, published by S. Chandler, Basingstoke, 1827, whence are derived the subsequent particulars.

VI. He enjoyed court favor through most of the successive changes in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and held the office of lord treasurer nearly thirty years. Being asked how he contrived to maintain his station during those perilous times, in which so many great changes had taken place in church and state, he answered, "by being a willow and not an oak." He rebuilt the castle at Basing in a magnificent style. Camden, in allusion to the vast expense of living entailed on the family by its splendor, observes, that "it was so overpowered by its own weight that his posterity have been obliged to pull down a part of it."

King Edward VI. with his retinue, was entertained for four days at Basing, by the Marquis of Winchester; and king Philip and queen Mary, whom the Marquis had accompanied to Winchester, after their marriage, were also entertained at Basing for five days. Here also, in 1560, he entertained Queen Elizabeth, so much to her satisfaction, that she playfully lamented his great age: "For, by my troth," said the queen, "if my lord Marquis were but a young man, I could find in my heart to have him for a husband, before any man in England." The marquis lived to see 103 of his own immediate descendants; he died in 1572, at the age of ninety-seven, and was buried in Basing church.

In 1601, William, his great grandson, and fourth Marquis of Winchester, had likewise queen Elizabeth for a guest, during a period of "thirteen days, to the greate charge of the sayde lorde marquesse." Her majesty was accompanied in this visit by the duke of Biron, with about twenty of the French nobility; and a retinue of nearly 400 persons were lodged at the Vine, the seat of lord Sandys, which house had been purposely furnished with hangings and plate from the Tower, and Hampton Court, "and with seven score beds and furniture, which the willing and obedient people of the countrie of Southampton, upon two dayes warning, had brought in thither to lend the Queene." When Elizabeth departed from Basing she affirmed, that "she had done that in Hampshire that none of her ancestors ever did, neither that any prince in Christendome could doe; that was, she had in her progresses at her subjects' houses entertained a royal ambassador, and had royally entertained him." This marquis died in 1628, at

Hawkwood, now Hackwood, the present seat of his descendants.

It was John, fifth Marquis of Winchester, who rendered his name famous by bravely defending Basing-house for upwards of two years, while it was beleagured by the parliament forces. This noble mansion was built upon a rising ground, and surrounded with a brick rampart lined with earth, and all was encompassed with a dry ditch. Basing-house is not to be confounded with the castle, to the east of which it was situated at a small distance. The marquis's garrison much distressed the parliamentarians by the command the house had of the western road, and it was several times besieged by their forces, who greatly distressed, but could not take it. The marquis declared, that "if the king had no more ground in England than Basing-house he would hold it out to the last extremity." At first he had with him only his own family, and a hundred musqueteers, but afterwards the king supplied him as occasion required. It was at this time that, to inspire the garrison with courage and perseverance, he wrote with a diamond in the window the words "Love Loyalty;" for which reason the house was called "Loyalty House," and the words in French, "*Aimez Loyaulte*," afterwards became the motto of the family arms, as they are to this day.

Basing-house was first invested in August, 1643; the first material assaults were made by Sir William Waller, called from his former successes William the Conqueror, who thrice within nine days attempted to take it by storm, with seven thousand men, but was repulsed, and obliged to retreat with great loss to Farnham. The secretary of the king's council of war, Sir Edward Walker, knt., garter principal king of arms, has left a minute journal of interesting transactions relating to the lengthened siege. Basing-house was thoroughly provisioned, and resolutely defended. At length, after the battle of Alesford, Sir William Waller conceived the design of mastering the place by means of a private correspondence with lord Edward Pawlet brother to the marquis of Winchester, and then living with him in Basing-house, unsuspected of treachery. Sir Richard Grenvil engaged to leave the metropolis with a body of horse to join Waller. Grenvil appointed a rendezvous for his cavalry at Bagshot, and the same day left

London with his equipage only, consisting of a coach and six horses, and many led horses and servants; but when he arrived at Staines he suddenly left the Bagshot road for Reading, where the king's garrison then was, and thence without delay proceeded to Oxford, where he was very graciously received by the king, who had not expected him. He immediately acquainted the king with the whole design for the surprise of Basing; upon which the king sent the information by an express to the marquis, who instantly seized his brother and his confederates, and extorted from them a full confession of their plans. He then turned his brother out of the garrison, and executed his accomplices. By this discovery Basing-house was for that time preserved, while the parliament denounced Sir Richard Grenvil with judgments of attainder, confiscation, and incapacity of pardon.

At this period the king's cause was declining every where, and Cromwell came with his victorious troops out of the west. He closely invested Basing-house, threw up works and attacked it so vigorously that the royalists desired a parley. Oliver would hearken to no proposals, but began the assault at six in the morning; and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments having forced the strongest works they suddenly scaled the walls and entered the house before the besieged perceived their danger. There is a traditionary report that the garrison was surprised, while many of them were engaged at cards, and hence card players of the neighbourhood have still a common saying, of, "Clubs trump, as when Basing-house was taken." This edifice which had held out so long, and had been thought almost impregnable, was carried by storm in three-quarters of an hour. Besides ten pieces of ordnance, with 2000 stand of arms and ammunition, which fell to the assailants, the store of victuals in the place was enormous. There were 400 quarters of wheat, 200 barrels of beef, 300 fitches of bacon, 40,000 pounds of cheese, and numerous cellars filled with beer. The plunder of treasure and furniture amounted in value to £200,000. There was in one room a bed which had cost £1300, with many catholic books, coops, and rich utensils of worship. The silver plate was valued at above £5000, and there were several cabinets of jewels and other valuables. One soldier had six score pieces of gold,

amounting to £360, for his share. A: other seized three bags of silver, but, not being able to keep his own counsel, it fell to common pillage amongst his companions, so that at last he had but one half crown for himself. The wheat, household goods, and lumber, with a great part of the other plunder, was sold to the country people, who loaded it away in carts; and the house was burnt to the ground and demolished. About 200 prisoners were taken, including the marquis himself, and several other persons of distinction. They were sent up to the parliament by Cromwell, who received the thanks of the house for these services.

During the siege, Dr. Thomas Johnson, the celebrated botanist, was with the royal army, and received a wound of which he died. Six catholic priests were found among the slain. Robinson, a stage player, was killed by major-general Harrison, who is said to have refused him quarter, and shot him in the head when he had laid down his arms, with this quotation from scripture: "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." Dr. Thomas Fuller, author of the "Church History of Britain," then chaplain to the royal army under Lord Hopton, had been for some time shut up in Basing-house, while it was besieged by Sir William Waller; and there amid the din of war, as if sitting in the study of a quiet parsonage, he prosecuted his favorite work, entitled "The Worthies of England," discovering no sign of fear, but only complaining that the noise of the cannon, which was continually thundering from the lines of the besiegers, interrupted him in digesting his notes; an indifference, during so great a danger, similar to that of the water carrier, who, at the siege of another place, was going about, crying "Water, three-pence a bucket—" a bomb-shell took away one of his buckets—he then cried "six-pence a bucket," and walked on. Fuller's coolness and facetiousness, however, animated the garrison to so vigorous a defence, that Waller was obliged to raise the siege for that time with considerable loss.

The number of soldiers slain before Basing-house, from the first commencement of the siege, is recorded to have been upwards of 2000. Hugh Peters was with Cromwell's forces at the taking of the place, and being sent by Oliver to London to make a report to the Parlia-



ment, he said, Basing-house was fit for an emperor to dwell in, it was so spacious and beautiful. It is recorded that the marquis's garrison had picked up incredible booty. Lying, as they did, just on the great western road, they intercepted carriages, plundered waggons, and suffered nothing to pass, to the great interruption of the trade of the city of London. The gaining of Basing-house was esteemed a national service; for it opened the intercourse which had been long obstructed between the metropolis and the west of England. It was probably on this occasion that the sign of "Basing-House" became exhibited as the attractive sign of an inn, which still exists, near Shoreditch in London.

The Holy Ghost chapel, at Basingstoke, is said to have been stripped of its covering of lead to make balls for the use of the besiegers of Basing-house. In the same neighbourhood, Farleigh-house, was made a garrison for the parliament, when the inscriptions and all the brass plates in the church were taken away. A field situated on the right of the road leading from Basing to Basingstoke, near the bridge, over the canal, is still called Slaughter Close. This is traditionally reported to have been the scene of a sanguinary contest, at a time when the garrison made a sally to obstruct or destroy the offensive works of the besiegers. The slain on both sides were buried in that field, which to this day produces most abundant crops of every thing sown in it.

Where is the dust that has not been alive?  
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;  
From human mould we reap our daily bread.  
As nature wide, our ruins spread; man's  
death  
Inhabits all things but the thought of man.

The late Mr. Moses Barton Legg, of Basingstoke, was curious in his enquiries respecting the antiquities of the neighbourhood, and has left memorandums containing particulars of Basing-house, from which the following are extracts:

"29th Aug. 1799.

"Walked with James Exall up Back-lane, which he supposes was formerly a street, where he pointed out some old brickwork, to all appearance the remains of the foundations of a house. We went to the ruins of Basing-house, where he pointed out the spot where the original

house stood, and the cellars, on the east of the gateway; two arches of brickwork crossing directly over each other; and several pieces of wood, cinder, and burnt tile, which seem to show that the buildings were set on fire, after the house was taken. The oblong flat in front of the keep was a bowling-green, and kept in order since his recollection. There were several large fir trees on it which were cut down by Charles, duke of Bolton.—Round the top of the keep was a parapet wall, full four feet high above the gravel walk; part of the gravel now remains.

"After the original house was destroyed a mansion was built on the north side of the road, opposite the ruins. The piers of fine jointed brickwork were the entrance to the mansion, which was pulled down fifty or sixty years ago, by the then duke, and the materials carried to Cannons near Kingsclere.\*

"In a field near the brick bridge, called Slaughter Close, an old oak Pollard, containing at least seven or eight cord of wood, was cut down about twenty years ago, and given away for firewood. Exall saw it split up, and a great number of musket balls taken out of it."

Pitch Croft, a piece of ground, the more proper name of which is Priest Croft, appears to have been a fort. There was a house &c., there formerly, said to have been the residence of a priest, who officiated at Basing-house.

Most of the foregoing particulars were obtained by Mr. Legg from one Moss, a man of ninety years old or upwards, who died above thirty years ago.

Mr. Legg writes, "1800, March 1st, Went to look at the ruins, and met Lord Bolton, when I had a long conversation with his lordship. He pointed out the alterations he intended to make, as he took great delight in the place. On my expressing my regret that there was no drawing of the original house, &c. extant, at least that I could hear of, he told me that he had one; pointed out the spot where the original house stood, which was just the same as Exall told me the 29th of August last; also that the one which stood on the north side, was a subsequent erection; for after the original mansion was taken by Oliver's forces, it was set fire to, and destroyed, with most

\* Part of the materials is said to have been used in building the old George Inn, at Basingstoke.

of the valuable paintings, papers, &c.” In digging the canal at Basing, several human skeletons, cannon balls, coins, and other ancient articles were found. An immense old chalk pit, a little to the north of Basing, is still known by the name of “Oliver Cromwell’s Dell.”

It appears, from a survey made in 1798, that the area of the works, including the garden and the entrenchment, occupied about fourteen acres and a half. The form was irregular, the ditches deep, and the ramparts high and strong; some of the remains are yet very bold and striking. The citadel was circular, having an oblong square platform at the north, defended by a rampart and covered way. The north gateway is yet standing: which, surmounted with venerable ivy, concealing the ancient arms of the Pawlets, constitutes a fine relic of former grandeur. Part of the outward walls, constructed with brick, still remain. The site of the ruins is particularly commanding: the canal from Basingstoke has been cut through part of the works; and the outward inrenchments have been rendered very obscure and imperfect, from some late improvements in the ground. The medium depth of the fosse, which surrounded the citadel, is about thirty-six feet perpendicular.

The marquis of Winchester, whose property was thus reduced to ruin in the cause of Charles I., was a catholic. He lived till the restoration, but received no recompence from an ungrateful court, for his immense losses. During the latter part of his life, he resided at Englefield, in Berkshire, where he greatly enlarged the manor-house, the front of which bore a beautiful resemblance to a church-organ, and was a singularly pleasing object to all that passed the road between Reading and Newbury; this fine front is now no more. The marquis translated from the French the “Gallery of Heroic Women,” 1652; and Talon’s “Holy History,” 1653. He died in 1674, and was buried in the parish church of Englefield, where there is a monument to him with an epitaph in English by Dryden. There is a portrait of him among the ovals of Hollar, who likewise engraved a very small view of Basing-house, which is extremely rare: a print of this view at Dr Combes’ sale produced £30. Hollar was with the marquis in Basing-house at

the time of the assault, but effected his escape.

	h. m.
October 14. Day breaks	4 45
Sun rises . . . . .	6 37
— sets . . . . .	5 23
Twilight ends . . . . .	7 15

**October 15.**

15 October, 1724, died in confinement, at the age of seventy-four, Paul Atkinson, a Franciscan friar. He was a native of Yorkshire, and had been infamously betrayed by his female servant, for a reward of 100*l.*, under the penal statue of William III. against Romish priests. He was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, in Hurst Castle, in the Isle of Wight; and lived there with cheerful composure, beloved and respected by the governor, and the whole neighbourhood, as an unfortunate, amiable man. He had been allowed the liberty of occasionally walking abroad, till some wretched bigots complained of the humane indulgence, and then he voluntarily retired to his poor lodging, that he might give no offence, nor occasion blame to his kind keeper; he never again left the castle, nor would he permit any application to be made for a mitigation of his doom. Upon his death, in prison, his remains were removed to Winchester, and interred in the cemetery of St. James’s, the burial-place of many Roman catholics.

Friar Atkinson is still remembered, and tears have flowed from protestant eyes, for his sad fate. It has been presumed that had George I. and queen Caroline been fully acquainted with his situation, and his meek demeanour, his prison doors would have been set open. Their majesties were both friends to toleration; and the queen in particular frequently entrusted the duchess of Norfolk with sums of money, for distribution among sufferers of the Roman catholic communion.\*

VERSES

*By an Anonymous hand, 1587.*

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,  
By raging seas, is rent in twaine;  
The marble stone is peart at length  
With littel drops of drizzling raine:  
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,  
The steels obeyeth the hammer-stroke.

\* Noble

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,  
By yalping bounds at day is set;  
The swiftest bird, that flies about,  
Is caught at length in fowler's net;  
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,  
Is soon deceived by subtile hooke

Yea, man himselfe, unto whose will  
All things are bounden to obey,  
For all his wit and worthe skill,  
Doth fade at length an' fall away:  
There nothing is but Time doth waste;  
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But Virtue sits, triumphing still  
Upon the throne of glorious fame;  
Though spitefull death man's body kill  
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:  
By life or death what so betides,  
The state of virtue never slides.

	h. m.
October 15.—Day breaks . . .	4 47
Sun rises . . .	6 39
— sets . . .	5 21
Twilight ends . . .	7 13

Swallows and martins have disappeared,  
except a few stragglers.

### October 16.

16 October, 1586, Sir Philip Sidney died of his wounds at the battle of Zutphen; he is said to have been interred in St. Paul's cathedral with great pomp, but without monument or inscription. There are interesting memoirs of this "miracle of his age," and of

"the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister,"

Mary countess of Pembroke, in "Mornings in Spring," by Dr. Drake, who there inserts the following letter to sir Philip, when twelve-years of age, and at school at Shrewsbury, from his father sir Henry Sidney. It is an epistle of excellent advice, and, that it may be better noted, most of the sentiments are here separated into paragraphs.

[From the original at Penshurst.]

"I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh

me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray; and use this at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time.

Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time, I know, he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health.

And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words; so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you.

Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you.

Be cautious of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person, There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost.

Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy.

Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden you should find yourself inflamed.

Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones; it will increase your force and enlarge your breath.

Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments; it shall make you grateful in each company, and, otherwise, loathsome.

Give yourself to be merry; for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do any thing when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man; for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword.

Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER 16.

procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak.

If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect to the circumstance when you shall speak it.

Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself.

Be modest in each assembly; and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of yoursad friends for pert boldness.

Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampered up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins or bridles for the loose use of that member.

Above all things, tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naught; and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for, after, it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied: so shall you make such a habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to doevil though you would.

Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's

side, and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man.

Well, my little *Philip*, this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,

H. SYDNEY"

At the close of the preceding letter to "little Philip," there is a postscript, in the same spirit, from the hand of his mother. That the teaching of his excellent parents was not lost upon him his life testified; and perhaps the poem below, from his own pen at manhood, may be received as evidence of the good advice he received in his childhood.

	h. m.
October 16.—Day breaks . . .	4 49
Sun rises . . .	6 41
— sets . . .	5 19
Twilight ends . . .	7 11
Late, or October, peaches ripen.	

FAREWELL TO SPLENDID FOLLIES.

Leave me, O Love! which reachest but to dust;  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;  
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might  
To that sweet yoke where tasting freedoms be;  
Which breakes the clouds, and opens forth the light,  
That doth but shine and give us sight to see.

Oh! take fast hold, let that light be shy guide  
In this small course whiche birth draws out of death;  
And thinke how ill becometh him to slide,  
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.

Then, farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;  
Eternal Love; maintaine thy life in me.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*



PARSONAGE, FOBBING, ESSEX.

[For the Year Book.]

It was towards the close of one of the brightest and most serene evenings I have ever witnessed in the early part of August, that I reached the quiet parsonage of Fobbing for a brief sojourn. There is something extremely venerable in its aspect, seen in the sober twilight from the garden gate, where I subsequently posted myself to make the sketch which precedes this article.

The novelty of the place called me up at an early hour on the following morning, for I literally rose with the sun, and sat for some time enjoying the delicious freshness of the air at the open window, and listening to the varied sounds of gratulation which welcomed in the day. The harsh and petulant clamor of a number of restless "stares," tenanted the old church tower that stood in substantial grandeur immediately adjoining the front garden, occasionally interposed, afforded a contrast to the mellow tones of the blackbird, rustling in the laurels

surrounding the lawn, or occasionally venturing from its hiding place, to hurry to some other neighbouring seclusion, and sing unseen amongst the fragrance of green leaves, and opening flowers.

The first faint rays of the sun had no sooner lighted up a corner of the old barn opposite my window, than the mist which obscured the distance gradually dispersed, and I obtained a prospect, which, though very limited in extent, was not deficient in objects of interest. The rich pasture lands interspersed with farms and other buildings, and varied by clumps of trees, stretched away towards the river, beyond which the opposite shore rose in beautiful variety. Several vessels were moving onwards in gloomy grandeur, or reflecting the sun-light from their broad sails as they veered about; and at no great distance the neighbouring church of *Corringham* lifted its huge wooden spire like a pyramid of fog above the thatched roof of an out-house in the centre of the picture.

On a subsequent visit to this building, I particularly noticed its massy tower, which bears evident traces of extreme antiquity. The interior presents a very neat appearance, though over the belfry door my eye caught a cunning sculpture with something of a Grimaldi cast and coloring about it, and perhaps not altogether so "grave and reverend" as good old Herbert could have wished. In passing up the aisle I bestowed a brief attention on the sepulchral brasses of Thomas Allee, "quondam farmarius istius parochie," and Alicia Greyde, who died the 17th May, 1454. Some sculptured tiles on which I could trace no definite figures, and an old stone with the remains of a Lombardic inscription, inlaid with a brass plate, commemorating "Robert Draper, persone of Coningham, who deceased the 18th December, 1595," were the only other remarkables on this part of the church. I transcribed such of the letters as remained of this abused memorial, and had little difficulty in supplying the remainder as they are here printed :

ABELE: BAVD: GIST: ICI:  
 DIEV: DE: SA: ALME: EIT:  
 MERCI.

Within the communion rails there still exists a half length portraiture of one of the former rectors richly apparalled, and like a true priest "all shaven and shorn."—though the puritans have been less merciful to his quondam neighbour, a flaw in the slab that covers his remains being the only intimation that his ashes are there entombed. I should not fail, moreover, to mention, that in one of the windows you may see a dove with an olive leaf in its mouth, and bearing a acroll inscribed with the word *Isaiahs*, a rebus, very probably on the name of some benefactor to the church.

These details have led me away from my descant on the gentle scenery, which I was contemplating as I sat recruiting my next spirit from a two-fold fountain, and enjoying, in the highest sense of that expression,

"A gleam of glory after six days' showers."

—A cool gush of wind strayed through the foliage which fringed my window. I looked on the distant sky, and imagined it to be just "ripe for showering tears." A sound followed like the pattering of rain on some twinkling covert, and I welcomed its kindly presence, but on turning round to greet it,

saw only the lofty poplars beside me, glancing and fluttering in the clear sunlight as if every leaf were a living thing; and the grey church tower standing in shadow beyond them.

And here it may be fitting to make further mention of this same church which stands upon a high hill and is dedicated to St. Michael. There are within it several monumental stones from which the brass inlays have been removed, "either for greediness of the brass, or for that they were thought to be antichristian," and on the north wall of the chancel, the Lombardic inscription here copied :—

POVR LAMOVR de JESV CHRIST  
 PRIEZ POVR SA (SON ALME Q'ICI GIST  
 PATER NOSTER ET AVE  
 THOMAS DE CRAVEDENE FVT APELLE.

The window over the altar contains some fragments of stained glass, amongst which I could distinguish a miniature representation of the nativity, and another scripture piece too imperfect to enable me to speak decidedly as to its subject. These, and the letters *et*, the termination probably of some supplicatory inscription on behalf of the pious decorator of another window on the south side, where they occur, are all that I noticed in my search after the antique.

To return to the parsonage,—“I hath a faire garden, very sweet and sightly withal, and proper for pleasure or pastime.” Here then you might have seen me, had you been so minded, holding converse with nature for awhile; and anon elsewhere, but never beyond the pale of happiness, which I hold to be only another name for Fobbing Parsonage.

D. A.

### SCRAPS.

“— Unconsidered trifles—  
 Merry and tragical, tedious and brief.”  
*Shakspeare*

[For the Year Book.]

Anciently at Potton, in Bedfordshire, the wool trade was carried on to a considerable extent. At that period it was customary to introduce at "sheep-shearing," merry-makings, which were then maintained with a spirit honorable to those engaged in them. A personation of Saint Blase, the reputed patron of the woolcombers, was attended by various characters in gay attire, who performed a rural

masque; and there was a kind of morris dance, with other ceremonies.

\* O wassel days! O customs meet and well."

The "good bishop" was represented by a stripling, dressed in snowy habiliments of wool, seated on "a milk white steed," with a lamb in his lap, the horse, its rider, and the little "lambkin," profusely decorated with flowers and ribbons, of all the colors of the rainbow—the latter gaieties being carefully treasured up, and cheerfully presented for the occasion by all who took an interest in its due observance. Imperfect memory cannot supply a minute account of the appearance of the other "worthies," forming this "shearing-show," or "revel" as it was termed; but that their costumes were as diversified and sighly as in the one described above, is as certain as that they were beheld with admiration by the country-folk—for on the "festive day"

The neighbouring hamlets hastened here—  
And all the childhood came,

the little town presenting an animated appearance for the time being. The "display" has unluckily been long since discontinued. It was, perhaps, the most rural of the many celebrations in honor of the Saint, once common in manufacturing towns.

*Cherry Pasties*.—The common black cherry-tree grows wild, plenteously, in several parts of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, of the fruit of which, when ripe, the rustic inhabitants of those districts have from time immemorial been accustomed to make "pasties," which are by them highly esteemed for their delicious flavor; some even considering them fit

To set before a KING.

Entertainments called "the pasty feasts," in which the above mentioned "niceties" shine conspicuous, are always duly observed, and constitute a seasonable attraction "for all ages," but more particularly for the "juveniles," whose laughter-teeming-visages, begrimed with the exuberant juice, present unmistakable evidence of their "having a finger in the pie." Who can help regretting that the excellent qualities of "black cherry pasty" should remain "unsaid, unsung?" They have entirely escaped the notice of the "professed" writers "on the culinary art," from Mrs. Glasse "of the old school," down to Mrs. Rundell and Dr. Kitchener "of the moderns"

*Garlands*.—At the villages in Derbyshire, adjacent to the far-famed "Peak," the ancient custom of bearing wreaths or garlands at the funerals of young persons was once prevalent. These wreaths were tastefully composed of slips of writing paper, ingeniously interwoven together to resemble white roses; and were borne by the cherub-cheeked village children, walking "slow through the church-way path." It was also customary to suspend a wreath of this kind in the churches, over the pews of unmarried villagers who died in their youth. Miss Anne Seward (I think) mentions this usage as existing in her native village of Eyam, in her time; but now it is a fact sincerely to be lamented, that these "observances" of the "olden time" are every day more and more growing into disuse, for the lack of some congenial mind, with taste sufficient to resuscitate them from neglect.

*Roses*.—In the church-yard at Barnes in Surrey, near to the entrance door of the church, is an old mural stone with an inscription to the memory of Edward Rose, citizen of London, who died in the seventeenth century, and bequeathed the sum of £20 annually to that parish for ever, on condition that the railing enclosing his grave should be maintained, and rose-trees planted and preserved there in a flourishing state. The terms of this eccentric benefaction are very properly complied with. Several rose-trees are carefully trained around the monumental tablet; the grave itself is kept in admirable order, and the neat wooden fence in front of it is repaired and painted whenever necessary. [*Mem.* The church of Barnes, an antique structure, has had its interior modernized by the despoilers, misnamed "beautifiers;" and the wicket leading into the picturesque little church-yard is "locked;" so that the "musing pedestrian" cannot enter without first applying to "the woman that keeps the key," an intelligent ancient dame, very communicative as to particulars.]

*Punning Notice*.—The following announcement appears on an old barn-like building in the pleasant lane leading from Hampstead church-yard to Kilburn, Middlesex.—

"Horses taken into the *straw*-yard and fed upon *hay*."

*Lee, in Kent*.—In the church-yard at Lee, a pleasant village on the south side of Blackheath, an old monumental stone (probably displaced from the ancient

church which was standing within recollection) lies neglected in an obscure corner; on it is inscribed the following quaint lines:—

“Come gentle Reader you shall know what is  
Beneath this stone, HERE's naturrs rarities—  
(Grand-Parents ioy; The ANGells charge  
(to keepe)

The saint's companion, But now laid to sleepe  
in a cold bed of clay (prepared by death)  
Till GOD restore to him An Heavenly breath  
NOT, ten years old (so young he was) and  
yet

Pregnant in learning, memory Retent,  
So DOCible that few so EXcellent.  
Should I say All (was truly good) in him  
I should come shorte in hymning forth this  
stem

Nor would this stone conteynt, therefore no  
more

So greene a roots more ripened fruite nere  
bore

Now if yould know who 'tis deserues this  
praise

Reade the next lines And's name and vertues  
Raise.”

“Here lyes Thomas Garnet, eldest sonne  
of Kathirine, the wife of William Garnet,  
of Lond: gent., one of the daughters of  
Thomas Foxall by Elizabeth his wife, late of  
this parriah. He departed this life the —  
day of December 1648, being not fully ten  
years of age and his grandmother Elizabeth  
before named (\* illegible) in her love to him  
and for the imitation of his vertues in others  
caused this inscription.”

*Buckstone's Pound.*—at Bedford, may  
be seen an antique window of the pointed  
form, probably part of some ecclesiastical  
edifice; it graces the time-worn front of  
a little inn in an obscure part of the town,  
but, as little attention appears to have  
been paid to it, it is now in a mutilated  
state; it however retains the remains of  
some curious tracery, and the following  
inscriptive memorial, which is engraven  
deep on its massive stone sill:—

“Mary Wryte and her mother

Her father ande brother—

Was Alle of them drowned,

Inn Bvckstones pounde.

6 Febrry: An. Dm. (*date of the year illegible.*)

O GODD

IN. MERCYE. THER

SOVLES

PRAYE. TAKE=TO. HEVENYS,

FOR THEY DEARE SONNE'S

IESUS'S SAKE.

How long this “relpke” has been in  
its present situation, and from whence it  
came, I know not.

**E. D. B.**

August 1831.

## October 17.

Fox hunting begins to take place reg-  
ularly on the 17th of October.

### THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Give me the naked heavens above,  
The broad bare heath below,  
A merry glance from her I love,  
My fleet hound and my bow.  
I crave no red gold for my pouch,  
No wine-cup mantling high,  
Nor broidered vest; nor downy couch,  
On which the care-worn sigh:  
With conscience clear, and stedfast mind  
My cares I whistle to the wind.

If I am hungry, I can wing  
The wild bird as he flies;  
Or thirsty, yonder crystal spring  
My sparkling draught supplies.  
The dear must yield his dappled coat  
My vig'rous limbs to don;  
The heron his dark plume to float  
My fearless brows upon.  
I am content—canst thou say more,  
With pride, and pomp, and treasured store?  
*Fireside Book*

	h. m.
October 17.—Day breaks . . .	4 51
Sun rises . . .	6 43
— sets . . .	5 17
Twilight ends . . .	7 9

## October 18.

18 October 1564, captain, afterwards  
sir John Hawkins, the first Englishman  
that gave countenance to the slave trade,  
sailed from Plymouth, his native place,  
for Cape Verd, on the coast of Africa,  
being the first ostensible voyage in that  
most iniquitous commerce. The negroes  
were sold to the Spaniards in Hispaniola,  
in the West Indies.\* According to An-  
derson it was in 1562, two years earlier  
that, “Assisted by the subscriptions of  
several gentlemen he (Hawkins) fitted  
out three ships, the largest being 120 tons,  
and the smallest but forty tons burthen;  
and having heard that negroes were a  
very good commodity in Hispaniola, he  
sailed to the coast of Guinea, and took in  
negroes, and sailed with them for Hispan-  
iola, where he sold his negroes—return-  
ing in the year 1563, after making a

\* Butler's Chronological Exercises.



prosperous voyage. This," says Anderson, seems to have been the very first attempt from England for any negro-trade." Upon this adventure, Hill says, in his naval history, "Here began the horrid practice of forcing the Africans into slavery: an injustice and barbarity which, so sure as there is vengeance in heaven for the worst of crimes, will some time be the destruction of all who encourage it."

Vigorous efforts are in progress on the part of the legislature and numerous individuals to redeem our country from the nation-sinking sin of a trade in human beings, which has worked evil in the end to our slave-populated colonies, by entailing upon slave-proprietors and the owners of West India property embarrassment and ruin. Our hearts are cheered by the knowledge that later navigators, and adventurers, have speculated in unfurling the flag of peace and good will to the ignorant natives of other climes.

Below are some exquisite verses by Andrew Marvell, "supposed to be sung by a party of those volunteers for conscience sake, who, in a profligate age, left their country to enjoy religious freedom in regions beyond the Atlantic; the scene is laid near the Bermudas, or Summer Islands, as they were then called," where Berkeley, the good bishop of Cloyne, proposed to found a university of humanity.

THE EMIGRANTS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride  
In ocean's bosom unespied,  
From a small boat that row'd along,  
The listening winds received this song.

"What should we do but sing his praise,  
That led us through the watery maze,  
Unto an Isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own.

"Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,  
That lift the deep upon their backs;  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

"He gives us this eternal spring,  
Which here enamels every thing;  
And sends the fowls to us, in care,  
On daily visits through the air.

"He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranate disclose  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

\* Hist. of Commerce, ii. 117.

"He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet;  
With cedars chosen by his hand,  
From Lebanon, He stores the land.

"He cast—of which we rather boast—  
The Gospel's pearl, upon our coast,  
And, in these rocks, for us did frame  
A temple, where to sound his name.

"Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,  
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,  
Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may  
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sang they in the English boat,  
An holy and a cheerful note;  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time.

It is due to Mr. Montgomery to add that the preceding poem aptly occurred to recollection by seeing them in his "Christian Poet," a four shilling household book of beautiful verse.

	h. m.
October 18.—Day breaks . . .	4 53
Sun rises . . .	6 45
— sets . . .	5 15
Twilight ends . . .	7 7
Rough agaric springs at roots of trees.	

October 19.

19 October, 1645, the Scots took Newcastle by storm. The town was held by the royalists for Charles I. After a siege of ten weeks, Leven the Scottish general began a furious cannonade from his several batteries against the town wall. About three o'clock in the afternoon the garrison, by countermines, had nearly approached two of his mines for blowing up the walls, which being signified to Leven, he ordered these two mines, to be fired. About nightfall breaches being made, though not so large and passable as was needful, the rest of the mines were exploded, the Scottish regiments advanced all at once to the assault, and, after two hours' desperate fighting upon the breaches, they forced their first entry at the mine sprung on the west side of the town, near to Close-gate. The cavalry of the garrison repulsed them with three brave charges, till the Scottish reserve came up, when the garrison, seeing farther resistance vain, forsook the walls; and the assailants became masters of the town. The mayor sir John Marley, with others, who had been most resolute in

holding out, betook themselves to the castle, and general Leven went to church with his chief officers to return thanks for their success. The next day sir John Marley, wrote a spirited letter to general Leven, requesting liberty to withdraw to some neighbouring garrison of the king. Leven insisted upon a general surrender, and on the day following sir John Marley, with his associates, yielded themselves prisoners to the Scottish army, but were in danger of being torn in pieces by the mob. The Scots, after the capture, are said to have rifled the town's hutch, and destroyed most of the evidences and deeds belonging to the corporation. There is a tradition, that, during the siege, the Scottish general threatened the mayor, that, if the town was not delivered up, the besiegers would direct their cannon so as to demolish the beautiful steeple of St. Nicholas. The mayor instantly ordered the chief of the Scottish prisoners to be taken to the top of the Tower, below the lantern, and returned for answer, that if the structure fell it should not fall alone, as their countrymen were placed in it with a view either to preserve it from ruin or be destroyed with it; this saved the edifice. But St. Andrews church received so much damage, that we find by the parish register: "1645. Ther was no child baptized in this parish for 1 year's tim after the town was taken, nor sarmon in this church for one year's tim."\*

Northumberland, besieged the said castle of Alnwick: and, now when the keepers of the hold were at point to have made surrender, a certain English knight, conceiving in his mind a hardy and dangerous enterprise, mounted on a swift horse without armour or weapon, saving a spear in his hand, upon the point of which he bore the keys of the castle, and so issued forth of the gates, riding directly towards the Scottish camp. They that warded, mistrusting no harm, brought him with great noise and clamor unto the king's tent, who hearing the noise came forth of his pavilion to understand what the matter meant. The Englishman herewith couched his staff, as though it had been to the end that the king might receive the keys which he had brought; and whilst all men's eyes were earnest in beholding the keys, the Englishman ran the king through the left eye, and, suddenly dashing his spurs to his horse, escaped to the next wood out of all danger. The point of the spear entered so far into the king's head that immediately falling down amongst his men he yielded up the ghost. This was the end of king Malcolm in the midst of his army." The death of the king occasioned the Scots to raise the siege. They buried him in the abbey of Tynemouth, but afterwards disinterred the body, and reburied it at Dumferline, before the altar of the Trinity. Edward his eldest son also perished at Alnwick.

	h.	m.
October 19.—Day breaks . . .	4	54
Sun rises . . .	6	47
— sets . . .	5	13
Twilight ends . . .	7	6

Beech leaves change to purplish-brown; elm leaves to yellow, and are fast falling; lime leaves nearly all fallen

### October 20.

20th October, 1093, Malcolm III. king of Scotland was treacherously killed at Alnwick castle in Northumberland. The forces of William Rufus king of England had taken the castle from the Scots and put all within it to the sword. Upon which, Hollingshed says, "King Malcome, to withstand such exploits attempted by his enemy, levied a great host of his subjects, and, coming with the same into

According to Hollingshed, the knight by whose hand Malcolm fell obtained the name of *Percy*. "It is said that king William changed the name of this adventurous knight and called him *Pers E*; and, for that he struck king Malcolm so right in the eye, and in recompense of his service, gave him certain lands in Northumberland, of whom these *Percees* are descended, which in our days have enjoyed the honorable title of earls of Northumberland." Unfortunately for the credit of Hollingshed's story, his annotator prints in the margin "The name of the Percees had no such beginning, for they came forth of Normandy at the conquest." In the Harleian collection there is a MS. memoir of the Percy family entitled "Ex Registro Monasterij de Whitby," which corroborates the note upon Hollingshed. The MS. begins with "William Lord Percy the first founder

\* Byler's Local Records of Newcastle, &c.

of Whitby," and states that he married "Emme of the Porte; which Emme fyrst was lady of Semer besides Skarburgh upon the conquest;" and further that these possessions with other lands William the conqueror bestowed upon this Percy "for his good service," and that Percy wedded Emme of the Porte, "that was very heire to them," in discharging of his conscience." Of this marriage was Alayne Percy who "by Emma of Gawnte his wife" had the second William lord Percy who married "Aliza that lyeth at Whitby.\*"

BOLTON ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

Under the Saxon dynasty, Bolton had been the seat of earl Edwin's barony. In the twelfth century, Aaliza, the granddaughter of Robert de Romillè, heiress of the castle and honor of Skipton, married William Fitz-Duncan, a chief, who, after laying waste Craven by fire and sword, had been established there by his uncle, David, king of Scotland. Aaliza parted with this property to the canons of Embsay, and on the site of an ancient Saxon Church, in one of the most romantic situations in Craven, they built the beautiful structure of Bolton Priory.

Dr. Whitaker, in his History of Craven, mentions a tragical event, assigned by tradition as the cause for lady Aaliza having parted with Bolton.—

In the deep solitude of the woods betwixt Bolton and Barden, the Wharf suddenly contracts itself to a rocky channel, little more than four feet wide, and pours through the tremendous fissure with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. This place was then, as it is yet, called the *Sirid*, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who slide from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction which awaits a faltering step. Such, according to tradition, was the fate of young Romille, who inconsiderately bounding over the chasm with a greyhound in his leash, the animal lung back, and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent. The forester who accompanied Romillè, and beheld his fate, returned to the lady Aaliza, and, with despair in his countenance, inquired, "What is good for a bootless bene?" To which the motner, apprehending that some great

calamity had befallen her son, instantly replied, "Endless sorrow."

The language of this question, almost unintelligible at present, proves the antiquity of the story, which nearly amounts to proving its truth. But "bootless bene" is unavailing prayer; and the meaning, though imperfectly expressed, seems to have been, "What remains when prayer is useless?"

This misfortune is said to have occasioned the translation of the priory from Embsay to Bolton, which was the nearest eligible site to the place where it happened. The lady was now in a proper situation of mind to take any impression from her spiritual comforters. The views of the parties were different; they spoke, no doubt, and she thought, of proximity to the scene of her son's death; but it was the fields and woods of Bolton for which they secretly languished.

Although there is reason for supposing that this tradition may refer to one of the sons of Cecilia de Romillè, the first foundress, and not Aaliza de Romillè, yet Dr. Whitaker is without doubt that the story is true in the main. "This singular occurrence," says Dr. Drake, "which, whether it apply to Cecilia, or Aaliza, Romillè, is of little consequence in a poetical point of view, has furnished more than one of our living bards with a theme for his muse. I annex the lines of Mr. Rogers."—

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"Say, what remains when hope is fled?"  
She answer'd, "Endless weeping!"  
For in the herdsman's eye she read  
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,  
The stag was roused on Badden-fell;  
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,  
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying:  
When, near the cabin in the wood,  
In tartan clad, and forest-green,  
With hound in leash, and hawk in hood,  
The boy of Egremond was seen.  
Blithe was his song—a song of yore;  
But where the rock is rent in two,  
And the river rushes through,  
His voice was heard no more!  
'Twas but a step! the gulf he pass'd;  
But that step—it was his last!  
As through the mist he winged his way  
(A cloud that hovers night and day)  
The hound hung back, and back he drew  
The master and his merlin too.  
That narrow place of noise and strife  
Received their little all of life!

There now the matin-bell is rung;  
The "Miserere!" duly sang;

\* Antiquarian Repository, iv. 4.

And holy men, in cowl and hood,  
 Are wandering up and down the wood.  
 But what avail they? Ruthless lord,  
 Thou didst not shudder when the sword  
 Here on the young its fury spent,  
 The helpless and the innocent.  
 Sit now, and answer groan for groan;  
 The child before thee is thy own;  
 And she who wildly wanders there,  
 The mother, in her long despair,  
 Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,  
 Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;  
 Of those who would not be consoled  
 When red with blood the river roll'd.

	h. m.
October 20.—Day breaks . . .	4 56
Sun rises . . .	6 49
— sets . . .	5 11
Twilight ends . . .	7 4

**October 21.**

21st October, 1784, died M Calmer, one of the richest Jews in France. Although he had never abjured the religion of Moses, he neglected its rites, and his daughter was married to a christian of distinction. He purchased the duchy of Chaulnes, by which he obtained the presentation to several livings in Picardy. The bishop of Amiens maintained that Calmer, being a Jew, could not exercise the right of presentation belonging to the duchy. An action ensued in which the bishop was unsuccessful.\*

**THE WANDERING JEW.**

Matthew Paris relates a story which obtained full credit before the year 1228. He circumstantially reports that in that year came an Armenian archbishop into England to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; and that, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, he was asked several questions relating to his travels and his country. Among the rest, a monk who sat near him enquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, who was present at our Lord's crucifixion, and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered that the fact was true; and afterwards one of his train, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well; that

he dined at his table but a little while before he left the east; that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, and was then named Cartaphilus; and that when the Jews were dragging Jesus out of the door of the judgment hall, this Cartaphilus struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster Jesus, go faster—why dost thou linger:" upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said; "I, indeed, am going; but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon afterwards he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and, at length, into a fit of ecstasy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that rose with him, the composing of the Apostles' creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person. This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Alban's, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation. Since then several impostors have appeared at intervals, under the name and character of the "Wandering Jew." Mr. Brand says, "I remember to have seen one of these impostors some years ago in the north of England, who made a very hermit-like appearance, and went up and down the streets of Newcastle with a long train of boys at his heels, muttering 'Poor John alone, alone! poor John alone!' otherwise, 'Poor Jew alone.' I thought he pronounced his name in a manner singularly plaintive." He adds that sir William Musgrave had a portrait of this man inscribed "Poor Joe alone!"

	h. m.
October 21.—Day breaks . . .	4 57
Sun rises . . .	6 51
— sets . . .	5 9
Twilight ends . . .	7 3

Swan's egg pears gathered.

**October 22.**

**HYPOCHONDRIA.**

Under this date, in Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar, there is a continuation

\* History of Paris, lii. 266.

of some previous remarks upon hypochondria whence is derived the subjoined

*Extract.*

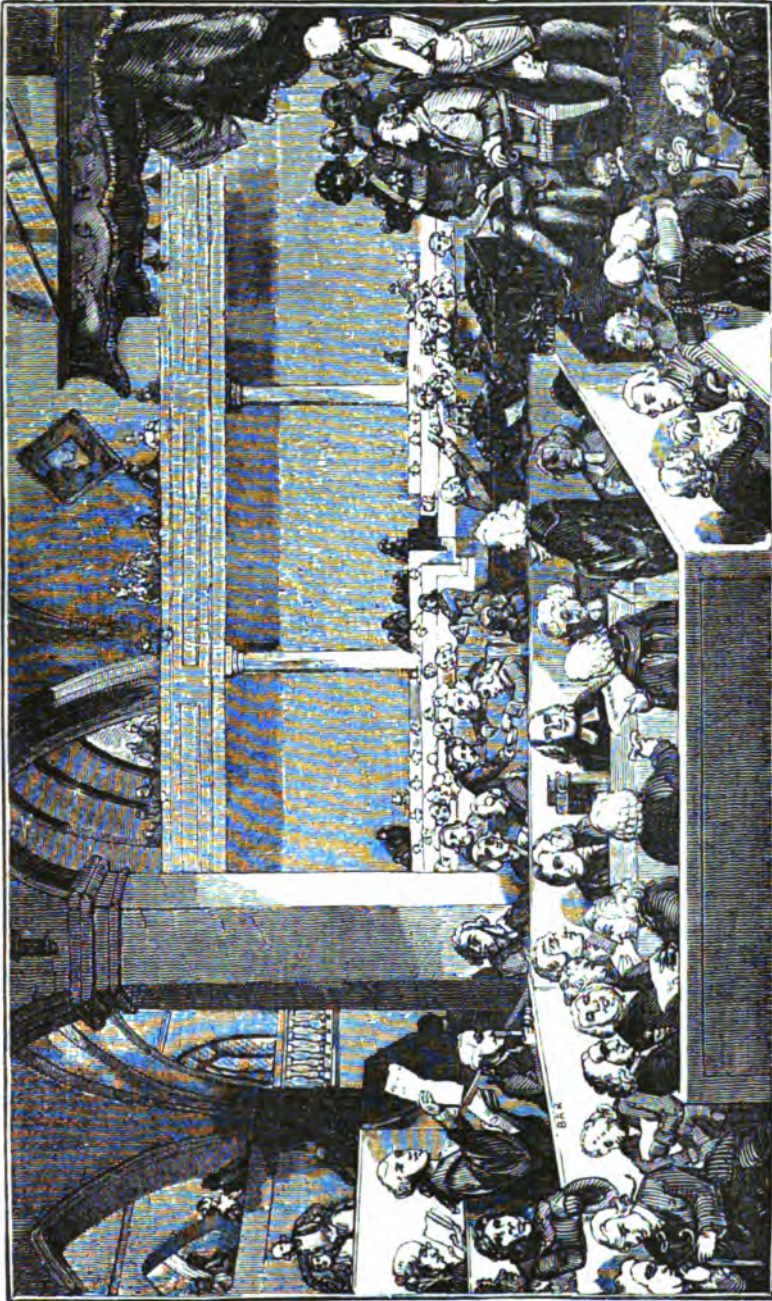
The spectra seen in hypochondriasis, and the gorgeous scenery of dreams under such states of excitement, serve to confirm the now received axiom in physiology, that it is not external objects in general that the mind actually views; but their forms exhibited on the sensorium; for cerebral action will sometimes take place spontaneously and produce visions. We quote the following from a modern writer:—

“I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary, or a semivoluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, ‘I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don’t tell them to come.’ . . . At night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Oedipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis, and, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendor. And the four following facts may be mentioned as noticeable at this time:—that, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point, that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness, was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I leared to exercise this faculty—for, as *Midas* turned all things to gold that yet *Jaffed* his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so, whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable when thus once traced in faint and visionary colors, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams into in-

sufferable splendor that fretted my heart. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths, below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I had re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon, because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words. The sense of space, and, in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings and landscapes were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive; space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millenium passed in thd time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived; I could not be said to recollect them, for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience: but placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognised them instantaneously.—I was once told by a near relation of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously, as in a mirror, and she had a faculty, developed as suddenly, for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some experiences of mine, I can believe.”

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	h. m.
October 22.—Day breaks . . .	4 59
Sun rises . . .	6 53
— sets . . .	5 7
Twilight ends . . .	7 1



THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

The preceding engraving is from an etching 10 inches high, and 17 inches wide, "D. Allan inv. et aq. for. fecit, 1787," obligingly transmitted from Scotland for the present purpose, with the following letter, and the accompanying particulars: their insertion has been postponed till now, under the hope of further communications.

[To Mr. Hone.]

April 1831,

SIR,—I am not aware that in any of your various publications notice is taken of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland; should the subjoined account meet with your approbation it is much at your service.

I am, Sir,

Your well wisher,

MINA HILL Row.

The General Assembly is the highest court in the church of Scotland. It is a representative body consisting of ministers and of elders, whose office bears a considerable resemblance to that of churchwardens in England, in the following proportions:—

200 Ministers, representing seventy-eight Presbyteries.

89 Elders representing Presbyteries.

67 Elders representing Royal Burghs.

5 Ministers, or Elders, representing Universities.

The business of the assembly is to decide all appeals and references in cases from inferior courts, as well as to enact general laws in regard to the internal administration of the church, with the consent of a majority of presbyteries.

The general assembly meets annually on the 25th of May, at Edinburgh. It is honored with the presence of a representative of the sovereign in the person of a Scottish peer, with the title of His Grace Lord High Commissioner, but he has no vote nor takes any part in the proceedings.

On the evening previous to the day of meeting he holds a levee, when the magistrates are introduced; the Lord Provost makes a complimentary address, and presents the silver keys of the city to him. The present Lord High Commissioner is James Lord Forbes.

During the ten days of the assembly's sitting the commissioner holds daily levees and public entertainments, which are attended by the members of assembly and the leading nobility and gentry in the city and neighbourhood. On the day appointed for the meeting he walks in state

to the high church, attended by the nobility, magistrates, and gentry, with his personal attendants, and a military guard of honor, where a sermon is preached by the moderator (or speaker) of the last assembly; after which his grace proceeds to the assembly house, which is an aisle of the church, where a throne is prepared for his reception. The moderator then opens the meeting with prayer, the roll of the new assembly is read, and a minister from that roll is appointed moderator. The royal commission is then delivered to the assembly from the throne by the nobleman who bears it, accompanied by a letter from the sovereign, which having been respectfully read and recorded, the commissioner addresses the assembly in a speech from the throne, to which a suitable reply is made by the moderator, and a committee is appointed to prepare an answer to the king's letter. These and other preliminary proceedings being finished, the assembly proceeds to the transaction of its legislative and judicial business, in discussing which it has adopted some of the forms which are established in parliament, and other great assemblies for the preservation of order and decorum. In the case of a division the sense of the house is collected, by the names on the roll being called by one of the clerks, and the votes being marked by the principal clerk, under the eye of the moderator.

On the tenth day of its sitting, the assembly is closed by an address from the moderator, followed by prayer and singing. It is then dissolved, first by the moderator, who, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ as the head and king of his church, appoints another assembly to be held on a certain day in the month of May the year following; and then by the Lord High Commissioner, who in his majesty's name appoints another assembly to be held on the day mentioned by the moderator.

As the General Assembly is the only great deliberative body which now meets in Scotland, and its proceedings often give rise to animated and even brilliant debates, its meeting is generally regarded with a great, and of late years an increasing, degree of interest in the northern metropolis, and over the country P.

A POETIC EPISTLE TO *Kirk* OF SCOTLAND.  
A FRAGMENT.

*Somerhill*, 26th May, 1830.

DEAR *Kirk*,—Agreeably to my promise, made to give you an account of my

late visit, last *Whitsonday*, to my friend Mr. *Hendry Constable*, *Baillie* of *Landsborough*, of which, by the bye, I have had the honour of being made a *Burgess* and *Guldbrother*, I now sit down to give you a short detail of my journey, and of which I *Begg* you will *Grant* me the favor of your perusal, and *Hope* it may amuse, and you'll *Kenn-e-dy* more about it.

Having made my arrangements the previous evening, I started at the *Grey* of the morning; (I wish to *Findlater* hours to rise at), and although it threatened to be *Rennie*, it turned out only *Sommers* showers. After passing *Aiton*, the name of which I have forgot, and where I was sadly *Bisset* with *Biggars*, one of whom, of the clan *Gregor*, with a *Brown* hat, and very few *Clasor*, holding out a *Primrose* in his hand, said (to *Currie* favor with me) "*Smellie* tat;" and through *Easton*, where a *Frenchman*, inquiring the time of day, asked me if it was yet *Denoon*? and *Middleton*? At this latter place I was amused in hearing a recruiting serjeant harangue a crowd, and bawling out *Liston* my lads! *Liston*! Not being very well acquainted with the remainder of the road, I inquired of a *Shepherd*, and no *Manson* could be more civil; he directed me to go by the *Burnside*, turn round by the end of a *Milne*, (*Adam Siveuright* is the *Miller*), then to cross the *Ferrie*, which would lead me to a *Muir*, on the other side of which was a *Glen* or *Shaw*, where I would find a *Winchouse*, at the sign of the *Reid Lyon*, kept by *Curdie Lamb*, and there get farther information.

Being an excellent *Walker* I set out with vigour, although I had previously climbed a high *Hill*, and from whence I had a fine view of *Colville* and *Melville* on the *Lee* side, and passed a *Cunningham* lass on a *Carr*, carrying a *Wemyss*, almost *Stark* naked, in her arms. Having arrived at the *Muirhead*, I observed several *Cairns* at the side of a *Wood*, which a *Black Smith* with a *White Baird*, who was *Brunton* the hand, and firing a *Canaan*, told me were frequented by a *Bogle*, and made people as frightened as *Duncan* in *Macbeath*.

By the time I came to the hostlerie, I found, from my long walk, my bones *Aitken*. It is pleasantly situated by the side of a *Burn*, at the bottom of a *Craig* of *Alpine* height, and had a *Kidd* browsing on it; a *Bower* of *Roses* (with a *Goldie* chiruping in it,) made by a *Gardiner*, and a sweet fragrance of *Flowerdew*; a bowling

*Green* in front, and in view of *Lochore*, and a *Swan* on it. I resolved to dine there, and, upon knocking at the door, some one called out, "*Cumming*;" upon entering and going into the *Spence*, I inquired at the *Cook*, who was sitting at the *Inglis* side, what I could have for dinner; when she told me that the landlord was not at *Home*, and the only thing she could give me was a *Cock*, which I might have done on the *Brander*; but this, I considered, would be too *Tough* for me, so would not *Touch* a *Tuit* o't. My appetite by this time beginning to *Craik* and *Cron*, I rung the *Barr Bell*, on which the landlord—who had been calling on the *Laird* concerning *Humphry Cooper*, the *Glover*, having been fighting with a *Taylor*, a *Souter*, and a *Baxter*, about a *Gunn*—made his appearance, and, upon stating my wish to him, he told me to "*Boyd* till I see, and I'll *Mc* 'All right to ye;" and on his return said, that I had had a *Story* put upon me, for that I could have a steak off a free *Martin*, but it proved as hard as *Steel*, a *Craw* pye (they never will again cry *Cow*!) or a *Dow* dressed with *Butter*—this I picked to the *Bayne*—and perhaps a *Garvie Heron*, but of *Salmon* he had not so much as a *Phin*, having mislaid the *Lister*. I accordingly ordered the whole, being determined to *Mc Lean* work; and, while thus occupied, the landlord, a *Jollie* enough personage, with a bald *Pate*, who professed the *Cottart*, or breaking of horses, and merry as a *Greig*, but withal *Wyllie* as *Tod Lawrie* told me he was a *Welchman*, and loved the *Scott*. He had been a great traveller, having been at *Leith*, *Forfar*, *Dingwall*, *Stirling Hamilton*, *Lockerby*, *Irvine*, *Traguhair*, *Dunbar*, and even as far as *Lunan*, and seen the *King* attended by a *Noble*. He appeared to be well acquainted with the *Burgh*. He said that it could scarcely be called a *Freeland*, for that there were—I *Add* is on words,—"*o'er Monilaws* in't;" and since the Temperance Society began, (*Mens' ies* are now opening,) there was only one *Brewster* in the place. The *Sherriff*, Mr. *Lawson*, who is a terrible *Flyter*, and has got *Roger Maule* appointed *Dempster*; and his *Clerk*, who is very *Gleig*, he was intimate with, and also with Mr. *Herdman*, the minister, who is very *Meek*, *Gentle*, and *Sage*, and as worthy an *Adamson* as ever mounted a pulpit, and though an *Auld* man is married to a *Young* wife, and still *Putters-on* in his accustomed old



way. He has an excellent band of *Singers* in his *Kirk*, which is led by *Davie Sangster*, the precentor, who has a pair of *Cruickshanks*, but is a first rate *Singer*. One peculiarity is, that all *Cosins* go there in *Capples*, carrying a pair of *Trowse* in their hands; and the females with a *Paton* on one *Foot* only, and that they call the *Proudfoot*; this was a *Les-lie* than I expected! *Eadie*, lately the people were not a *Little* alarmed by a *Dunn Bullock* bolting into the church, just as he had given out for his text, "*Asher shall not save us*;" however, *Peter Meiklejohn* the *Hunter* (although in general no *Turnbull*) and *Paul Littlejohn* the *Forrester*, soon turned him out—the latter having a cudgel, part of the *Firewood*, given him by a *Wright*, in his hand.

By this time it was beginning to *Mack-night*, although the *Moon*

### October 23.

23rd of October, 1707, Sir Cloudesly Shovel perished at the age of forty-seven with all his crew, on the rocks of Scilly. He was then a rear-admiral, and commander-in-chief of the fleet, with other official distinctions. He had been the son of a poor man at Norwich, and had run away from his apprenticeship to a shoemaker, in order to enter into the navy, in which his attention and diligence, under admiral Sir John Narborough, raised him from being a cabin boy to the rank of lieutenant. He rapidly attained to the highest honors of the service. Plain in his manners, and open and honest, the nation loved the man who seemed to have no aim but to advance its interests. Yet, when splendor was necessary, he observed it. He once entertained on board his ship the duke of Savoy, with sixty covers, and an attendance of sixty halberdiers; and every thing was conducted in so much appropriate order, that the duke said to the admiral at dinner, "If your excellency had paid me a visit at Turin, I could scarce have treated you so well." He was lost on his way home from Toulon, with 900 seamen of all stations; of whom not an individual survived to tell to what the fatal accident was owing. His body was found, and buried with public distinction, in Westminster Abbey, where there is an immense but tasteless monument to his memory.

In the formulary prepared by archbishop Tenison "for imploring the divine blessing on our fleets and armies," in the month of April preceding, there was this expression, "the rock of our might," which some heartless wit remembered in the following

*Verses laid on Sir Cloudesly Shovel's tomb in Westminster Abbey.*

As Lambeth prayed, so was the dire event,  
Else we had wanted here a monument:  
That to our fleet kind Heaven would be a rock;  
Nor did kind Heaven the wise petition mock:  
To what the metropolitan did pen,  
The Bishop and his Clerks replied Amen.

The rocks of Scilly are called by the people of the country, and mariners in general, "the Bishop and his Clerks."

The loss of Sir Cloudesly Shovel and all his crew has been attributed to excess of liquor, in drinking their "safe arrival," after a perilous cruise in the Mediterranean. "Indeed," says Mr. Noble, "what the dangers of Scilly are recollected,

### ORIGIN OF TEXTS.

The taking of a text seems to have originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law, and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said Amen, "read in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Previously to that time, the Patriarchs delivered, in public assemblies, either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people. It was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, during which period they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain, as well as to read, the Scriptures to them; a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times the books of Moses were thus read in the synagogue every sabbath day. To this custom our Saviour conformed; and, in the synagogue at Nazareth, read a passage from the prophet Isaiah; then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. This custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted, in the dark ages, when the Ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches, on Sunday, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

added to the fact of the admiral's having ordered the fleet to lay to during the day preceding to avoid them, we are at a loss to account for the signal for sailing at night, otherwise than by supposing that Shovel, and the officers about him, had sunk their caution, and all sense of danger too, in wine."

**DRUNKARDS IN CHANCERY.**

In a law work by Mr. Joseph Parkes of Birmingham, on the "Equity Jurisdiction of the United States, 1830," it appears that the American chancellor has the custody of drunkards. By the statutes of New York, whenever the overseers of the poor of any city or town discover any resident with property to the amount of 250 dollars, to be an habitual drunkard they are required to apply to the court of chancery. Upon the trial of an issue a verdict determines the fact, a committee is appointed of the drunkard's person, and under the direction of the court his personal estate is apportioned in liquidating his debts, and relieving his family. He is in all respects treated as an idiot, or lunatic ward of the court. When he has real property it is mortgaged or leased, if requisite, for a term not exceeding five years; and, on his being restored to his right mind, by becoming habitually sober, he then, and not till then, is deemed capable of conducting his affairs, and is entrusted with the care of his own property.

On the authority of a gentleman who was in the *Rothsay* steam vessel, of Liverpool, at the time of her dreadful wreck, it is now stated that if the passengers had seized and confined the drunken captain, and confided the vessel to a pilot then on board, who knew the coast and saw the danger, and remonstrated against the persistence of the frenzied commander, the vessel and passengers might have been saved.

**THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.**

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
Thou hollow sounding and mysterious main!  
Palo glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,  
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.  
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—What wealth untold,  
Far down, and shining thro' their stillness, lies!  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.  
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main,  
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have roll'd  
Above the cities of a world gone by!  
Sand bath filled up the places of old,  
Sea-wood o'ergrown the halls of revelry.  
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,  
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!  
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!  
They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—  
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!  
The prayer went up thro' midnight's breathless gloom,  
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!  
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy tower's o'erthrown,  
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown;  
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,  
Restore the dead, thou sea!  
*Mrs. Hemans.*

**SHIPPING, &c.**

"I am informed," says Fuller, "that the mystery of shipwrights for some descents hath been preserved successively in families; of whom the *Pets* about Chatham are of singular regard. Of ships the most, best, and biggest, are built at Woolwich, and Winter, near Chatham. The *Great Sovereign*, built at Dulwich, a higher ship for state, is the greatest ship our island ever saw."  
Henry VII. expended £114,000 in building one ship, called the *Great Henry*. She was properly speaking the first ship in the royal navy. Before this

period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient than hiring or pressing ships from the merchants.

In 1512 king Henry VIII. built at Woolwich, which is said to be the oldest royal dock, the largest ship ever known before in England. She was of 1000 tons burthen, and called the Regent. Two years afterwards, in a terrible battle, between the English and French fleets, she grappled with the great carrick of Brest, whose commander, perceiving it impossible to separate his vessel from the Regent, let slip her anchor. The ships turned together, the Carrick on the weather side and the Regent on the leeside, and in this situation the ships maintained a cruel fight. At length the English boarded the Carrick, and she took fire; which communicated to the Regent, and both ships were blown up; and 900 men of the carrick, 700 of the Regent, with the commanders of both, were burnt and drowned. To replace the Regent, the king caused a still larger ship to be built, and named it Henry Grace de Dieu.

In the first year of queen Mary's reign, the "goodliest ship in England, called the Great Harry, being of the burthen of 1000 tons, was burnt at Woolwich by negligence of the mariners."

The famous and adventurous earl of Cumberland was the first English subject that built a ship so large as 800 tons burthen. In 1547 he employed this ship, with others, at his own expense in an expedition against Spain.

Queen Elizabeth having granted to the merchants trading to the East Indies letters patent for fifteen years, they petitioned for an enlargement to James I., who granted them a charter for ever as a body corporate and politic, under the title of the East India Company, with large privileges. This so encouraged the new company that they built a ship of 1200 tons, which being the greatest ever made in this kingdom by merchants, the king and his son, Prince Henry, went to Deptford to see, and named it the Trades' Increase. This vessel, on returning from a voyage to the Red Sea, was lost, and most of her crew cast away. After this misfortune the king himself built a ship of war of 1400 tons, mounting sixty-four pieces of great ordnance, and gave it to his son Henry, who named it, after his own dignity, The Prince.\*

About 1564, was a great sea-fight between the fleets of Eric XIV., king of Sweden, and Frederick II., of Denmark. The Swedish admiral's ship was of enormous bulk, and mounted 200 brass cannon. She was separated from the rest of the fleet by a storm, and, while thus detached, this large ship sustained the attack of the whole Danish fleet, joined by the fleet of Lubeck. She sunk the Lubeck admiral by her side, but being entirely surrounded by the combined fleets, and wholly unaided, she was overpowered, set on fire, and totally destroyed. This is presumed to have been the largest vessel that ever was built, and will probably be the last of so great a size. The Dutch, in the meridian of their naval greatness, never exceeded ninety gun ships; and though first rates, with more cannon, have been built in England and France, they have been regarded rather as vessels of superior show than of additional practical power.\*

#### CANYNGE'S SHIPS.

[For the Year Book.]

MR. HONE,

It occurred to me on reading, under March 9, in the Year Book, first that a man so eminent as Canyng had not acquired his wealth by piracy, and secondly that the ships mentioned on his tomb were most probably Bristol built.

Mathews's Bristol Guide, 1819, p. 121, in a note upon the inscription that king Edward IV. had of the said William (Canyng) 3000 marks for his peace, to be had in 2470 tonnes of shipping says that "This has given rise to a vulgar tradition, that he had committed piracy at sea, for which he was fined 3000 marks, instead of which the king accepted 2470 tons of shipping. The truth is, Canyng having assisted Edward IV. in his necessity with the above sum, the king granted him in lieu of this loan or gift to have 2470 tons of shipping free of impost, as appears by the original instrument being in the exchequer. One of the judges who was viewing the church (St. Mary, Redcliff), and heard the sexton relate the story about piracy, reprimanded him for abusing the memory of so pious and worthy a man, and gave this explanation."

The History of Bristol begun by Mr. Corry and finished by the Rev. Johr.

\* Hume. Fuller. Baker. Anderson.

\* Baker.

Evans, published in 1816, says, (ii. 384, 385), "To the name of Canynge has been attached a peculiar splendor. The piety which in early life induced him to complete Redcliff church, which his grandfather had commenced, and which afterwards prompted him retire from the world, and to dedicate himself to religion, has been deservedly celebrated. His extensive mercantile transactions, the number and size of the ships which he possessed, his immense wealth, and his unbounded liberality, would furnish ample theme for panegyric, and will transmit his name to posterity as by far the most eminent man of the age in which he lived. But, in addition to this, Canynge has been represented as the patron of the arts, the lover of the muses, and the friend and protector of genius. He died in 1474, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried in the church of St. Mary, Red cliff."

The same work (ii. 300) says, "The commerce and manufactures of Bristol appear to have made a considerable progress during the fifteenth century, about the middle of which flourished the celebrated Canynge. This extraordinary man employed 2853 tons of shipping, and 800 mariners, during eight years. Two commendatory letters were written by Henry VI. in 1449, one to the master general of Prussia, and the other to the magistrates of Dantzic, in which the king styles Canynge 'his beloved eminent merchant of Bristol.'"

The itinerary of William Botoner, commonly called William of Worcester, preserved in the library of Benet College, Cambridge, gives the names of Canynge's vessels, among which stand first,

The Mary and John, 900 tons.  
The Mary Redcliff, 500 tons.  
The Mary Canynge, 400 tons.

Botoner superadds the names and tonnage of shipping belonging to other merchants of Bristol at this time; among them are the

John, 511 tons, and the  
Mary Grace, 300 tons.

At the siege of Calais, in the fourteenth century, Bristol furnished twenty-two ships and 608 mariners, while London furnished twenty-five ships and 662 mariners; and in the wars against the French king, in the reign of Henry VIII., Bristol furnished eight ships, of which two were

600 tons each, two 400 tons each, one 300, and the two remaining 120 tons each.  
J. T.

LAST EARL AND FIRST DUKE OF  
CORNWALL.

[For the Year Book.]

By Gilbert's History of Cornwall it appears that John of Eltham, youngest son to Edward II., was the last earl of Cornwall; and in the reign of Edward III., by act of parliament, and the "*investiture of a wreath, a ring, and a silver rod*," Cornwall became a duchy, "the first in England," his son, Edward the Black prince, being the first duke of Cornwall; since which time the title of duke of Cornwall has successively devolved to the heir apparent of the king of England.

This prince was no sooner invested with the dukedom than his duchy was invaded by the French and Scots, who spread alarm all over the western coast; burning Plymouth and other towns.

On the 4th of June, 1346, Edward III. put to sea, intending to land in Guienne, but being driven back by a storm, on the Cornish coast, steered for Normandy. Arriving at L' Hogue, he landed there, and spread fire and sword to the very gates of Paris. Then succeeded the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, in the former of which the duke of Cornwall commanded the first line of the English army, followed by some of the noblest men of Cornwall; in fact, king John surrendered himself a prisoner to Sir John Treffry, a Cornish knight.

The towns of Redruth, Liskeard, and Fowey, supplied the duke's army with many spirited and active young men. At the siege of Calais, Fowey and Looe furnished as follows;—

Fowey . . . 47 ships and 770 mariners.  
Looe . . . 20 do 315 do.  
Plymouth only 26 do 606 do.

At this period the exchequer would have been exhausted had not Cornwall contributed a subsidy of £50,000, and placed her mines at the complete disposal of Edward, in order to supply the continued drains making upon the national treasury.

	S. S. S.
October 23.—	h. m.
Day breaks . . .	5 1
Sun sets . . .	6 55
— rises . . .	5 5
Twilight ends . . .	6 59

**October 24.**

24th of October, 1536, died in childbed of Edward VI., the lady Jane Seymour queen to Henry VIII. He had married her the day after the execution of queen Anne Boleyn, to whom she had been maid of honour.

Granger says "Jane Seymour was the best beloved wife of Henry VIII., and had indeed the best title to his affection, as she possessed more merit than any of his queens." Henry continued a widower two years after her decease, and then he married Catherine Howard, on which occasion he ordered a public thanksgiving for his happiness, and in a few months afterwards sent her to the scaffold.

The following verses are ascribed to Queen Anne Boleyn, by Sir John Hawkins, who says they were communicated to him by "a very judicious antiquary." They are transcribed, on this occasion, from "Specimens of British Poetesses, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce."

**ANNE BOLEYN'S LAMENT.**

Defiled is my name full sore,  
Through cruel spyte and false report  
That I may say for evermore,  
Farewell, my joy! adiewe comfort!  
For wrongfully ye judge of me,  
Unto my fame a mortall wounde;  
Say what ye lyst it will not be,  
Ye seek for that can not be found.

O death! rocke me on slepe,  
Bring me on quiet rste;  
Let passe my very guiltless goste  
Out of my careful brest:  
Tolle on the passinge bell,  
Ringe out the doleful knell,  
Let the sounde my dethe t.all,  
For I must dye,  
There is no remedy,  
For now I dye.

My paynes who can express  
Alas! they are so stronge,  
My dolor will not suffer strength  
My life for to prolonge:  
Toll on the passinge bell, &c.

Alone, in prison stronge,  
I wayle my destenye;  
Wo worth this cruel hap that I  
Should taste this miserye.  
Toll on the passinge bell, &c.

Farewell my pleasures past,  
Welcum my present payne;  
I fele my torments so increase,  
That lyfe cannot remaine

Cease now the passinge bell,  
Rong is my doleful knell  
For the sound my dethe doth tell  
Death doth draw nye,  
Sound my end dolefully,  
For now I dye.

**A LADY OF EXCELLENT CONVERSATION.**

You would not only imagine all the muses, but all the graces were in her too, whilst for matter, words, and manner, she is all that is delightful in conversation; her matter not stale and studied, but recent and occasional; not stiff, but ductile and pliable to the company; high, not soaring; familiar, not low; profound, not obscure; and the more sublime, the more intelligible and conspicuous. Her words not too scanty nor too wide, but just fitted to her matter; not intricately involving, but clearly unfolding and explicating the notions of her mind. In manner majestic, not inferior; conversation, that is a tyranny with others, being a commonwealth with her, where every one's discourse and opinions are free. Having too much reason, to call passion to her aid, and disdaining to use force and violence (the ordinary arms of falsehood) to defend the truth; so, if you yield not, she does, rather than contend, leaving you the shame of a victory, when, with more honor, you might have yielded, and been overcome: nor does she rashly take up argument, and abruptly lay it down again; but handsomely assume it; delightfully continue it and, like an air in music, just then, when the ear expects it, comes unto a close; all in her being sweet, delightful, and harmonious, even to the very tone and accent of her voice; it being more music to hear her speak, than others sing. Then she's withal so easy company, and far from all constraint, as 'tis pleasure to be in it; whilst others, like uneasy garments, you cannot stir in without pain, which renders her conversation far cheerfuller than theirs who laugh more, but smile less, spending more spirits in straining for an hour's mirth, than they can recover in a month again; which renders them so unequal company, whilst she is always equal, and the same. True joy being a serious, constant thing, as far different from light and giggling mirth as elemental fire from squibs and crackers: whence she, Prometheus like, inspires all who converse with her with noble flame

and spirit; none ever departing from her company, but wiser and far better than they came. It being virtue to know her, wisdom to converse with her, finest breeding to observe her, joy to behold her, and a species of the beatitude of t'other life only to enjoy her conversation in this.—*Rich. Fleckno.\**

WEDDED LOVE.

How near am I to happiness  
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:  
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,  
As are the concealed comforts of a man  
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air  
Of blessings when I come but near the house:  
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!  
The violet bed 's not sweeter. Honest wedlock  
Is like a banqueting house built in a garden,  
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight

To cast their modest odours.—

—Now for a welcome,  
Able to draw men's envies upon man;  
A kiss, now, that will hang upon my lip,  
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,  
And full as long.

*Middleton's Women beware Women, 1567.*

If love be holy, if that mystery  
Of co-united hearts be sacrament;  
If the unbounded goodness have infused  
A sacred ardour of a mutual love  
Into our species; if those amorous joys,  
Those sweets of life, those comforts even in death,

Spring from a cause above our reason's reach;  
If that clear flame deduce its heat from heaven,  
'Tis, like its cause, eternal; always one,  
As is th' instiller of divinest love,  
Unchanged by time, immortal, maugre death.  
But, oh! 'tis grown a figment; love, a jest:  
A *comic* poesy: the soul of man is rotten,  
Even to the core, no sound affection.

Our love is hollow, vaulted, stands on props  
Of circumstance, profit, or ambitious passes.

*Morston's What you Will, 1607.*

HAWKING.

...his was once the amusement of all the sovereigns of Europe, and paramount over all other rural diversions. The post of grand falconer was a place of high dignity at all their courts, and at some of them is still continued. The duke of St. Albans is, at this time, hereditary grand falconer of the British court, with a salary of £1200 per annum.

\* Enigmatical Characters, 1658.

*Royal Hawking in France.*

The Grand Falconer of France had the superintendance of all the king's falconers, and was a sworn officer with wages and allowances amounting to 22,200 livres yearly. All hawk merchants, both French and foreigners, were bound, under pain of confiscation of their birds, to come and present them to the Grand Falconer, for him to choose birds from for the king, before they were allowed to sell any elsewhere.

In the reign of Louis XIV., if his majesty when hawking inclined to the pleasure of letting fly a hawk, the great falconer placed it on the king's fist; and, when the prey was taken, the prickler gave the head of it to his chief, and he to the great falconer, who presented it to the king.

There were six several flights of hawks belonging to the French king's falconry—

1. Of the flight for the *kite* there was a captain, or chief, who was also lieutenant-general of the great falconry, lieutenant-aid, a master falconer, five pricklers, and one decoy-bearer.

A second flight for the kite had the same number of officers, and like salaries and appointments.

When the captain of these flights of hawks took a black kite in the king's presence, he was to have the king's horse, his loose gown, and his slippers, for his fees, which were redeemed of him for 100 crowns, about 25*l.* sterling.

The flight at the kite was performed with ger-falcons, tiercelets, or tassels, and sometimes sakers; and there was always a decoy to draw the kite to a reasonable height, to give him to the hawks. After the kite was taken, the hawks had their fees given them with all the speed imaginable: a hen was put into their talons, and the kite's legs were broken that he might not hurt the hawks. The kite is a rare bird in France.

2. Of the flight of hawks for the *heron*, there was a captain, who was also captain of the guards, and keeper of the hawks' nests in Burgundy and Bresse, with commands over all the flights, for heron, throughout the kingdom; also, a lieutenant-aid, and two master falconers, and eight pricklers.

The flight at the heron was performed with the same kind of hawks as that at the kite; it was done two several ways: 1. To make the herons mount, when on the ground, two or three pistols or fowling-

pieces were let off. When a bird rose, a hawk, called in French *haussepied*, or a raise-foot, was let fly at him; and, when he had mounted a good height, other hawks were let out, which flew to fight with the *haussepied*, and drew the heron downward. There were always shagged grey-hounds, bred to the sport, in readiness to go into the water, and fetch the heron to the falconer, when it fell there, or to kill it when it fell on dry ground, for fear the heron should hurt the hawks. The first heron being thus killed, whilst the falconers of the first flight were curing their hawks, and giving them their usual perquisites, other falconers had a second flight always ready, to let fly at the other herons, which commonly kept hovering over the place. The second way was to fly hawks at the heron in her passage, that is, at a reasonable height, while she was going to, or coming from fishing, to her young ones. When a heron was discovered upon the ground, or upon the wing, the usual cry was, "à la volte," that is, "to the vault."

3. There were two flights of hawks for the *crow*. Of the first flight there was a captain, a lieutenant-aid, a master falconer, and twenty prickers. Of the second flight there was a captain, a lieutenant-aid, seven prickers, and a decoy-bearer.

The flight at the *crow* was performed with a falcon, or a tassel of a *gerfalcon*. The *crow* was inticed with a decoy, and, as soon as she was got into the plain, the falconers cried out, "*corneille en beau*," that is, "the *crow* flies fair;" and then, as the *crow* turned back on the decoy, they commonly let fly at her, first a tassel of a *ger-falcon*, which was the guide, and two falcons afterwards. The *crow*, being attacked, endeavoured to save herself, either by soaring aloft, or retiring towards her hold; when she soared aloft, no luring, or any other term was to be used; but, when she got to her hold, if she could be forced out of it, then the cry was "hal, hal, hal."

4. There was one flight of hawks for the fields, or for the *partridge*, to which belonged a captain, a master falconer, and eight prickers.

The flight for the fields was performed with falcons, tassels of falcons, *sakers*, *sakerets*, *lanners*, *lannerets*, *alets*, *gos-hawks*, tassels of *gos-hawks*, *spar-hawks*, tassel *spar-hawks*, *merlins*, and *malots*. There were two ways of flying at the *partridge*: first, with a sort of hawks which turned and maintained the flight along

with the dogs, and would hold out half a league outright, continually upon the wing; and, secondly, with hawks called *blockers*, which were let fly as soon as the *partridges* rose, and drove them full sweep to their hold, where, when they lighted upon a branch, or on the top of a house, the falconer went and served them with dogs. Every time the *partridge* rose the cry was "guereaux."

4. A flight for the *river*, or at the *duck*, had a captain, or chief, a lieutenant-aid, and four prickers.

The hawks used for the flight at the *river* were strong hawks, and haggard hawks, which were let fly into a moat or brook having ducks. The cunningest and most staid bird was first let fly to chase the prey, and then two others, and, when they were well turned, the ducks were let out, which the hawks knocked on the head; or forced into another moat. Every time the ducks moved away, the cry was "ila, ila, ila," or "stou, stou, stou," like the Flemings, and for fear any should go too nigh the water they cried "hors l'eau," that is, "keep off the water."

5. A flight for the *magpie* had a captain, and two prickers.

The flight at the *magpie* was performed with tassels of *gerfalcon*s. First, the most beaten and staid tassel was let fly to chase and then the other hawks were let out, and the *magpie* was shown them: as she endeavoured to save herself from tree to tree, or from bush to bush, she was forced away; and, every time she was forced out, the cry was, "houïya, houïya."

6. A flight for the *hare* had a captain, and a lieutenant-aid.

The flight at the *hare* was performed with a *gerfalcon*, and a greyhound to help the hawk sometimes.

There were also four other flights of hawks belonging to the French king's cabinet, with officers attached to each of these additional flights, viz. 1. A flight for the *crow*, 2 the *magpie*, 3 the *pigeon*, and 4 a flight of *merlins*.

The *merlins* were made use of to fly at the young *partridge*, whilst the light hawks were mewing or casting their feathers; they were used likewise for the quail, the black-bird, the sky-lark, and other small birds, as likewise to fly at the pigeon brow string.

The flight with the *merlins* was particular to the king's cabinet, being in no other royal falconry but that of the cabinet. This flight was performed from the fist,

that is, when the falconers were minded to let fly at a young partridge, they did not attack her till the dogs had raised her. There was no difference in the way of flying this little bird, and the falcon called a blocker, except that a merlin might be carried without hood-winking, upon the fist, whereas a falcon was always carried hood-winked, whether it was let fly one way or the other. In flying at the black-bird, and other small birds, they used poles to beat them out of the hedges, and cross-bows to have the pleasure of killing them, when they could be got out of their shelters. Of all the several sorts of birds that the merlins were used to fly at, skylarks were deemed most delightful, and afforded more diversion, as showing the eagerness and courage of the merlins. The larks commonly endeavoured to save themselves by soaring aloft, and so drew the merlins up to the very clouds, from whence they forced the larks to descend, and endeavour to light in some thicket or other shelter, before they could reach which the merlins commonly took them.

The manner of flying merlins at the pigeon brow-strung was thus: Two strings were passed through the lower eyelids of the pigeon, and then tied together above her head, so that her eyelids were drawn up, and she could not see downwards at all; and then she was thrown with the hand as high into the air as a man could throw her, where seeing no way but upward, she was forced to soar upwards by spirits, and, when she was mounted reasonably high, the falconers sent the merlins, who never left pursuing till they had fastened on her, and brought her down; "which sort of scuffle," says our author, "lasts very often a great while, and gives the most pleasure."

Thomas Nash, in his "Quaternio, 1633," tells, with delight, his enjoyment of hawking in boyhood.—"When I have in my youthful days been as glad as ever I was to come from school, to see a little martin in the dead time of the year, when the winter had put on her whitest coat, and the frost had sealed up the brooks and rivers, to make her way through the midst of a multitude of foul-mouthed ravenous crows and kites, which pursued her with more hideous cries and slammours, than did Coll the dog, and

\* Present state of France. By R. Wooley 1687

Malkin the maid, the fox in the apologue  
 "When the geese for fear flew over the trees,  
 And out of their hives came the swarm of  
 bees," *Chaucer.*

and maugre all their oppositions pulled down her prey, bigger than herself, being mounted aloft, steeple-high, down to the ground. And to hear an accipitrary relate again, how he went furth in a clear, calm, and sun-shiny evening, about an hour before the sun did usually mask himself, unto the river, where finding of a mallard, he whistled off his falcon, and how she flew from him as if she would never have turned head again, yet presently upon a shoot came in; how then by degrees, by little and little, by flying about and about, she mounted so high, until she had lessened herself to the view of the beholder, to the shape of a pigeon or partridge, and had made the height of the moon the place of her flight; how presently, upon the landing of the fowl, she came down like a stone and renewed it, and suddenly got up again, and suddenly, upon a second landing, came down again, and missing of it, in the downcome, recovered it, beyond expectation, to the admiration of the beholder; and to hear him tell, a third time, how he went forth early in a winter's morning, to the woody fields and pastures, to fly the cock, where having by the little white feather in his tail discovered him in a brake, he cast off a tassel gentle, and how he never ceased in his circular motion, until he had recovered his place; how suddenly upon the flushing of the cock he came down, and missing of it in the downcome, what working there was on both sides; how the cock mounted; as if he would have pierced the skies; how the hawk flew a contrary way, until he had made the wind his friend; how then by degrees he got up, yet never offered to come in, until he had got the advantage of the higher ground; how then he made in, what speed the cock made to save himself, and what hasty pursuit the hawk made, and how after two long miles flight killed it, yet in killing of it killed himself. These discourses I love to hear, and can well be content to be an eyewitness of the sport, when my occasions will permit."

The pastime of hawking is poetically described by Massinger in his "Guadian, a Comedy, 1655."



— — — — —“ In the afternoon,  
For we will have variety of delights,  
We'll to the field again, no game shall rise  
But we'll be ready for't; — — — — —

— — — — — for the pye or jay, a spar-  
row hawk  
Flies from the fist; the crow so near pursued,  
Shall be compell'd to seek protection under  
Our horses bellies; a hearn put from her  
siege,

And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall  
mount  
So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to  
soar

Above the middle region of the air:  
A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,  
Eying the prey at first, appear as if  
They did turn tail; but, with their laboring  
wings

Getting above her, with a thought their  
pinions

Clearing the pure element, make in,  
And by turns bind with her; the frighted  
fowl,

Lying at her defence upon her back,  
With her dreadful beak, awhile defers her  
death,

But, by degrees forced down, we part the fray,  
And feast upon her. — — — — —

— — — — — Then, for an evening flight,  
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,  
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,  
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,  
See me, or see me not: the partridge sprung,  
He makes his stoop; but, wanting breath, is  
forced

To cancelier; then, with such speed as if  
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes  
The trembling bird.”

The old books upon hawking are written  
with great vivacity and spirit, and abound  
more in gentle description, and pleasant  
anecdote, than any other treatises upon  
field-sports.

The training of hawks consisted princi-  
pally in the manning, luring, flying, and  
hooding them. Of these, the first and  
second imply a perfect familiarity with  
the man, and a perfect obedience to his  
voice and commands, especially that of  
returning to the fist at the appointed  
signal.

“All hawks,” says Markham, “ge-  
nerally are manned after one manner,  
that is to say, by watching and keeping  
them from sleep, by a continual carrying  
them upon your fist, and by a mo-  
familiar stroking and playing with them,  
with the wing of a dead fowl, or such  
like, and by often gazing and looking

them in the face, with a loving and gentle  
countenance, and so making them ac-  
quainted with the man. After your  
hawks are manned, you shall bring them  
to the lure by easy degrees, as, first,  
making them jump unto the fist, after fall  
upon the lure, then come to the voice,  
and, lastly, to know the voice and lure so  
perfectly, that either upon the sound of  
the one, or sight of the other, she will  
presently come in, and be most obedient;  
which may easily be performed, by giving  
her reward when she doth your pleasure,  
and making her taste when she disobeyeth:  
short winged hawks shall be called to the  
fist only, and not to the lure; neither  
shall you use unto them the loudness and  
variety of voice which you do to the  
long winged hawks, but only bring them  
to the fist by chirping your lips together,  
or else by the whistle.”

The *flying* includes the appropriation  
of peculiar hawks to peculiar game; thus  
the falcon gentle, which, according to  
Gervase Markham, is the principal of  
hawks, and adapted either for the field or  
river, will fly at the partridge or the  
mallard; the gerfaulcon will fly at the  
heron; the saker at the crane or bittern;  
the lanner at the partridge, pheasant, or  
chooffs; the Barbary falcon at the par-  
tridge only; the merlin and the hobby at  
the lark, or any small bird; the goshawk  
or tiercel at the partridge, pheasant, or  
hare; the sparrow-hawk at the partridge  
or blackbird, and the musket at the bush  
or hedge only.

The hooding of hawks, as it embraces  
many technical terms, which have been  
adopted by our poets, and, among the  
rest, by Shakespeare, will require a more  
extended explanation, and this we shall  
give in the words of Mr. Strutt. “When  
the hawk,” he observes, “was not flying  
at her game, she was usually hood-winked,  
with a cap or hood provided for that  
purpose, and fitted to her head; and this  
hood was worn abroad, as well as at  
home. All hawks taken upon ‘the fist,’  
the term used for carrying them upon the  
hand, had straps of leather called jessies  
put about their legs; the jessies were made  
sufficiently long for the knots to appear  
between the middle and the little fingers  
of the hand that held them, so that the  
lunes, or small thongs of leather, might  
be fastened to them with two tyrrits, or  
rings; and the lunes were loosely wound  
round the little finger; lastly, their legs  
were adorned with bells, fastened with

rings of leather, each leg having one; and the leathers, to which the bells were attached, were denominated bewits; and to the bewits was added the creance, or long thread, by which the bird, in tutoring, was drawn back, after she had been permitted to fly; and this was called the reclaiming of the hawk. The bewits, we are informed, were useful to keep the hawk from winding when she bated, that is when she fluttered her wings to fly after her game. Respecting the bells, it is particularly recommended that they should not be too heavy, to impede the flight of the bird; and that they should be of equal weight, sonorous, shrill, and musical; not both of one sound, but the one a semitone below the other; they ought not to be broken, especially in the sounding part, because, in that case, the sound emitted would be dull and unpleasing. There is, says the Book of St. Alban's, great choice of sparrow-hawk bells, and they are cheap enough; but for gos-hawk bells, those made at Milan are the best, and, indeed, they are excellent, for they are commonly sounded with silver, and charged for accordingly."

In the Book of Rates for the customs and poundage of Charles I., 1635, there are the following entries concerning hawks, and hawks-bells.

	Rate inwards.		Subsidie.		Impost.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Faulcons, the hauke	26	8	53	4		
Goshawkes, the hauke	20	0	45	8		
Jerfaulcons, the hauke	30	0	60	0		
Jerkins, the hauke	20	0	46	8		
Lanners, the hauke	26	8	53	4		
Lanarets, the hauke	13	4	26	8		
Tassels of all sorts, the hauke		13	4	26	8	
Haukes' hoods the gross, cont. 12 dozen		13	4	6	8	
Haukes' bells, French, making the dozen paire	2	6	0	18		
Haukes' bells, Norem-brough, making the dozen paire		0	12	0	12	

In the Table of Rates, outwards, is set down the subsidy for "hawkes'-hoods, the dozen, 2s. 6d."

Gervase Markham, in his "Complete Gentleman," upon "hawkes'-bells," says, "The bells which your hawke shal weare, looke in any wise that they be not too heavy, whereby they overloade hir, neither

that one be heavier than another, but both of like weight: looke, also, that they be well sounding and shrill, yet not both of one sound, but one at least a note under the other." He adds, "of spar-hawkes' bells there is choice enough, and the charge little, by reason that the store thereof is great. But for goshawks sometimes bells of Millaine were supposed to be the best, and undoubtedly they be excellent, for that they are sounded with silver, and the price of them is thereafter; but there be now," he observes, "used bells out of the low countries, which are approved to be passing good, for they are principally sorted; they are well sounded, and sweet of ringing, with a pleasant shrilnesse, and excellently well lasting."

John Stephens, in his "Satyrical Essays, Characters, &c., 1615," thus describes the character of a falconer:—"A falconer is the egg of a tame pullet, hatched up among hawks and spaniels. He hath in his minority conversed with kestrils and young hobbies; but growing up he begins to handle the lure, and look a falcon in the face. All his learning makes him but a new linguist; for to have studied and practised the terms of Hawk's Dictionary is enough to excuse his wit, manners, and humanity. He hath too many trades to thrive; and yet, if he had fewer, he would thrive less. He need not be envied, therefore, for a monopoly; for though he be barber-surgeon, physican, and apothecary, before he commences hawk-leech; though he exercise all these, and the art of bow-strings together, his patients be compelled to pay him no further than they be able. Hawks be his object, that is, his knowledge, admiration, labor, and all; they be indeed his idol, or mistress, be they male or female: to them he consecrates his amorous ditties, which be no sooner framed than hallowed; nor should he doubt to overcome the fairest, seeing he reclaims such haggards, and courts every one with a peculiar dialect."

Brathwait, in his "English Gentleman," has the following remarks and pleasant story concerning hawking:—"This pleasure, as it is a princely delight, so it moveth many to be so dearly enamoured of it, as they will undergo any charge, rather than forego it; which makes me recal to mind a merry tale which I have read to this effect. Divers men

having entered into discourse touching the superfluous care (I will not say folly) of such as keep dogs and hawks for hawking, one Paulus a Florentine stood up and spake—Not without cause (quoth he) did that fool of Milan laugh at these; and, being entreated to tell the tale, he thus proceeded:—Upon a time (quoth he) there was a citizen of Milan, a physician for such as were distracted or lunatic, who took upon him, within a certain time, to cure such as were brought unto him. And he cured them after this sort—he had a plot of ground near his house, and in it a pit of corrupt and stinking water, wherein he bound naked such as were mad to a stake, some of them knee-deep, and others deeper according to the degree of their madness, where he so long pined them with water and hunger, till they seemed sound. Now, amongst others, there was one brought, whom he had put thigh-deep in water; who, after fifteen days, began to recover, beseeching the physician that he might be taken out of the water. The physician, taking compassion of him, took him out, but, with this condition, that he should not go out of the room. Having obeyed him certain days, he gave him liberty to walk up and down the house, but not to pass the out-gate; while the rest of his companions, which were many, remaining in the water, diligently observed their physician's command. Now it chanced, as on a time he stood at the gate (for out he durst not go, for fear he should return to the pit), he beckoned to a young gentleman to come unto him, who had a hawk and two spaniels, being moved with the novelty thereof; for, to his remembrance, before he fell mad, he had never seen the like. The young gentleman being come unto him; Sir (quoth he), I pray you hear me a word or two, and answer me at your pleasure. What is this you ride on (quoth he), and how do you employ him? This is a horse (replied he), and I keep him for hawking. But what call you that, you carry on your fist, and how do you use it? This is a hawk (said he), and I use to fly with it at pluver and partridge. But what (quoth he), are these which follow you, what do they, or wherein do they profit you? These are dogs, and worth but very little, not above six crowns. The man replied, what then may be the charge you are at with your horse, dogs, and hawk? Some fifty

crowns, said he. Whereat, as one wondering at the folly of the young gentleman; away, away Sir, I pray you quickly, and fly hence before our physician return home; for if he find you here, as one that is maddest man alive, he will throw you into his pit, there to be cured with others, that have lost their wits; and more than all others, for he will set you chin-deep in the water."

Dr. Drake, from whose work on "Shakspeare and His Times" these passages are derived, says, that during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, the recreation of hawking descended from the nobility to the gentry and wealthy yeomanry, and no man could then have the smallest pretensions to the character of a gentleman who did not keep "a cast of hawks." Of this a ludicrous instance occurs in "Every Man in His Humour."

"*Master Stephen.* How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

*Knowell.* O, well couze, go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

*Steph.* Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have ere a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

*Know.* Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

*Steph.* No, couze; but I'll practise against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

*Know.* O, most ridiculous!

*Steph.* Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle: why you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting-languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without 'hem.—A fine jest ifaith! Slid a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman!"

Formerly, there were many large tracts of land in and near Cranbourne chase, called "Hawking Downs," which were covered with gorse and fern, and resorted to by pheasants and partridges. These were great hawking grounds with the neighbouring gentry who followed the pastime, after the fashion of the times, and kept and trained hawks without regard to expense. Three letters from a sporting gentleman of that country to an ancestor of the rev. Mr. Chafin, the pleasant relator of many agreeable anec-

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER 24.

votes relating to Cranbourne Chase, exemplify the impotence in which hawks were then held, and the value they bore.

toe, but I hope to cure him, but he is not able to leap over a low stile. I am your faithfull friend,  
WILL. FRAMPTON.

No. I.

Addressed "To Thos. Chafin, esq., at Mr. Loyds, in Greene Streete, to be delivered when he comes to London. Ffrank, London."

"Sr,  
"I have a man now in London that can carry hawkes: pray, as soon as this comes to your handes, goe to Mr. Chiffinch, and, if the hawkes are come in, send me down, by my man, the largest and handsomest hawkes that are brought over in the Russhian shippis: my man lodges at collonel Coker's lodging; Mr. Andrew Loder can inform you where Mr. Coker lodges; if my man brings down the hawkes it will save me 30s. a-piece, and he will bring them more carefully than another, and there will be no fear of changing the hawkes. If my man stays three or four days, if the hawkes are not come in, I shall be contented; but, if there be no expectation of the hawkes coming in, let my man come away presently, and I will desire Mr. Mompesson to bring down the hawkes, but you must make some private marke in them, and send me word what it is, that I may be sure that they may not be changed.

"I am your kinsman and servant,  
"W. T. FRAMPTON."

II.

May ye 1st 1682.

"Sr,  
"The hawke you sent me to keep is now a burden; for I have a cast besides, and I cannot get good meat for them, soe that you must dispose of her, being a beautifull Moscowy hawke. She is every bodis munney; from the marchant she is worth £10. I paid Mr. Mompesson's man for bringing her down, 10s. I have made her a good conditioned hawke, and killed a brace of pheasants with her; I would not do so much for another man if he would have given me £5. Your hawke is full of flesh, and very brisky. John Downes, at George Downes's house, on Newington Casway, will get you a chapman for the hawke. I have paid Mr Coker 20s. for keep of your gelding, and one shilling to the man. The dog you had from the king is mangy from top to

III.

"Sr,  
"If I should not see you before I go towards Newmarket (the end of this month), don't think me ill natured or disrespectful. I shall, for near a fortnight be tumbling up and downe in Dorset and Wilts, till I have got up some money to make up part of my engagements, but I doubt I shan't all. I could lodge a night with good content at your house, were my friend Mrs. Nancy well, to help prattle with me, and had I a new half ginney to be out of my maid Mary's debt, which, indeed, I tried to get in London, of the quiners, of whom I am promissed. I shall thinke of providing some present for her father, to reimburs him for his trouble and charge to feed and take care of my loose hawkes; but, that you may take no advantage of any promise, and another reason more powerful, I only add that I am your nameless friend."

"September 16-90."

Mr. Horatio Smith, in his agreeable volume on "Festivals, Games, and Amusements," mentions that, "latterly, the duke of St Alban's hereditary grand falconer has imported hawks from Germany, and has attempted to revive the 'noble art of falconry; the expense, however, of a hawking establishment is so considerable, and the sport itself so little adapted to an enclosed country, that the example does not seem likely to be generally followed."

SONG.

By the heath stood a lady,  
All lonely and fair;  
As she watch'd for her lover  
A falcon flew near.  
"Happy falcon!" she cried,  
"Who can fly where he list,  
And can choose in the forest  
The tree he loves best!  
"Thus, too, had I chosen  
One knight for mine own.  
Him my eye had selected.  
Him priz'd I alone.  
But other fair ladies  
Have envied my joy;  
And why? for I sought not  
Their bliss to destroy.

"As to thee, lovely summer!  
Returns the birds' strain,  
As on yonder green linden  
The leaves spring again,  
So constant doth grief  
At my eyes overflow,  
And wilt not thou, dearest,  
Return to me now!

"Yes, come my own hero,  
All others desert!  
When first my eye saw thee,  
How graceful thou wert!  
How fair was thy presence,  
How graceful, how bright!  
Then think of me only,  
My own chosen knight!"  
*Dietmar of Ast, 13th Century.*

The names of the different species of hawks, and the terms used in hawking, with various particulars concerning the value of hawks, their caparisoning, the fondness of ladies and clergy for the sport, and its antiquity, with accompanying engravings, form a chapter in "Strutt's Sports and Pastimes," lately published in octavo. Mr. Strutt's work has been rarely referred to in the preceding columns, because that volume was edited by the compiler of the *Year Book*, and is probably in the hands of the present reader.

POETRY.

TRUE LOVE.

I cannot hide from thee how much I fear  
The whispers breathed by flatterers in thine ear  
Against my faith:—but turn not, oh! I pray,  
That heart so true, so faithful, so sincere,  
So humble and so frank, to me so dear,  
O lady turn it not from me away!

So may I lose my hawk ere he can spring,  
Borne from my hand by some bold falcon's wing,

Mangled and torn before my very eye,  
If every word thou utterest does not bring  
More joy to me than fortune's favoring,  
Or all the bliss another's love might buy!

So, with my shield on neck, mid storm and rain,

With visor blinding me, and shortened rein,  
With stirrups far too long, so may I ride;  
So may my trotting charger give me pain,  
So may the ostler treat me with disdain,  
As they who tell those tales have grossly lied!  
*Bertrand de Born, 12th Century.*

THE BANISHED LOVER.

Lady, since thou hast driven me forth,  
Since thou, unkind, hast banished me  
(Though cause of such neglect be none),  
Where shall I turn from thee?  
Ne'er can I see

Such joy as I have seen before,  
If, as I fear, I find no more  
Another fair,—from thee removed,  
I'll sigh to think I e'er was loved.

And since my eager search were vain  
One lovely as thyself to find,—  
A heart so matchlessly endowed,  
Or manners so refined,  
So gay, so kind,  
So courteous, gentle, debonaire,—  
I'll rove, and catch from every fair  
Some winning grace, and form a whole,  
To glad (till thou return) my soul.

The roses of thy glowing cheek,  
Fair Sembali! I'll steal from thee;  
That lovely smiling look I'll take,  
Yet rich thou still shalt be,  
In whom we see

All that can deck a lady bright:  
And your enchanting converse, light,  
Fair Elis, will I borrow too,  
That she in wit may shine like you

And, from the noble Chales, I  
Will beg that neck of ivory white,  
And her fair hands of loveliest form  
I'll take; and speeding, light,  
My onward flight,

Farnest at Roca Choart's gate.  
Fair Agnes I will supplicate  
To grant her locks more bright than those  
Which Tristan loved on Yseult's brows.

And, Andriarts, though on me thou frown,  
All that thou hast of courtesy  
I'll have,—thy look, thy gentle mien,  
And all the unchanged constancy  
That dwells with thee.

And, Miels de Ben, on thee I'll wait  
For thy light shape, so delicate,  
That in thy fairy form of grace  
My lady's image I may trace.

The beauty of those snow white teeth  
From thee, famed Faidit, I'll extort,  
Thou welcome, affable, and kind,  
To all the numbers that resort  
Unto her court.

And Bels Mirails shall crown the whole,  
With all his sparkling flow of soul;  
Those mental charms that round her play,  
For ever wise, yet ever gay.

*Bertrand de Born.*

	h. m.
October 24.—Day breaks . . .	5 2
Sun rises . . .	6 57
— sets . . .	5 3
Twilight ends . . .	6 58



D O N .

[To Mr. Hone.]

Sir,—I believe you are no sportsman, and, if so, you will hardly be able to sympathise with the long regard I have had for a favorite dog, which has tempted me, at this genial season of the year, to offer a slight sketch and account of him for the *Year Book*.

To such of your readers as delight, like myself, in field sports, the following may be interesting, or at least amusing. I am no penman, and no scholar; indeed, I have heard it hinted that very few of my fraternity are. Without waiting to combat those worthies who pride themselves on their elegant ignorance of every thing that relates to the sports of the field, I shall, *en passant*, wish them every happiness in their own way, and, at the same time, beg to assure them that with *Don*, my double-barrel, and a decent sprinkle of birds (which last, by the way, this season has kindly afforded), I never envy any man. To proceed, then, which I must in my own plain way—if ever dog deserved to have his name recorded, or his portrait preserved, it is the one whose likeness accompanies this.

It is well known that every one's dog is the best in England, in the owner's opinion; at least, when the merits of the animal are discussed, such is generally the wind-up of his qualities. I will not say so of *Don*, but this I can say, that I believe a better dog never entered a field, and all the necessary qualities of a pointer were centred in him. I should tell you this is the eleventh season I have hunted him, and, though he is now nearly thirteen years old, he can find game with most of the young ones. However, *Don* was young once; and, to begin with him from a whelp—he is what is termed a fox-hound-pointer, his mother having been a true pointer; and his father a fox-hound. It is more common to breed in this way now than it was at that time; for it has been proved that one dog bred upon this plan, after he is once steadied to his work, which requires more schooling than with the common pointer, is worth any brace of thorough-bred dogs for finding game: the fox-hound-pointer has more speed, a finer scent, and is far more lasting. *Don* was one of seven whelps, all of which died, excepting himself,

before they were a month old. He was a weakly puppy for some months, and if he had ever taken the distemper would most probably have died too; but I had the precaution to vaccinate him, and he never had a touch of it: I have since vaccinated several hounds, as well as pointer-puppies, all of which have escaped, or had the disease very mildly.

*Don* was nearly a twelve month old before he could be hunted at all, and he then, all at once, became such a riotous rascal, I had almost given him up, and began to think he never would stand, when, having tired him out one day, as I was returning home he happened to drop upon a hen pheasant, and made a most brilliant point; this gave me some hope, and, as he was remarkably handsome and strong built, I determined to conquer him. Most certainly I had a world of trouble, but he has amply repaid me since. Having so much hound in him he was very much given to chase, and babble too, when birds got up; but, after having a few knocked down to him, he became steady, and then it was he began to show the most extraordinary sagacity I ever saw a pointer possess. He was so fast that he would hunt a field before another dog could think about it; still his speed was good, for I seldom knew him to blink a bird. When in his prime, I have frequently backed him to find his birds in a ten acre field within two minutes, if the birds were in it; and this was one remarkable point in him,—that, on entering a field, he seemed to know by instinct where the birds would lie; for he would take a momentary survey, and then, generally, go clean up to them at once—an extremely pleasant dog for an idle man. You might sit on a gate while he hunted his field, and he would pretty soon tell you if there was any thing in it. His nose was so keen and good, that I have seen him in a brisk wind find his birds a hundred and fifty yards off across the furrows; and this after birds were marked down, and it was known they could not have run. He was, and now is, very tender-mouthed, and would always bring his game without the slightest injury. He could tell, as well as myself, and sometimes better, whether a bird was hit, and many are the birds he has saved for me, and retrieved fields away from where I shot them. If a bird was hit, he would watch him till he topped the hedge, and then, if he once started, I always rested

satisfied I should bag my bird. He would never chase a hare when she got up, unless he thought she was wounded, and then few greyhounds were fleetier. I have known him course a hare that had been hit, nearly a mile, straight a-head, and bring her safely to me.

Some of my friends used to think I should spoil *Don*, from the variety of sport I used him for; such as pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, hare, and any sort of water-fowl shooting, the latter especially he was extremely fond of. He has frequently stood a duck or a moorhen, with the water running over his back at the time. If a rat was to be killed, *Don* was sure to be ready, and as good as any terrier at a rat's hole. To crown all, he was a rare dog for an otter, and has played a good part at the taking of two or three. In short, nothing could spoil him. He always knew his business, and, although he would rattle a wood like a lion, he was perfectly steady again the next minute, out of cover. I have seen him stand at game for nearly two hours without blenching; and at the same time looking as eager as if he would dash in every moment. In high turnips his action was very good; he would always contrive to show himself; standing sometimes on his hind legs only, so that his head and fore quarters might be seen; he would never drop on his game unless it was close to him. On one occasion I was shooting with a friend, when *Don* came at full speed, so suddenly, upon a hare, that he slipped up, and laid nearly on his back; he would not move, and my friend thought he was in a fit till madam jumped up, when she was killed, and *Don* righted himself. So extremely punctilious was he in backing another dog, when game was found, that he once caught sight of a point at the moment of jumping a stile, and actually balanced himself on the stile for several seconds, till he fell. But he was seldom called on to back; for, if two or three of his brethren were out with him, he pretty generally found all the game himself. He would, what is termed, point single; that is, if birds lay well in potatoes or turnips, for instance, and got up one by one, he would not leave his point till all were gone, unless by a turn of the head, or a step, to show where the next bird lay; I have in this way had seven shots to him without his moving a leg. He generally stood very handsomely, with his

head and stern well up, and remarkably firm and bold; as if he was conscious of his own beauty and worth.

There are many sportsmen who sally forth solely with the idea of getting as much game as they can, and care little for their dogs, as long as they do but get birds; I should term these gentlemen what that best of sportsmen, Col. Hawker, would call them, pot-hunters. For my own part, I think the action of my dogs constitutes one half of the enjoyment; and, if the circumstance of a dog pointing at all be considered abstractedly, it is a matter of great admiration.

What dog is there possessing the singular self-denial of the pointer or setter? The hound gives full play to his feelings; chases and babbles, and kicks up as much riot as he likes, provided he is true to his game; the spaniel has no restraint, excepting being kept within gunshot; the grey-hound has it all his own way as soon as he is loosed; and the terrier watches at a rat's hole because he can't get into it; but the pointer, at the moment that other dogs satisfy themselves, and rush upon their game, suddenly stops, and points with almost breathless anxiety to that which we might naturally suppose he would eagerly seize. No! this is my master's, and not mine! To-ho's the word, and here I am till he comes up, or the birds are off of themselves. They run, he creeps after cautiously and carefully, stopping at intervals, lest, by a sudden movement, he should spring them too soon. And then observe and admire his delight when his anxiety, for it is anxiety, is crowned with success; when the bird falls, and he lays it joyfully at his master's feet. Oh! a pointer should never be ill-used: he is too much like one of us: he has more headpiece than all the rest of the dog tribe put together. Narrowly watch a steady pointer on his game, and see how he holds his breath. It is evident he must stand in a certain degree of pain, for we all know how quickly a dog respire; and when he comes up to you in the field he puffs and blows, and the tongue is invariably hanging out of the mouth. You never see this on a point; and to check it suddenly must give the dog pain; the effort to be quiet, with fetching the breath deeply, causes, at intervals, a sudden hysteric gasp, which he cannot by any possibility prevent till he can breathe freely again: I have often thought of the

burning sensation a dog must have at his chest just at this time. I cannot help therefore looking on the pointer as the most perfect artist of the canine race; and any one who has studied the sundry callings of our sundry dogs, must, I think, agree with me.

On two occasions *Don* signalized himself particularly before two or three friends; the first of these would appear almost incredible, but it is fact; late in the month of August, 1826, I was hunting him with a puppy that was then in the field for the second or third time; as I wanted to show him birds previous to the season; *Don* found some birds very handsomely, about the middle of the field; the puppy had been jumping and gambolling about, with no great hunt in him, and upon seeing the old dog stand, ran playfully up to him, when *Don* deliberately seized him by the neck, gave him a good shaking, which sent him back howling to me, and then turned round and steadied himself on his point, without moving scarcely a yard. I have heard that no animal can put two ideas together, but I think *Don* showed here that he could. What was it but as much as to say, "You fool! let me alone; don't you see what I'm about? Don't bother me!" At all events, it struck me and my friends so: it was evident from the old dog's manner that he intended it as a proper correction.

At another time I was shooting with a friend in the isle of Sheppey, where the birds were very plentiful that season: we had a brace of dogs out, *Don*, and a white setter. In one field, which was nearly forty acres, we had found several covies, when *Don*, taking the hedge-row, stood very staunch nearly at the end of the field;—an old sportsman will say, what business had he there before the field was properly hunted; but if *Don* has a fault, it is being rather too fond of a hedge when another dog is with him. As we were walking up, the setter stood between us and *Don*, about 200 yards from the latter; we at first thought he was backing the other, but, upon coming near to him, we found he had birds of his own; and first come first served. We walked to him, when the birds rose, and we both killed: the old dog turned his head upon hearing the guns, and actually saw the birds fall; but, knowing he was right himself, he stuck to his own game, and continued perfectly steady. We could



not help exclaiming upon this excellent performance, but, I am sorry to say, *Don* was not properly rewarded; for, upon reloading our guns, and walking up to him, an old cock bird rose, which we both missed, and, as Matthews says, if that is not a staunch dog, I don't know what is. I have seen many dogs that would stand a long while, but I think few would be so much on their guard as this.

Unless, sir, your readers have as much patience as I have shown *Don* to possess, I am afraid I must have exhausted it by this time. In conclusion I have only to state that the old dog is now in perfect health, but age will show itself, and he can't make a gallop of it for more than a couple of hours. However, he has, in company with another, afforded good sport to me and two friends this season, which I am afraid will prove his last: but, as long as life is not a burthen to him, he shall live; and when he must die, I could attach that to his grave which has graced the burial sod of many of the nobler race, possibly, less deserving of it: namely, "He departed this life respected by all who knew him." I hope you will not think by this I have enough of the Byron feeling about me to prefer the friendship of dog to man; but, I assure you, when my old servant is gone I shall look back with pleasure to the memorial left of him in your pages.

J. W

September 18th, 1831.

instantly dispatched orders to the inhabitants of the bridge to remove, and placed guards at the extremitities to prevent the passage of individuals. Fissures soon appeared in the pavement and in the houses, and at length the bridge fell with a tremendous crash. Several of the inhabitants, too eager to remove their effects, were buried in the ruins: the course of the river was obstructed; and the sudden elevation of the water carried away several women who were washing linen on the shore. The foundations of a new bridge in stone were laid the same year, and, during its construction, a ferry-boat was established upon the river. The abbot and monks of St. Germain-des-Prés opposed the establishment of this ferry-boat upon the ground of privileges granted to them by king Childebert, and it was necessary to obtain a decree to remove the obstacles which they raised.\*

On Sundays and fetes, persons were allowed to expose birds for sale upon the Pont au Change, a bridge over the Seine, upon condition that they should let two hundred dozens fly at the moment when a king or queen of France was crossing the bridge in procession.†

	h. m.
October 25.—Day breaks . . .	5 4
Sun rises . . .	6 58
— sets . . .	5 2
Twilight ends . . .	6 56

### October 25.

#### FALL OF PONT NOTRE DAME.

25th of October, 1499, about nine o'clock in the morning, the bridge Notre Dame, at Paris, fell down. Its fall was attributed to the avarice of the prévôt des marchands, who received for each of the houses an annal rent of eighty livres, but laid out a very small sum in repairs. The surveyor of the public works had the year before warned the corporation of its danger in vain. On the morning of the accident, a master-carpenter having said to one of the magistrates that the bridge would fall that day, the worthy magistrate sent him to prison, and denounced the carpenter to Baillet the president of the parliament of Paris, as a miserable wretch for uttering the prediction. The parliament viewed the affair differently. They

### October 26.

#### BLOOD LETTING.

To be blooded at "spring and fall" was the custom of our ancestors; and about this time from ten to twelve ounces of blood used annually to be taken away by the lancet. This custom is now very properly laid aside, and it is found that a few gentle doses of aperient medicine from the first setting in of the autumnal chilling weather, when the body becomes indisposed, answers all the purposes of bleeding, without its inconveniences. The bleeding at the nose, and the fluxes called the cholera and diarrhœa, which occur spontaneously in autumn, have been considered as natural indications that the system requires depletion in this season.‡

\* History of Paris, iii. 141.

† History of Paris, iii. 153.

‡ Dr. Forsters' Perennial Calendar.

EFFECTS OF TRADES ON HEALTH AND LIFE.

Mr. Thackrah, in a very important work,\* states a variety of facts, which afford the following results, concerning the occupations of artisans:—

*Out of Doors.*

*Butchers*, and *Slaughtermen*, their wives, and their errand-boys, almost all eat fresh-cooked meat at least twice a-day. They are plump and rosy. They are, generally, also cheerful and good-natured. neither does their bloody occupation, nor their beef-eating, render them savage, as some theorists pretend, and even as the English law presumes. They are not subject to such anxieties as the fluctuations of other trades produce; for meat is always in request, and they live comfortably in times, as well of general distress, as of general prosperity. They are subject to few ailments, and these the result of plethora. Though more free from diseases than other trades, they, however, do not enjoy greater longevity; on the contrary, Mr. T. thinks their lives shorter than those of other men who spend much time in the open air. They, in fact, live too highly for long life. Congestion of blood, affecting chiefly the vessels of the abdomen and head, shortens the lives of numbers who are plump, rosy, and apparently strong. Dr. Murray, of Scarborough, says the high living of butchers assuredly leads to plethora and premature dissolution. He adds, —

*Coalmeaters*, &c., of London, rarely, if ever, attain the age of forty, though men remarkable for muscular bulk and strength. They work most laboriously, perspire immensely, and supply such waste by extraordinary and almost incredible potations of porter, which ultimately, without much positive and actual intemperance, brings on irregularities of the digestive system, structural changes, and death.

\* It is entitled "The Effects of the principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, and of Civic States and Habits of Living, on Health and Longevity: with a particular reference to the Trades and Manufactures of Leeds; and Suggestions for the Removal of many of the Agents which produce Disease, and shorten the duration of Life. By C. Turner Thackrah. 1831. Longman and Co." 8vo. p. 162.—The present extracts are derived from the Literary Gazette.

*Cattle and horse dealers* are generally healthy, except when their habits are intemperate.

*Fishmongers*, though much exposed to the weather, are hardy, temperate, healthy, and long lived.

*Cart drivers*, if sufficiently fed, and temperate, the same.

*Labourers in husbandry*, &c., suffer from a deficiency of nourishment.

*Brickmakers*, with full muscular exercise in the open air, though exposed to vicissitudes of cold and wet, avoid rheumatism and inflammatory diseases, and live to good old age.

*Chaise-drivers*, *postilions*, *coachmen*, *guards*, &c., from the position of the two former on the saddle, irregular living, &c., and from the want of muscular exercise in the two latter, are subject to gastric disorders, and, finally, apoplexy and palsy, which shorten their lives.

*Carpenters*, *coopers*, *wheelwrights*, &c., are healthy and long lived.

*Smiths* are often intemperate, and die comparatively young.

*Rope-makers and gardeners* suffer from their stooping postures.

*Paviors* are subject to complaints in the loins, increasing with age, but they live long.

*Indoor Occupations.*

*Tailors*, from their confined atmosphere and bad posture, are subject to stomach complaints and consumption. It is apparent, from their expression of countenance, complexion, and gait, that the functions of the stomach and the heart are greatly impaired, even in those who consider themselves well. We see no plump and rosy tailors; none of fine form and strong muscle. The spine is generally curved. The prejudicial influence of their employment is more insidious than urgent—it undermines rather than destroys life.

*Staymakers* have their health impaired, but live to a good average.

*Milliners*, *dress-makers*, and *straw bonnet-makers*, are unhealthy and short lived.

*Spinners*, *cloth-dressers*, *weavers*, &c. &c., are more or less healthy, as they have exercise and air. Those exposed to inhale imperceptible particles of dressings, &c., such as frizers, suffer from disease, and are soonest cut off.

*Shoemakers* work in a bad posture, by which digestion and circulation are so much impaired, that the countenance

marks a shoemaker almost as well as a tailor. From the reduction of perspiration and other excretions, in this and similar employments, the blood becomes impure, and the complexion darkened. The secretion of bile is generally unhealthy, and bowel complaints are frequent. In the few shoemakers who live to old age, there is often a remarkable hollow at the base of the breast-bone, occasioned by the pressure of the last.

*Carriers and leather-dressers* are very healthy, and live to old age.

*Saddlers* lean much forward, and suffer from headache and indigestion.

*Printers* are kept in a confined atmosphere, and generally want exercise. Pressmen, however, have good and varied labor. Compositors are often subjected to injury from the types. These, being a compound of lead and antimony, emit, when heated, a fume which effects respiration, and produce partial palsy of the hands. Careful printers avoid composing till the types are cold, and thus no injury is sustained. The constant application of the eyes to minute objects gradually enfeebles these organs. The standing posture tends to injure the digestive organs. Some printers complain of disorder in the stomach and head; and few appear to enjoy full health. Consumption is frequent. We scarcely find or hear of a compositor above the age of fifty.

*Bookbinders* are generally healthy.

*Carvers and gilders* look pale and weakly, but their lives are not shortened in a marked degree.

*Clockmakers* are generally healthy and long-lived.

*Watchmakers* are the reverse.

*House-servants* in large smoky towns are unhealthy.

*Colliers and well-sinkers* seldom reach the age of fifty.

*Employments producing Dust, Odor, or Gaseous Exhalations.*

Exhalations from animal substances are not injurious; nor are the vapours of wine or spirits. [?]

*Tobacco manufacturers* do not appear to suffer from the floating particles in their atmosphere.

*Snuff-making* is more pernicious.

*Men in oil-mills* generally healthy.

*Brushmakers* live to very great age.

*Grooms and hostlers* inspire ammoniacal gas, and are robust, healthy, and long-lived.

*Glue and size-boilers*, exposed to the most noxious stench, are fresh-looking and robust.

*Tallow-chandlers*, also exposed to an offensive animal odor, attain considerable age. During the plague in London it was remarked that this class of men suffered much less than others.

*Tunners* are remarkably strong and exempt from consumption.

*Corn-millers*, breathing an atmosphere loaded with flour, are pale and sickly, and rarely attain to old age.

*Multsters* cannot live long, and must leave the trade in middle life.

*Tea-men* suffer from the dust, especially of green teas; but the injury is not permanent.

*Coffee-roasters* become asthmatic, and subject to headach and indigestion.

*Paper-makers*, when aged, cannot endure the effect of the dust from cutting the rags. Mr. Thackrah suggests the use of machinery in this process. In the wet, and wear and tear of the mills, they are not seriously affected; but live long.

*Masons* are short lived, and generally die before forty. They inhale particles of sand and dust, lift heavy weights, and are often intemperate.

*Miners* die prematurely. Last year there were, in the village of Arkendale (in the heart of the mining district) not less than thirty widows under thirty years of age. The prevalent maladies appear to be affections of the lungs and bowels. Smelting is considered a most fatal occupation. The appearance of the men is haggard in the extreme.

*Machine-makers* seem to suffer only from the dust they inhale, and the consequent bronchial irritation. The filers (of iron) are almost all unhealthy men, and remarkably short lived.

*Founders* in brass suffer from the inhalation of the volatilised metal. In the founding of yellow brass, in particular, the evolution of oxide of zinc is very great. They seldom reach forty years.

*Copper-smiths* are considerably affected by the fine scales which rise from the imperfectly volatilised metal, and by the fumes of the "spelter," or solder of brass. They are generally unhealthy, suffering from disorders similar to those of the brass-founders.

*Tinplate-workers* are subjected to fumes from muriate of ammonia, and sulphurous exhalations from the coke which they burn, which appear to be annoying rather

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER 27.

than injurious. The men are tolerably healthy, and live to a considerable age.

*Tinners* are subject only to temporary inconvenience from the fumes of the soldering.

*Plumbers*, being exposed to the volatilised oxide of lead, are sickly in appearance, and short lived.

*House-pointers* are unhealthy, and do not generally attain full age.

*Chemists and druggists*, in laboratories, are sickly and consumptive.

*Potters* are affected through the pores of the skin. They are remarkably subject to constipation, and become paralytic.

*Hatters, grocers, bakers, and chimney-sweepers*, suffer through the skin; but, though the irritation occasions diseases, they are not, except in the last class, fatal.

*Dyers* are healthy and long-lived.

*Brewers* are, as a body, far from healthy. A robust, and often florid appearance, conceals chronic diseases of the abdomen, particularly a congested state of the venous system. When the men are accidentally hurt or wounded, they are more liable than other individuals to severe and dangerous effects.

*Cooks and confectioners* are subjected to considerable heat. Our common cooks are more unhealthy than housemaids. Their digestive organs are frequently disordered; they are subject to headach, and their tempers are rendered irritable.

*Glass-workers* are healthy.

*Glass-blowers* often die suddenly.

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

Hark hither, reader, wouldst thou see  
 Nature her own physician be?  
 Wouldst see a man all his own wealth,  
 His own physick, his own health?  
 A man, whose sober soul can tell  
 How to wear her garments well?  
 Her garments that upon her sit,  
 As garments should do, close and fit?  
 A well cloth'd soul that's not oppress'd,  
 Nor choak'd with what she would be dress'd?  
 A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,  
 Through which all her bright features shine!  
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,  
 As thin aëreal vail is drawn  
 O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,  
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride?  
 A soul whose intellectual beams  
 No mists do mask, no lazy steams?  
 A happy soul, that all the way

To heaven hath a summer's day?  
 Wouldst see a man, whose well-warm'd blood  
 Bathes him in a genuine flood?  
 A man whose tuned humours be  
 A set of rarest harmony?  
 Wouldst see blith looks, fresh cheeks, beguile  
 Age, wouldst see December smile?  
 Wouldst see a nest of roses grow  
 In a bed of reverend snow?  
 Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
 Winter's self into a spring?  
 In summe, wouldst see a man that can  
 Live to be old, and still a man?  
 That which makes us have no need  
 Of physick, that's physick indeed.

Richard Crashaw.

	h. m.
October 26.—Day breaks . . .	5 6
Sun rises . . .	7 0
— sets . . .	5 0
Twilight ends . . .	6 54

October 27.

27th of October, 1708, died in her fifty-eighth year, lady Mary Howard, eldest daughter of Charles Howard,\* earl of Carlisle, the amiable widow of the profligate Sir John Fenwick, bart., of Wallington, in Northumberland, who was executed for high treason. She endeavoured with as much zeal to gain the liberty of a faithless tyrannical husband, as if he had been true and gentle. She even attempted to bribe two of the witnesses against him, Porter and Goodman. The former pretended to be overcome with her promises; and having drawn her ladyship, with Chancey, an agent, into a private apartment, persons whom he had placed as witnesses in an adjoining room, came in and seized them and the money. Upon their evidence Chancey was convicted of subornation of perjury, and pillored. The lady Howard succeeded in buying off Goodman, who disappeared; but she could obtain no other favor to Sir John than the indulgence that he should fall by the axe instead of the halter.\*

	h. m.
October 27.—Day breaks . . .	5 8
Sun rises . . .	7 2
— sets . . .	4 58
Twilight ends . . .	6 52

\* Noble.



OTHAM CHURCH, KENT.

[For the Year Book.]

“Tell me what wants me here, to worke  
delyte,  
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,  
So calm, so coole, as no where else I finde,  
The grassy ground, with daintie daisies dight,  
The bramble bush, where birdes of every  
kind,  
To waterfalls their tunes attemper right.”

*Spenser*

This question I proposed to myself as I strolled leisurely onwards one summer's day through the green fields and shadowy orchards of the garden of England, lulled into contemplation by the pleasant lapse of waters every now and then crossing my path, or gliding away fleetly beside me. I was wandering towards Otham, a pretty village not far from Maidstone, through scenery beautifully undulated, and beneath a sky whose silent depth was studded with bright clouds like ice-flakes, broken on the slope of some weary current, and floating rapidly apart through the calm hyaline above,

while the scene below was as full of life as in one of those brightest days of the year's youth when “all things that love the sun are out of doors.” I have attempted to describe it in the following lines:—

The air is brisk, and the green lowland rings  
With tinkling waterfalls and bubbling springs,  
The clouds glance fleetly by, and, as they pass  
Fling their light shadows o'er the glittering  
grass

The wild thyme trembles as the reckless bee  
Springs from its dusky flow'rets fearfully,  
The distant hills give back the tedious cry  
Of some lone crow that wings it wearily,  
And the pale weeds which chafe that tott'ring  
wall

Lisp to the chirpings of the waterfall

Through the tall hedge-row, where the strag-  
gling rose  
Bows its warm blossom as the light wind blows,  
And stately elms their twining branches sway,  
Streams the full splendour of the noon-tide  
ray,

While in its sheen the glitt'ring flies prolong  
The mazy dance, and urge their drowy song.

Though with fair speech and music ever new  
The woods are vocal, and the waters too ;  
Sounds less presuming, but to fancy dear,  
Come indistinctly o'er the wakeful ear,  
The whirring beetle as it blindly heaves  
The scrambling black-thorn, or the sapling's  
leaves.

Or dash of pebbles in that brooklet's tide,  
As the wren nestles in its grassy side.

Oh! could I lose the world, and, thus be-  
guled,

Pass all my days in some secluded wild!  
For all it proffers seems, compared to this,  
A thirsty desert, where no water is.

On reaching the church-yard, it was  
not long before I descried the "narrow  
seat," shown to the right of the preceding  
cut

"Part shaded by cool leafy elms, and part  
Offering a sunny resting-place to those  
Who seek the house of worship, while the bells  
Yet ring with all their voices, or before  
The last hath ceased its solitary knoll."\*

I procured the key of the church, the  
interior of which manifests unusual neat-  
ness. It contains a chaste and appro-  
priate tablet to the memory of Dr. Horne,  
late bishop of Norwich, whose "Commen-  
tary on the Psalms will continue to be a  
companion to the closet, till the devo-  
tions of earth shall end in the halle-  
lujahs of Heaven."

On the south side of the altar is a brass  
plate, with figures of a man, his wife, and  
seven children, thus inscribed:—

"In God is all my trust.

Here lyeth the body of Thomas Hendley,  
esquier by degre,

The yongest sone of Jervis Hendley, of Cor-  
sworne in Cramkebrocke,  
Gent'man known to be,

Who gave a house, and also land, the Fif-  
teene for to paye,

And to relieve the people pore of this parishe  
for aye

He died the day of from Him that  
Judas sold

A thousand five hundredth and ninety yere,  
being eightie nine yeres ould,

Protesting often before his death, when he  
his faith declared,

That onye by the death of Christ he hop d  
to be saved. (Query, spared!)  
Christ is oure only Savior."

The rythm and metre of these verses are  
only equalled by those of "Mrs. Harris's"  
petition, 1699:—

\* Wordsworth. — Shakspeare uses the  
word "kroll" in a similar sense in one of his  
sweetest passages.

"I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's  
chamber because I was cold,  
And I had, in my purse, seven pounds four  
shillings and six pence, besides farthings,  
in money and gold."

The hiatus in the fifth line the reader  
may fill up ad libitum, as the poetry will  
not suffer by the introduction or omission  
of a few syllables, the "first day of May,"  
or the "twenty-second day of Decem-  
ber," being equally eligible for that pur-  
pose.

One of the bells has the following in-  
scription:

*Johannes Christi care dignare pro  
nobis orare.*

There was formerly a religious house  
at Otham, founded by Ralph de Dene,  
the ground for which was given by Sir  
Robert de Thurnham, who afterwards  
went into Palestine with "Richard, who  
robbed the lion of his heart," where he  
signalized himself so much as to obtain  
this honorable mention in one of our  
old chroniclers:—

*Robert de Thornham with his sauction,  
Can to crake many a crown.*

"But," says Weever, "he was so busy  
in cracking the Saracins crownes that he  
tooke the lesse heede (I think) of his  
owne, for then and there he was slaine."

*D. A.*

## October 28.

### WAR.

October 28, 1467, Erasmus was born.  
"Poor in the world, but rich in genius;  
obscure in his birth and unpreferred at  
his death, but illustrious by his virtues;  
he became the self-appointed champion  
of man, a volunteer in the service of  
miserable mortals, an unbought advocate  
in the cause of those who could only re-  
pay him with their love and their prayers  
—the poor outcast, the abject slave of  
superstition or tyranny, and all the name-  
less numberless sons of want and woe,  
born only to suffer and to die." This es-  
timate of him is from the preface to a  
translation by the late Rev. Dr. Vicessim-  
us Knox, of Erasmus's "Antipolemus,  
or the Plea of Reason, Religion, and  
Humanity against War"

Erasmus was the uncompromising  
advocate for Peace; and it was in a simi-  
lar character that Dr. Knox became his  
translator, and says, in an excellent pre-  
face to Erasmus's treatise, "The total

abolition of War, and the establishment of perpetual and universal Peace, appear to me to be of more consequence than any thing ever achieved, or even attempted, by mere mortal man since the creation. The goodness of the cause is certain, though its success for a time be doubtful. Yet will I not fear. I have chosen ground, solid as the everlasting hills, and firm as the very firmament of heaven. I have planted an acorn; the timber and the shade are reserved for posterity."

	h. m.
October 28.—Day breaks . . .	5 10
Sun rises . . .	7 4
— sets . . .	4 56
Twilight ends . . .	6 50

The weather now cold enough for winter clothing and great coats.

### October 29.

#### CITY COMPANIES.

On the 29th of October, 1742 (being Lord Mayor's Day, old style) Robert Willmot, Esq., the new lord mayor of London, was with the usual solemnity sworn into that office at Westminster, for the year ensuing. On that occasion it was remarkable that notwithstanding the common notion that a lord mayor must be free of one of the twelve companies, his lordship broke through that custom, upon the advice of counsel that there was no law for it. His lordship was of the Cooper's company, and would have been translated to the Clothworker's, which is one of the twelve; but his admission to the Clothworker's being carried but by a small majority, and that company having at the same time refused him the use of their hall, he was resolved to give them no farther trouble. It is only necessary that the lord mayor for the time being should be free of one of the twelve companies, in case he should require to be president of the Irish Committee.\* Besides the discharge of duties of great importance in their halls, the twelve companies there uphold those ancient festivities, for which they have acquired especial fame, and whence the members of their courts derive the deserved reputation of being acquainted with the "alderman's walk," in the art of carving.

\* Maitland.

#### CARVING.

[For the Year Book.]

There is many a proverbial expression which passes current with the multitude for much less than its value; or, if it possess no deeper meaning than is vulgarly attached to it, deserves to rank among "the Popular Fallacies" which our Elia has so cleverly and quaintly exposed. Among the number is this one—"Help yourself and your friends will like you the better." This, they imagine, savours strongly of rough hospitality; it is perpetually bubbling from the lips of your "hearty good fellow;" it is the understood invitation to sociality and sottishness.

It is, in brief, as he fancies, as if he said, "Come, make yourself at home!—don't sit there looking wretched and watching every one imploringly, till they ask you to try a bit more, or bothering all the company with your officious civilities, that they may take the hint and return the compliment."

But, in truth, the expression has nothing friendly about it; it is a reproof to idleness, rather than an exhortation to merriment. It was the production of that golden age of comfort and civilization, when every man carved for himself and implies no more than this—"Help yourself, for, if you do not, nobody else will!" It was a maxim worthy of those primeval ages of innocence and happiness, when the solitary host had *not* to carve for a whole *host* of consumers—when it was *not* his part only to "cut," and that of the others to "come again!"

It has been observed, most truly, that "We never feel so benevolent, as we do when we have dined!" but we cannot be expected to exhibit much philanthropy *until* we have arrived at that happy crisis. Never can human magnanimity be more severely tried, than in being required while his fat is condensing and his gravy congealing ("Grave exitium," as Apicius would have called it), to lend a *helping* hand to his neighbour!

It was the custom in the primitive ages (as it is to this day among unsophisticated nations,\*—those who have not yet learnt to sacrifice the comfortable institutions of their forefathers to the idols of fashion and innovation) for the guests to sit at the

\* See Dr. Clarke's account of a Russian dinner.

table as their rank entitled them to precedence: the host headed the board; a post *then* of profit as well as honor, for it was his privilege to cut off the tit-bits for himself! he then passed the dish to his next neighbour, who carved it according to his fancy, and pushed it down to the guest below him. In the lapse of ages, however, the impolicy of this practice became apparent; the joint—for where many dined together it must have been a *joint*-concern—soon cut so sorry a figure that the fastidious would be sorry to cut it, after it had been first *mangled* by the aristocracy above, then to be *washed* by the tears of famishing plebeians was contrary to all reason and religion.\* But it was difficult, at first, to find a remedy for the evil: there was no gentleman patriotic enough to sacrifice both his food and his first choice (as the host does now) for the public benefit. In this dilemma, they were obliged to entrust the important office of cutting and distributing the meat to a servant (I should say a slave), to one whose impartiality was guaranteed by the impossibility of his enjoying what he carved.

At first, as it may be supposed, the duty was but clumsily performed; *any* servant would do for the occasion; perhaps the very cook that decorated the roasted peacock with gold leaf was often compelled to join the two professions, as they are now united, and be both "carver and gilder." In time, however, it became a particular profession; the servant whose sole employment it was, in fact, was a menial anatomist; he was instructed by regular professors in the science of carving, and practised his art with pride and dexterity. The poet Juvenal † thus introduces him:

"The carver, dancing round, each dish surveys  
With flying knife; and, as his heart directs,  
With proper gesture every fowl dissects.  
A thing of so great moment to their taste  
That one false slip—had surely marr'd the feast."

The carver, who had arrived at such eminence in his profession, was, of course, to be met with only in the houses of the great; the same satirist, in a subsequent place, declares that in his humble abode no such proficient was to be found.

\* This will both explain and justify the indignation of Alexidemus, at being placed at the bottom of the table, at "the banquet of the seven sages."—Plutarch.

† Satire the 5th

"No dexterous carvers have I got,  
"Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught;  
In whose famed schools the various forms appear  
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls of the air;  
And where, with blunted knife, his scholars learn  
How to dissect, and the nice joint discern;  
While all the neighbourhood are with noise oppress'd  
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast."

The meaning of the last two lines is literally "and the supper of Elmwood sounds through the whole suburb." By this passage we are informed that, at the "schools for carving," the instructor produced wooden models of various victuals, carved out into pieces as the originals ought to be, and fastened together, as Rupert supposes, by threads or glue, which the pupil had to separate with a blunt instrument.

The accomplished carver had not merely to anatomise the dainty before him, but to let his operations keep time to the music which played throughout the dinner. "The carver † (says the lively chamberlain of Nero) lacerates the victuals, making such gesticulations to the concert, that you would think he was fighting Darius while the music was playing." We cannot now accurately discover what were the tunes played at entertainments, but we may reasonably conjecture that they were appropriate to the occasion; "The Roast Beef of Old England," undoubtedly, was one!

Annæus Seneca, who wasted his sympathy on those who had no cause for sorrow, lamenting the forlorn condition of Roman slaves, enumerates their several distressing offices. ‡ "Another (says he) cuts up the precious poultry; twisting his skilful hand in appointed strokes, he divides the breasts and the backs into pieces. Unhappy he who lives but for this one purpose, that he may carve fat fowls with neatness!"

It is utterly impossible to trace the progress of the science through the stormy ages that succeeded the luxurious emperors of Rome. Rome perished; and civilization died, like a Hindoo widow, upon its funeral pile! Carving, perhaps, fell with them; but it rose again a phoenix from the ashes (though my cock-

\* Satire the 11th.

† Petronius.

‡ Epistle the 47th.



ney friends perhaps may say carving has nothing to do with *hashes*) in renovated vigour! After the dark curtain of the middle ages was withdrawn from the stage of history, we find the office of carver no longer entrusted to the hands of slaves, but devolved upon the highest officer in the household of the knight and the nobleman—"the squire." For a description of this important situation I must refer my readers to the page of Mills,\* or James,† or Stebbing;‡ it is enough for me to remind them that it was a post of high respectability, and responsibility—one frequently filled by the very sons of the master of the establishment. Chaucer introduces us to the son of the knight, under the title of "the Squier," and thus describes him:—

"Curteis he was, lowly, and servisaue,  
And carf befor his fader at the table." ¶

"The Squier" is again described in two other places, in the same author, as performing a similar duty:

"Now stood the Lordes squier atte bord,  
That carf his u.ete;" §

and Damian, who is more familiar to the public in his more modern costume in Pope's January and May,

"Carf befor his knight full many a day." ¶

When the duty of carving had once reached this height of gentility, it had but one step more to reach the summit of its glory; when it had once become a post of honor, and its labours were considered those of affection and endearment, it of course was soon dignified by the performance of softer and fairer fingers; it soon became the pleasing office of the wife or daughter! It was theirs to execute the tender part of selecting a tender part for the happy eater. Thus did the interesting and unfortunate Lady Isabel; for we are told by the poet,

"Now when this lord he did come home,  
For to sit down and eat,  
He called for his daughter deare  
To come and carve his meat." \*\*

\* History of Chivalry, vol. 1.

† Hist. of Chivalry. National Library.

‡ Hist. of Chivalry, Constable's Miscellany vol. 1, 57.

¶ Intro. to Canterbury Tales.

§ Sompnour's Tale.

¶ Marchant's Tale.

\*\* The Lady Isabell's Tragedy.—Perry's Relics, vol. 4

Old Burton (an "Anatomist," too, in his way) complains that in the opinion of many men, a wife is a mere piece of utility.\* "She is fit to bear the office, govern a family, to bring up children, to sit at board's end and carve."

Shakspeare, who never suffered one touching trait of tenderness to escape him, also alludes to this interesting custom. Adriana, in her heart-rending remonstrance to the deceived and deceiving Antipholus, exclaims,

"The time was once, when thou unurged  
wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear, &c.

—That never meat sweet savoured to thy taste,

Unless I spoke, looked, touched, or carved to thee." †

What can be more tender! It was, we perceive, a fond and refined feeling, which occasioned the custom of the Abyssinians at dinner:‡ when every gentleman sat between two ladies, who made up his food into convenient mouthfuls, and stuffed it into his mouth for him. This story is now fully accredited as it deserves; and is no longer considered what is vulgarly called "a *crax*" (i. e. a fiction); affection, and *not* indolence, was the origin of the amiable institution.

When the office of carving was entrusted to the fair hands of the ladies, we may well conceive it would soon be brought to exquisite perfection as an accomplishment; and it was so. In the reign of our second Charles, it appears that there were regular academies for the instruction of novices in this genteel and useful science:—Cowley "falls into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how that it should come to pass," that there was no professor of agriculture, while "even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, *carving*, and such like vanities, should all have public schools and masters." ¶

Instruction is by no means unnecessary, in an art requiring so much manual dexterity as carving; many an exalted genius could never attain to any decent expertness. Montaigne§ among his many imperfections, which he is so free to confess, candidly declares, "I cannot handsomely fold up a letter, nor could ever

\* Anat. of Melanch. vol. 2.

† Comedy of Errors, act 2, 2

‡ Bruce's Travels.

¶ Essay on Agriculture.

§ "On Presumption."

THE YEAR BOOK.—OCTOBER 30.

make a pen, nor carve at table worth a pin.\* It is not an acquirement to be despised, even by the illustrious in learning and literature; it was the war cry of the patriotic Spaniard that he would fight even "with the knife!"—it is disgraceful for a gentleman to be unable to carve with the instrument with which he could kill.

The polished Chesterfield is very energetic in forcing the attention of his son to this art.\* However trifling (says he) some things may seem, they are no longer so, when about half the world thinks them otherwise. *Carving*, as it occurs at least once in every day, is not below our notice. We should use ourselves to carve adroitly and genteelly," &c.

Skilful carving is not merely a sign of gentility, it is also a demonstration of ingenuity and acuteness, in adapting the parts and pieces to the tastes and tempers of the helped:—a leg for the gouty—a wing for the ponderous—seasoning for the inexperienced—a bit of the *rare* for the virtuoso—a merry-thought for the melancholy! and so forth. There is an amusing Hebrew tale of a Jerusalemite,† who had to perform "three clever things as a proof of his wisdom," to entitle him to claim his patrimony; two out of the three were his carving at dinner and at supper. In the first instance he had to distribute five chickens among the party, which he did by dividing one chicken between the trustee of his property and his wife; "another between the two daughters; the third between the two sons; and the remaining two he took for his own share." He explains the reasons of this partition, by alleging it was done arithmetically. "Thou (says he to the master of the house), thy wife, and one chicken, made up the number three; thy two daughters and another chicken made up another three; thy two sons and a chicken made again three. To make up the last number I was compelled to take the remaining chickens to myself;—for two chickens and thy humble servant made again three." This is something after the ingenious manner of the facetious carver in Joe Miller, who shared a pair of chickens between himself and his two friends, saying, "There is one for *you two* and here's one for *me too*!"—The carving of the Hebrew at supper was still more subtle than at dinner; but, as I have al-

ready been too prolix and particular, I must conclude my garrulity, for fear my exhausted readers should prove their skill in carving, by *cutting* me and my memoranda for ever!

PROMETHEUS PERCIVAL PIPPS.

	h. m
October 29.—Day breaks . . .	5 11
Sun rises . . .	7 6
— sets . . .	4 54
Twilight ends . . .	6 49

October 30.

October 30, 1485, King Henry VII. was crowned. The ceremonial was hurried over with less display than was customary and the usual procession at a coronation through the city. He had shortly before gratified the citizens with his presence on his return from the victory of Bosworth Field; when, upon approaching London he was met at Shore-ditch by the mayor and his brethren, in scarlet, with other worshipful citizens clothed in violet; and with great pomp and triumph he rode through the city to the cathedral church of St. Paul, where he offered three standards; one with the image of St. George, another with a red fiery dragon beaten upon white and green saracenet, and the third! with a dun cow upon yellow tartern. After prayers and the singing of Te Deum, he departed to the bishop's palace, where he remained for some days.

In 1487, he was received with very similar ceremonies when he came to London to attend his queen's coronation. He was met by the citizens at Hornsey Park, and there knighted the lord mayor, sir William Horne. The queen, the countess of Richmond, the king's mother, and other ladies, were privately placed to behold the show in a house near St. Mary's Hospital without Bishopsgate. The livery companies lined the street; and at St. Paul's the king was received by the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates. At his entrance into the cathedral he was censed with the great censers of St. Paul's by an angel who came out from the roof. After offering at the customary places within the church, he went to the bishop's palace to lodge.

The queen herself, accompanied by the countess of Richmond and many lords and ladies, had previously arrived from

† Principles of Politeness.  
‡ Hauwitz's Hebrew Tales, page 195.

Greenwich by water. The mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, with several worshipful commoners, chosen out of every craft, in their liveries, had waited on the river to receive her. Their barges were freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk, richly beaten with the arms and badges of their crafts; and especially one called the bachelor's barge was garnished and apparelled beyond all others. In it was a dragon spouting flames of fire into the Thames, and many other "gentlemanly pageants," well and curiously devised to give her highness sport and pleasure. And so, accompanied with trumpets, clarions, and other minstrels, she came and landed at the Tower, and was there welcomed by the king. On the following day she went through London to Westminster, apparelled in white cloth of gold of damask, with a mantle of the same furred with ermine, fastened before her breast with a great lace of gold and silk, and rich knobs of gold tasseled at the ends; her fair yellow hair hanging down plain behind her back, with a cawl of pipes over it, and confined only on the forehead by a circlet of gold ornamented with precious stones. On her passage to her litter, her train was borne by her sister Cecily. The litter was covered with white cloth of gold, and furnished with large pillows of down covered with the same, and supported by twelve knights of the body, who changed by four and four at stated points. The streets through which the procession passed were cleansed, and dressed with cloths of tapestry and arras, and some streets, as Cheap, hung with rich cloth of gold, velvet, and silk; and along the streets, from the Tower to St. Paul's, stood in order all the crafts of London in their liveries; and in various places were ordained singing children, some arrayed like angels, and others like virgins, to sing sweet songs as her grace passed by. Next before the litter rode the duke of Bedford, the king's uncle, as high steward of England, and many other noblemen, among whom went the mayor of London with Garter king of arms. There were also fourteen newly created knights of the Bath in their blue bachelor gowns. After the litter went sir Roger Colton, the queen's master of the horse, leading a horse of estate, with a woman's saddle of red cloth of gold tissue; six henchmen riding on white palfreys, with saddles to match the saddle of estate, and

their armour ornamented with roses and suns, the badge of Edward IV.; then two chariots covered with cloth of gold, the former containing the duchess of Bedford and the lady Cecily, and the other the duchess of Norfolk, the duchess of Suffolk, and the countess of Oxford; then six baronesses in one suit of crimson velvet, upon fair palfreys, caparisoned like the horses of the henchmen; then two more chariots; and, lastly, the remainder of the queen's ladies on palfreys, who were wonderfully richly bedecked with great beads and chains of gold about their necks.\*

	h. m.
October 30.—Day breaks . . .	5 13
Sun rises . . .	7 8
— sets . . .	4 52
Twilight ends . . .	6 47

### October 31.

#### LATING THE WITCHES

[To Mr. Hone.]

SIR,

Amongst the customs of Lancashire which have come under my own knowledge there is one, almost obsolete when I saw it, perhaps now quite so; for it had its origin in a superstition that has nearly died away even with the vulgar. It was called "Lating the Witches," and was observed on the eve preceding the 1st of November, when they are presumed to make their appearance "for the season;" the exact time of its close and their departure, after doing all the mischief they can, I forget. Whether the custom was confined to Longridge Fell, where I witnessed it, or not, I cannot tell; but as nearly as I can recollect, after a lapse of thirteen years, and being then but a child of ten, I will relate it to you.

I was then visiting at the house of a relation resident at the Fell: three members of the family were ill at the time, two of whom died within a few months after; and, child-like, I was delighted when, on the afternoon of the 31st of October, the monotonous gloom of our existence was broken upon by a troop of boys, girls, and old women, with Alice Becketh, the most famous old woman about for gingerbread and fairy tales, at

\* London Pageants, 1831, 8vo. p. 23.

† Seeking

the head of them, knocking at my uncle's gate. They were answered in the first instance by the man employed in the yard, who being himself a stranger to the place, and deeming their request an absurdity, told them to go about their business; but, my uncle having caught a glimpse of them, the affair became more serious.

"Bless me," cried my uncle, "it is Lating night, and your poor aunt has forgot to prepare Ailce's lights: run Annie, and bring them all up to the door."

Run I did fast enough, and escorted the whole party to the threshold, which Ailce would not have crossed for worlds until after her return from Lating, and not then if her candle had gone out.

I now found it was the custom on that day to call at every considerable house in the neighbourhood and ask for Lating candles, of which they receive in number according to the number of inmates; these candles the persons they are meant to represent may themselves carry, or resign to a deputy, whose services on the occasion must however be voluntary. My uncle's family were soon provided with proxies. Harry, one of my cousins, a sturdy spoilt urchin, no older than myself, declared he would carry his light himself.

"Master Allan want go lating himself this year?" enquired Ailce. My uncle shook his head and no one enquired further.

"I will carry Allan's light," cried I and another in the same breath, and, on turning to examine the speaker, I beheld the ill-favored knavish countenance of Laithwaye Oates, a Preston boy, about eighteen years old, and, although belonging to respectable parents, a wild, wandering, homeless being, famous all the country round for idiotical fun, mischief, and almost unearthly ugliness. After a short contention with my uncle, and a still shorter one with Laithwaye, who disappointed of my cousin's light offered to carry mine, it was agreed that Harry and I should be ready to join the Lating party at 11 o'clock at night, the hour at which they would finally call for us and the lights.

At eleven therefore we sallied forth, each with a large lighted candle, in the direction of Lancaster. Our number might not exceed thirty, and, as I kept close to Ailce for the purpose of better

knowing how I was to conduct myself, I had an opportunity of learning what I now communicate.

The custom originated in the belief that if a lighted candle was carried about the Fell from 11 to 12 o'clock at night, and it burnt all that time steadily, it had so far triumphed over the evil power of the witches, who would try all they could to blow it out, and the person it represented might safely defy their malice during the season; but, if by any accident the candle went out, it was an omen of evil to its representative. It was deemed unlucky too to cross the threshold of the person for whom you carried the light until after the return from lating, and not then unless the candle had preserved itself alight.

On the particular night I am alluding to, an unforeseen and unavoidable accident, though a very natural one as it was esteemed afterwards, prevented our ascertaining the exact limits of the witches' power for the time being. After scouring the dells and dingles for about half an hour, during which time our candles had burnt well and steadily, for it was a clear still night, all on a sudden, one by one, with not above five minutes' intermission between each, they all went out. Young as I was, and credulous even to the full belief of all I had lately heard respecting the evil power of the witches over our candles, I could not avoid bursting into a fit of laughter, as I saw our lights disappear one after the other, as if by magic, and beheld the dismayed faces of the old woman and her troop, looking first at their lightless candles, and then at each other, afraid to utter a word. A strange feeling came over me—I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday—a kind of triumph over my affrighted companions, amounting to a feeling of fellowship with the wild frolicsome beings who I imagined at the moment had so discomfited them and delighted me. I almost longed to shake hands with them; but the illusion lasted not long, for Ailce found that her candle had four small pins stuck across it at the point where it went out, and, on examining the rest, they were all found to be in the same condition. There was no occasion to ask who was the author of this mischief; no, Laithwaye Oates was too well known, and all the subsequent surprise was that he should ever have been trusted. Poor Laithwaye! I never saw him after.

This is all I remember of the custom, and probably I should not have recollected so much, had not the frolic, and the hobgoblin face of Laithway Oates been connected with it. I left Longridge Fell a few months after, and Lancashire altogether within the year, and never had another opportunity of seeing or hearing of it, for even in Preston it was unknown. But there are some old women about the Fell, as well as young ones, who will remember somewhat of this. Ailce Beckett indeed, who might be termed the reviver of the custom that perhaps died with her, is dead; and even Laithway, poor Laithway Oates, he too has—

“Passed from earth away.”

Perhaps the custom may be more prevalent than I have hitherto imagined it to have been, but I have heard my uncle speak of it as one of which he had heard in his childhood that it had long gone by, and, but for him and Ailce Beckett, I might never have seen it at the Fell; for the old woman firmly believed in its prevailing efficacy against wiches, and my uncle loved to encourage her and the custom, while he laughed at both as innocent and absurd.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
ANNIE MILNER.

June, 1831

#### CORPSE CANDLES.

Mr. Brand says, on the authority of captain Grose, that corpse candles are very common appearances in the counties of Cardigan, Caermarthen, and Pembroke, and also in some other parts of Wales. They are called candles, from their resemblance not of the body of the candle, but the fire; because that fire says an honest Welshman, Mr. Davis, in a letter to Mr. Baxter, doth as much resemble material candle lights, as eggs do eggs: saying that, in their journey, these candles are sometimes visible and sometimes disappear, especially if any one comes near to them, or in the way to meet them. On these occasions they vanish, but presently appear again behind the observer and hold on their course. If a little candle is seen, of a pale bluish colour, then follows the corpse, either of an abortive, or some infant: if a larger one, then the corpse of some one come to age. If there be seen two, three, or

more, of different sizes, some big, some small, then shall so many corpses pass together and of such ages or degrees. If two candles come from different places, and be seen to meet, the corpses will do the same; and if any of these candles be seen to turn aside, through some by-path, leading to the church, the following corpse will be found to take exactly the same way. Sometimes these candles point out the places where persons shall sicken and die. They have also predicted the drowning of persons passing a ford. All this is affirmed by Mr. Davis.

Another kind of fiery apparition peculiar to Wales is what is called the *tan-we* or *tanwed*. This *appeareth*, says Mr. Davis, to our seeming, in the lower region of the air, straight and long, not much unlike a glaive. It moves or shoots directly and level (as who should say I'll hit), but far more slowly than falling stars. It lighteneth all the air and ground where it passeth, lasteth three or four miles or more, for aught is known, because no man seeth the rising or beginning of it; and, when it falls to the ground, it sparkleth and lighteth all about. These commonly announce the death or decease of freeholders by falling on their lands; and you shall scarce bury any such with us, says Mr. Davis, be he but a lord of a house and garden, but you shall find some one at his burial that hath seen this fire fall on some part of his lands.

According to the same worthy Mr. Davis, these appearances have been seen by the person whose death they foretold: two instances of which Mr. Davis records as having happened in his own family. Also, in the “*Cambrian Register*, 8vo., 1796,” p. 431, we read of “A very commonly-received opinion, that within the diocese of St. David’s, a short space before death, a light is seen proceeding from the house, and sometimes, as has been asserted, from the very bed where the sick person lies, and pursues its way to the church where he or she is to be interred, precisely in the same track in which the funeral is afterwards to follow. This light is called *canwyll corpt*, or the corpse candle.”

	h. m.
October 31.—Day breaks . . .	5 15
Sun rises . . .	7 9
— sets . . .	4 51
Twilight ends . . .	6 15



NOVEMBER.

At length it comes among the forest oaks,  
With sobbing ebbs, and uproar gathering high ;  
The scared, hoarse raven on its cradle croaks,  
And stockdove-flocks in hurried terrors fly,  
While the blue hawk hangs o'er them in the sky.—  
The hedger hastens from the storm begun,  
To seek a shelter that may keep him dry ;  
And foresters low bent, the wind to shun,  
Scarce hear amid the strife the poacher's muttering gun.

The ploughman hears its humming rage begin,  
 And hies for shelter from his naked toil;  
 Buttoning his doublet closer to his chin,  
 He bends and scampers o'er the elting soil,  
 While clouds above him in wild fury boil,  
 And winds drive heavily, the heating rain;  
 He turns his back to catch his breath awhile,  
 Then ekes his speed and faces it again,  
 To seek the shepherd's hut beside the rushy plain.

The boy, that scareth from the spiry wheat  
 The melancholy crow—in hurry weaves,  
 Beneath an ivied tree, his sheltering seat,  
 Of rushy flags and sedges tied in sheaves,  
 Or from the field a shock of stubble thieves.  
 There he doth dithering sit, and entertain  
 His eyes with marking the storm-driven leaves;  
 Oft spying nests where he spring eggs had ta'en,  
 And wishing in his heart 'twas summer-time again.

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

In the "Raven's Almanacke for 1609," by Thomas Decker, there is a quaint description "*Of Autumne, or the fall of the leafe*"—the season which continues into this month—"Autumne, the Barber of the yeare, that sheares bushes, hedges, and trees; the ragged prodigall that consumes al and leaves himself nothing; the arrantest beggar amongst al the foure quarters, and the most diseased, as being alwaies troubled with the falling sicknesse; this murderer of the Spring, this thief to Summer, and bad companion to Winter; seemes to come in according to his old custome, when the Sun sits like Justice with a pair of scales in his hand, weying no more houres to the day then he does to the night, as he did before in his vernall progresse, when he rode on a Ram; but this bald-pated Autumnus will be seen walking up and down groves, meadows, fields, woods, parks and pastures, blasting of fruites, and beating leaves from their trees, when common high-ways shall be strewed with boughes in mockery of Summer and in triumph of ner death; and when the doores of Usurers shall be strewed with greene hearbs, to doe honour to poor Brides that have no dowrie (but their honestie) to their marriage: when the world looks like olde Chaos, and that Plentie is turned into Penurie, and beautie into uglinesse; when Men ride (the second time) to Bathe—and when unthriftes fly amongst Hen-sparrowes, yet bring home all the feathers they carried out: Then say that Autumne raignes, then is the true fall of the leafe, because the world and the yeare turne over a new leafe."

From these amusing conceits we turn for better thoughts to the following instructive passages by Dr. Drake in his "*Evenings in Autumne*":—

No period of the year is better entitled to the appellation of The Season of Philosophic Enthusiasm, than the close of Autumn. There is in the aspect of every thing which surrounds us, as the sun is sinking below the horizon, on a fine evening of October (or November), all that can hush the troubled passions to repose, yet all which, at the same time, is calculated to elevate the mind, and awaken the imagination. The gently agitated and refreshing state of the atmosphere, though at intervals broken in upon by the fitful and protracted moaning of the voiceful wind; the deep brown shadows which are gradually enveloping the many-coloured woods, and diffusing over the extended landscape a solemn and not displeasing obscurity; the faint and farewell music of the latest warblers, and the waning splendor of the western sky, almost insensibly dispose the intellectual man to serious and sublime associations. It is then we people the retiring scene with more than earthly forms; it is then we love

to listen to the hollow sighs  
 Through the half-leafless wood that breathes  
 the gale.  
 For at such hours the shadowy phantom pale  
 Oft seems to fleet before the Poet's eyes;  
 Strange sounds are heard, and mournful  
 melodies  
 As of night-wanderers who their woes bewail.

Charlotte Smith.

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER.

It is scarcely possible not to prostrate ourselves with deep humility before the throne of that Almighty being who wields, directs, and limits the career of an element which, if let loose on this firm globe, would winnow it to dust.

When we behold the birds that wing their way through this immeasurable void, through what vast tracts and undiscovered paths they seek their distant food; with what love and gratitude should we not reflect, that if he in mercy has become their pilot and their guide, how much more will he prove to us a sure and never failing protector.

And when we turn our eyes from earth, as falling leaves and fading aspect, its gathering gloom and treacherous meteors, to that great and glorious vault where burn the steady lamps of heaven, or where, shooting into interminable space, flow streams of inextinguishable lustre, we are almost instinctively reminded, that here our days are numbered, that on this low planet brief is the time the oldest being lives, and that, passing from this transitory state, we are destined to pursue our course in regions of ever-during light, in worlds of never-changing beauty.

It is owing to these, and similar reflections, which it has been the business of this paper to accumulate, that autumn

has been ever felt as more peculiarly the Season of Religious Hope. Amid vicissitude and decay, amid apparent ruin and destruction, we behold the seeds of life and renovation; for he who pervades and dwells with all things, the unchangeable and immortal Spirit, has so ordained the course of organized nature, that not only is life the precursor of death, but the latter is essential to the renewal of existence, a chain and catenation, a cycle, as it were, of vitality, which tells us, in the strongest language of analogy, that if such seem the destiny of irrational nature, if thus she die to live again, how assured should be the hope of intellectual being.

To him who views the temporary desolation of the year with no consolatory thought—who sees not, in the seeming ruin which surrounds him, any hope or emblem of a better world, who hears not the accents of dying nature responding to the voice of revelation, and telling of a Spring beyond the grave—to him who is insensible to reliances such as these, to hopes which can whisper peace, and soothe the evils of mortality, how stale, flat, and unprofitable must appear all the uses of this feverish existence. He may be told, in the language of the poet, in the language of faith and heartfelt consolation,

To you the beauties of the autumnal year  
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man  
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit broke,  
Bending beneath the burden of his years,  
Sense-dull'd and fretful, full of aches and pains,  
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show  
The calm decay of nature, when the mind  
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye  
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy  
That makes old age look lovely. All to you  
Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair world  
See some destroying principle abroad,  
Air, earth, and water full of living things  
Each on the other preying; and the ways  
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,  
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,  
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope  
That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,  
That thy faith were as mine! that thou could'st see  
Death still producing life, and evil still  
Working its own destruction; could'st behold  
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world  
With the strong eye that sees the promised day  
Dawn thro' this night of tempest! all things then  
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart  
Be healed and harmonized, and thou should'st feel  
God, always, every where, and all in all.

*Southery.*



ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

Though November is proverbially the gloomiest month in the year, it is conspicuously rich in beef, mutton, veal, pork, and house-lamb, as well as in fish, poultry, game, and wild fowl. Thus, by an admirable provision in the economy of nature, at the season when the human appetite is increasing in strength, the means of gratifying it are multiplied. Among the infinite variety of dishes formed, or compounded of these elements, it is difficult to distinguish any one which peculiarly belongs to this division of the year; the difference of taste or choice being most observable at the period when its objects are most diversified. Yet pork during the winter months is in universal request; not only as being of itself an excellent plain dish either roast or boiled, but as affording the chief ingredient in the composition of sausages, &c. When boiled its usual escort is peas-pudding. Hare-soup may be noticed as a rich and seasonable luxury. There is now also a great consumption of oysters, as well in their simple state as scoloped, stewed, roasted, or served up in sauce for fowls, beef-steaks, &c.

The season for sprats commences on Lord Mayor's day, the 9th of November, which is more eminently distinguished by the magnificent and sumptuous dinner given in Guildhall, in honor of the new chief magistrate of the city of London, when the choicest dishes in season, and every delicacy which wealth can procure, or culinary skill devise, are produced in a style worthy the great occasion.

VEGETABLE GARDEN DIRECTORY.

*Sow*

Early peas and mazagan beans; also short-topped radish; to be covered with litter during hard frosts.

*Plant*

For seed, cabbage-stalks, also beet-root and carrot.

*Transplant*

August-sown cabbage plants.

*Earth up*

Brocoli, cauliflower, and cabbage plants effectually, drawing the earth close about the stems, and placing it ridge-ways, but not so high as to bury any leaf-stalks.

*Take up*

Beet-roots, carrots, parsneps, and some celery; remove them to a dry cellar or bury them in sand.

*Dress*

Artichoke and asparagus beds.

*Routine culture.*

Dig and trench vacant ground in the driest weather that the season will afford. Remove and protect endive, celery, also Cape brocoli and autumnal cauliflowers, by placing them in an out-house, immersed in sand to the lower extremities of the flower stems, where they ramify from the stalk. By such means, these choice vegetables may be had during the depth of winter.

November 1.

ALL SAINTS, OR ALL HALLOWS.

Mr. Britton observes, in his "Cathedral Antiquities," that many popish superstitions are visible throughout all the principality of Wales. In the county of Monmouth, more particularly, a custom prevails among the lower classes of the inhabitants, both catholics and protestants, of begging bread for the souls of the departed on the first of November, or All Saints day: the bread thus distributed is called *dole bread*. Another ancient custom is still prevalent in Monmouthshire, that of strewing the graves of the departed and the church-yard with flowers and evergreens, on festive and holy days.

November 1, 1726, died Lewis Maximilian Mahomet, a Turk, who had been taken by the Imperialists in Hungary, with Mustapha, his countryman. Mahomet was supposed to be the son of a bashaw. They both went into the service of George Lewis, then electoral prince of Hanover, whose life they are supposed to have saved, at the raising of the siege of Vienna, in 1685, when the prince was wounded. This mussulman became christian, and received his baptismal name of Lewis from his patron, who was one of his godfathers, and Maximilian, from the prince Maximilian, who also honored him as a sponsor. When prince George Lewis ascended the British throne as George I., Mahomet and Mustapha came with him to England, and the former was always about the royal person. By some they are called pages of the hack stairs; by others, attendants in

the privy chamber. They certainly were admitted into great familiarity, and their influence was so great, that, in a dispatch of Count Broglio to the king of France, they are mentioned as possessing a large share of His Majesty's confidence.—

These two foreigners," says Mr. Coxe, "obtained considerable sums of money for recommending to places." Mahomet died of a dropsy, and in the "Historical Register" he is called, "valet de chambre to His Majesty." He left a family by a Hanoverian of good birth, who survived him, and well provided for them. It has been asserted, upon good authority, that after Mahomet came to England, he paid the debts of above three hundred persons who lay confined for petty sums, and released them from prison. Forty years, attendance upon courts, those nurseries of flattery and deceit, made not the least impression upon him. "He deserved power, for no other acts of his are known, than those of beneficence and humanity, which, upon every occasion, he exercised in their full degree. In him the distressed never wanted a friend. Never did he burden the royal ear with complaints; nor ever presume to ask a favor, though at the most awful distance, for himself." Pope thus records Mahomet's worth in a poetical epistle:—

From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing  
To draw the man who loves his God or king.  
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)  
From Honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

There is a portrait of Mahomet, and another of Mustapha, on the great staircase of Kensington-palace, painted by Kent.\*

### JOHN FRANSHAM, OF NORWICH.

John Fransham, a learned and eccentric schoolmaster at Norwich, was born in that city in March 1730, and died there on the 1st of February, 1810. His father was sexton of St. George's parish; and there he was educated as boys in his condition usually are, with the addition of Latin from Mr. Pagan: in consideration of his dawning talents, he derived much gratuitous instruction from Dr. John Taylor. While quite a boy he composed some sermons, which the Rev. Dr. Salter, then

minister of St. George's, presented to the dean, who expressed his approbation of their language and manner. He applied himself to a course of preparatory study for the University, with a view to go into the church, in which design he was encouraged by pecuniary aid from a relation, who promised to continue it while he remained at college. Before Fransham could be entered, this relation died; and, his friends not being able to afford even his ordinary maintenance, he was placed with another relation, a cooper, at Wymondham, to learn the art and mystery of making tubs and barrels. He deserted this employment in about three weeks, and resorted to various expedients for maintaining himself by his pen. None of these were successful, and, on his father observing that he could not supply him with clothing, for that in the article of shoes only he had of late been very expensive, the son immediately resolved to discard shoes and stockings. His persistence in this resolution for nearly three years, with other eccentricities, induced his father to suspect that his intellects were disordered. This was a mistake.—Fransham was prevailed on to accept the situation of writing clerk in the office of Mr. Marshall, an attorney, where he found little of philosophy or literature, in compensation for laborious confinement and monotonous drudgery. He quitted the attorney's to learn weaving under Daniel Wright, a journeyman, with whom he continued two years, and supported himself almost wholly by the loom.

There was a peculiar bent in Fransham's inclinations. He had early resolved to devote himself to philosophy and the muses, and detested every species of manual employment which hindered him from either thinking or conversing upon his favorite subjects. The hammer of the cooperage, and the copying of conveyances, restrained him from both, but, as a weaver, he was happy. Daniel Wright was after his own heart—a self-taught man of talent, unaided by the smiles of fortune or the assistance of the great. Wright had acquired considerable knowledge, and reflected deeply. Fransham used to say he was one who could discourse well on the "nature and fitness of things—he possessed a fine philosophical spirit—a soul well purified from vulgar errors." The nature of their employment allowed them to converse together for several hours in the day.

\* Noble.

Fransham placed his loom opposite to Wright's, and while at their occupation they discoursed without interruption to their employment. Wright died; and Fransham was again unsettled. He lost a friend of kindred spirit, who stimulated his exertions, encouraged his progress, and rewarded his labors: and, soon after this bereavement, Fransham formed the resolution of visiting the Highlands. He had acquired a high esteem for the Scottish character, and seemed to consider Scotland as a country happily placed between riches and poverty. He was now about eighteen, and he desired to place himself under able professors of the University of Edinburgh or Glasgow, as long as his finances would permit, and afterwards explore the Highlands. He strolled to Yarmouth, whence he embarked for North Shields, with an intention of walking to the Highlands; but at Newcastle his means of proceeding failed, and there he enlisted for a soldier into the Old Buffs, from which regiment he was soon discharged, because he was too bandy-legged for the service. Without further resources he could not go to Scotland; and he walked back to Norwich, with three half-pence in his pocket, and a plaid he had bought on the way. It was probably about this time that—strange to say—Fransham joined a company of strolling players, who were accustomed to perform in a barn at Aylesham, in Norfolk. He was deemed the fittest person to perform *Acasto*, in the *Orphan-Foigard* in the *Beaux Stratagem*—*Iago* in *Othello*—and *Shylock* in the *Merchant of Venice*. The performances did not "draw," and the manager paid his company with turnips. Fransham had proffered his services for whatever value the manager might set upon them. He expressed himself perfectly satisfied with turnips and water, till one of the performers, aware of Fransham's honesty and his rising merits as an actor, told him the turnips were stolen from the neighbouring fields. It proved to be a fact, and Fransham indignantly threw up his articles.

Fransham now engaged himself as a private tutor to the children of Mr. Leman, a farmer at Helledon: this was about the year 1750. At the end of two or three years this source of support failed him, and he once more had recourse to the occupation of writing for attorneys and authors. In this latter capacity, he

was employed by the Rev. Samuel Bourne, formerly minister of the Octagon Chapel at Norwich. He was then twenty-four years of age, and became a member of a society established about that period in Norwich, among men of original minds and small incomes, for their mutual improvement in mathematics and experimental philosophy. There he formed an acquaintance with John Barnard, a humble weaver, distinguished for high attainments in the mathematical sciences; and with Clover, a skillful veterinary surgeon, who excelled in mathematics and natural philosophy. Clover's knowledge of mathematics was superior to that of Fransham, but Fransham was Clover's superior in the classics; they discovered that they could be of service to each other, and formed a friendly connexion. At Clover's farrery they worked Latin exercises, and mathematical problems, upon a slate hung against the forge. Thus each was tutor and pupil to the other. After correcting a theme, or discussing the properties of the circle, Fransham earned his frugal meal by conducting home the horses which Clover had shod. The meal was not, however, bestowed as a reward for this sort of service. His kindness to animals in general, and his attachment to horses in particular, prompted him to earnestly entreat that he might be allowed the liberty of leading home—for he would not be so cruel as to ride—the horses after they were shod, that he might save them from sufferings he had often seen inflicted. His constant and kind performance of this duty procured him the ill will of Clover's workmen, and for this offensive humanity they avenged themselves by purposely throwing hot horse-shoes about the shop, with which Fransham, owing to the nakedness of his feet, several times burnt himself. His sufferings on these occasions convinced him that he must either wear shoes and stockings, or forego the pleasure of befriending his favorite animals; and, rather than forego the pleasures of pure benevolence, he submitted to once more cover his legs and feet. The torture which he saw at Clover's, by what he emphatically denominated in his writings "the English, but brutal and barbarous customs of horse-docking and horse-nicking," filled him with astonishment and horror; and the adoption or rejection of the practice, by any individual, was to him a criterion of the character of the man; insomuch, that

being once asked, during a contest for members of parliament, which of the candidates he would vote for if he had a vote, he replied, "I would vote for him who has humanity enough to drive long-tailed horses."

From this time, about 1760 to 1771, Fransham continued to support himself by occasionally assisting authors and attorneys, and giving lessons in the classics and mathematics. During this period the Chute family, with whom Fransham's sister lived as housekeeper, allowed him to sleep in their Norwich house, and to use their library. One morning early, while in bed, he thought he distinctly heard young Mr. Chute call him; and, on the repetition of the voice, dressed himself, and went down stairs to meet him. He neither found that gentleman nor any one else, and very composedly returned to his rest. On mentioning the circumstance to his sister, she predicted the death of the young Mr. Chute, who had been for some time indisposed at Pickenham; and in a few hours afterwards they received information that he had died during the preceding night. By Mr. Chute's death he was deprived of a material portion of support. He had very little business from attorneys, no employment from authors, and scarcely a single private pupil. His income was not equal to his wants, and, to prepare for the worst possible condition, he tried with how little expense he could sustain nature. Every day he bought a farthing's-worth of potatoes, and, having previously purchased a farthing's-worth of salt, he reserved one potatoe from his daily stock, as a compensation for the salt which he ate with the remainder. By boiling the potatoes at the fire of the host with whom he lodged, and by making a dinner his only meal, he maintained himself for some time at the rate of a farthing a day. That he might be fully prepared for abject and fugitive poverty, he resolved to try the possibility of sleeping in the open air, and repaired one night to Mousehold-heath, some high hills in the neighbourhood of Norwich, and there, with a plaid for his covering, a green turf for his pillow, and the firmament for his canopy, he slept till he was awakened by the song of the sky-lark, and the dews of the morning. The night damps afflicted him with a violent cold, and he never repeated the experiment. He now began to practise a singular exercise, by throwing a stick

loaded with lead at one end, and pacing the distance from the place of projection to the place of fall, he ascertained, from the increasing length of that distance, the increase of his muscular power and skill in throwing. After a time he exchanged this relaxation for the less laborious exercise of playing with balls and marbles, beating a drum, and blowing the hautboy. On the latter instrument he performed well, and was accustomed to secrete himself in the thickets of a neighbouring wood, and so "charm the listening shades."

According to Mr. W. Saint, from whose *Memoirs of Fransham* these particulars are derived, about 1770, or 1771, Mr. Samuel Leeds, a member of the Society of Friends, and a former pupil of Fransham's, went to London with a view to practise physic. At the instigation of the late Dr. Fothergill, Leeds was summoned by the college of physicians to undergo an examination concerning his knowledge and skill in medicine. The better to acquit himself in Latin, he sent for Fransham to London, whose services were rewarded with a guinea a-week. Fransham remained in the metropolis about nine months, confining his instructions wholly, perhaps, to Dr. Leeds, of whom he used to speak in terms of high commendation, for his unassuming modesty, and inoffensive character. Dr. Leeds had obtained a considerable practice in his neighbourhood, near the monument; but his practice declined, and he died of a broken heart, from the unkind treatment which Fransham used to say, he had experienced from Dr. Fothergill. While in London, Fransham knew the under librarian at the queen's palace, who, being intimate with Foote, acquainted him with the eccentricities of Fransham, and the department of Leeds; and soon afterwards the pupil and the tutor were dramatised, and exhibited to the public as Dr. Last and Johnny Macpherson.

After Fransham's return to Norwich, about 1771 or 1772, he attended the family of the Rev. Dr. Cooper, at Brooke, to which place he walked on the Saturday, and remained till the Monday morning or evening. This he did every week for two years, during the summer season, till, finding the walk too long, he relinquished his attendance on the following year. He had not received any remuneration for these walks and instruction, beyond board and lodging while with the family. In the course of time Dr. Cooper obtained

the living of great Yarmouth, and, Fransham's pecuniary circumstances being exceedingly low, he submitted to a friend whether his attendance at Brooke might not be deserving of something more than the hospitable reception he had always received; adding that, if he could consider his instructions worth a guinea, that sum would be very serviceable. His friend advised him to write to Dr. Cooper on the subject; to which Fransham replied that he had never written a letter to any person in his life, and was wholly unequal to the task; and requested him to indite such a letter for him as he might think suitable. Fransham had written whole volumes upon various subjects, had discussed the comparative merits of poets, orators, and philosophers, and so early as his eighteenth year had written an epistle against the fear of death; yet he had reached his fiftieth without penning a single letter, and now felt himself wholly unequal to the undertaking. The letter to Dr. Cooper was written for him, and Fransham copied it. In purport it simply stated that, if the Dr. thought Fransham's services to the family worthy of more remuneration than his meat and bed, a guinea, or a less sum, would be highly acceptable. A new difficulty presented itself; for he who had never written a letter had never learned to fold one. He exercised his ingenuity in doubling and redoubling this, until he was again obliged to resort to his friend for assistance. The epistle was sent by the post: day after day elapsed; no answer arrived; and Fransham expressed a determination that, as he had been so unsuccessful in his first, he would never venture a second attempt at correspondence. At length a letter arrived from Dr. Cooper, inclosing, not the utmost of Fransham's expectations, a guinea, but a five pound note, with a kind apology for the delay occasioned by the doctor's absence, warm expressions of thanks for Fransham's instructive attentions, of regret that the too great distance prevented a renewal of them, and with a generous and pressing invitation to him to spend a few weeks with Dr. Cooper and his family, not as a preceptor, but as a friend. The doctor's remittance was affluence to Fransham; it enabled him for some time to support himself comfortably, and seems to have been the means of finally disencumbering him. His reputation for ability as a teacher procured successive applications

to him for tuition in the classics and mathematics, from some of the most respectable families in Norwich. At that time he was the only person in the city who could give able instruction in both these branches, and young men who were designed for Oxford or Cambridge, were chiefly indebted to his preparatory assistance, before they were entered for the universities.

Fransham now opened a kind of school, from six o'clock till eight in the morning, during summer, and during the same hours in the evening of winter. This was a favorable arrangement for youth destined to become attorneys, chemists, or medical practitioners, or to enter on professions which required a knowledge of Latin and the exact sciences. Fransham's pecuniary circumstances improved. He obtained from fifteen to twenty pupils: a number far exceeding his expectations, and greatly more than he wished for. He conceived it impossible that any teacher could do justice to more than six or eight pupils at a time, and often expressed astonishment at parents who, for the sake of cheapness, sent their sons to schools where an immense number of boys prevented the master from giving them the proper instruction, and the lowness of the terms precluded the possibility of obtaining proper assistants. Fransham commenced by charging one shilling per week, which sum he stipulated should be paid every Friday evening; and, if a pupil omitted to bring it duly, he sent the boy to procure it, previously to the lesson of the evening. This weekly arrangement was soon attended with inconvenience and loss. Some of the pupils, with a higher relish for confectionery and fruit than for Virgil and Euclid, occasionally absented themselves for whole weeks together, and spent the weekly shillings entrusted to them by their parents for Fransham. To prevent these lapses, he altered his terms to a quarterly payment of half-a-guinea; which, by the advice of Mr. Robinson, the friendly dictator of the letter to Dr. Cooper, he afterwards raised to fourteen shillings. This income enabled Fransham to procure the necessaries of life with a few of its comforts: and he reserved a small sum against exigences and old age. He now added to his scanty stock of books. His chief affection was for old authors in old editions; not that he loved antiquity for antiquity's sake, and venerated every thing ancient because it was ancient; but he

considered that the old writers on elevated subjects were more choice and close in their language and reasoning; and that old editions were more accurately executed.

Besides giving instructions at his lodgings in the way mentioned, he attended at the houses of gentlemen to whom the school-hours were not convenient, or who desired private tuition. About 1784 he went to reside with Mr. Robinson, with whom he continued during ten years, which, since the death of his friend Wright, were the happiest of his existence.

He continued to give instructions as usual, and his income for some time was from fifteen to eighteen shillings per week. His vacant time was chiefly spent with his hospitable host, in reading portions of his manuscripts, discoursing on the pre-eminence of wisdom and virtue, or relating incidents of his former life. Here he was happily prevented from having recourse to eccentric expedients for support, and he also made some change in his amusements: instead of beating on a drum, which had offended the neighbourhood, he resorted to a cane chair, which equally served to exercise his muscles, and his skill in timing the rat-tat-too. His hautboy, on which he had played delightfully, he destroyed one day when afflicted with a violent head-ache, for which strong tea was his usual remedy; and, not finding fuel for his fire, he supplied the defect with his instrument. To the hautboy succeeded the bilbo-catch, or bilver-ketch. In whatever he undertook he determined to excel, and with this little toy he resolved to try what was the greatest number of times he could catch the ball upon the spiked end, without missing. By constant practice he attained to two hundred times successively, but he found he could not exceed that number. He carried the toy about with him in his pocket; and, while attending any of his pupils, if he found them not quite ready for his instructions, he instantly took out his bilbo-catch, and filled up the vacant minutes in trials to lodge the ball on the small end two hundred and one times. He could not attain that number, but he never desisted from his efforts, nor paid attention to his pupil, till he had succeeded two hundred times successively, which he generally accomplished on the first trial.

About 1785, the nephew of Mr. Robinson was attacked with a disorder which terminated in a consumption: this young man, during his illness, did not reside

with his uncle, but with his father. One morning Mr. Robinson went to enquire after the state of his health. On his return home, as soon as he opened the door, Fransham said to him, "I find you have lost your nephew." Mr. Robinson was much surprised, for his nephew was indeed dead, and he requested Fransham to tell him how he could possibly have received the information. Fransham replied that about four o'clock that morning he dreamed that his nephew called him by name, under the window of his bedroom; and Fransham recollecting that his sister, on a similar occasion, had predicted the death of Mr. Chute, he thought he might in like manner conclude that his young friend was no longer alive.

Although Fransham had long before resumed the use of the shoes and stockings, yet his singular appearance in a short green jacket, with large horn buttons, occasioned roguish school-boys to speak of him as "horn-buttoned Jack." In hot weather he usually carried his jacket across his arm, and held his large full-brimmed hat in his hand. One close and sultry day, while walking in this manner, he met an opulent manufacturer, a member of the Society of Friends, who accosted him with, "Why, Johnny, thou lookest cool and comfortable, notwithstanding the heat of the weather." "Most likely," said Fransham, "but thou lookest very hot and uncomfortable, and verily thou wilt continue to look so; for thou hast not courage enough to follow my example, since thou darest not show thyself at Friends' Meeting-house with thy coat on thy arm, and thy hat in thy hand, although thou professes thyself to be indifferent to the custom of this world." To this the Friend replied, "No, Johnny, no, decency forbids it; I like to have some regard to decency." "Well," rejoined Fransham, "then do thou for the sake of *decency* continue to wear thy thick cloth coat, and great heavy hat, in a hot sultry day, and I, for the sake of *comfort*, will continue to carry my jacket on my arm, and my hat in my hand."

At his leisure, Fransham revised his manuscripts, by making such alterations and amendments as the maturity of judgment suggested, and labored on a copious index to all the volumes, in addition to the smaller indexes attached to each. He likewise diligently read the principal books in his small, well-chosen library; and, in most of them, made annotations

corrections, and additions, which exhibit, proofs of his industry, classical taste, and logical precision.

Fransham's acquirements enabled him to assist many educated gentlemen, who desired to recover or extend their acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages. Many who were about to take orders, and some who afterwards filled high stations in the church and the state, became his pupils. In the course of time he had contrived to save a hundred pounds, and his friends wished him to deposit the money in a bank for security, and upon interest. Upon such solicitations he used to observe that Virgil had no faith in banks, as might be seen by his third eclogue, where he says, "Non bene ripæ creditor," that is, "It is not safe to trust the bank." At length, he placed it in the hands of a reputable merchant, who from casualties soon afterwards became bankrupt. A few weeks before, Fransham had, from some cause or other, withdrawn seventy-five pounds, and still there remained twenty-five pounds, which, to a man in his situation, was a considerable sum to lose. As soon as Fransham heard of this event, he hastened home, and, calling Mr. Robinson, burst forth with joyful exclamations, telling him that he had saved seventy-five pounds. How so? inquired his host. "Why," said he, "the gentleman in whose hands I placed one hundred pounds has failed, and only a few weeks ago I withdrew seventy-five pounds: how uncommonly fortunate!" "Why yes," said Mr. Robinson, "fortunate in having withdrawn seventy-five pounds, but unfortunate in leaving twenty-five, which will prove no gain to you, but a loss." "I tell you, sir," replied Fransham, "it is a clear gain of seventy-five pounds. Here, look here," said he, pointing to his library, "not one of these should I have had, if I had not withdrawn the seventy-five pounds; these, therefore, and all the money in my closet besides, are so much clear gain,—seventy-five pounds actually saved." Fransham believed that, instead of having lost twenty-five pounds, he had gained seventy-five. His philosophy converted the evils of life into blessings, made gains of losses, and pleasures of pains.

About this period Fransham became acquainted with Mr. Cooper, a barrister distinguished for great legal ability, bibliographical knowledge, and kindness and hospitality to genius in adversity. With

this gentleman, Fransham dined every Sunday, for nearly three years, and received from him very kind and endearing attentions, besides enjoying the pleasures of pure and elevated conversation. At Mr. Cooper's he had the unlimited use of a large and excellent library, consisting of choice and valuable books in arts and sciences, classics, and general literature. On one of his weekly visits to Mr. Cooper, he met Dr. Parr, whom he conversed with for a considerable part of the day, and ever afterwards spoke of as a most extraordinary man. His intimacy with Mr. Cooper was terminated by that gentleman's removal from Norwich.

While he lived with Mr. Robinson, an adjoining out-house was converted into a stable. The apparent carelessness of the groom, who attended this stable in the evening with a lighted candle, excited in Fransham a fearful apprehension of fire, which daily increased, and, by way of security, he procured a ladder, which he kept in his bed-room, ready to put out of the window for his descent, the moment he should receive an alarm. That he might, however, be the better able to escape with despatch and safety, he daily practised running up and down this ladder, with a small box or trunk, made of such a size as just to contain his five manuscript volumes, and which he constantly kept upon his window, ready for emergency. In running up and down his ladder, he acquired a dexterity not to be excelled by any London lamp-lighter; and, as his hour of repeating the experiment was twelve o'clock at noon, he was frequently an object of amusement to the curious. After acquiring these facilities, he recollected, that from the soundness with which he was accustomed to sleep, it was not only possible, but probable, that he might not awaken till the fire should reach his room, and thus prevent him from adopting his expedient. For this evil there was no remedy but retiring from the spot. He accordingly quitted Mr. Robinson, and took a room or rooms in St. Michael's at Plea. In a year or two afterwards, the stable was converted to another use, and Fransham returned to his old lodgings, where he continued till Mr. Robinson's removal into a smaller house precluded the possibility of Fransham having a room with him.

Before Fransham's separation from Mr. Robinson, he had relinquished the amusement of the cup and ball, but not till he

had accomplished a fine purpose with that toy; it was to catch the ball so great a number of times as seems incredible. "Every man," said Fransham, "has some great object which he wishes to accomplish, and why should not I have mine? I will choose such a one as no mortal being ever yet chose, and which no one less than the gods would ever think of attempting. I will get a bilbo-catch, and I will catch the ball, upon the spiked end, six hundred and sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six times!" It was for the attainment of this object that he used so frequently to employ himself with this toy. In order to keep a correct account of his progress, he put ten nuts into his left hand pocket; at every hundred times he removed one of these nuts to the pocket on the right; and, every time that he found his left hand pocket empty, he deposited a nut in a box, so that the number of nuts deposited in the box, indicated the number of thousands of times he had succeeded. The achievement of this object occupied a considerable portion of his leisure for three or four years.

Fransham enjoyed uninterrupted good health, but he was of opinion that the value of health could only be estimated by a comparison with sickness; that happiness was increased by contrasting it with misery; and that the cup of pleasure received an additional zest from an occasional infusion of the bitters of pain. In conformity, therefore, with this opinion, he occasionally went to a confectioner's shop, where he ate to repletion of the tarts, cakes, fruits, and indigestibles, till he produced a violent head-ache, that he might have the felicity of curing this head-ache by copious draughts of strong tea, and be thus reminded of the inestimable value of health.

On quitting Mr. Robinson, about 1800, he went to reside with Mr. Jay, a baker, in St. Clement's parish. The unaffected simplicity of Fransham's manners, the gentleness of his disposition, and the venerable aspect with which a pilgrimage of threescore years and ten had dignified him, procured for him the kindest attentions of Mrs. Jay. During his stay with her, he would not allow his bed to be made oftener than once a-week: it was the nurse of idleness and luxury, and the height of effeminacy, he said, for a man to have his bed made every day. Fransham once hired a horse, with the inten-

tion of visiting a friend, who resided at a few miles distance from Norwich; but, when he got about a mile out of the city, the horse took him into a pit by the roadside, for the purpose of drinking: after the animal had taken his fill, and turned out of the pit, instead of pursuing the direction of his rider, he gave visible signs of inclination to return home. "Well," said Fransham, "I thank you, my honest creature, for having carried me thus far; and I certainly have no *right* to make you go further, if it be against your inclination, and therefore we will e'en go back again." Back, therefore, they went; and, after the humane rider had clearly explained to the surprised owner of the horse the cause of their sudden re-appearance, he paid him the fare for the entire day.

While Fransham continued with Mrs. Jay, she considered him eccentric, but always domestically inclined, fond of friendly society, and social conversation. He desired always to take his tea in company with the family, although he had a separate tea equipage; and expressed a desire to instruct her husband, and to converse with him after the labors of the day were ended. It seems, however, he could not prove that a knowledge of the mysteries of the Platonic philosophy would in any manner increase the heat of the oven, enlarge the profits of baking, or facilitate the drudgery of sending home pies and puddings, and Mr. Jay prudently declined initiation. With Mrs. Jay, who had more leisure, and on whom the manner, and particularly the age of Fransham, had produced strong impressions in his favor, he conversed freely, and related to her the principal occurrences of his life. But she could never prevail upon him to allow the floor of his room to be wetted, or the walls to be white-washed; it was his constant care, in his latter years, to avoid damps and drafts. He often spoke to Mrs. Jay with great admiration of female beauty. His temper was invariably even, and incapable of discomposure, except perchance he saw a short-tailed horse; on which occasion he would come home venting his rage and indignation against "Christian cruelties," and "English barbarity."

About 1805 a distant female relation, named Smith, called upon him for the purpose of acquainting him with her distressed situation, and soliciting his advice and assistance. It immediately occurred to him that he might alleviate



ner sorrows, if he were to hire two rooms, and take her for his house-keeper. He accordingly engaged a chamber and garret in the yard adjoining the wool-hall, in the parish of St. George's Colegate; and, that his pupils might not have to pass through the sleeping-room of his house-keeper, he appropriated the chamber to his own use, and the garret to hers. This arrangement, however, he made with reluctance; for, from having lived in garrets almost all his life, he had a strong predilection in favor of these upper stories. The easiness of his temper soon reconciled him to the change.

Fransham's diet was chiefly bread and butter, and tea; when the butter proved bad, he threw all of it into his fire. His house-keeper once presumed to suggest to him, that perhaps it would be better to give the butter away, than to burn it.—“What,” said he, “offer that to a fellow-creature which I cannot eat myself! No, I should think myself a monster were I to be guilty of such an insult. If, however, you know of any useful purpose to which bad butter may be applied, I will inform you the next time I happen to have any, and you shall have it, and be welcome.”

Mrs. Smith continued with him till she found a situation which seemed more advantageous; and, as he had no further occasion for two rooms, he removed, to enjoy the felicity of a garret in Elm-hill lane. “A garret,” he would say, “is the quietest room in the house; there are no rude noises over head; all is calm and serene; nothing is to be heard, but the delightful ‘music of the rolling spheres.’”

About 1803 Fransham became acquainted with Mr. Stark, an eminent dyer, father to Mr. Stark the landscape painter. At this gentleman's he was received with frank hospitality, enjoyed the pleasure of free conversation, and had the use of a good English library. Mr. Stark likewise placed two of his sons under his instruction, and from that time Fransham usually spent his Sunday evenings with this gentleman and his family. He had a great aversion to dogs. “Dogs,” he would say, “are noisy, mobbish, and vulgar, and therefore I dislike them.” If he entered a room where there was a dog, he requested that he or the dog might be permitted to retire. Next to the horse, his favorite animals were cats: he would place them upon his knees, and talk and fondle with them as affectionately as a

mother with her infant. He had a dislike to very young children; he considered them as interrupters of conversation, disturbers of quiet, and frequent, though innocent, offenders against decency and good manners.

Towards the latter end of 1809, Fransham was attacked with a cough, which increased with the severity of winter. In January, 1810, he was too enfeebled to take exercise, and, finally, kept his bed. On the morning of the first of February he requested his nurse to remove him from his bed to his chair: he told her that he should exceedingly dislike to be buried alive, and would therefore be obliged to her, when she perceived him without motion, to shake him well, then place him by a large fire, within the scent of a hot apple-pye; if these expedients did not succeed, to ask some beautiful woman to sit by his side; and, if this experiment failed, then she might safely conclude him dead. In a few minutes after these directions, his nurse, not hearing him cough, approached his chair and found he had expired.

He was buried in the church-yard of St. George's Colegate, Norwich, and the following inscription is on a stone to his memory:

“M. S.

Joannis Fransham, qui plurimis annis in hac urbe Græcæ Latinæque Litteras, necnon Mathematicam, studio exploravit, præceptis illustravit.”

When Fransham died he was upwards of eighty. His physiognomy was highly intelligent, and somewhat resembled that of Erasmus. In his latter years he suffered his grey hair to hang loose about his shoulders. When he walked the street, he wore his hat drawn over his eyes, and constantly looked downwards, with his hands most commonly behind him, except in very cold weather, when he usually folded his arms in front of his breast. In conversation on his favorite subjects, language, metaphysics, and mathematics, he always appeared cheerful and animated. He was remarkable for industry, and accustomed himself to rise at five o'clock in the morning during summer, and at six in the winter. He ate very moderately of animal food, and abstained from all strong liquors: he consequently enjoyed sound health, and retained the perfect use of his faculties to the last moments of life. Until within a few days of his death

he continued to give instructions to his pupils.

As a mathematician, he was eminent rather for the solidity, than the extent, of his knowledge. His love of accuracy made him an enthusiastic admirer of the ancient mathematicians; or, perhaps more properly, his early attention to these writers made him accurate. He had a higher veneration for Euclid than for Newton, and preferred the Elements of Geometry of the former, to the Principia of the latter. He departed from the celebrated doctrine of fluxions; and pronounced the "Analyst" of Bishop Berkeley to be one of the finest specimens of reasoning among the productions of the moderns.

Of Algebra, or the analytic art, he entertained a very moderate opinion. He was well satisfied with the grounds and methods of operation employed by algebraists for the solution of simple and quadratic equations; but the resolution of cubics by Cardan's rule, by sir Isaac Newton's method of divisors, or by the different modes of approximation, he regarded only as mechanical tricks, or arts of legerdemain, for the purpose of displaying skill in quirks and quibbles, to the injury of pure mathematical science.

Fransham's manuscript writings,—his beloved five volumes,—came into the possession of Edward Rigby, esq. They were left in a state fitted for the press, but are destined, probably, to remain unpublished. They consist chiefly of dissertations and essays on the philosophy of the ancients, and cruelty to animals; satirical discussions on politics, manners, and trade; odes, eclogues, and rhapsodies. A sixth volume contains formulæ &c. curious calculations; problems on the application of algebra to geometry, and different tables of numbers. Thirty smaller manuscripts, in the possession of Mr. Stark, are miscellanies of a lighter nature; criticisms, dialogues, and essays on temporary affairs.

Fransham, in his latter age, often regretted that his early circumstances had prevented him from marrying. His life was blameless; and the few particulars of it here credibly placed before the reader, afford materials for reflection as well as amusement. He was not ashamed of being or appearing poor,—went without shoes rather than he would run into debt, —lived upon a farthing a-day rather than he would beg a halfpenny,—and thus

exemplified that real knowledge can afford the means of independence, under the pressure of extreme indigence. He never suffered an inclination which he could not gratify to grow into a want.

	h. m.
November 1.—Day breaks . . .	5 17
Sun rises . . .	7 11
— sets . . .	4 49
Twilight ends . . .	6 43

## November 2.

### ALL SOULS.

On this day formerly, in Lancashire and Herefordshire, it was usual for the wealthy to dispense oaten cakes, called *soul-mass-cakes*, to the poor, who, upon receiving them, repeated the following couplet in acknowledgment—

God have poor soul,  
Bones and all.

### BARRING OUT.

Of the many strange customs which prevailed among our mediæval ancestors, and which, of late years, have rapidly fallen into desuetude, that of "barring-out," as it is called, appears the most irreconcilable to the habits and sentiments of modern times. To a scholastic disciplinarian of the metropolis, the custom would appear outrageous, and almost incredible. It reminds us of the Roman Saturnalia of old, when masters, for a certain time, were subservient to their servants and slaves.

Hutchinson, in his History of Cumberland, when speaking of the parish of Bromfield, thus adverts to the practice of Barring-out:

"Till within the last twenty or thirty years it had been a custom, time out of mind, for the scholars of the free-school of Bromfield, about the beginning of Lent, or, in the more expressive phraseology of the country, at Fastings Even, to *bar out* the master; that is to say, to depose and exclude him from his school, and keep him out for three days. During the period of this expulsion, the doors of the citadel, the school, were strongly barricaded within; and the boys, who defended it like a besieged city, were armed with bore-tree or elder pop-guns. The master, meanwhile, made various efforts, both by force and stratagem, to regain his lost authority. If he succeeded, heavy tasks were imposed, and the business of the

school was resumed and submitted to ; but it more commonly happened that he was repulsed and defeated. After three days' siege terms of capitulation were proposed by the master, and accepted by the boys. These terms were summed up in an old formula of Latin laconic verses, stipulating what hours and time should, for the year ensuing, be allotted to study, and what to relaxation and play. Securities were provided by each side for the due performance of the stipulations ; and the paper was then solemnly signed both by master and scholars."

Brand, when noticing the subject, in his "Popular Antiquities," quotes the above passage from Hutchinson, and says it was "a custom that, having now fallen into disuse, will soon be totally forgotten." Brand was certainly mistaken in this assertion. In Cumberland the custom still prevails, and is not likely soon to be forgotten. To my certain knowledge it has taken place at Scotby, Wetherall, Warwick, &c., within the last ten years, and I understand that the practice is still occasionally enforced. I have been informed by a young friend, who left Scotby school but a few years ago, that he had been frequently engaged in these affairs. He stated that, when the master was barred out, the written orders for the holidays, &c., were put through the key-hole of the school-door, with a request for the master to sign them, which, after some hesitation, and a few threats, he generally consented to. On one occasion, however, he forced his way through the window, but was instantly expelled, *vi et armis*, and his coat-tail burnt to pieces by squibs and blazing paper.

Brand speaks of the custom as being very prevalent in the city of Durham, and other places in the country ; as Houghton-le-spring, Thornton, &c.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addison, also mentions the custom in the following passage :

"In 1683, when Addison had entered his twelfth year, his father, now become dean of Lichfield, committed him to the care of Mr. Shaw, master of the grammar-school in that city. While he was under the tuition of Shaw, his enterprise and courage have been recorded in leading and conducting successfully a plan for *barring out* his master, a disorderly privilege which in his time prevailed in the principal seminaries of education, where the boys, exulting in the approach of their

periodical liberty, and unwilling to wait its regular commencement, took possession of the school some days before the time of usual recess, of which they barred the door ; and, not contented with the exclusive occupation of the fortress, usually bade their master defiance from the windows. The whole operation of this practice was, at Litchfield, planned and conducted by the author of *Cato*.\*

	h. m.
November 2.—Day breaks . . .	5 19
Sun rises . . .	7 13
— sets . . .	4 47
Twilight ends . . .	6 41

### November 3.

#### ST. WINIFRED'S DAY

The legend of St. Winifred, and her martyrdom, may be consulted in the *Every-Day Book*. The following particulars relating to St. Winifred's Well are chiefly derived from Mr. Pennant's account of Holywell.

The origin of this useful stream is discovered at the foot of the steep hill beneath the town of Holywell or Treffynnon, to which it gave the name. The spring boils with vast impetuosity out of a rock, and is confined in a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch, supported by pillars. The roof is most exquisitely carved in stone. Immediately over the fountain is the legend of St. Winifred, on a pendent projection, with the arms of England at the bottom. Numbers of fine ribs secure the arch, whose intersections are coupled with a sculpture. Some are mere works of fancy, grotesque figures of animals, but the rest chiefly allude to the Stanley family. This building, and the chapel over it, rose from the piety of that great house, which left memorials of its benefactions : there are besides some marks of the illustrious donors ; for example, the profile of Margaret, mother to Henry VII., and that of her husband the earl of Derby, cut on the same stone. The wolf's head is the arms of the earls of Chester ; it is enclosed in a garter, in respect to Sir William Stanley, Knight, Justiciary of North Wales. The tun with a plant issuing out of it is a rebus, the arms of his wife Elizabeth Hopton, allusive to her name. This proves that the building was erected

\* *Gentleman's Magazine*.

before 1495, in which year sir William lost his head. The other badges of the same house are the stag's head, the eagle's leg, and the three legs, the arms of the Isle of Man. Over one of the lesser arches, on each side of the well, are the dragon and greyhound, the supporters of the arms of England during the reigns of Henry VII., and part of that of Henry VIII. The first was borne by Henry VII., as a badge of the house of Tudor, which derived itself from Cadwalader, last king of Britain, who bore on his ensign a red dragon. Henry, in imitation of him, at the battle of Bosworth carried on his standard a red dragon painted on white and green silk; which afterwards gave rise to the office of rouge-dragon among the heralds. On one side of the wall that supports the roof was painted the tale of the tutelary saint, at present almost defaced: over it is inscribed, in honorem sanitæ Wenefrede, V & M. In another wall is an elegant niche, in which stood a statue of the virgin Mary. It is said that there was another statue of St. Winifred, which is probable, as Isabel, countess of Warwick, left to St. Winifred, in 1539, her gown of russet velvet.

Over this spring is a chapel of the same date with the other building: a neat piece of Gothic architecture; but in a very ruinous state. The east end is a pentagon, and had five windows with an elegant tracery. The top arched and crossed with neat slender ribs. It had been open to the body of the chapel, but the fine arch which formed the division has been bricked up. On one side of the body is an oblong recess, divided from it by three arches, supported by pillars, and within is a window impending over the well. The whole length of the chapel is fifty-two feet, the breadth is twenty. The recess is twenty-six feet long, and eight broad. The roof is neat wood-work. The chapel is the property of Daniel Leo, Esq.

No mention is made in the Domesday-Book of either chapel, church, or well; yet townships of less note are named; such as Bruneford, Caldewte, and others. Mr. Pennant thinks the legend of St. Winifred was known previous to that survey; for the very name of Holywell is Saxon, probably bestowed on it before the Conquest on account of the imputed sanctity of the well. The spring is certainly one of the finest in these kingdoms, and flings out

about twenty-one tons of water, or eighty-four hogsheads in a minute. It never freezes. In respect to its alleged equality of water in droughts, or after the greatest rains, this must be placed among the vulgar errors; for it has been discovered that the variation is very great; there is a decrease in summer of more than one-third, in droughts of still more, and after violent rains the increase is in like proportion.

In former times the sacred stream hurried to the sea unconfined by the busy manufactures. During the reign of pilgrimages nothing but the corn-mills, the property of the monks, found employ for its waters. The valley from Basingwerk Abbey to St. Winifred's Well is very beautiful, bounded on one side with hanging woods and open on the other; and with the advantages of a brisk wind the greatest part of the year, and a rapid stream, it is visited with the usual diseases of the country.

The length of the stream from the fountain to the marsh is one mile and 234 yards, and in its progress it turns wheels for eleven large manufactories, giving employment to about 1500 men, women, and children, creating fortunes for many, and laying the foundation of a town of considerable magnitude.

After the death of St. Winifred, the waters of her well became almost as sanative in reputation as those of the pool of Bethesda. The votive crutches, barrows, hand-barrows, and other proofs of cures, to this moment remain pendant over the well. The resort of pilgrims of late years has considerably decreased, yet in the summer a few are still to be seen in the water, in deep devotion, up to their chins for hours, sending up their prayers or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well, or threading the arch between well and well a prescribed number of times.

The bathing well is an oblong, thirty-eight feet by sixteen, with steps for the descent of the fair sex, or of invalids. Near the steps, two feet beneath the water, is a large stone, called the wishing-stone. It receives many a kiss from the faithful, who are supposed never to fail in experiencing the completion of their desires, provided the wish is delivered with full devotion and confidence. On the outside of the great well, close to the road, is a small spring, once famed for the cure of weak eyes. The patient made ar

offering to the nymph of the spring, of a crooked pin, and sent up at the same time a certain ejaculation by way of charm; but the charm is forgotten and the efficacy of the waters lost. The well is common.

Lilly, in the History of his Life and Times, relates "that in 1635, sir George Peckham, knight, died in St. Winifred's, having continued so long mumbling his Pater Nosters and sancta Winifreda ora pro me, that the cold struck into his body, and after his coming forth of that well he never spoke more." In the "Travels of Tom Thumb," we read, "a man would be inexcusable that should come into North Wales and not visit Holywell or St. Winifred's, and hear attentively all the stories that are told about it."

	h. m.
November 3.—Day breaks . . .	5 20
Sun rises . . .	7 15
— sets . . .	4 45
Twilight ends . . .	6 40

#### November 4.

November 4, 1740, died William Hucks, Esq., who had long sat in parliament, for Abingdon and Wallingford. He was an opulent brewer in London. Mr. Noble believes he was the person taken notice of when mounted on a beautiful hunter, by Louis XV. The monarch enquired who he was; a witty nobleman replied, "Sire, un chevalier de malt." It is probable that the wit never disturbed Mr. Hucks, for he was seldom moved by what he saw or heard. He loved to attend a lawyer's club in or near Chancery Lane, where he remained perfectly quiescent, but delighted to hear the glib-tongued tribe talk of their rebutters and sur-rebutters. He was brewer to the king's household, and is reported to have been very honest and very loyal. That he might make the latter appear most conspicuous, he placed the statue of the king George I. upon Bloomsbury steeple, on which a wag wrote,—

The king of Great Britain was reckon'd before

The head of the church by all good Christian people,

But his brewer has added still one title more  
To the rest, and has made him the head of the steeple.

#### SCOTTISH PLOUGHING IN SUSSEX.

A Scottish gentleman in the Lothians sent one of Small's ploughs as a present

to an agricultural friend in Sussex; and dispatched with it a stout, active, intelligent young ploughman, named Sandy Penny, to instruct the peasants on his Sussex friend's farm in the mode of using this valuable implement. Sandy began his labors, but found that when his master was not present his instructions were received with contempt; and himself, his plough, and his country, treated with scorn and derision. For a time he bore meekly all the taunts of his fellow-servants; but Sandy was not a philosopher, for his patience became exhausted, and he resolved to lay his case before his new master, and request permission to return home.—"What are your grievances, Alexander?" said his master.—"T'weel, sur (replied Sandy), they are mair than mortal man can put up wi'. No' that I hae ony objection to yoursel'; and na muckle to the kintra; for I'm no sic a colt as prefer the sour east wuns, that meet us as the skeigh o' day on our bare leas, to the saft south wasters and loun enclosures here; but ye're folks, sur, are perfect deevils, and keep tormenting me like a bink o' harried wasps. In short, sur, I am maist demented sick o' the place, and I just, wi' your wul, wish to gae hame." Here Sandy made his best bow. "But we must not (said his master) allow ourselves to be beaten off the field so easily. Pray, Alexander, have you ever tried your powers at boxing?"—"As for that (replied Sandy), I'm no muckle used to fetching; but I doubt na I could gie as gude as I got."—"Well (rejoined his master) "I will give you a crown piece if you will give the first person who insults you a hearty box on the ear." Sandy for a few seconds consulted the physiognomy of his master's countenance; and having, satisfied himself that he was in earnest, replied, "Weel, weel! sur! wi' ye're leave, I'se try my hau';" and, scraping his foot on the ground as he made his bow, he withdrew, with a determination to reduce his master's precepts into practice. An opportunity soon occurred; and in a regular set-to Sandy Penny gave his antagonist a beating to his heart's content. It wrought like a charm; the plough was soon generally approved of on the farm; and, several others having been obtained from the north, Sandy's master, in calculating his annual profits, soon found the advantage of the *argumentum ad pugilium*, and the real value of a Scots Penny.



DISTAFF SPINNING.

There are certain representations of the pencil and graver, seriously intended for pictorial embellishment, at which we involuntarily smile; and this may be one of these muscle-moving oddities. There is no help for it: if the reader can keep a solemn face while looking at the cat in this cut, so much the better. To those who cannot some explanation is due.

The original idea of this engraving is a lithographic print in a "Compendious History of the Cotton Manufacture, by Richard Guest," a quarto volume printed at Manchester in 1823. That print it was designed to improve upon in the *Year Book*, and—behold it! Being far

from London, in a manufacturing district, I have no power of substituting any thing better.

There can be little doubt, I imagine, that the cut of the Pointer-dog, last month,\* has obtained deserved admiration. That engraving was executed and the article upon "Don" was written by his owner, who, from that specimen of his graphic and literary talents, may be easily imagined an able artist, and a kind hearted and keen sportsman. The engraving of "Don" was, and will be, his

\* On Col. 1250.

## THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 5.

last performance. It was done in sedentary recreation after a serious illness, and, for more healthy and active amusement, our friend resorted to his much-loved field sport. I learn, during my absence from London, that in reaching a fowling-piece from his chaise it went off, shattered his right hand, and amputation was immediately performed. To this gentleman was committed the engraving of all the subjects for the *Year Book*, except those which commence each month. I could not be so unfeeling as to address him upon a mere matter of business, and have contented myself with introducing into the present month fewer subjects, and such as could be forwarded to the printer, under the exigency—hence the present cut of the poor old spinner and her cat. In the next, which will be the concluding month of the year, and of the work, there will be a superflux of engravings, to make up for the obvious deficiency in the present month.

Mr. Guest's work on the Cotton-Manufacture purports to contain "a disapproval of the claim of Sir Richard Arkwright to the invention of its ingenious machinery." Leaving that question still open between the *Edinburgh Review* and Mr. Guest, who published a "Reply" to an article on the Spinning machinery in that review, which opposed the "disapproval" of Mr. Guest, his first named work is now resorted to for the purpose of observing that it traces the manufacture from the first process.

The earliest and simplest mode of spinning is represented in the engraving, and was in use within memory. The old woman is in the act of converting "the fleecy contents of the fruit of the cotton-tree into thread, for the purpose of being woven into cloth." She holds between the left arm and the body a wooden rod, called the distaff, with a bundle, or fleece of cotton wool tied loosely round the top of it; and with her hands about two inches apart she pulls a continuous lock: the right hand draws out and twists so much of the lock as is between it and the left hand into a fine thread, which is further twisted by a pendent spindle or bobbin, which is kept constantly twirling round, and on which the thread is afterwards wound.

This tedious process is still used in Hindostan. The superiority of texture

and the durability of the India nankeens, and long cloths, are owing to this mode of spinning, which disposes the fibres of the cotton more evenly, and twists them more into the body of the thread than the spinning machines do. Our old woman's mode is the primitive one, used for thousands of years. It is the occupation to which Hector sent Andromache, and in which Hercules employed himself, in a love-adventure with Omphale, as pictured by the painters, on the authority of ancient poetry.

In the *Year Book*, which contains much concerning antiquities, there is not any mention of one more useful or more ancient than spinning with the distaff.

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	h.	m.
November 4.—Day breaks . . .	5	22
Sun rises . . .	7	17
— sets . . .	4	43
Twilight ends . . .	6	38

## November 5.

### GUNPOWDER PLOT.

The reader will find quite enough of of this story, and its celebration, in the *Every-Day Book*.

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### LANDING OF WILLIAM III.

This was effected in 1688, on the anniversary of Powder Plot day.

On his way from Torbay to London, the prince of Orange slept at the deanery house, Exeter, while the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Lamplugh, ran off to king James, who, for his loyalty, made him archbishop of York. On the Sunday afterwards, the prince of Orange had reached Exeter. Dr. Burnet, mounting the pulpit in the cathedral, to read the declaration, all the canons, and part of the congregation, left the church. On the other hand, few offered their services; for, however the people might be inclined to the undertaking, their recollection of the severities towards the adherents of the duke of Monmouth deterred them from engaging in the enterprise; and the prince remained nine days at Exeter, without being joined by any person of distinction. It is even said that, in a council of war, held in that city, he suffered it to be proposed that he should re-embark for Holland. On the tenth day, however, sir Edward Seymour and other

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 6.

country gentlemen came to him, and formed an association, whose united energies contributed in no inconsiderable degree to the success of the revolution

In several parts of Exeter cathedral are monuments of great antiquity, and that of judge Doddridge particularly attracts attention. He was the ancestor of the pious and learned Dr. Philip Doddridge. A curious incident happened to this upright judge, on one of his circuits. It is related in the *Harleian Miscellany*, that, being at Huntingdon assizes, in 1619, he reproved the sheriff for having returned on the jury persons who were not of sufficient respectability; and that at the next assizes the sheriff returned the following singular panel, at which the judge smiled, at the same time applauding his ingenious industry:—

Maximilian, *King of Tortand*,  
Henry, *Prince of Godmanched*,  
George, *Duke of Somersham*,  
William, *Marquis of Stukely*,  
Edward, *Earl of Hartford*,  
Robert, *Lord of Warsley*,  
Richard, *Baron of Bythorpe*,  
Edmund, *Knight of St. Neots*,  
Peter, *Esquire of Easton*,  
George, *Gentleman of Spaldock*,  
Robert, *Yeoman of Barham*,  
Stephen, *Pope of Weston*,  
Humphrey, *Cardinal of Kimbolton*,  
William, *Bishop of Bugden*,  
John, *Archdeacon of Paxton*,  
John, *Abbot of Stukely*,  
Richard, *Friar of Ellington*,  
Henry, *Monk of Stukely*,  
Edward, *Priest of Graffham*,  
Richard, *Deacon of Catsworth*.\*

An old MS. of this list is in the British Museum, among some writings attributed to Partridge, the almanac-maker.

	h. m.
November 5—Day breaks . . .	5 23
Sun rises . . .	7 18
— sets . . .	4 42
Twilight ends . . .	6 37

**November 6.**

**MICHAELMAS TERM BEGINS.**

Vacation's gone—and pleas and strife  
Begin to blossom into life;

\* Evans's *Juvenile Tourist*.

And Westminster is overflown  
With wit peculiarly its own;  
Chief justices with brethren three  
Swagger in ermined majesty;  
Yet these, like other things, declare  
What short-lived fools we mortals are;  
For *Hilary Term* begins to wane  
To *Easter's* transitory reign,  
And *Trinity's* hot sunbeams now  
Descend on *Michaelmas's* snow;  
Succeeding Terms their loss atone  
But we, when once our days are flown,  
With *Littleton* and *Blackstone* lie  
Like records in the Treasury.  
And who can tell, if we shall stay  
To earn the fees we touched to-day?  
For with the wealth we leave behind  
The uninheritable mind  
Is what our heirs shall never find.

**COUNTRY LIFE.**

Isaac Walton describes a delicious scene in spring:—

“Turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honey-suckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows. Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down, when I was last this way, a fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the woollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought as the poet has happily expressed it,

I was for that time lifted above earth;  
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she was; away all care, and sung like a nightingale



her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old fashioned poetry, and choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us:

“God speed you, good woman; I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak-hall to my bed, and, having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

“*Milk woman*.—Marry, God requite you sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a sil-libub of new verjuice, in a new made hay-cock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men; in the meantime will you drink a draught of red-cow's milk? you shall have it freely.”

In this beautiful manner the dialogue runs on, and the songs are sung by the milk-woman and her daughter; but to speak of the beauties of Isaac Walton's Angler is almost a supererogation, now that it is in the hands of every lover of nature, tranquillity, and contentment.

EUMILYS.

	h.	m.
November 6.—Day breaks . . .	5	25
Sun rises . . .	7	20
— sets . . .	4	40
Twilight ends . . .	6	35

**November 7.**

7th November, 1677, Anthony Wood enters in his Diary—“About one in the morning the lord Chancellor Finch his mace was stolen out of his house in Queen-street. The seal laid under his pillow, so the thief missed it. The famous thief that did it was Thomas Sadler, soon after taken and hanged for it at Tyburn.”

ASCOT, WINKFIELD, AND EAST  
HAMPSTEAD.

[For the Year Book.]

From Ascot Heath towards Reading, the traveller will pass through Bracknell,

a village owing its existence to the road made some fifty or sixty years ago. Before that road was formed, a hostelry existed, known by its present sign, “the Hind's Head.” It was then known to be the rendezvous of certain persons who lived by causing others to cease to exist; and standing, as it did, alone, on the dreary heath, it was regarded by the rustics with that superstitious awe which the timid feel so near the purlieus of abodes reputed to be haunted. The countryman chose rather to go five miles out of its way, than one within it. Many stories are related of travellers putting up at that inn for the night, and resting there for ever. One of these narratives I will remember.

One winter's night, a stout-hearted grazier, travelling from London to Reading, stopped at the Hind's Head. After seeing his horse to the stable, he sought the glow of the kitchen fire, where he found several jolly fellows, with laughing looks, and light hearts. He joined their company; they ate heartily, and drank merrily. The farmer related the particulars of his journey to London, the market price of cattle, the price he had obtained for his own; and, the last stoop of liquor being emptied, with a hearty hob and nob, the serving girl showed the traveller to his chamber. As he was about to give her a hearty salute before she left the room, she whispered, “Listen: you mistake the object of your pretended regard: if you love me, love yourself, and save your life. You are surrounded by murderers and robbers. To night they have drank deeper than ordinary, and you may preserve yourself and me. Here,” pointing to the bed, “is a trap-door; it will fall down if you step upon it when you get into bed, and you will tumble headlong into a deep well, and then there's an end of you.” The traveller was sobered in a moment by the fearful earnestness and information of the girl. She continued, “I must be gone, and then do you sing, and be noisy for some minutes, and tread near that plank, as though you were about to get into bed. Tie the bed, and what else you can, into a heavy bundle, put it on the plank; it will go down, and you—you must look to the window for your only chance of escape. God speed you!” The grazier, when left alone, soon resumed his presence of mind; he sung while he made up the bundle—heaved it on the terrible plank, and, in a moment,

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 8.

It descended through the floor, silently and swiftly, and he heard its heavy splash in deep water. He hastened to the window, and saw the snow twelve or fourteen feet below in the back yard. He leaped down, and a high wall opposed his further progress, but he found the gate, gently drew back the bolts, and then listened for a moment at the front casement. Three of his late friends were snoring; they had fancied themselves secure of their prey, and hastened not to despoil it. The grazier found his horse in the stable, and galloped off. He aroused a neighbouring farmer; they collected the farm servants, and all, arming themselves, set off and surrounded the house. The villains were sleeping, and the maid watching. The ruffians were all captured, and convicted of their crimes on the evidence of the girl. In the well the bones of men whom they had entrapped testified the extent of their guilt. The landlord was one of the malefactors: they were all executed, and the "Hind's Head" was shut up.

In the adjoining parish of Winkfield there was formerly a strong castle, and it is said that through one of its barons the inhabitants of Winkfield came into possession of their church in a remarkable manner. This baron was very powerful, and is reported to have been so wicked that he sold himself to Satan. In his old age he was sorry for the bargain, and confessed himself to priests, and they enjoined him to build and endow a church. He built the church and provided an endowment; but, to the admiration of all, on the morning appointed for consecrating the church, it was not to be seen—not a vestige remained—the devil had removed it in the night. The old baron built another, which suddenly disappeared in like manner. The priests summoned Satan to show cause why he had done all this. He answered that the baron, body and soul, and all that belonged to him in this life, was his. His plea was overruled, and the priests decided that the church was theirs, to be held by them, in trust, for their patron saint, as an atonement for the sins of the repentant baron sinner, and they ordered Satan to place a church on the spot whence he had removed the two churches in succession. Upon this decree Satan flew to Winkfield, seized three barns, placed the two smaller parallel with the largest, and Winkfield church remains to

this day the resemblance of three barns stuck together.

At East Hampstead, near Bagshot Heath, and adjoining Bracknell, there was formerly a curious custom on the installation of a new lord of the manor. The inhabitants carried the lord in a chair on their shoulders round the manor, their march commencing from a hill (the name of which I forget), and, after the circuit of the manorial boundary, the lord was unchained on the said hill, and the inhabitants inflicted sundry stripes upon his breach with twigs. After enduring this chastisement, the inhabitants dined, and passed the remainder of the day convivially with their lord.

1831

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	h.	m.
November 7.—Day breaks . . .	5	26
Sun rises . . .	7	22
— sets . . .	4	38
Twilight ends . . .	6	34

November 8.

LADY JEFFERY DUNSTAN.

[For the Year Book.]

On Saturday, November 8th, 1818, the remains of the "lady" of "the independent Mayor of Garrett," sir Jeffery Dunstan, were interred, agreeably to her own request, in the grave of her husband in Whitechapel churchyard; the inscription on her coffin stated her to be in her 101st year. Only two persons followed in funeral habilaments, but the streets were rendered impassable by a numerous body of spectators, anxiously assembled "to see the last" of one who had so long figured in that neighbourhood as "a public character." From a person to whom she was known, I gathered that, at the time of her decease, she occupied a wretched apartment in Ducking-pond-lane, in that parish,—that the cause of her death was more attributable to the merciless pressure of "the cold chill hand" of penury, than from infirmity; for, although her age was so far advanced, her natural powers remained unimpaired to the last. In her husband's life-time, and also when in a state of widowhood, she claimed the *soi-disant* title of, and was duly recognised as, "Mayoress of Garrett." She survived sir Jeffery twenty-one years

*Apropos*.—A colored print, a "Portrait of sir Jeffery Dunstan, M. P. for Garrett," with a legend beneath it.

"When you've got money, you're look'd upon—  
But when you've got none, you may go along,"—

was familiar to me in my "days of childhood:" it was one of a many "neatly framed and glazed," that "bedecked" the walls of a "low roofed cot" (in my native town of Baldock, in Hertfordshire), the dwelling-place of "the schoolmistress," an antiquated, and a venerated dame, who first taught me and other "luckless wights" to con the A B C, from a horn-alphabet-book," a "literary article" then considered indispensable to the scholastic avocation, but low entirely disused.

C. D. B.

ROYAL ARMS, LIONS AND LEOPARDS.

[For the Year Book.]

MR. EDITOR,

A few years ago it was a mooted point, among the unlearned in the science of Heraldry, whether the animals which adorn the British achievements were lions or leopards. I send you the opinion of the learned and judicious Alexander Nisbett upon the subject, which will, I should think, appear conclusive.

"Sir John Ferne, one of the learned in his time, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in his book, entitled *The Glory of Generosity*, p. 218, says thus (his own words): The Escutcheon of Normandy was advanced, as the ensign of our English Kings, by William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry I., and Henry II. The last having married Eleanor, heiress of Aquitain, whose arms were Gules a Leopard, Or, which being of the same field, metal, and form, with his own, joined them together in one shield, and composed the present blazon for England, viz.: Gules 3 Leopards Or; and, in another place the same author adds, These two coats, viz. Aquitain and Normandy, were joined in one, and by them the addition of the inheritance of Eleanor, heiress of Aquitain, to our English crown, and therefore are borne as a quadrate royal, by our sovereign lady queen Elizabeth. The same says Guilliams, Chamberland, and others. And these arms, so composed, were placed on his funeral monument,

when he was interred in the abbey of Fontewrad in Anjou, and adorned with other shields of arms, as those of the Saxon race, upon the account that in him the Saxon blood was restored by his grandfather's marriage as before. The structure of which monument is given to us in Sandford's Genealogical History, p. 64. "Before I proceed further, I must insist a little upon the opinions or some late English writers, who will have the *three Leopards* not to be originally from Normandy, but first assumed by Henry II. or by Richard I., and that their predecessors had no arms before; they not fixing upon which of these two kinds to place their rise and first use in England, though these arms be of the same tinctures, form, position, and situation, and nothing different in any circumstance from those of Normandy and Aquitain! neither will they allow them to be blazoned Leopards, but *Lions passant guardant*, upon the account that the Leopards of Normandy and Aquitain are now thought derogatory to the royalty of England, as not being originally ensigns of kingdoms. These opinions were raised first, if I be not mistaken, upon King James VI.'s accession to the throne of England, when there were several considerations and consultations taken about the honors and precedence of his kingdom of Scotland and England; and especially in marshalling their armorial ensigns, the difficulty arising from the armorial figures being originally those of the dukedoms of Normandy and Aquitain, which as such gave place to the flower de lisses of France, as belonging to a kingdom. Upon the same reason the Scots claimed also precedence for their armorial figure, the lion rampant. The English being put to a stand were necessitated to assert that the figures they carried for England were not those of Normandy and Aquitain, though as like as one egg to another, but new ones assumed by their kings since the conquest. To make this appear, their principal herald, William Segar, garter king at arms, was employed; and how well he performed, any herald or historian may judge by his manuscript, which he gave in to king James, entitled the variation of the arms and badges of the kingdom of England, from the time of Brutus, 1000 years before the incarnation of Christ, till 1600 years after his incarnation, 1604. Though he promises in his

preface to give approved authors for what he says, yet he names no author in all that manuscript, and begins with the imaginary story of Brutus, monarch of Britain; and of his division of it unto his three sons. To his eldest, Locheren, Brutus gave that part now called England, with arms, Or, a Lion passant guardant, Gules. To his second son, Toalknack, he gave the north part Albania, now Scotland, with arms, Or, a Lion rampant, Gules, which to this day, says he (Segar), with the royal addition of the double tressure continue the arms of Scotland. And to his third son he gave that part of Britain called Cambria, with arms Argent, three Lions passant guardant, Gules, which the princes of Wales used for a long time. Segar goes on with a succession of these arms without naming one voucher; and when he comes to the Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings, he gives such an account as is given before until he comes unto Henry II.; then he says, (his [Segar's] own words),—He being the son of Maud the Empress, and of Geoffry Plantagenet Earl of Anjou, took for arms, Gules, 3 Lions passant guardant, Or, because in Henry I. the line-masculine ended, and therefore they are much deceived who say that the kings of England bear three leopards, two for the dukedom of Normandy and one for Aquitain. 'Tis strange (Segar) gives no reason to undeceive his own countrymen and others, nor to mention any cause or ground for changing these leopards into *lions passant guardant*, nor for making a distinction between leopards and lions passant guardant, for in heraldry there is none; for a lion passant and full faced, and showing both his eyes (which the English call guardant) is called a leopard by the French, and all other nations, and there is no appearance of alteration of the field, position and tinctures of the leopards of Normandy and Aquitain, from the arms of England as now blazoned, lions passant guardant, but in the terms of blazon, which are all one in the Science of Heraldry, and Art of Blazon; for when a lion is on his four feet showing a full face, he is called a leopard, and when showing but the half of his face and only one eye, he is then called leopard-lionee; leopard, because not erected on his hinder feet, which is the proper position of a lion in armories; *lionee*, because his head is in profile, showing but the half of his face, which all lions properly do, being

erected on their hinder feet, and their head in profile; but, if erected and full-faced, he is called a lion-leopard, his head being after the position of that of a leopard, but his body after the position of that of a lion. In heraldry, natural spots of a leopard do not distinguish it from a lion, but its position as above, in the shield. Those of England have not only been called by the old English heralds *leopards*, but even by English historians, at Mr. Howel, in his History of England, and John Stow, in his large survey of London, p. 42, both tell, that Anno 1235 Frederick the Emperor sent to Henry III. in England, in compliment, three live *leopards*, in token of his royal shield of arms, wherein three leopards were pictured, and tells us that in the register of London there is an order of king Edward II. to the sheriff, to pay to the keepers of the king's *leopards* in the tower of London, sixpence each day for the sustenance of the *leopards*. I shall not insist upon a long numeration of English heralds, for blazoning the figures of England leopards, nor of the French, and those who write in *latin*, as Philobertus Munetius, Uredius, and others, Latinize them *leopardos*. The modern herald and learned antiquary, Jacob Imhoff, in his above mentioned book, calls them *leopardos Anglicanos*. 'Tis true, for the majesty of England, some English writers say, they should be called lions passant guardant: upon which account, I have before, and shall after blazon them so.\*

I think, Mr. Editor, the only things Mr. Nisbett needed to have added were the three Roman capitals Q. E. D. See further the following extract from "Carter's Analysis of Honor," p. 232. Gules, a lion passant guardant, Or which being the coat-armor of the dukes of Aquitaine, was joined with the coat of the kings of England, by the match of Henry II. being before two lions, the posture and colors one; *then indeed called leopards*, as they are most properly so called (where they are not of royal bearing) if they be more than one in a field, and guardant as Guillim would have it."

In confirmation, Mr. Editor, of the judgment of Mr. Nisbett, the celebrated herald before cited, allow me to present you with a short extract from a very old French MS. in my possession.

\* Nisbett's "Ancient and Modern Use of Armories," p. 150, et. seq.

“Toutes bestes qui sont en armes len doit blasonner léstal, a la facho, except Lions et leopars. Car les lions de leur nature sont rompans, et leopars sont passans, et ce est le premiere difference ehtre lions et leopars. Et sil sont au contraire, on dit ung lyon leoparde, et ung leopart lyonne. Lautre difference est car le lyon en armes a tant seulement ung oeuil, et le leopar en lautre costé en a deux.”

In the same MS. the arms of the dukes of Acquitaine and Normandy are thus blasoned.

*Le duc dacquitaine*—de guilles, a ung lupart d'or en face, armé et lampaisé d'azur.

*Le duc de Normandie*, de Guelles a deux luppars d'or en fache armé et lampasse d'azur.

FEICIALIS PERITUS.

SAILORS' OMENS.

Sailors, usually the boldest men alive, are yet frequently the very abject slaves of superstitious fear. “Innumerable,” says Scot on Witchcraft, p. 53, “are the reports of accidents unto such as frequent the seas, as fishermen and sailors, who discourse of noises, flashes, shadows, echoes, and other visible appearances, nightly seen and heard upon the surface of the water.”

Andrews, in his “Aneëdotes,” says, “Superstition and profaneness, those extremes of human conduct, are too often found united in the sailor; and the man who dreads the stormy effects of drowning a cat, or of whistling a country dance while he leans over the gunwale, will, too often, wantonly defy his Creator by the most daring execrations and the most licentious behaviour.”

Dr. Pegge says, “Our sailors, I am told, at this very day, I mean the vulgar sort of them, have a strange opinion of the devil's power and agency in stirring up winds, and that is the reason they so seldom whistle on ship-board, esteeming that to be a mocking, and consequently an enraging of the devil. And it appears now that even Zoroaster himself imagined there was an evil spirit, called *Vato*, that could excite violent storms of wind.”

Sir Thomas Browne has the following singular passage:—“That a king-fisher, hanged by the bill, showeth us what quarter the wind is, by an occult and secret propriety, converting the breast to

that point of the horizon from whence the wind doth blow, is a received opinion and very strange—introducing natural weathercocks, and extending magnetical positions as far as animal natures: a conceit supported chiefly by present practice, yet not made out by reason or experience.”

At the present day common sailors account it very unlucky to lose a bucket or a mop. To throw a cat over-board, or drown one at sea, is the same. Children are deemed lucky to a ship. Whistling at sea is supposed to cause increase of wind, and is therefore much disliked by seamen, though sometimes they themselves practise it when there is a dead calm.

OLD NICK.

Mr. Brand alleges that the name “Old Nick,” as applied to the devil, is of great antiquity; and that there is a great deal of learning concerning it in Olaus Wormius's Danish monuments. We borrowed it from the title of an evil genius among the ancient Danes. They say he has often appeared on the sea, and on deep rivers, in the shape of a sea monster, presaging immediate shipwreck and drowning to seamen.” Keyssler mentions a Deity of the waters, worshipped by the ancient Germans and Danes, under the name of *Nocca*, or *Nicken*, styled in the Edda *Nikur*, which he derives from the German *Nugen*, answering to the Latin *necare*. Wormius says, the redness in the faces of drowned persons was ascribed to this deity's sucking their blood out at their nostrils. Wasthovius, and Loccenius, call him *Neccus*. Rudbekius mentions a notion prevalent among his countrymen, that *Neckur*, who governed the sea, assumed the form of various animals, or of a horseman, or of a man in a boat. He supposes him the same with Odin; but more probably he was the Northern *Neptune*, or some sea-god of a noxious disposition. Archdeacon Nares says there is no doubt that *Nick* was a very old name among the northerns for the devil, and that from them we derive our “Old Nick.”

	h. m.
November 8.—Day breaks . . .	5 27
Sun rises . . .	7 24
— sets . . .	4 36
Twilight ends . . .	6 33



HAND WHEEL SPINNING.

This is another engraving from "Mr. Guest's History of the Cotton Manufacture." It represents roving and spinning, with the hand-cards, or combs (at the feet of the first female), from which the cotton, after being combed or carded, between them, was scraped off in rolls about twelve inches long, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. These rolls, called cardings, were drawn out into rovings, or threads, by twisting one end to the spindle of a hand-wheel, and turning the wheel which moved the spindle with the right hand, at the same time drawing out the carding horizontally with the left. The motion thus communicated to the carding turned it spirally; when twisted it was wound upon the spindle, another carding was attached to it, and drawn out and twisted. This process formed a continued coarse thread, or roving, and the performance of it is shown by the

before-mentioned female, whose cardings are represented lying across the knee. The rovings from her spindle were then taken to the other female to be spun by her hand-wheel into weft, nearly in the same manner as the cardings for the weaver were made into rovings. The cardings were drawn out at the first wheel, in an angle of forty or fifty-five degrees from the point of the spindle; in spinning, the rovings were drawn out nearly in a right angle. The hand-wheel was the first instrument used in spinning; the first deviation from the simple, ancient mode of spinning by the distaff, towards that system of manufacture which has converted Lancashire and Derbyshire, into the great machinery districts for spinning and weaving. It should be observed, however, that the hand-wheel was first used in the woollen manufacture.

When the comfort of the wear, and the

exports abroad, increased the demand for cottons, the demand of the cotton-weavers for cotton-yarn, or thread, for the purpose of manufacture, increased until the spinners were unable to supply the weavers with weft. Those weavers whose families could not furnish the necessary supply of weft, had their spinning done by their neighbours, and were obliged to pay more for the spinning than the price allowed by their masters; and even with this disadvantage very few could procure weft enough to keep themselves constantly employed. It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day; and, when he wished to weave a piece in a shorter time than usual, a new ribbon, or gown, was necessary to quicken the exertions of the spinner. It is evident that an important crisis for the cotton manufacture of Lancashire was now arrived. It must either receive an extraordinary impulse, or, like most other human affairs, after enjoying a partial prosperity, retrograde. The spinners could not supply enough weft for the weavers. The first consequence of this would be to raise the price of spinning. In the then state of manners and prejudices, when the facilities of communication between places were less, and the population generally possessed much greater antipathy to leaving their native place than at present, this inducement would have failed to bring together a sufficient number of hand spinners, and a farther rise in the price of spinning must have been the consequence. This would have rendered the price of the manufactured cloth too great to have been purchased for home or foreign consumption, for which its cheapness must of course have been the principal inducement.

In this state of difficulty, about the year 1763, Thomas Highs, of Leigh, in Lancashire, is said to have produced the machine known by the name of the Spinning Jenny, and to have so called it after his daughter, whose baptismal name was Jane. This invention displaced the spinning-wheels. It performed the double operation of roving and spinning, as represented in the engraving, and worked six spindles, which were afterwards increased to twenty-five. James Hargrave, a carpenter, of Blackburn, in Lancashire,

improved that invention, and it was subsequently so perfected that a little girl could work from eighty to one hundred and twenty spindles, which spun cotton for weft or threads. Richard Arkwright, a barber of Manchester, with the assistance of the celebrated Mr. Jedediah Strutt of Derby, ultimately produced the last great invention, the spinning-frame. Arkwright acquired an immense fortune, and the honor of knighthood. The rest may be gathered from books, and from the inspection of the Manchester cotton mills. What is added as to the sale of cotton goods, and the change in the population, is derived from Mr. Guest's "History."

About 1750 the method of conducting the cotton manufacture was as follows:—

The master gave out a warp and raw cotton to the weaver, and received them back in cloth, paying the weaver for the weaving and spinning; the weaver, if the spinning was not done by his own family, paid the spinner for the spinning, and the spinner paid the carder and rover.

The master attended the weekly market at Manchester, and sold his pieces in the grey to the merchant, who afterwards dyed and finished them. Instead of travelling with their goods on pack-horses, the merchants or their travellers now rode from town to town, carrying with them patterns or samples, and on their return home the goods sold during the journey were forwarded by the carriers' waggons.

This practice, far more commodious than the rude and inconvenient mode of carrying their merchandize from town to town, has become general, not only in this, but in every other business; and it may now be asserted that the whole of the internal wholesale trade of England is carried on by commercial travellers—they pervade every town, village, and hamlet, in the kingdom, carrying their samples and patterns, and taking orders from the retail tradesmen, and afterwards forwarding the goods by waggons, or canal barges, to their destination:—they form more than one-half of the immense number of persons who are constantly travelling through the country in all directions, and are the principal support of our inns, the neatness and comfort of which are so much celebrated throughout Europe.

The population of Lancashire, before the introduction of the cotton manufacture, was chiefly agricultural, and a favorable picture of its state may be found in Addison's character of sir Roger de Coverley. In those days the squire was the feudal lord of the neighbourhood, and his residence, or the hall as it was called, was looked upon in the light of a palace. He was the dictator of opinion, the regulator of parish affairs, and the exclusive settler of all disputes. On holidays the rustics were invited to the hall, where they wrestled, ran races, played at quoits, and drank ale. An invitation to the hall was a certificate of good character; not to be invited along with his neighbours was a reproach to a man; because no one was uninvited unless he had been guilty of some impropriety. The clergyman had scarcely less influence than the squire: his sacred character, and his superior attainments gave him great authority; he was generally from Oxford, and in those days the appellation of Oxford scholar was understood to describe a man of learning and piety. He never met the elders of his flock without the kindest enquiries after the welfare of their families, and, as his reproof was dreaded, so his commendation was sought, by young and old. Incontinence in man or woman was esteemed a heinous offence, and neglecting or refusing to pay a just debt was scarcely ever heard of. Twice at church on Sundays, a strict observance of fast-days, and a regular reading of the scriptures every Sunday evening, at which the youngsters, after putting off their best clothes, were always present, were uniform and established customs. The events of the neighbourhood flowed in a regular, unbroken train; politics were a field little entered into, and the histories of each other's families, including cousins five times removed, with marriages, births, deaths, &c., formed the almost only subjects of their conversations.

The farmer was content to take on trust the old modes of husbandry and management practised by his forefathers for generations; and new improvements were received, or rather viewed, with dislike and contempt. There was little fluctuation in prices, little competition between individuals, and the mind became contracted from this general stagnation, and its being so seldom roused to exertion. Men being mostly employed alone, or having few but their own families to con-

verse with, had not their understandings rubbed bright by contact and an interchange of ideas; they witnessed a monotonous scene of life which communicated a corresponding dulness and mechanical action to their minds. The greatest varieties of scene which they witnessed were the market day of the village, and the attendance at church on the Sabbath, and the *summum bonum* of their lives was to sit vacant and inactive in each other's houses, to sun themselves in the marketplace, or to talk over news at the great mart of village gossip, the blacksmith's shop.

It is obvious that the morals of the people would, in a great measure, take their tone from the character of the squire. In one particular neighbourhood, where, fifty years ago, the squire was a man of superior understanding, expanded mind, amiable disposition, diffusive benevolence, and of the most pure and spotless integrity, the good effects of his residence among his tenantry were pre-eminently conspicuous.

The progress of the cotton manufacture introduced great changes in the manners and habits of the people. The operative workmen, being thrown together in great numbers, had their faculties sharpened and improved by constant communication. Conversation wandered over a variety of topics not before essayed; the questions of peace and war, which interested them importantly, inasmuch as they might produce a rise or fall of wages, became highly interesting, and this brought them into the vast field of politics and discussions on the character of their government, and the men who composed it. They took a greater interest in the defeats and victories of their country's arms, and, from being only a few degrees above their cattle in the scale of intellect, they became political citizens.

To these changes the establishing of Sunday-schools has very much contributed. Before their institution the lower orders were extremely illiterate; very few of them could read, and still fewer could write, and when one of them learned to read, write, and cast accounts, those acquirements elevated him to a superior rank. His clerly skill exempted him from manual labour, and as a shopman, book-keeper, or town's officer—perchance in the higher dignity of parish-clerk, or schoolmaster—he rose a step above his original situation in life.



The labourers and operative workmen were formerly sunk in the depths of ignorance; they seldom formed an opinion of their own, and were content to believe every thing their superiors told them. Sunday-schools have greatly assisted in dispelling this thick cloud of ignorance; they have taught the mass of the people to read, and the countless publications dispersed over the country, in monthly portions, or numbers, at sixpence, ninepence, or one shilling per number, have taught them to reason and think for themselves. During the last forty years the mind of the labouring class (taking them as a body) has been progressively improving, and within the last twenty has made an advance of centuries, and is still advancing with accelerated rapidity.

The facility with which the weavers changed their masters, the constant effort to find out and obtain the largest remuneration for their labour, the excitement to ingenuity which the higher wages for fine manufactures and skilful workmanship produced, and a conviction that they depended mainly on their own exertions, produced in them that invaluable feeling, a spirit of freedom and independence, and that guarantee for good conduct and improvement of manners, a consciousness of the value of character, and of their own weight and importance.

The practical truth of these remarks must be obvious to every one who has served on the jury of Lancaster, and compared the bright, penetrating, shrewd, and intelligent jurors from the south of the country, with the stupidity and utter ignorance of those from its northern parts.

The amusements of the people have changed with their character. The athletic exercises of quoits, wrestling, football, prison-bars, and shooting with the long-bow, are become obsolete and almost forgotten; and it is to be regretted that the present pursuits and pleasures of the labouring class are of a more effeminate cast. They are now pigeon-fanciers, canary breeders, and tulip-growers. The field-sports, too, have assumed a less hardy and enterprising character. Instead of the squire with his merry harriers, and a score or two of ruddy, broad-chested yeomen, scouring the fields on foot, heedless of thorn or briar, and scorning to turn aside for copse or ditch, we now see half-a-dozen fustian masters and shopkeepers, with three or four greyhounds and as many beagles, attacking the poor

hare with such a superiority, both as respects scent and fleetness, as to give her no chance of escape, and pouncing upon their game like poachers, rather than pursuing it with the fairness and harpood of hunters.

## November 9.

### LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

On the annual aquatic procession of the lord mayor of London to Westminster, the barge of the company of stationers, which is usually the first in the show, proceeds to Lambeth palace; where, from time immemorial, they have received a present of sixteen bottles of the archbishop's prime wine. This custom originated at the beginning of the last century:—When archbishop Tenison enjoyed the see, a very near relation of his, who happened to be master of the stationers' company, thought it a compliment to call there in full state, and in his barge: when the archbishop, being informed that the number of the company within the barge was thirty-two, he thought that a pint of wine for each would not be disagreeable; and ordered, at the same time, that a sufficient quantity of new bread and old cheese, with plenty of strong ale, should be given to the watermen and attendants: and from that accidental circumstance it has grown into a settled custom. The company, in return, presents to the archbishop a copy of the several almanacks which they have the peculiar privilege of publishing.\*

A splendid banquet is always provided at Guildhall, at the expense of the lord mayor and sheriffs, and about 1300 persons, male and female, sit down to dinner; which, from the disposition of the tables, the sumptuousness of the viands, the arrangement of the company, the brilliancy of the lights, music, and decorations, and the general good humor and hilarity that prevails, is one of the most interesting spectacles in the British metropolis. The festivities of the day conclude with a grand ball; and, as every possible kind of refreshment is provided for the visitors, the meeting never breaks up till a very late hour. The charges of the lord mayor's feast commonly amount to about £3000; and, as splendid entertainments

\* Gents. Mag., 1800.

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 9.

are also given at the respective *halls* of the principal city companies, as well as by numerous other parties, the total expenditure for public dinners on this day is supposed to average from £8000 to £10,000.

INSCRIBED TO AN ALDERMAN.

Know ye the land where the leaf of the myrtle  
Is bestow'd on good livers in eating sublime?  
Where the rage for *fat ven'son*, and love of the *turtle*,  
Preside o'er the realms of an epicure clime?  
Know ye the land where the juice of the vine  
Makes Aldermen learned, and Bishops divine?  
Where each *Corporation*, deep flushed with its bloom,  
Waxes fat o'er the eyes of the claret's perfume?  
Thick spread is the table with choicest of fruit,  
And the voice of the reveller never is mute:  
Their rich robes, though varied, in beauty may vie,  
Yet the purple of *BACCHUS* is deepest in dye:—  
'Tis the clime of the *EAST*—the return of the sun  
Looks down on the deeds which his children have done:  
Then wild is the note, and discordant the yell,  
When, reeling and staggering, they hiccup—*Farewell*.

The first morning lesson appointed by the Rubric to be read on the 9th of November is the 31st chapter of Ecclesiasticus, which, from the 12th verse to the end, contains admonitions on temperance in eating and drinking, and on the observance of decorum at table, together with advice on the advantages of hospitality.

It was to Robert Large, mayor of London, in 1439, that William Caxton served his apprenticeship as a mercer, in the parish of St. Olave, Old Jewry. His master, in the following year, left him thirty-four marks as a testimonial of his fidelity. When the art of printing was discovered on the continent, Caxton made himself an early master of it, and introduced it into England, about 1474. He printed most of his books within the precincts of the monastery at Westminster.

On the 2nd of July, 1749, being the day after the installation of the duke of Newcastle, as the chancellor of the University of Cambridge, among the persons honored with the degree of doctor of laws, was sir William Calvert, knight, lord mayor of London.

The following extract from a newspaper printed in October, 1801, relates to the late sir William Staines,

THE LORD MAYOR.

It is well known, and we mention the circumstance to his honor, that this gen-

tleman was originally a common labouring bricklayer; and we mention the subject in order to introduce an anecdote with it, which the worthy magistrate often repeats with great satisfaction and delight.

In the humble situation we have mentioned, he happened at a very early age to be employed in repairing the parsonage house at Uxbridge. Going up the ladder one day, with his hod and mortar, he was accosted by the parson's wife, who told him she had a very extraordinary dream. She told him that she had dreamt he would one day become lord mayor of London! Astonished at such a prophecy, Staines could only scratch his head, and thank her honor for thinking of such a vast promotion. He said he had neither money nor friends; and, in short, the business of the dream was only considered as dreams ought to be, and was very soon forgotten.

The parson's wife, however, was not so easily to be turned from her prognostications, and the dream had evidently left a great impression. Her mind was bent on young Staines, and lord mayor he should be. Accordingly the same dream occurred again, and the same communication repeated to him, that he was born to be lord mayor. The matter thus passed off, and young Staines left the parsonage house at Uxbridge, with no other impression than the kindness which had been shown, and the notice that had been taken of him.

It was not until Mr. Staines was made

sheriff of London, that this dream became much the subject of notice, though we think there is little doubt but that it made a lasting impression on his mind, and probably was an incentive to laudable industry through life. The Uxbridge parson had by this time become old; but he lived long enough to be the sheriff's chaplain, and died during the sheriffalty.

But this is not the only miracle which has occurred and been verified during Mr. Staines's progress through life, and we can vouch for the following being as authentic and much more extraordinary than the foregoing. An old lady, many years ago, foretold Mr. Staines's fortune. She said that he would be lord mayor during a period of turbulence and scarcity; that we should be at war with France; but that, during his mayoralty, peace and plenty would be restored.

The worthy magistrate was lately relating this and other anecdotes, which he is fond of doing over his pipe and glass; he observed on the prophecy of his old friend, but expressed great doubt of its being fulfilled in regard to a peace. Mr. Staines has happily lived to see even this fulfilled; and, as he has yet five weeks to continue in his mayoralty, he hopes he shall go out of office when bread is ninnence the quatern loaf! May his hopes be verified.

	h. m.
<i>November 9.</i> —Day breaks . . .	5 29
Sun rises . . .	7 25
— sets . . .	4 35
Twilight ends . . .	6 31

### November 10.

10th November, 1769, died Captain Hollymore, at Nine Elms, near Vauxhall. His mother had prepossessed him when a child that he should die on the 10th of November, 1769, and, in consequence of that prepossession, he made his will, and gave orders about his funeral; and, though seemingly in perfect health when he went to bed, was found dead next morning, without the least sign of violence of any kind.

#### COLONY OF GERMANS AT SHOTLEY BRIDGE.

Shotley Bridge, in the county of Durham, is a small village on the southern bank of the river Derwent: the surrounding scenery is wild and romantic, and the Derwent, fringed with native

wood, wanders through rich haugh grounds, finely contrasted with the heathy hills (now striped with new inclosures) which hem in the vale on the north and south.

At Shotley Bridge, a colony of German sword-cutlers, who fled from their own country for the sake of religious liberty, established themselves about the reign of king William. These quiet settlers, who brought with them habits of industry, and moral and religious principle, easily mingled with the children of the dale, and forgot the language of their forefathers. Few of the original names are now left, but the trade is still carried on, and sword-blades and scymitars of excellent temper are manufactured for the London market. Above the door-way of two decent houses there are German inscriptions (copied also into divers huge family Bibles) attesting the cause which drove these emigrants from their "faderland" to seek, on the green brink of the Derwent, protection under the equal law of that country which has ever proved an ark of refuge to the victims of religious or political persecution.

Extracts from the parish register. John, son of Henry Wofar, Shotley Bridge, baptized April, 1692. Adam, son of Adam and Mary Oley, baptized April 16, 1692. William Henkels, and Ann Vooz, married Feb. 13, 1727. Hermon Moll, buried Dec. 6, 1716. John Moll, Jan. 28, 1725-6. John Faws, May 9, 1721.

28 April, 1721. John Voes, of Shotley Bridge, sword-grinder; gives his estate in Germany, called by the name of Anffemhewman, being in the county of Dusseldorf, to be disposed of by his brother Johannes Smithart, of Solling, for the benefit of his wife and children, Johannes and Margaret; father-in-law, Geo. Joplin, Christopher Harrison, and Theoph. Smith, his brothers-in-law, tutors, &c. Signed Jan. Vous. Witness Wm. Buske, John Woffer, jun.

Such is the account of the colony of Germans at Shotley Bridge, given in Surtees' History of Durham. Having lately been at the place, I have had an opportunity of copying the inscriptions alluded to, and of collecting some information respecting these foreigners, and I almost regret that my enquiries have destroyed the interest with which the learned historian has invested the occasion of their visiting this country.

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 11.

Thomasin Beckwith, the hostess of the lowly but comfortable Inn on the very threshold of the bridge at Shotley, is the grandchild *ex parte maternâ* of two of the original settlers, and is I understand the nearest surviving descendant. But this old woman is quite superannuated and from her I could gain no information; her memory, even as to facts of the olden time, is gone. I found two brothers of the name of Oley, the great-grand-children and descendants in the male line of the Germans. By one of them I was told that their forefathers were brought over by a company of gentlemen, with the license of government, as a commercial speculation, and that, till the conclusion of the last war, the manufacture of sword-blades was carried on to a considerable extent. Some are still made, but the demand has nearly ceased; and many of the cutlers have almost literally converted the instruments of war into scythes and ploughshares, while others have sought the labors of the forge in Sheffield and other places. He told me that he believed their name in Germany was Oligar, which he confirmed by the following fact. Between forty and fifty years ago, James Justice Runkle, a German pedlar, who travelled in this country with his various wares, smuggled over from the continent a quantity of sword-blades, and, with a view of legalizing them and giving them currency, he applied to the father of my informant for permission to put his name upon them. This was accordingly done, and they were sold under the name of Oligar. But government ultimately detected the fraud, and Oley gave evidence in London that the suspected blades had not issued from his manufactory at Shotley. I asked the Oleys and others, and searched the library of Thomasin Beckwith, for a German Bible, but I could not even discover the trace of one.

I will now give the inscriptions as I found them on stones above the doors of houses better than the ordinary dwellings of mechanics. The second is almost gone, and will soon be completely obliterated; but I think sufficient remains to show that it never attested that the settlers were driven from their father-land by religious intolerance. Besides it should be observed that at the period of their emigration (A. D. 1690) Germany enjoyed profound peace.

DES · HERREN · SEGEN · MACHET  
REICH · OHN · ALLE · SORG · WAN  
DV · ZVGLEICH · IN · DEINEM

STAND · TREVW · VND · LLEISIG  
BIST · VND · DVEST · WAS · DIR · BELOHLEN  
IST 1691.

*Translation.*

The Lord's blessing maketh rich, without all care, if thou at the same time in thine occupation true and industrious art, and doest what thou ordered art.

The former part of this inscription, it may be observed, is taken from the book of Proverbs:—"The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." Prov. x. 22.

The stone upon which the other inscription is, or rather was, is wasting away, and all the letters will soon be gone. I give below as many as I could discover.

DE ICHLAND R  
VATTERLAND · SOE CL IST  
DIE · STADT · GEN  
HEER · BEHVT · V B VS  
VND · EINGA

This inscription seems merely to have declared the country and town or place whence the settlers came, concluding with a prayer for the protection of the Almighty. The space left blank is not sufficient to have contained what Mr. Surtees asserts.

W. C. W.

*Newcastle upon Tyne.*

September 24, 1831.

	h. m.
November 10.—Day breaks . . .	5 30
Sun rises . . .	7 27
— sets . . .	4 33
Twilight ends . . .	6 30

**November 11.**

FESTIVAL OF ST. MARTIN.

For the customary celebration of this day see the *Every-Day Book*.

MARTILMASSE DAYE.

It is the day of Martilmasse,  
Cuppes of ale should freele passe;  
What though Wynter has begonne  
To push downe the summer sunne,  
To our fire we can betake,  
And enjoye the crackling brake,  
Never heeding Winter's face  
On the day of Martilmasse.

We can tell what we have scene  
While the hedge sweete-brere was greene  
Who did hide i' th' barley-mow,  
Waitinge for her love I trowe,  
Whose apron longer stringes didlacke,  
As the envious girles do clacke:  
Such like things do come to passe  
E'er the day of Martilmasse.

Some do the citie now frequent,  
Where costly shows and merriment  
Do weare the vaporish ev'ninge out  
With interlude and revellinge rout ;  
Such as did pleasure Englaunde's queene,  
When here her royal grace was seen ;  
Yet will they not this daye let passe,  
The merrie day of Martilmasse.

Nel had left her wool at home,  
The Flanderkin hath stayed his loom,  
No beame doth swinge, nor wheel go round,  
Upon Gurgantum's walled ground ;  
Where now no anchorite doth dwell,  
To rise and pray at Lenard's bell :  
Martyn hath kicked at Balaam's ass,  
So merrie be old Martilmasse.

When the dallie sportes be done,  
Round the market crosse thei runne,  
Prentis laddes, and gallant blades,  
Dancing with their gamesome maids,  
Till the beadel, stout and sowre,  
Shakes his bell, and calls the houre ;  
Then farewell ladde and farewell lasse,  
To th' merry night of Martilmasse.

Martilmasse shall come againe,  
Spite of wind and snow and raine ;  
But many a strange thing must be done,  
Many a cause be lost and won,  
Many a tool must leave his pelfe,  
Many a worldlinge cheat himselfe,  
And many a marvel come to passe,  
Before return of Martilmasse.

*St. Martin's little summer* is a term for the fine days which sometimes intervene about the beginning of November, upon the usual boisterous weather of the month. Shakspeare alludes to it in the first part of king Henry IV.: "Farewell thou latter spring! farewell All-hallown summer!" and more expressively in the first part of king Henry VI.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise  
Expect St. Martin's summer, halcyon days.

	h.	m.
November 11.—Day breaks . . .	5	31
Sun rises . . .	7	29
— sets . . .	4	31
Twilight ends . . .	6	29

### November 12.

November 12, 1817, died lady Evelyn, of whom there is this curious anecdote. In 1814, Mr. William Upcott being on a visit at lady Evelyn's, at Wotton, in Surrey, and sitting after dinner with lady Evelyn and her friend, Mrs. Molineux, his attention was attracted to a tippet of feathers, on which lady Evelyn was employed: "We have all of us our hobbies I perceive, my lady," said Mr. Upcott. "Very true," rejoined her ladyship;

"and pray what may yours be?" "Mine, madam, from a very early age, began by collecting provincial copper tokens, and latterly the hand-writing (or autographs) of men who have distinguished themselves in every walk of life." "Hand-writings!" exclaimed lady E., with surprise—"what do you mean by hand-writings? surely you don't mean old letters?" at the same time opening the drawer of her work-table, and taking out a small parcel of papers, some of which had been just used by Mrs. Molineux, as patterns for articles of dress. The sight of this packet, though of no literary importance, yet containing letters written by eminent characters (more particularly one from the celebrated Sarah, duchess of Marlborough), afforded the greatest pleasure to Mr. Upcott, who expressed exceeding delight in looking them over. "Oh!" added lady Evelyn, "if you care for papers like these, you shall have plenty; for Sylva Evelyn (the familiar appellation applied to John Evelyn by his descendants), and those who succeeded him, preserved all their letters." Then, ringing for her confidential attendant, "Here," said her ladyship, "Mr. Upcott tells me he is fond of collecting old letters:—take the key of the ebony cabinet, in the billiard room—procure a basket, and bring down some of the bundles." Mr. Upcott accompanied the attendant, and, having brought a quantity of these letters into the dining-room, passed an agreeable evening in examining the contents of each packet; with the assurance from lady Evelyn, that he was welcome to lay aside any that he might desire for his own collection. On the following evening the ebony cabinet was visited a second time, when Evelyn's "Kalendarium," as he had entitled it, or "Diary," a small quarto volume, very closely written with his own hand, presented itself. This interesting family document had been lent by lady Evelyn, from time to time, to her particular friends, yet she did not consider its contents of sufficient importance for publication; and except for this accident it might have been cut up for dress-patterns, or lighting fires. Evelyn's "Diary" was obtained from the old lady, for publication, and has since appeared in successive quarto and octavo editions.

	h.	m.
November 12.—Day breaks . . .	5	33
Sun rises . . .	7	30
— sets . . .	4	30
Twilight ends . . .	6	27



ETON COLLEGE.

When boys at Eton, once a year  
In military pomp appear;  
He who just trembled at the rod  
Treads it a hero, talks a god,  
And in an instant can create  
A dozen officers of state.  
His little legion all assail,  
Arrest without release or bail:  
Each passing traveller must halt,  
Must pay the tax, and *eat the Salt*.  
You don't love Salt, you say; and storm—  
Look o' these staves, sir—and conform.

The preceding accounts of the Montem at Eton will be remembered; the kindness of Mr. W. A. Delamotte, jun., who is an artist at Sandhurst, Bagshot, affords the opportunity of presenting the present engraving as introductory to the following communication respecting the laureate of the Montem.

[To Mr. Hone.]

It was with considerable disappointment that I found, on perusing Pilgric's account of Eton Montem, no mention made of an

individual who, for a considerable number of years, has identified himself with the triennial exhibition; I allude to Herbert Stockhore, the Montem poet laureate.

Many readers of the "Montem Ode" will, I doubt not, feel inclined to ask "Who is Herbert Stockhore?" With an earnest desire to do justice to an individual of something more than local notoriety, I have put together the following account of my own recollections of him, which will I trust serve in lieu of a better answer.

Herbert Stockhore, poet laureate of Eton Montem, was originally a soldier, who upon receiving his discharge settled at Windsor; at what time he so settled I have not at present the means of ascertaining, my knowledge of him extending only to about sixteen years ago, at which time he was exercising the functions of his poetical office. How he gained that post I am also at a loss to determine, farther than supposing his being led, having no regular occupation, to seek a subsistence from among the scholars, affording them amusement by his eccentric habits, and his extemporaneous display as a rhymester—talents which in due course of time pointed him out as a fit person to be chosen Montem bard. Be it as it may, Herbert has taken care of the main chance, and has with increase of years increased his store of worldly goods very considerably; holding at the present time some portion of land besides several cottages. The house he resides in is the work of his own hands, and for originality of construction may vie with the rhyme of his odes. His dress usually consisted of an old military coat and trowsers, his brows were encircled—not with bays, but with a red nightcap, and he wore a beard the stubbornness of which but rarely offended the edge of a razor.

Our bard must now be very far advanced in years, and as he pathetically states his “glass must be almost run.” I was witness to three montems preceding the last, and each time his decline was strongly visible. At the first he was enabled to walk about aided only by a staff; at my second visit he was assisted by a little boy, an allusion to whom was made in the last lines of the ode of that time, as follows,—

I am the poet's younger son,  
And if you should enquire my Christian name  
You'll find 'tis Shakspeare's Pincar.

The third and last I beheld him he was seated in his donkey vehicle, “old, blind, and three parts rheumatic, in appearance tottering on the very verge of the grave; but since then another montem has passed and Herbert still in attendance. His dress at these times, imitative of his “worshipful masters,” was composed of divers colored pieces of silk, cotton, ribbons, &c, forming altogether a most grotesque appearance, and tending to excite the wonderment of those who were strangers to his office and celebrity.

Nature, it is said, must form the true poet; in so far as Herbert Stockhore is concerned his obligations are all on her side, being entirely free from the shackles of education, and unable either to read or write. Of the manufacture of the ode I would fain say a few words. The poet, having ascertained the names and order of the procession, proceeds after his own fashion to jumble a certain quantity of lines together, according to his own rude ideas of harmony; the person to whom they are dictated, as far as his capacity extends, making the best of them. After this mess has been concocted, it is shown to some one or another of the Eton scholars, who undertakes its revision and improvement. It is then committed to the hands of the printer, who also adds his mite towards its embellishment; this is its last stage, and on Whit-Tuesday it is ready for the “author” to vend to his montem friends at a price which secures him ample remuneration for time and labour. This explanation will I hope account for the inferiority of the production, and likewise tend to remove any stain thrown on the well-earned literary fame of the Etonians.

If it be matter of doubt whether there will be another montem, it is more doubtful whether there will be found a successor to the present holder of the laureateship, when he shall be consigned to the grave; but to all montem visitors, and Etonians in particular, the remembrance of Herbert Stockhore will never fail to intermingle with recollections of joyous days “so few and far between.”

J——N.

### November 13.

13th of November, 1810, died James Allen, the celebrated Northumbrian piper.

[To Mr. Hona.]

“Jamie Allen,” as he was familiarly called, was not only the best piper of his time, but in other respects a very singular character. It is impossible, in such a sketch as the present, to convey even an outline of the remarkable circumstances of his romantic life, in proof of which it need only be stated that a biographical account of him, containing nearly 700 pages, has been published in an octavo

volume.\* It is from that account that the following abstract is taken. But it must be observed that the biographer has in many places evidently called in the aid of his imagination to embellish his narrative, although there is no reason to suspect its general authenticity.

Jamie was born about 1719, at a gypsy camp in Rothbury forest, Northumberland. He was the youngest of six sons of William Allan, a noted piper, whose ostensible way of living, and that of his family, was by travelling the country as coopers, tinkers, muggers, spoon-casters, &c. They were dreaded by the neighbouring farmers; and Jamie, who early distinguished himself by his predatory exploits, was sent out to make heather besoms. He was naturally idle, and worked little. He is described as having been "hardy as the highland heather," and "swift as the mountain roe." When he was about fourteen years of age he became emulous to excel upon the bagpipes, to which his ambition was awakened by seeing the consideration paid to his father, in consequence of his superior performance on that instrument. It was a great favorite (the small pipe particularly) among the Northumbrians, and Jamie, by great application, became a proficient. He remained attached to the *Fua-gung*, or gypsy tribe, until the rebellion of 1745, when he and his brother Robert were seized under a warrant to impress vagrants into his majesty's service. By intoxicating the constables who had them in charge, the two brothers speedily effected their escape; and soon afterwards Jamie attracted the notice of the countess (afterwards duchess) of Northumberland, to whom Thomson dedicated his "Spring." Jamie was ranked among her band of musicians, but marred his good fortune by want of prudence. A young woman, one of the countess's attendants, formed an attachment of which he was the object; and, this becoming known to the countess, she generously offered to settle the young couple in life, provided the affection of the young woman was returned. This, unhappily, was not the case, and Jamie, partly to put an end to the connexion, and partly for the laudable purpose of receiving some instruction from an old schoolmaster, obtained

leave of absence from the castle, in order to visit Rothbury. From that moment his subsequent misfortunes may be dated.

On Jamie's arrival at Rothbury he found the schoolmaster ill with a fever, and his hopes of instruction were frustrated. About the same time he was entrapped into marriage by a woman of ill-character. On this occasion, though he had lost much favor with his patroness, she made him a present of a pair of handsome small pipes, mounted with silver, upon which he ever afterwards set a high value. Upon the countess becoming duchess of Northumberland she appointed him her own piper, and he wore on his right arm, in silver, the Saracen's crescent, the proud trophy won by the *Percy*, in the crusades, and adopted by the family as a cognizance.

Allan from that time, except during short intervals, was driven, by the misconduct of his wife, into reckless excesses, and having committed robbery, he was peremptorily dismissed from the castle. Still his deserved fame for excellent execution upon the bagpipes would have enabled him to live with comfort and decency, but the extravagance of his habits outran his gains. Being in distress, he enlisted with a recruiting party, and deserted immediately after he had received the bounty-money. This was the commencement of a practice which he afterwards carried on to an unparalleled extent, but not without great danger, and hair-breadth escape. He gradually lost all principle, and, to enumerate his various villainies, the contrivances he formed to elude detection, and the hardships he endured, would far exceed reasonable limits. It is sufficient to say that, having long led a vagabond life, he at length fell into the hands of one of the recruiting parties whom he had defrauded, and in order to avoid punishment for other, and greater offences, he accepted an offer to enter into the East India Company's service.

Allan had not been long in India before he deserted, as usual; and, astonishing to say, without understanding any language but his own, and without money, he travelled, on foot, through unknown countries, from Calcutta to Benares, thence to Delhi, then to Lahor, crossed the snowy mountains, and arrived at Samarcand; he then passed through Tartary, over the deserts of Egypt, and reached St. Petersburg in safety, without any friend but

By Mackenzie and Dent, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.



his pipes, from which he had continued in all his perils never to part. After many vicissitudes, in almost all parts of Europe, he returned to England, and hastened to his native place, his affection for which was so strong as to form one of the most prominent traits in his character.

Allan's life now became merely a repetition of what it had been before he left England, but he grew more daring, and his experience abroad had qualified him to commit depredations with greater success at home. He renewed his connexion for some time with the *Fua-gang*; but his favorite means of raising money was his old scheme of enlisting with some recruiting party, pocketing the bounty, and then decamping. He at length became so notorious in the north of England, that he was constantly in jeopardy, and he removed into the south, where he fell in with a gang of gypsies, the chief of whom, and a young female who passed for his daughter, seemed to have been of superior origin to that which their condition bespoke. Allan and this young woman became attached to each other, and were legally married. She appears to have made him a good wife, while she lived, and to have partly reformed him by her influence; but she shortly died. Allan used to acknowledge that she was the only woman who could ever restrain him from his vicious propensities. He gave a strong proof of his affection for her by honestly paying the surgeon's bill, and the expenses of her funeral.

Allan again went abroad, and served both in the French and English armies, and deserted from both. While in the French service he attempted to pass the lines, and go over to the English. He was detected and sentenced to be shot. He protested his innocence, and prayed as a favor that he might be marched to the fatal spot with his hands unbound. On his way to death he seized his ever faithful pipes, which he had preserved through all his difficulties, and struck up a tune which he had composed the night before, and which is still known in Northumberland as "*Jamie Allan's tune.*" On a circumstance so surprising being made known to the duke de Broglie, the French commander, and there being some doubt of his guilt, he was pardoned.

He once more escaped a military life, and returned to England, where he promptly renewed his old system of profligacy; and being pursued by a re-

cruiting party, and overtaken as he was leaping over a stile, a drummer struck him with his sword upon the wrist. Jamie viewed the wound for some seconds with considerable emotion, and then looking at the drummer, exclaimed with minstrel pride, "*Ye hae spoiled the best pipe-hand in England.*" The hurt was well healed, and he found that it did not affect his playing.

We must now hasten to the close of Allan's career: as he advanced in years he increased in turpitude; and for a long time he stole horses with impunity. Whenever he wanted one he was accustomed to proceed to the south of Scotland, but success in crime rendered him careless and daring. He could not resist the temptation of stealing one in Northumberland, for which he was apprehended and tried. Notwithstanding he made a very ingenious defence, in which he attributed the prosecution to a strong and unjust prejudice which had been artfully excited against "a poor, harmless old man," he was convicted, and received sentence of death. His old age excited commiseration, and several gentlemen, who admired his musical abilities, united in endeavours to save the aged minstrel from an ignominious death, and finally succeeded in procuring him a free pardon.

Allan's evil habits were now rooted. His recovered liberty was not of long duration. He stole a mare from Mr. Matthew Robinson, of Gateshead, was pursued and caught, and sent to *Barham gaol*, and at the following assizes again received sentence of death, which was afterwards commuted to perpetual imprisonment. After remaining in confinement nearly seven years, he became very infirm and asthmatic, and was humanely removed into the house of correction, for better air. Here he lived only about nine months. A free pardon which had been obtained for him, and had been casually delayed, arrived at Durham a few days after his criminal life had terminated. Some years before Allan's death he made a will, by which he appointed two gentlemen of North Shields his executors; and bequeathed to them his pipes, with a valuable selection of music, and several curiosities; on condition that they interred his remains in Rothbury churchyard. They did not hear of his death until after his burial in *Elvet churchyard*, Durham, or his request would have been complied with. His snuff-box, a curious old relic,

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 14.

is now in the possession of Mr. D. Hilton, of Penton-street, Pentonville. An elegy of poetical merit was written to his memory, but it is too long to be added. The following is the commencement;—

“ All ye whom music’s charms inspire,  
Who skilful minstrels do admire,  
ye whom bag-pipe liltu do fire,  
Tween Wear and Tweed,  
Come strike with me the mournful lyre,  
For Allan’s dead !”

Pentonville,  
Sept. 6, 1827.

	h.	m.
November 13.—Day breaks	5	34
Sun rises	7	32
— sets	4	28
Twilight ends	6	26

November 14.

DEVONSHIRE.

*Ring in the Mire—Countess Weir.*

To the Editor.]

Honiton, Oct. 3, 1831.

I am one of those (I trust and hope a goodly number) who retaining a lively recollection of the amusement and information conveyed by the *Every-Day Book* and *The Table Book*, hailed with pleasure the announcement of the *Year-Book*, and having this evening received from the Bookseller Part X. of the New Work, I “wheel’d the Sofa round to the Fire,” and sat down to devour its contents.—Having well enjoyed and somewhat digested the repast, I looked to the memoranda addressed “To Correspondents,” and observing that you receive Contributions of narratives or anecdotes concerning persons, places, usages, &c. I bethought myself whether there was any thing connected with this place worth recording; but I could only hit on the following narrative, which I lately met with whilst furnishing some notes to a gentleman who is publishing a topographical account of our county.

We have on the extreme boundary of our Parish a small spot of land called “Ring in the Mire,” which is only remarkable for its name and for being one of the dirtiest spots in the vicinity. The reason of its being so called I subjoin, premising that my authority is a former rector of Honiton. The Reverend Ezra Cleaveland, B. D., some time fellow of Exeter College Oxford, who in his “History of the Family of Courtenay,” to which family this manor formerly belonged, states as follows:

“ There is a tradition that Isabella De Fortibus, Countess of Devon, determined a controversy that was between the parishes of Honiton, Farway, Sidbury, and Gittisham about their bounds; for she being a very great ladye, and ladye of the manor of Honiton, if not of one of the other, did ride up to the plain whereabout the parishes did meet, and in a little miry place threw in a ring which she took off her finger, and said that that place should be the bounds of the four parishes, and so it is to this day, and called ‘Ring in the Mire.’

“ This Isabella was the daughter of Baldwin de Reparus or Rivers, seventh earl of Devon, and the Wife of William earl of Albemarle. She appears to have been a lady who liked to maintain her own will; for it is recorded that up to the year 1284 the river Exe was navigable for boats and vessels from the port of Exmouth to Exe Bridge, in the city of Exeter, but that Isabella having some dispute with the mayor and commonalty of Exeter, with a view to annoy them erected a weir across the river about four miles below Exeter near Topsham, ‘whereby’ [as is found by an inquisition taken at Exeter the day of the decollation of Saint John the Baptist, in the year 1290, before Malcolme Harleigh, general escheator of the king on this side of the Trent] ‘the fishing and taking of salmon and other fish is destroyed on this side the weir; and that whereas in times past boats and vessels were wont to pass to and from the said river Exe, even to the bridge of the said city, loaden with wines and merchandizes, to the great commoditie of the whole countrey, now no boat or vessell can so pass up by reason of the said weare.’

“ This weir, though a great nuisance was never abated by the citizens of Exeter. They contented themselves with digging a canal from Topsham to Exeter, for the passage of their boats and vessels, and this canal they have lately widened and improved to meet the increasing demands of the trade of their city; but the weir remains to this day, a monument of the tyranny of the countess and of the subserviency or timidity of the citizens of Exeter, and is still known as ‘Countess Weir.’”

A.

	h.	m.
November 14.—Day breaks	5	35
Sun rises	7	33
— sets	4	27
Twilight ends	6	25

**November 15.**

On the 15th of November, 1725, died in duel, Charles lord Mohun. He had been led by low and degrading companionship into disgraceful and vicious excesses. In a midnight brawl, in company with lord Warwick and another gentleman three persons fought them and a captain Coote was killed. The lords Warwick and Mohun were tried by their peers. Warwick was convicted of manslaughter, but Mohun was acquitted. Some years afterwards Mr. Montfort, "one of the best and most amiable actors that ever trod the stage," was murdered as he was walking in the street by captain Hill, aided and abetted by lord Mohun, who was again tried for this second murder. He was again acquitted, but, apparently under a deep sense of his enormity, he expressed "his confusion for the scandal he brought upon his degree, as a peer, by his behaviour, in very handsome terms; and promised to behave himself so for the future, as not to give farther scandal." He afterwards applied himself to pursuits becoming his station, and in the House of Peers often distinguished himself by judicious speeches. The earl of Macclesfield, whose niece he had married, took lord Mohun with him to Hanover, when he went to announce the settlement of the crown upon the house of Brunswick. Toland says "that none of the company was more generally acceptable, that none lived with greater sobriety, nor delivered himself on all occasions with better judgment than lord Mohun." Lord Macclesfield died without issue and left him a considerable estate, which he managed with great prudence. Lord Macclesfield's brother dying a bachelor there was a dispute about the property between the duke of Hamilton who had married Elizabeth sole heir of the earls of Macclesfield, and lord Mohun, who had likewise his claims upon the estate. They were both present at an examination before a master in chancery respecting the matter in litigation, when the duke of Hamilton, reflecting upon the veracity of Mr. Whitworth, who had been steward to the Macclesfield family, said, "he had neither truth nor justice in him." Lord Mohun instantly replied, that "he had as much as his Grace." They parted in anger, and on the following day lieutenant gen. Maccartney conveyed a challenge to Mohun from the duke, who had been ap-

pointed ambassador to France, whither he was to have proceeded immediately. On the 15th of November, 1712, they met and fought in Hyde Park, and each killed the other. Lord Mohun was buried in Westminster Abbey. There arose afterwards a loud public outcry against Maccartney, who, fearing the issue of a trial at such a juncture, withdrew to Germany, till a change in the government, and a calm in public opinion, offered him the prospect of an impartial adjudication. In 1716 he returned, and was tried before lord chief justice Parker; when he was acquitted of the murder, and discharged of the manslaughter by burning with a cold iron to prevent an appeal of murder.\*

	h. m.
November 15.—Day breaks . . .	5 36
Sun rises . . .	7 35
— sets . . .	5 27
Twilight ends . . .	6 24

**November 16.**

At St. Catherine Cree church, Leadenhall street, London, provision is made under the will of sir John Gager, who was lord mayor in the year 1646, for a Sermon to be annually preached on the 16th of November in commemoration of his happy deliverance from a lion, which he met in a desert as he was travelling in the Turkish dominions, and which suffered him to pass unmolested.—The minister is to have 20s. for the sermon, the clerk 2s. 6d., and the sexton. 1s. The sum of £8. 16s. 6d. is likewise to be distributed among the necessitous inhabitants, pursuant to the will of sir John.†

**BANFF SUPERSTITIONS.**

A few years ago in the county of Ban T, North Britain, witches were (and perhaps still are) supposed, as of old, to ride on broomsticks through the air, and the 12th of May regarded to be one of their festivals. It is alleged that, on the morning of that day, they are frequently seen dancing on the surface of the water of Avon, brushing the dews off the lawn, and milking cows in their fold. Any uncommon sickness

\* Noble.

† Bewick's Hist. of Quadrupeds.

is generally attributed to their demoniacal practices. They are reputed to make fields barren or fertile, raise or still whirlwinds, and give or take away milk at pleasure. The force of their incantations is dreaded as not to be resisted, and extends even to the moon in the midst of her aerial career. "It is the good fortune, however, of this country to be provided with an anti-conjurer, that defeats both them and their sable patron in their combined efforts. His fame is widely diffused, and wherever he goes, *creciscit eundo*. If the spouse is jealous of her husband, the anti-conjurer is consulted to restore the affections of his bewitched heart. If a near connexion lies confined to the bed of sickness, it is in vain to expect relief without the balsamick medicine of the anti-conjurer. If a person happens to be deprived of his senses, the deranged cells of the brains must be adjusted by the magic charms of the anti-conjurer. If a farmer loses his cattle, the houses must be purified with water sprinkled by him. In searching for the latent mischief, this gentleman never fails to find little parcels of heterogeneous ingredients lurking in the walls, consisting of the legs of mice and the wings of bats; all the work of the witches. Few things seem too arduous for his abilities; and though, like Paracelsus, he has not as yet boasted of having discovered the philosopher's stone, yet, by the power of his occult science, he still attracts a little of their gold from the pockets where it lodges; and in this way makes a shift to acquire subsistence for himself and family."<sup>o</sup>

THE ENGLISH, 1298.

The English are serious, like the Germans,—lovers of show,—liking to be followed, wherever they go, by whole troops of servants, who wear their masters' arms in silver, fastened to their left arms, and are not undeservedly ridiculed for wearing tails hanging down their backs. They excel in dancing and music; for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French; they cut their hair close on the middle of the head, letting it grow on either side; they are good sailors, and better pirates; cunning, treacherous, and thievish. Above three hundred are said to be hanged, annually,

in London; beheading, with them, is less infamous than hanging. They give the wall as the place of honour. Hawking is the general sport of the gentry. They are more polite in eating than the French; devouring less bread but more meat, which they roast in perfection. They put a good deal of sugar in their drink. Their beds are covered with tapestry, even those of farmers. They are often molested with the scurvy, said to have first crept into England with the Norman Conquest. Their houses are commonly of two stories, except in London, where they are of three or four, though but seldom of four; they are built of wood; those of the richer where the owner has money, covered with lead. They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, impatient of any thing like slavery, vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of a cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads to go up into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, it is a pity he is not an Englishman.\*

*A Commendation of the Night-Time.*

Though many much mislike the long  
and wearie winter nightes,  
I cannot but commend them still,  
For diverse dere delighes.  
The night wee see brings silver sleepe;  
Sleepe courseth care away;  
Cares being cast from out the mind,  
there harbours happy joye;  
Where joye abounds there helthe hath place,  
where happy helthe doth bide,  
There life lasts long: this prooffe shewes  
plaine,  
And may not bee denyde;  
So, this the happy nighte procure,  
Therefore I must, before the daye,  
Preferre and praise it still.

*Forrest of Fancy, 1579.*

	h. m.
November 16.—Day breaks . .	5 38
Sun rises . .	7 37
— sets . .	4 43
Twilight ends . .	6 23

\* Brand, from Statistical Account of Scotland, xii. 465.

\* Hentner, 1566.



HEAD OF THE WEST BOW LAWNMARKET, EDINBURGH.

By the kindness of A. G. Jun. the *Year Book* is favored with a drawing by Mr. W. GEIKIE, for the preceding engraving. The houses it represents may not be allowed to remain long, and this may be an apology for introducing it with the following particulars from the "Traditions of Edinburgh."

Mr. Chambers says "The West Bow is a place abounding more in antiquities than any other part of the city, and what could not fail to render these antiquities interesting to the public is the circumstance that they are all accompanied in their preservation by anecdotes of a curious and amusing description. It is one of the oldest streets in Edinburgh, and has been less subjected to modern reno-

vations than almost any other place, so that its form and appearance are much the same as they were two hundred years ago; and the traditions with which it abounds have suffered proportionably little from the changes of time. From its peculiarly venerable aspect—the dark profundities and culs de sac that descend from behind it—its numerous decayed houses with aerial dove-cot-looking gables projecting over the street, seemingly not more secure of their hold than the last leaf of autumn shivering on the aspen's topmost bough it seems a place full of grandmothers' tales and quite calculated to maintain a wizard or a ghost in its community. Both of these it has accordingly done within the last century and a half, in the person of

the notorious Weir, who first served them in the one capacity, and lastly in the other.

At the head of this street there happened, in the year 1596, a memorable combat between James Johnston of Westerhall, and a gentleman of the house of Somerville, which is related in the "Memorial of the Somervills," vol. II. p. 7.

At the period referred to, combats of this description and even tulzies (so to speak), that is to say, skirmishes between the retainers of various noblemen, were of no infrequent occurrence upon the streets of Edinburgh. On the 24th of November, 1567, according to Birrel, the Laird of Airth and the Laird of Wemyss met upon the High Street, and together with their followers fought a bloody battle, "many being hurte on both sides by shote of pistoll." Three days afterwards there was a strict proclamation, forbidding "the wearing of guns or pistolls, or aney sick like fyework ingyne, under ye paine of death, the Kings guards and shouldours only excepted." This circumstance seems to be referred to in "The Abbot," vol. II. p. 95—where the Regent Murray, in allusion to Lord Seyton's rencounter with the Leslies, in which Roland Græme had borne a distinguished part, says,—"These broils and feuds would shame the capital of the Great Turk, let alone that of a Christian and reformed state. But, if I live, this gear shall be amended; and men shall say," &c. This may suffice for the fame of the West Bow in tulzie-annals.

In early times, it appears, the inhabitants of the West Bow were peculiarly zealous in the cause of the Covenant. Pitcairne, Pennycuik, and other poets of the Cavalier or Jacobite faction, distinguish the matrons of this street by satirical epithets, such as the "Bow head Saints," the "godly plants of the Bow head," &c. We also see that many of the polemical pamphlets and sermons of the Presbyterian divines, since this period, have been published in the Bow.

By far the most curious publications of the latter sort, were those of one William Mitchell, a crazed white iron smith, who lived in a cellar at the Bow head, and occasionally preached. Mr. Mitchell was altogether a strange mixture of fanaticism, madness, and humour. He published many pamphlets and single sheets, very full of amusing nonsense and generally adorned with a wooden cut of the Mitchell arms. Some of his poetry was re-printed about twenty years ago by Messrs Oliver

and Boyd, in small parcels, and sold at one penny. His verses possess humour equal to that of some of (his contemporary) Allan Ramsay's, but are debased by coarseness.

The "Tinklarian Doctor" (for such was his popular appellation,) appears to have been fully acquainted with an ingenious expedient, which we observe practised by many publishers of juvenile toy books in our own day,—namely, that of self-recommendation. As in certain sage little histories of Tommy and Harry, King Pepin, &c. we are sure to find that "the good boy who loved his lessons" always bought his books from "kind, good, old Mr. J. Newberry, at the corner of St. Paul's Church Yard, where the greatest assortment of nice books for good boys and girls is always to be had,"—so in the works of Mr. Mitchell we find some sly encomium upon the Tinklarian Doctor constantly peeping forth; with, moreover, a plentiful advertisement or puff of his professional excellence as a white-smith. "I have," he says in one of his pieces, "a good penny-worth of pewter spoons, fine like silver, none such made in Edinburgh, and silken pocks for wiggs, and French white pearl beads,—all to be sold for little or nothing." In his works he does not scruple to make the personages whom he introduces speak of himself as a much wiser man than the archbishop of Canterbury, all the clergymen of his native country, and even the magistrates of Edinburgh! One of his last productions was a pamphlet on the murder of Captain Porteous, which he concludes by saying, in the true spirit of a Cameronian martyr, "If the king and Clergy gar hang me for writing this, I'm content, because it is long since any man was hanged for religion."

The abode of this singular enthusiast has been pointed out to us, as that low cellar on the west side of the Bow-head (No. 19) now occupied, in 1825, by Mrs Philip, a dealer in small wares; here he is said to have delivered his lectures to the élèves of the Bow-head University.

The profession of which the Tinklarian Doctor subscribed himself a member has long been predominant in the West Bow. It reckoned dagger-makers among its worthy denizens in the reign of James VI.; but this trade has long been happily extinct every where in Scotland; though their less formidable brethren the white-smiths, copper-smiths, and pewterers, have continued down to our own day to keep

almost unrivalled possession of the Bow. Till within these few years there was scarcely a shop in this crooked street occupied by other tradesmen; and we can easily imagine that the noise of so many hammermen, pent up in a narrow thoroughfare, would be extremely annoying. So remarkable was it for this, that country people always used to ask any acquaintance lately returned from town, if he went to hear "the tinklers o' the Bow,"—reckoning them to form one of the most remarkable curiosities of Auld Reekie. Yet, however disagreeable their clattering might seem to the natives of the peaceful plain, we are credibly informed that the people who lived in the West Bow became perfectly habituated to the noise, and felt no inconvenience whatever from its ceaseless operation upon their ears. Nay, they rather experienced inconvenience from its cessation, and only felt annoyed when any period of rest arrived and stopped it. It was for this reason that they became remarkable, above all the rest of the people in Edinburgh, for rising early on Sunday mornings which in certain contiguous parts of the town is rather a singular virtue. The truth was, that the people could not rest in their beds after five o'clock, for want of the customary noise which commenced at that hour on work-days. It is also affirmed that when the natives of the West Bow removed to another part of the town, beyond the reach of these dulcet sounds, which so long had given music to their morning dreams, sleep was entirely out of the question for some weeks, till they got habituated to the quiescence of their new neighbourhood. An old gentleman having occasion to lodge for a short time in the West Bow, he found the incessant clanking extremely disagreeable, and at last entered into a paction with some of the workmen in his immediate neighbourhood, who promised to let him have another hour of quiet sleep in the mornings, for the consideration of some such matter as half-a-crown to drink on Saturday night. The next day happening (out of his knowledge) to be some species of Saint Monday, his annoyers did not work at all; but, such was the force of a habit acquired even in three or four days, that our friend awoke precisely at the moment when the hammers used to commence; and he was glad to get his bargain cancelled as soon as possible, for fear of another morning's want of disturbance.—Such

a dispersion has taken place in this modern Babel, that in 1825 there were only two tin-plate-workers in the whole Bow.

The inhabitants and shop-keepers of the West Bow, though in general humble are much more respectable than any other community of people of the same rank throughout the town. Here very few bankruptcies ever occur. Most of the shop-keepers are of old standing, and have reached, in the course of many years application to a small business, if not to wealth, at least to easy circumstances. The greater part of them possess their own shops, and live in their own houses; and, in such a community, that may be considered wealth.

### November 17.

17th November, 1644, Mr. Evelyn, being at Rome, visited the villa Borghesi, and saw its rich sculpture, paintings, and other works of art. Amongst the rarities was one that fairly rivalled Friar Bacon's head. "A satyr which so artificially expressed a human voice, with the motion of the eyes and head, that it might easily affright one who was not prepared for that most extravagant sight."

At the same time "they showed us also a chair that catches fast any one who sits down in it, so as not to be able to stir out, by certain springs concealed in the arms and back thereof, which at sitting down, surprise a man on the sudden, locking him in by the arms and thighs, after a treacherous guise."

#### ALMANACS.

[For the Year Book.]

To the article on this subject, at p. 117, may be added a notable instance of false prediction, from Baker's Chronicle, *scilicet* anno 1524.

"In this yeere, through bookes of prognostications, foreshowing much hurt to come by waters and floods, many persons withdrew themselves to high grounds, for feare of drowning; specially one Bolton, Prior of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, buikid him an house upon Harrow on the Hill, and thither went and made provision for two moneths. These great waters should have fallen in February but, no such thing happening, the astronomers excused themselves by saying, that, in the computation, they had miscounted in their number an hundred yeeres."

These were the halcyon days of the gentry who, like Caleb Quotem's worthy father, "had a happy knack of cooking up an almanack." By the lower and middle classes their dicta were received as gospel; and, even amongst the more enlightened, there were few individuals altogether exempt from their influence. In 1582, Richard Harvey, of Cambridge, brother to the more celebrated Gabriel, frightened half the people in England out of their senses, by foreboding most fearful results from a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, which was to take place in the year following. The conjunction, however, took place, and nothing resulted therefrom, which brought the false prophet into disrepute, and afforded Nash and other mischievous wits a happy subject for ridicule; but, though people's faith in the individual was shaken, their reverence for the science remained unchanged.

Bishop Hall in the 2nd Book of his "Virgidemiarum, 1597," Sat. 7, has a passage on the subject, which, whilst it shows his own freedom from this childish credulity bears witness also to the extent of its influence at that period:—

"Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainsick tale

Of old Astrology, where didst thou veil  
Thy cursed head thus long, that so it mist  
The black broods of some sharper satirist?  
Some doting gossip 'mongst the Chaldee  
wives

Did to the credulous world thee first derive;  
And Superstition nurs'd thee ever since,  
And publish'd, in profounder art's pretence —  
That now, who pares his nails, or licks his  
swine,

But he must first take counsel of the Sign?  
So that the vulgar's count for fair or foul,  
For living or for dead, for sick or whole,  
His fear or hope, for plenty or for lack,  
Hangs all upon his New-Year's Almanack.

'Fain would I know (might it our artist  
please)

Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides  
Teach him the weather's state so long before,  
And not foretel him nor his fatal horn,  
Nor his death's-day, nor no such sad event,  
Which he mought wisely labour to prevent?"

These were not only happy days for almanac writers, but also for almanac buyers, the price being but a penny, as I gather from various passages in old writers. It will be sufficient to cite a couple. In Jonson's "Every Man Out of his Humour," where these fooleries are delightfully ridiculed, Sortido exclaims, after consulting his Almanac—

—"Never, never,  
"Laid I a penny better out than this,  
"To purchase this dear book."

And Antonio, in Fletcher's "Chances," remarks.

—"All physicians,  
And penny almanack's, allow the opening  
Of veins this month."

The pointing out proper days for bleeding, taking physic, and other odd matters, was an important part of the task formerly assumed by almanac compilers, as appears by the last quotation and that from Hall's Satires. Neither is the belief quite extinct even now, there being many well-meaning persons who would not willingly adopt a remedy for a disease, without previously consulting that mystical column in the Almanac devoted to "knees, hams, legs, ancles, feet, toes," &c; it being considered lucky, or unlucky, I forget which, to take medicine on the day when the particular part of the body affected is under the influence of the Sign. To facilitate the researches of the curious into these matters, Almanacs were formerly decorated with the figure of a man, and the several portions of his frame marked by the Sign which especially concerns them. I cannot say I recollect this desirable illustration "in my time," but I believe it has not been altogether discontinued within the memory of many persons somewhat more experienced. Mr. Forby, in his East Anglian Vocabulary, \* gives the following anecdote, in point.

"About the close of the last century, a medical practitioner of great practice, in Suffolk, sent an opening medicine to a patient, and desired him to take it immediately. On the following day he called at his house, and inquired how it had operated. The patient (a substantial farmer) said he had not taken it; and, upon the doctor's remonstrating against this disobedience, the sick man gravely answered, that he had looked into his Almanac, and, seeing the sign lay in 'Bowels,' he thought *that*, and the physic together, would be too much for him."

Our old dramatists abound with allusions to this "pictured shape." Not to multiply quotations unnecessarily, I shall notice but two. In Fletcher's "Chances," Antonio, having been wounded, says of the surgeon,

\* H. 403.



“ When I go to bed,  
He rolls me up in lints, with lables at ‘em,  
That I am just the Man i’ the Almanack.”

And the Epilogue to Lee’s “Gloriana,” 1676, describing the severity of the weather when that Tragedy was produced, has this passage,

“ The ladies too, neglecting every grace,  
Mobb’d up in aight-clothes came, with face to face ;  
The towre upon the forehead all turn’d back,  
And stuck with pins, like the Man i’ th’ Almanack.”

The days of astrological prediction seem, however, to be nearly gone by ; and even the compilation of Francis Moore, Physician, which the Address put forth by the Stationers’ Company in 1830, avers to have “ been for nearly two centuries the most popular of all the Almanacs published in England,” is rapidly declining, I fear, from that “ high and palmy station.” To hasten its downfall, the “ Stationers,” in the Address just quoted, speaking of this and Partridge’s, make the following admission, which I commend more for its candour than its prudence.

“ *Note.* These two Almanacs are the only ones published by the Stationers’ Company which contain astrological predictions. These are still given from a persuasion that they delude nobody, and because many thousand readers are amused by tracing the coincidences which often occur between the prediction furnished by the astrological rule and the actual event.”

Superstition, however, has still her votaries ; for a new Almanac has made its appearance, within these two or three years, resting its claim to support solely upon the ground of its astrological merits ; and, having made some lucky hits, has, I understand, a large sale. I forget its precise title, and never had courage to examine its contents, being scared by the raw-head and bloody-bones, with other fearful objects, which the superbly colored hieroglyphic presents to view. It is observable that a penny pamphlet, containing a pirated copy of this print, with the addition of a wonderful story about the apparition of a Man in the Sun, taken from the newspapers of 1814, was found in the pocket of the maniac who the other day was apprehended in the house of lords : it appeared to have shortly influenced his disordered imagination.

As respects the price of Almanacs, I cannot trace with precision the periods of their successive advance in cost to the

present time ; but from a series of Moore’s, commencing in 1781, and ending in 1829, now *lying* before me, I find that in the first mentioned year the price was only nine-pence, of which two-pence was for stamp-duty. In 1791 it was increased to ten-pence ; in 1795 to eleven-pence ; in 1798 to sixteen-pence ; in 1802 to seventeen-pence ; in 1805 to one shilling and ten-pence ; and in 1816 to two shillings and three-pence ; at which it still continues, and which is too costly an article for the poor man to possess, who would consequently be quite without information upon the “ subjects both profitable and curious” of which it treats, were it not that certain public-spirited hawkers, not having the fear of Stamp-Acts before their eyes, do still contrive furtively to circulate a sheet, wretchedly printed, on vile paper, at the good old price of a penny. One of these, under the title of “ Paddy’s Watch,” I have just added to my collection of “ rubbish ;” and should Mr. Hone desire to possess one, he shall not wish in vain, as once he did for a “ horn-book.”

I wish some one, skilled in this kind of lore, would inform the world when and where the original Francis Moore, Physician, flourished. Many men of less eminence have had their biographers ; and why should not some kind soul attempt to rescue poor Francis from “ the gaping gulf of blank oblivion,” as poor Kirke White styles it. To any one disposed to enter upon the enquiry, I tender a morsel of information, culled from the last page of his Almanac for 1788, where is inserted “ A Rebuke to Thomas Wright, of Eaton, near Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire,” who it appears “ had the audacity to assert that he had been the only compiler of Moore’s Almanac for nearly the fourth of a century, from papers and instructions communicated to him by Mr. Moore ; but,” proceeds the *Rebuke*, “ this pretended astronomer never did calculate the Eclipses, &c., for that work, nor is he capable of doing them ; so that any Almanac published under the name of such an impostor must (to use his own words) be false and counterfeit. For Mr. Francis Moore, the original author of this Almanac, died in London about the year 1724 (upwards of 33 years before this Wright mentions his communications to have been made), after which it was wrote and continued by Mr. John Wing, and afterwards by his son Tycho, both of Pickworth in the county of Rutland.

Mr. Tycho Wing died in 1750, after which it was written and compiled by Mr William Harvey, of Knipton, near Grantham, for Mr. Vincent Wing, who continued and wrote it for him till about the year 1762, after whose death Thomas Wright was employed in compiling the same. This, I believe, pretty nearly brings the secret history of its editorship down to the period when it was assumed by Mr. Henry Andrews, as mentioned on page 117 of the *Year Book*.

All this contention sprang, I find, from the circumstance of there being two Francis Moores in the field, each affirming that he alone was the veritable Simon Pure. One of these was put forth by the Stationers' Company, and the other by "T. Carnan, St. Paul's Church-Yard; "who," as he states at the foot of his title-page for 1782, "after an expensive suit in law and equity, by the unanimous opinion of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, dispossessed the Stationers' Company of their pretended exclusive privilege of printing Almanacs, which they had usurped for two centuries—a convincing proof that no unjust monopoly will ever stand the test of an English court of Justice.

Carnan, like Francis Moore at present, was fond of mixing politics with his astrology; and says many bitter things of Lord North, Taxes, Sinecurists, &c., which I pass without farther notice, as not being exactly to the matter in hand. His compilation appears to have been conducted by Andrews of Royston, and was probably bought up or driven from the field, by the Stationers' Company, about 1788, as I find no trace of it after that year.

Predictions as to the weather seem to be getting as much out of repute as those of another description; and certainly, in a climate like ours, few undertakings can be more hazardous than that of inferring from the weather of one year what that of the next will be. Thus at p. 75 of the *Year Book* it is stated, with truth, that the middle of January is generally the coldest part of the year—a remark which the experience of several past seasons entirely justifies; yet that period in 1831 has been remarkably mild; great-coats have been at discount, and sea-coal fires regarded with indifference.

To some unlucky speculations upon these points, into which the Almanac-makers were led by trusting to the fallacious criterion of weather-wise experience, is to be attributed the circumstance that

the compilers of "Rider's British Merlin" have abandoned that part of their undertaking, in despair. The months of July and August 1828, it may be remembered were extremely unseasonable; rain fell incessantly, and so cold was the atmosphere, that, during the last nights of July, tender plants suffered from the effects of a slight frost. Yet during all this time, in contradiction to barometers and cloudy skies, the weather-columns in the British Merliu exhibited the following pleasant but delusive announcements.

"July. Fair and hot. Good weather for the Hay.

"August. Fine harvest-weather."

This was rather unfortunate to be sure; but no one can be wise at all times, and the false prophets, doubtless, hoped, by a lucky hit in their next almanac, to efface the impression made by their present failure. That two summers of unprecedented wet and cold should occur together was quite beyond the bounds of probability; and, upon the strength of this reasoning, they ventured to predict that the two months which were provokingly rainy in 1828 would present the following delightful appearance in 1829:—

"July. Fair and hot towards the end.

"August. Fine harvest weather. Fair and hot. Excellent weather for the corn."

Well! the result was, that the summer of 1829, throughout, proved to be about the coldest and wettest ever known. The rains commenced towards the end of June, and fell almost incessantly till near the end of October. This was too much; and the next Almanac, I think, announced that the column which had heretofore been devoted to remarks on the weather would in future be occupied "with matter of greater utility and interest."

Ere I quit this subject, let me say a word or two upon "Partridge's Almanac," the character of which you have described most justly. How this disgusting medley of faith and absurdity should have found purchasers, even amongst the most besotted slaves of superstition, is utterly incomprehensible. To show its character by extracts is scarcely possible, for its grossness renders it unquotable; but I will venture one brief specimen from the January column of 1825, for the sake of its closing prediction, which shows that Robin was much more gifted as a prophet than a poet; although he doubtless little imagined that what he foretold would so speedily take place.

" Dick ! Dick !—Coming, sir  
 Bring a stick !—What for ?  
 Sir Robin's back.—Good lack !  
 What's the matter ?—A great clatter.  
 What about ?—Nothing, sir.  
 That's a joke—A pig in a poke.  
 Poor Robin !—Poor Robin !  
 About to die, in a pig-stie."

And this trash was put forth, by "the  
 Worshipful Company of Stationers," in  
 the year of our Lord, 1825! Truly, 'twas  
 time for the "Schoolmaster" to com-  
 mence his progress.

*Staffordshire Moorlands.*

J. B.—n.

November 17.—Day breaks . . .	5 39
Sun rises . . .	7 38
— sets . . .	4 22
Twilight ends . . .	6 21

### November 18.

18th of November, 1700, died Henry Cooke, an artist of eminence. He was born in England, and when young procured money sufficient to enable him to visit Italy, but he was so little known or esteemed as an artist at his return that he resided in Knave's-acre, in partnership with a house-painter. He was found in this obscurity by Luttel, who introduced him to sir Godfrey Copley; and that gentleman employed him in decorating a seat he built in Yorkshire, for which Cooke received £150, a considerable sum to him at that time. Theodore Russel engaged him in his painting-room for five years; during which period Cooke lived a profligate life, and killed a man who loved a woman to whom Cooke had formed an attachment. He fled to Italy, and seven years afterwards ventured to return home. Time had effaced the recollection of his crime, or he had contrived to procure protection, for he was unmolested, and worked for king William on the cartoons and other pictures in the royal collection. He is said to have copied the cartoons. His principal performances were an equestrian portrait of Charles II. at Chelsea College, the choir of New college chapel, Oxford, the stair-case at Ranelagh house, the ceiling of the great room at the water works at Islington, and the staircase at lord Carlisle's house in Soho square, a mansion subsequently well known by the assemblies held there under the direction of the celebrated Mrs. Corneleys. Cooke's

pencil was chiefly engaged on historical subjects: he did not give himself a fair chance in portrait painting, and, through disgust at "the capricious behaviour of those who sat to him, he declined pursuing it. His own portrait by himself, possessed by lord Orford, though touched with spirit, was dark and unnatural in the coloring.

The following lines were published by Elsum, "on a Listenin' Fawn" of Cooke's painting.

Two striplings of the wood, of humor gay,  
 Themselves diverting on the pipe do play;  
 A third, more solid and of riper years,  
 Bows down his body and erects his ears,  
 With such attention that you'd think he hears.  
 See in the parts a difference of complexion,  
 But in the whole good union and connexion.  
 With many other beauties it is graced,  
 And of the antique has a noble taste:  
 All so contrived, and so exactly finished,  
 That nothing can be added or diminished.

Cooke married the woman for whom he incurred the guilt of murder.\*

#### MARVELLOUS MUSIC.

Verstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed intelligence,"† relates the following strange story. Hulberstadt, in Germany was extremely infested with rats, which a certain musician, called from his habit the "Pyed Piper," agreed for a great sum of money to destroy: whereupon he tuned his pipes, and the rats immediately followed him to the next river, where they were all drowned. But, when the piper demanded his pay, he was refused with some scorn and contempt, upon which he began another tune, and was followed by all the children of the town to a neighbouring hill called Hamelen, which opened and swallowed them up and afterwards closed again. One boy being lame came after the rest, but, seeing what had happened, returned, and related this strange circumstance. The story was believed, for the parents never after heard of their lost children. This incident is stated to have happened on the 22nd of July in the year 1376, and that since that time the people of Halberstadt permit not any drum, pipe, or other instrument to be sounded in that street which leads to the gate through which the children passed. They also established a decree, that in all writings of contract or bargain, after the

\* Noble.

† London, 1634, p. 86.

date of our Saviour's nativity, the date also of the year of the children's going forth should be added, in perpetual remembrance of this surprising event.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND BAGPIPE.

The wild, melancholy, warlike sound of the ancient pibrocks, was certainly well calculated to excite the astonishment of the refined Italians and to rouse the enthusiasm of a North Briton in a foreign land. The gentleman who favored the Editor with the preceding communication relative to the famous Northumbrian piper says, "It is twenty years this autumn since James Allan played to me at Eldon Court Baron, a post pibroch on the regimental Northumberland bagpipe, to the astonishment of his hearers. The same gentleman obligingly communicated the following verses, which were written for the Northumberland regimental bagpipes. They refer to a supposed invasion of the Scots having taken place in the absence of the Palatine and to the gathering of the Fenwicks, a Northumberland clan, and their allies to repel the incursion.

A BORDER GATHERING.

Pipe of Northumbria sound  
 War-pipe of Alnwicke!  
 Wake the wild hills around,  
 Summon the Fenwicks:  
 Percy at Paynim war,  
 Fenwick stand foremost  
 Scots in array from far  
 Swell wide their war-host,  
 Now fierce from the border,  
 Wolf-like he rushes,  
 Drives southward the warder,  
 Gore-stream forth gushes:  
 Come spear-man, Come bowman,  
 Come bold-hearted Fenwicks;  
 Repel the proud foe-man,  
 Join lion-like Bewick:\*

From Fenwicks and Denwicks,  
 Harlan and Hallington,  
 Sound bugle at Alnwicke,  
 Bag-pipe at Wallington:  
 On Elf-hills th' alarm wisp †  
 Smoulders in pale array;  
 The babe that can scarce lisp  
 Points northward the bale-way.

\* Names of families of clans.

† A wisp of *straw* or *tow*, mounted on the top of a spear and set on fire when a *raid* took place. Upon this portentous ensign being carried through the country, every one instantly flew to arms. It was the *Hot-tot*.

Leave the plow, leave the mow,  
 Leave loom and smythe,  
 Come with your trusy yew,  
 Strong arm and pithy,  
 Leave the herd on the hill,  
 Lowing and fying;  
 Leave the ville, cott, and mill,—  
 The dead and the dying  
 Come, clad in your steel jack,  
 Your war-gears in order,  
 And down hew or drive back  
 The Scot o'er the border;  
 And yield you to no man;  
 Stand firm in the van-guard,  
 Brave death in each Foe-man,  
 Or die on the green sword.

*Evil Speaking.*

It is not good to speake evill of all whom wee know bad; it is worse to judge evill of any who may prove good. To speake ill, upon knowledge, shews a want of charity; to speake ill, upon suspicion, shews a want of honesty. I will not speake so bad as I knowe of many; I will not speake worse than I knowe of any. To knowe evill by others, and not speake it, is sometimes discretion: to speake evill by others, and not knowe it, is always dishonesty. Hee may be evill himselfe who speakes good of others upon knowledge; but hee can never be good himself, who speakes evill of others upon suspicion.—*A. Warwick.*

READING AND KNOWLEDGE.

A man must not give himself to the gathering and keeping the opinions and knowledges of another, to the end he may afterwards make report of them, or use them for shew or ostentation, or some base and mercenary profit; but he must use them so as that he may make them his own. He must not onely lodg them in his minde, but incorporate and transubstantiate them into himself. He must not onely water his minde with the dew of knowledge, but he must make it essentially better, wise, strong, good, courageous; otherwise to what end serveth study? *Wisdom is not onely to be gotten by us, but to be enjoyed.* He must not do as it is the manner of those that make garlands, who pick here and there whole flowers, and so carry them away to make nose-gayes, and afterwards presents; heap together out of that book, and out of this book, many good things, to make a fair and a goodly show to others; but he must do as bees use to do, who carry not

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 18.

away the flowers, but settle themselves upon them (like a hen that covereth her chickens) and draweth from them their spirit, force, virtue, quintessence, and nourishing themselves, turn them into their own substance, and afterwards make good and sweet honey, which is all their own; and it is no more either thyme or sweet marjorum. So must a man gather from books the marrow and spirit (never enthralling himself so much as to retain

the words by heart, as many use to do much lesse the place, the book, the chapter; that is a sottish and vain superstition and vanity, and makes him lose the principal; and having sucked and drawn the good, feed his mind therewith, inform his judgment, instruct and direct his conscience and his opinion, rectify his will; and in a word, frame unto himself a work wholly his own, that is to say, an honest man, was devised, resolute.—*Charron*

COME TO ME LOVE !

[Original.]

Aza, star of my soul's dark night,  
 Let me worship thee by this pale moon's light;  
 Come to me love, I have waited long,  
 Heard thy step from afar and thy sounding song;  
 I have seen thee skim by the brink of the flood,  
 And thy presence hath spoke in my rushing blood;  
 I have felt thy hand on my brow of care,  
 Smoothing it and my tangled hair;  
 And once, when the friends from my couch had stray'd,  
 My cold cheek was on thy bosom laid.  
 Come to me love, the colds of night,  
 And the cold of the world, the heart's worst blight,  
 Are upon me here; Come to me sweet,  
 Could I seek thee out I would wing my feet.  
 I have made thee a crown of the yellow gold,  
 And a purple raiment with full fold,  
 And a sceptre too, and thou shalt be,  
 Queen of my heart, of mine and me.  
 I will clothe thee in sun-beams, and thy fair neck  
 The pearls of the milky way shall deck;  
 And I'll strew thy hair with the planets bright,  
 Thou angel of beauty, of love and light.  
 But thou com'st not my fond gifts to receive,  
 Winds brought me thy promise—thou wilt not deceive:  
 No! thou'rt coming, the East with thy beauty grows red,  
 The queen of the night bows in homage her head;  
 Oh come love, Oh fast love, Oh faster yet, sweet,  
 I fly, my heart's empress, thy coming to greet.

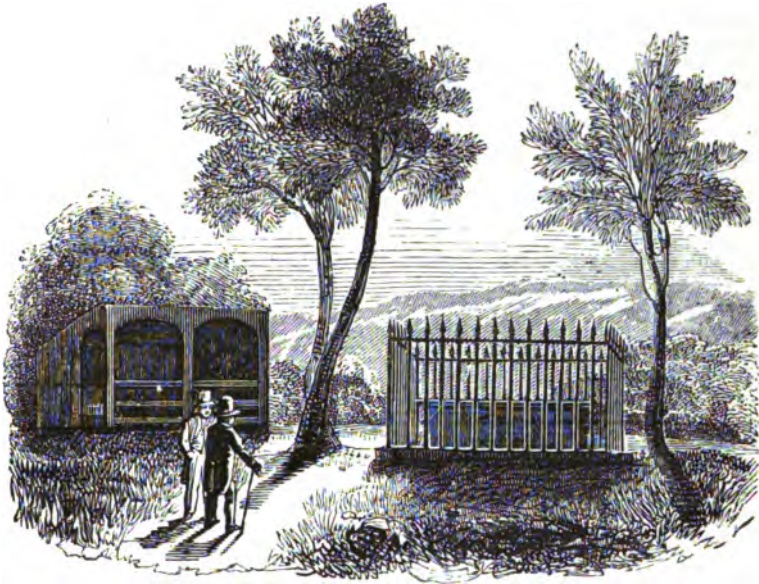
S II. S.

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

[Original.]

Friend LAMB, thy choice was good, to love the lore  
 Of our old by-gone bards, whose racy page,  
 Rich mellowing Time makes sweeter than before.  
 The blossom left—for the long garner'd store  
 Of fruitage, now right luscious in its age,  
 Although to fashion's taste austere,—what more  
 Can be expected from the popular rage  
 For tinsel gauds that are to gold preferred?  
 Me much it grieves, as I did erst presage,  
 Vain fashion's foils had every heart deterred  
 From the warm, homely phrase of other days,  
 Until thy Woodvil's ancient voice I heard;  
 And now right fain, yet fearing, honest barl,  
 I pause to greet thee wit: so poor a praise.

JOHN CLARE.



THE MILLER'S TOMB, ON HIGHDOWN HILL, NEAR TARRING, SUSSEX.

In the spring of this year (1831) I found myself, by the kind invitation of a friend, at the little village of Salvington, in the parish of Tarring, near Worthing in Sussex.

Salvington is retired from the London road to Worthing, at about three miles distance from that place. It is a peaceful hamlet in the midst of meadows and farms, and was the birth-place of Selden. Passing some noble elm trees within the dwarf wall of a comfortable farm-yard, I was in a minute or two at "Selden's Cottage." Its gabled side abuts on a cross road. It is inhabited by a laboring family and the dame welcomed me withinside. Upon the oak-lintel is a Latin inscription in two lines, over the door. I began to examine it, when the good wife, pointing to a paper pinned against the plastered wall, said "It is all put down, down, down there, sir: and there I read, as I found by collation, "a true copy" with a translation of the distich, in the handwriting of an able antiquary, then residing

in the town whence this paper is dated, in which town, where I now write, he unhappily died a few weeks after I had hastily transcribed his written memorial, as follows:--

"GRATUS, HONESTI, MIHI; NO CLAUDAR.  
INITO, SEDEQZ .

"FUR ABEAS; NO SU FACTA SOLUTA TIBI.

("Imitated.)

"Thou'rt welcome, honest friend; walk in,  
make free;

"Thief get thee gone; my doors are closed  
to thee.

"This house was built Wm. HAMPER,  
1601. E. G. Deritend House,  
Birmingham.

"Σοφία μόνη June 9th, 1818."

Here was an autograph well known to literary antiquaries, and antiquarian collectors. It is well, methought, for these poor cottagers that ——— (a certain person) has not been here; assuredly were he here now, *this* would be collected and engulfed among the mass at the London Institution. I learned that Mr

Hamper had placed the paper there, and some time afterwards had revisited the cottage. There being nothing remarkable in the little edifice but the carved lintel, I went on about three-quarters of a mile, to Tarring church, and, calling for the register, found it began 17th November, 1558, with the names of the Selden and Hamper families occurring more frequently than any other. Here, then, Mr. Hamper's visits to Salvington were easily accounted for. Tarring was the parish of his ancestors: and the parish-clerk well remembered his person. Mr. Hamper afterwards wrote from Birmingham, for ninety-one certificates relating to his family; "and," said the clerk, "he paid for them like a gentleman, sir;—he sent back a five pound note, and desired the change might be kept." The register contains an entry in April, 1560, of the marriage of a John Selden; this is succeeded by several entries of marriages, baptisms, and burials of the Seldens, and by the following:—"1584. John, the son of John Selden, the minstrell, was baptized the xxth of December;" there is added, "Died, 1654, aged 70;" this entry records the baptism and death of the great Selden, whose father is sneeringly recorded by old Anthony Wood to have been "a fiddler."

Tarring is a quiet village with several remains to interest the antiquary. Adjacent to its old church, which has a goodly spire, is the present residence and fertile farm of Mr. Hentey, whose sons adventured upon an agricultural speculation to the newly attempted settlement at Swan River, and are about to be followed by their father and the rest of the family. The parish contains some of the most productive land in the county, but is heavily tithed and taxed.

Returning through Salvington by the "Spotted Cow," a little new-painted sign, which, I am told, was executed by the hand of the landlady herself, for her new beer-shop; the road leads on to Darrington, a chapelry in the parish of Tarring. In a meadow are part of the ruined walls of the very ancient chapel, beautifully overgrown with ivy: the age of these remains is unknown. Tarring was the living of St. Thomas a Becket. In this parish, and Broadwater, which has a very large and beautiful church, and includes the town of Worthing, there is much to interest visitors who retire either for ordinary recreation, or meditative remark.

From Darrington, accompanied by young friend from Salvington and his dog Dash, I walked over rich enclosed pasture and arable ground, and through woodlands, to see the "Miller's Tomb, upon Highdown Hill. "Dash," a favorite old spaniel, was rather a hindrance to us. He had gained his flesh by good house-keeping through the winter, and lost his agility, and panted for breath like a citizen who eats to live and lives to eat, till he can eat no more, and then goes to a feast "not where he eats, but where he is eaten." It was a delightful sunny day, and we climbed several stiles and gates which Dash was too heavy to jump over, and between the bars of which he was too fat to pass; and we heard of his being left behind by his loud yelping and barking, and sometimes went back to pull him over. At length we mounted Highdown Hill, and gained a fine prospect of the sea, and a bracing breeze from its fresh bosom.

Upon this hill stands the tomb of John Oliver, a miller, whose windmill was formerly near. In his lifetime, he built the tomb and erected a summer-house, in which he sat before his tomb, and looked around upon the inland prospect and the eternal sea and the broad expanse of sky and cloud above. His life was spent in the business of his mill, and in comforting his poorer neighbours, and in contemplating beyond his tomb. He knew the folly of the knowledge, and the vanity of the wisdom of the world, and the world thought him mad. He was a good man, and looked death in the face daily; and after many years he went to his rest.

This spot is represented in the engraving. On the slab cover of the tomb is inscribed, "For the reception of John Oliver, when deceased to the will of God; granted by William Westbrook Richardson, Esq., 1766." There are various passages of scripture on different parts of the tomb, and on the south side is inscribed, "In memory of John Oliver, miller, who departed this life the 22nd of April 1793, aged 84 years." His remains were interred beneath.

The miller left twenty pounds a year for the keeping up of his tomb, and his "summer retreat;" but both are going to decay, and no one cares to call upon the trustee to give an account of his trust.

When seated in the summer-house, the prospect to the right is, far as the eye can see, "o'er waters of the dark blue sea." On the left is Goring castle, and, beyond

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 19. 90.

that, a well known height called Chankenburg Ring, crowned with fir-trees, and formerly a Roman station. Nearer the tomb is an eminence called Cæsar's hill, with traces of Roman intrenchments. In the valley is the sweet little village of Findon. From the tomb sea-wards may be seen Brighton afar off, Worthing nearer, and closer in the village of Salvington, whither my friend and I, and Dash, leisurely returned by the pleasant way we came.

	h. m.
November 18.—Day breaks	5 40
Sun rises	7 40
— sets	4 21
Twilight ends	6 20

November 19.

November 19, 1761. A Worcester paper of this date contains the following paragraph:—"As his Majesty was going out for an Airing Yesterday Morning, two ancient Men from Cheshire, one 82, the other 78 years of age, delivered a Petition, offering to make a full discovery of a Silver Mine, which they, after Twenty years search, have found out in Cheshire."

[To Mr. Hone.]

SIR,—As a subscriber to your *Year Book*, I take the liberty of subjoining a copy of a printed play bill, which I saw at Paris in the course of last year. As it amused me, so may it you; for, as Dr. Pangloss says, "the cacalology wants mending."

[Copy.]

ON MONDAY EVENING  
will be given.

A GRAND

Entertainmet concert and Ball will be given at Monsieur Lemer pres du Port de Charenton, No. 5. To open with the favourite comic song called the mill after witch will be given a part of Macbeath a song and Resitation after witch a favourite Hornpipe a Gentlemen a performer in provencal parts will appear in imetations of the great English actars from Paris, afterwards the prinsopol parts of Douglas or the noble shepsard after witch a grand terifac comba thet to be given a Resita-

tion comic duet, songs etc. the whole to conclud with a Ball music is provided.

Enteornece at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 to begin at past 7.

Tickets to be had of Mr.

Joseph Turner, James Riley, John

Liwois

or at che wouse.

Novemb. 19, 1829.

	a. m.
November 19.—Day breaks	5 41
Sun rises	7 41
— sets	4 19
Twilight ends	6 19

November 20.

ST. EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR.

Particulars of the anniversary of this saint are in the *Every-Day Book*.

St Edmund the king enlarged the monastery of Brediseworth, in Suffolk, and augmenting the revenues rendered this religious house one of the finest and richest in the kingdom. The gifts presented at his tomb were of immense value; and at the dissolution of the monasteries the revenues amounted to £1560 a year; a very large sum indeed in those days. Leland, who saw the town and monastery in their splendor, gives a most magnificent description of them. See Rapin's Hist. of England, vol. I, p. 126, note (6) or Camden's Britannia (Suffolk.)

SAXON DEITIES.—DAYS OF THE WEEK.

The Saxon idols worshipped in England, whence the names of the days of the week are derived, are—

1. The idol of the *Sun*, from which *Sunday* is derived, among the Latins *dies Solis*, was placed in a temple, and adored and sacrificed to; for they believed that the sun did co-operate with this idol. He was represented like a man half naked, with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world; and, by its fiery gleams, the light and heat wherewith he warms and nourishes all things.

2. The idol of the *Moon*, from which cometh our *Monday*, *dies Luna*, anciently *Moonday*: this idol appears strangely singular, being habited in a short coat



THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 21.

like a man : her holding a moon signifies what she is, but the reason of her short coat and long-eared cap is lost in oblivion.

3. *Tuisco*, the most ancient and peculiar god of the Germans, represented in his garment of a skin, according to their ancient manner of clothing ; next to the sun and moon, they paid their adoration to this idol, and dedicated the next day to him, from which our *Tuesday* is derived, anciently *Tuisday*, called in Latin *dies Martis*. But this idol is very unlike Mars, whom Woden much nearer resembles than he does Mercury.

4. *Woden* was a valiant prince among the Saxons ; his image was prayed for victory over their enemies, which, if they obtained, they usually sacrificed the prisoners taken in battle to him. Our *Wednesday* is derived from him, anciently *Wodensday*. The northern histories make him the father of Thor, and Friga to be his wife.

5. *Thor* was placed in a large hall, sitting on a bed, canopied over, with a crown of gold on his head, and twelve stars over it, holding a sceptre in his right hand ; to him was attributed the power over both heaven and earth, and that, as he was pleased or displeased, he could send thunder, tempests, plagues, &c., or fair reasonable weather, and cause fertility. From him our *Thursday* derives its name, anciently *Thorshday* ; among the Romans, *dies Jovis*, as this idol may be substituted for Jupiter.

6. *Friga* ; this idol represented both sexes, holding a drawn sword in the right hand, and a bow in the left, denoting that women as well as men should fight in time of need : she was generally taken for a goddess, and was reputed the giver of peace and plenty, and causer of love and amity. Her day of worship was called by the Saxons, *Frygedæg*, now *Friday*, *dies Veneris* ; but the habit and weapons of this figure have a resemblance of Diana rather than Venus.

7. *Seuter*, or *Crodo*, stood on the prickly back of a perch : he was thin visaged, and long haired, with a long beard, bare-headed and barefooted, carrying a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruit and flowers, and holding up a wheel in his left, and his coat tied with a long girdle ; his standing on the sharp fins of this fish signified to the Saxons, that by worshipping him they should pass through all dangers unhurt ; by his girdle flying both ways was shown the Saxons' free-

dom ; and by the pail with fruit and flowers was denoted that he would nourish the earth. From him, or from the Roman deity, Saturn, comes *Saturday*.\*

— — —	h. m.
<i>November 20</i> .—Day breaks . . .	5 42
Sun rises . . .	7 42
— sets . . .	4 18
Twilight ends . . .	6 18

**November 21.**

EXECUTION OF A JEW.

21st November, 1821.— Among certain malefactors executed at Newgate was a Jew, named Cabelia. He ascended the platform attended by a reader of the synagogue and a friend of his own persuasion, who sat up with him throughout the night, according to the Jewish custom. According to another usage with the Hebrews condemned to death, he received a fine linen cap from his friends. He was attended by Jews upon the scaffold—a hymn was read to him in the Hebrew language, which is used only on such occasions. The sheriff gave particular directions that his body, not even his toes, should be touched by the executioner or his attendants, for which attention the sheriff received the thanks of the criminal's friends. After the execution, Cabelia was taken down first by the Jews, who had attended him, and immediately carried away by them in a hearse. It is the custom of the Jews to strip and wash the corpse of the criminal, previous to interment ; after which the body is wrapped in a linen sheet and deposited in the coffin ; and every article of wearing apparel in which he suffered is deposited with him : the ropes and cords which pinioned his arms are placed in the grave under the Coffin. According to Hebrew ceremony the interment must be completed before the going down of the sun.

About the same time there was an execution in Aberdeen of an unhappy culprit, who had his shroud put on before his arms were pinioned, and in that state he was taken out to the place of suffering

CHINESE OATH.

At the Thames public office, a few years ago, two Chinese sailors were ex-

\* Gents. Mag. Nov. 1748.

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 22, 23.

amined on a charge of assaulting another Chinese sailor. The complainant was examined according to the customs of his country; a Chinese saucer being given to him, and another to the interpreter, they both advanced towards the window, directed their eyes to heaven, and repeated in their own tongue the following words:—"In the face of God I break this saucer, if it comes together again China man has told a lie, and expects not to live five days; if it remains asunder China man has told the truth, and escapes the vengeance of the Almighty." They then smashed the saucers in pieces on the floor, and returned to their places to be examined.

The Rev. H. S. Cotton possesses a series of curious Chinese drawings, representing the torments inflicted in after life upon evil-doers, according to the Chinese belief.

	h	m.
November 21.—Day breaks . .	5	43
Sun rises . . . . .	7	44
— sets . . . . .	4	16
Twilight ends . . . . .	6	17

November 22.

22d November, 1824, a dreadful storm raged along the Western coast of England. Huge waves battered down seawalls and iron-bound piers, and the ocean engulfed numberless ships and sailors, with an immense amount of property.

NIGHT.

When I survey the bright  
 Celestial sphere :  
 So rich with jewels hung, that night  
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear :  
 My soul her wing doth spread,  
 And heaven-ward flies,  
 The Almighty's mysteries to read  
 In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
 Shoots forth no flame  
 So silent, but is eloquent  
 In speaking the Creator's name.  
 No unregarded star  
 Contracts its light  
 Into so small a character,  
 Removed far from our human sight ;

But if we stedfast look  
 We shall discern  
 In it, as in some holy book,  
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,  
 That far-stretched power,  
 Which his proud dangers traffic for,  
 Is but the triumph of an hour.  
 That from the farthest North,  
 Some nation may  
 Yet undiscovered issue forth,  
 And o'er his new got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in  
 With hills of ice  
 May be let out to scourge his sin,  
 Till they shall equal him in vice.  
 And then they likewise shall  
 Their ruin have ;  
 For as yourselves your empires fall,  
 And every kingdom hath a grave

Thus those celestial fires,  
 Though seeming mute,  
 The fallacy of our desires  
 And all the pride of life confute.  
 For they have watched since first  
 The world had birth .  
 And found sin in itself accursed,  
 And nothing permanent on earth.

Habington.

	h	m.
November 22.—Day breaks . .	5	44
Sun rises . . . . .	7	45
— sets . . . . .	4	15
Twilight ends . . . . .	6	16

November 23.

FESTIVAL OF ST. CLEMENT.

Hatters have a tradition that while St. Clement was fleeing from his persecutors his feet became blistered, and to afford him relief he was compelled to put wool between his sandals and the soles of his feet. On continuing his journey, the wool, by the perspiration, motion, and pressure of the feet, assumed a uniformly compact substance, which has since been denominated *felt*. When he afterwards settled at Rome, it is said, he improved the discovery; and from this circumstance has been dated the origin of *felt*. Hatters in Ireland, and other Catholic countries, still hold their festival on St. Clement's day.

Hats are first mentioned in History at the time when Charles VII. made his triumphant entry into Rouen, in the year 1449. In F. Daniel's account of that splendid pageant, he says, that the prince

astonished the whole city by appearing in a hat lined with red silk, and surmounted by a plume of feathers; from this period their general use is dated, and henceforward they gradually took place of the chaperons and hoods, that had been worn before. In process of time, from the laity, the clergy also took this part of the habit; but it was looked upon as a great abuse, and several regulations were published, forbidding any priest or religious person to appear abroad in a hat without coronets, and enjoining them to keep to the use of chaperons made of black cloth with decent coronets; if they were poor, they were at least to have coronets fastened to their hats, and this upon penalty of suspension and excommunication. Indeed, the use of hats is said to have been of a longer standing among the ecclesiastics of Brittany by two hundred years, and especially among the canons; but these were no other than a kind of cap, from which arose the square caps worn in colleges and public schools. Labinian observes, that a bishop of Dol in the 12th century, zealous for good order, allowed the canons alone to wear such hats, enjoining, that if any other person came with them to church, divine service should be immediately suspended.

It appears that the art of manufacturing felt hats was known in Spain and Holland, previous to its introduction into England, in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII.; and in the second year of the reign of James I. the felt-makers of London became a corporation, with a grant of many privileges.

*Felting* is the union of animal hair with wool in such a manner as to produce a firm compact substance.

The manufacture of hats, as an article of commerce, prevailed greatly in France, and exports were made to England, Spain, Italy, and Germany; but England has ultimately become the grand mart for hats.\*

#### LAW PLEASANTRIES

I am a joker by birth, and look upon every thing in the world as capable of affording fun. The Law Reports, if rightly understood, are, in fact, mere supplements to Joe Miller. I do not care what they are, ancient or modern, Coke or Vesey, Law or equity, you may extract

\* The Hat-maker's Manual, 1829, 18mo.

fun from all. The rules as to the legal measure of abuse which you may give a person may exemplify. To say to a man, "You enchanted my bull," Sid. 424, to say, "Thou art a witch," or that a person "bewitched my husband to death," Cro. Eliz. 312, is clearly actionable. Quære, Whether it be not also actionable to say to or of a young lady, "You enchanted me," or "She enchanted me," or, as the case may be, "She enchanted my brother, my dog," &c., or "She's a bewitching creature, or to put the exact point, "She's quite bewitched poor Tom."

On the other hand, you may say if you please of another, "That he is a great rogue, and deserves to be hanged as well as G. who was hanged at Newgate;" because this is a mere expression of opinion; and perhaps you might think that G. did not deserve hanging.—T. Jones, 157. So also you may say of any Mr. Smith, that you know, "Mr. Smith struck his cook on the head with a cleaver, and cleaved his head; the one lay on the one side, and the other on the other;" because it is only to be *inferred* that thereby the cook of Mr. Smith died, and this in the reported case was not averred, Cro. Jac. 181. *A fortiori*, you may say, "Mr. Smith threw his wife into the Thames, and she never came up again;" or "Mr. Smith cut off Tom's head, and walked with it to Worcester;" because this is all inference; and his cook, wife, or Tom, as the case may be, for all that the Court knows, may be still alive.

Wills and testaments are a great source of fun. There is a case in 6 Vesey, p. 194, *Townley v. Bedwell*, in which the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) held that the trust of real and personal estate by will, for the purpose of establishing a Botanical Garden, was void, for a rather singular reason, as it appears in the report, viz. because the testator expressed that "he trusted it would be a public benefit!" The Solicitor-General (Sir William Grant) and Mr. Romilly compared it to the case of a gift of a piece of land for the purpose of erecting monuments of the naval victories of this country. The Lord Chancellor said in that case the heir might *pull them down*, and in this he might destroy the garden; but his Lordship thought, upon the expression of the testator, that "he trusted it would be a public benefit," he might venture to declare it void! The reason was, of course, that it was within the statutes of mortmain.

In the case of *Isaac v. Gompertz*, cited 7 Ves. 61, Lord Thurlow declared an annuity given for the support and maintenance of the Jewish Synagogue in Magpie Alley to be void,—a highly proper decree. A similar fate was awarded to a bequest for the dissemination of *Baxter's Call to the Unconverted*, 7 Vess. 52.

Swinburne, part 4. sect. 6, art. 2, mentions a bequest of a legacy to a person, on condition of his drinking up all the water in the sea; and it was held that, as this condition "could not be performed," it was void. The condition "to go to Rome in a day," which Blackstone mentions in his Commentaries as void because impossible to be performed, may soon, perhaps, cease to be so, and consequently become good, if rail-roads are introduced upon the Continent.

In 1 Rol. Ab. 45, it appears that in the country, when men pass cattle, it is usual to say, "God bless them!" otherwise they are taken for witches. This reminds me of the salutation in Bohemia, where, if you meet a peasant, you pass for a heathen unless you say to him, "Blessed be the Lord!" or, in case he salutes you thus, unless you answer, "In eternity, Amen!"

CHARACTERS OF FOUR NATIONS—  
GERMANY, ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND  
SPAIN.

*In Religion,*

The German is sceptical; the Englishman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

*In Keeping his Word,*

The German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian shuffling; the Spaniard a cheat.

*In giving Advice,*

The German is slow; the Englishman fearless; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumspect.

*In External Appearance,*

The German is large; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of middle size; the Spaniard awkward.

*In Dress,*

The German is shabby; the Englishman costly; the Frenchman fickle; the Italian ragged; the Spaniard decent.

*In Manners,*

The German is clownish; the Englishman respectful; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

*In keeping a Secret.*

The German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman tells every thing; the Italian is close; the Spaniard mysterious.

*In Vanity,*

The German boasts little; the Englishman despises all other nations; the Frenchman flatters every body; the Italian estimates cautiously; the Spaniard is indifferent.

*In Eating and Drinking,*

The German is a drunkard; the Englishman liberally profuse; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard penurious.

*In Offending and Doing Good,*

The German is inactive; the Englishman does both without consideration; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent.

*In Speaking,*

The German and French speak badly, but write well; the Englishman speaks and writes well; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, but writes well.

*In Address,*

The German looks like a blockhead; the Englishman resembles neither a fool nor a wise man; the Frenchman is gay; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.

*In courage,*

The German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.

*In the Sciences,*

The German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman a smatterer; the Italian a professor; and the Spaniard a grave thinker.

*Magnificence.*

In Germany the Princes; in England the ships; in France the court; in Italy the churches; in Spain the armouries, are magnificent.

*Servants*

Are companions in Germany; obedient in England; masters in France; respectful in Italy; submissive in Spain.

	h. m.
November 23.—Day breaks . . .	5 45
Sun rises . . .	7 47
— sets . . .	4 13
Twilight ends . . .	6 15

## November 24.

## SECOND SIGHT.



## THE MILLER'S TOMB.

At the west end of the miller's tomb on Highdown-Hill is a rude sculpture of "Death running away from Time, who pursues, and is holding him by the right shoulder with his right hand: his left holds a Time glass; Death a spear in his left hand." This is the account in a "Description of the celebrated Miller's Tomb," printed at Worthing on a broad-sheet "price three pence." I took a sketch of the sculpture from the stone; it affords the engraving above, and is a tolerably correct representation. Below the stone is the following

## INSCRIPTION.

Death, why so fast!—pray stop your hand,  
 And let my glass run out its sand:—  
 As neither *Death* nor *Time* will stay,  
 Let us implore the present day.  
 Why start you at the skeleton?  
 'Tis your picture which you shun;  
 Alive, it did resemble thee,  
 And thou, when dead, like that shall be:—  
 But tho' *Death* must have his will,  
 Yet old *Time* prolongs the date,  
 Till the measure we shall fill,  
 That's allotted us by Fate;—  
 When that's done, then *Time* and *Death*  
 Both agree to take our breath!

The miller caused figures of prophets and other scripture characters, with verses from scripture, to be painted without and within-side his summer-shelter; these are nearly obscured by time and weather, and the twenty pounds a year for maintaining them go nobody can tell where.

Dr. Johnson, who, a few years before his death, visited Scotland, the country in which a belief in its existence still prevails, has superseded every other account of it by what he has left to us on the subject. He says

"We should have had little claim to the praise of curiosity, if we had not endeavoured with particular attention to examine the question of the second sight. Of an opinion received for centuries by a whole nation, and supposed to be confirmed through its whole descent by a series of successive facts, it is desirable that the truth should be established, or the fallacy detected.

"The second sight is an impression made either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived, and seen as if they were present. A man on a journey, far from home, falls from his horse; another, who is perhaps at work about the house, sees him bleeding on the ground, commonly with a landscape of the place where the accident befalls him. Another seer, driving home his cattle, or wandering in idleness, or musing in the sunshine, is suddenly surprised by the appearance of a bridal ceremony, or funeral procession, and counts the mourners or attendants, of whom, if he knows them, he relates the names, if he knows them not, he can describe the dresses. Things distant are seen at the instant when they happen. Of things future I know not that there is any rule for determining the time between the sight and the event.

"This receptive faculty, for power it cannot be called, is neither voluntary nor constant. The appearances have no dependence upon choice: they cannot be summoned, detained, or recalled. The impression is sudden, and the effect often painful. By the term second sight seems to be meant a mode of seeing superadded to that which nature generally bestows. In the Earse it is called *Taisch*; which signifies likewise a spectre or a vision. I know not, nor is it likely that the Highlanders ever examined, whether by *Taisch*, used for second sight, they mean the power of seeing or the thing seen.

"I do not find it to be true, as it is reported, that to the second sight nothing

is presented but phantoms of evil. Good seems to have the same proportion in those visionary scenes as it obtains in real life.

“That they should often see death is to be expected, because death is an event frequent and important. But they see likewise more pleasing incidents. A gentleman told me, that when he had once gone far from his own island, one of his laboring servants predicted his return, and described the livery of his attendant, which he had never worn at home; and which had been, without any previous design, occasionally given him.

“It is the common talk of the Lowland Scots, that the notion of second sight is wearing away with other superstitions; and that its reality is no longer supposed but by the grossest people. How far its prevalence ever extended, or what ground it has lost, I know not. The Highlanders of all degrees, whether of rank or understanding, universally admit it, except the ministers, who universally deny it, and are suspected to deny it in consequence of a system, against conviction. One of them honestly told me that he came to Sky with a resolution not to believe it.

“Strong reasons for incredulity will readily occur. This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local, and commonly useless. It is a breach of the common order of things, without any visible reason or perceptible benefit. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened; and among them, for the most part, to the mean and ignorant.

“To the confidence of these objections it may be replied, that by presuming to determine what is fit, and what is beneficial, they presuppose more knowledge of the universal system than man has attained, and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extensive for our comprehension; and that there can be no security in the consequence, when the premises are not understood; that the second sight is only wonderful because it is rare, for, considered in itself, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps than the regular exercises of the cogitative faculty; that a general opinion of communicative impulses, or visionary representations, has prevailed in all ages and all nations; that particular instances have been given, with such evidence as neither Bacon nor Boyle has been able to resist; that sudden impressions, which the event has verified, have

been felt by more than one or published them; that the second sight of the Hebrides implies only the local frequency of a power which is nowhere totally unknown; and that, where we are unable to decide by antecedent reason, we must be content to yield to the force of testimony.

“By pretension to second sight, no profit was ever sought or gained. It is an involuntary affection, in which neither hope nor fear is known to have any part. Those who profess to feel it do not boast of it as a privilege, nor are considered by others as advantageously distinguished. They have no temptation to feign, and their hearers have no motive to encourage the imposture.

“To talk with any of these seers is not easy. There is one living in Sky, with whom we would have gladly conversed; but he was very gross and ignorant, and knew no English. The proportion in these countries of the poor to the rich is such, that, if we suppose the quality to be accidental, it can rarely happen to a man of education; and yet on such men it has sometimes fallen. There is now a second sighted gentleman in the Highlands, who complains of the terrors to which he is exposed.

“The foresight of the seers is not always prescience; they are impressed with images, of which the event only shows them the meaning. They tell what they have seen to others, who are at that time not more knowing than themselves, but may become at last very adequate witnesses, by comparing the narrative with its verification.

“To collect sufficient testimonies for the satisfaction of the public or ourselves, would have required more time than we could bestow. There is against it, the seeming analogy of things confusedly seen and little understood; and for it, the indistinct cry of national persuasion, which may perhaps be resolved at last into prejudice and tradition.” Dr. Johnson concludes with observing,—“I never could advance my curiosity to conviction; but came away, at last, only willing to believe.”

Rowlands, in his “*Mona Antiqua restaurata*,” says, “The magic of the druids, or one part of it, seems to have remained among the Britons, even after their conversion to Christianity, and is called *Taish* in Scotland; which is a way of predicting by a sort of vision they call second sight;

and I take it to be a relic of druidism, particularly from a noted story related by Vopiscus, of the emperor Dioclesian, who, when a private soldier in Gallia, on his removing thence, reckoning with his hostess, who was a druid woman, she told him he was too penurious, and did not bear in him the noble soul of a soldier; on his reply, that his pay was small, she, looking stedfastly on him, said that he needed not be so sparing of his money, for, after he should kill a boar, she confidently pronounced he would be emperor of Rome, which he took as a compliment from her; but, seeing her serious in her affirmation, the words she spoke stuck upon him, and he was afterwards much delighted in hunting and killing of boars, often saying, when he saw many made emperors, and his own fortune not much mending, I kill the boars, but 'tis others that eat the flesh. Yet it happened that, many years after, one Arrius Aper, father in law of the emperor Numerianus, grasping for the empire, traitorously slew him, for which fact being apprehended by the soldiers and brought before Dioclesian, who being then become a prime commander in the army, they left the traitor to his disposal, who, asking his name, and being told that he was called Aper, *s. e.* a boar, without further pause he sheathed his sword in his bowels, saying *et hunc Aprum cum ceteris*, *i. e.* 'Even this boar also to the rest;' which done, the soldiers, commending it as a quick, extraordinary act of justice, without further deliberation saluted him by the name of emperor. I bring this story here in view, as not improper on this hint, nor unuseful to be observed, because it gives fair evidence of the antiquity of the second sight, and withal shows that it descended from the ancient druids, as being one part of the diabolical magic they are charged with: and, upon their dispersion into the territories of Denmark and Swedeland, continued there, in the most heathenish parts, to this day, as is set forth in the story of the late Duncan Campbell."

In Collins's "Ode on the popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland" are the following lines on this subject:

How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,  
With their own vision oft astonish'd droop,  
When, o'er the wat'ry strath, or quaggy moss,  
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.

Or, if in sports, or on the festive green.

Their destin'd glance some fated youth  
descry,

Who, now, perhaps, in lusty vigor seen,  
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.

To Monarchs dear, some hundred miles  
astray,

Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow.  
The Seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did  
flow

When heedless Charles warm on the scaffold  
lay!"

The minister of Applecross, in the county of Ross, speaking of his parishioners, in 1792, says, "With them the belief of the second sight is general." The following passage is in Waldron's "Description of the Isle of Man."

"The natives of the island tell you, that, before any person dies, the procession of the funeral is acted by a sort of beings, which for that end render themselves visible. I know several that have offered to make oath that, as they have been passing the road, one of these funerals has come behind them, and even laid the bier on their shoulders, as though to assist the bearers. One person, who assured me he had been served so, told me that the flesh of his shoulder had been very much bruised, and was black for many weeks after. There are few or none of them who pretend not to have seen or heard these imaginary obsequies (for I must not omit that they sing psalms in the same manner as those do who accompany the corpse of a dead friend), which so little differ from real ones, that they are not to be known till both coffin and mourners are seen to vanish at the church doors. These they take to be a sort of friendly demons; and their business, they say, is to warn people of what is to befall them: accordingly, they give notice of any stranger's approach by the trampling of horses at the gate of the house where they are to arrive. As difficult as I found it to bring myself to give any faith to this, I have frequently been very much surprised, when, on visiting a friend, I have found the table ready spread, and every thing in order to receive me, and been told by the person to whom I went, that he had knowledge of my coming, or some other guest, by these good-natured intelligencers. Nay, when obliged to be absent for some time from home, my own servants have assured me they were informed by these means of my return, and expected me the very hour I came, though perhaps it was

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 25. 26.

some days before I hoped it myself at my going abroad. That this is fact, I am positively convinced by many proofs."

The light which we have gained was given us not to be ever staring on, but by it to discern onward things, more remote from our knowledge.—*Milton*.

	h. m.
November 24.—Day breaks . .	5 46
Sun rises . .	7 48
— sets . .	4 12
Twilight ends .	6 14

**November 25.**

On the 25th of November, 1724, the ship *Bouevia*, of London, burthen about 250 tons, Captain Brooks commander, set sail from the coast of Holland, having two pilots, one English, and the other Dutch; and the captain's wife on board with him.

The day had been fair and clear; but in the evening, about six, it blew hard at south and by west. The gale increased into a violent storm, and continued for about seven hours, veering to the west, and north and by west; during which the ship was stranded off *Enchuyzen*, in the *Texel*. In order to save themselves, if possible, the men all got into the long-boat, and were just ready to put off, but, not seeing their captain among them, they called to him to hasten down, while the sea broke over the boat, and endangered her beating to pieces against the sides of the stranded vessel. The captain, in this perilous point of time, rushed to his sea-sick wife in the cabin, and earnestly laboured to bring her along with him. But she, who had heard the men cry out that the boat would sink under the weight of two persons more, embraced him passionately, and refused to go. She wept, and told him, in the most moving manner, that a woman in such an extremity would prove a dangerous incumbrance. She implored him not to think of dividing his care, but to employ it all for the preservation of his single life, much dearer to her than her own was. He at length prevailed upon her to ascend upon deck; where the first observation they made was, that the boat, having been beaten off

from the ship by the force of the swell, was out of sight. The captain gazed in mute despair on his wife's face, when a billow, breaking over the midship, washed him headlong into the sea, and left her shrieking and alone behind him, till, after a succession of the bitterest outcries, she fell forward senseless. The boat, in the mean time, endeavouring to return to the ship, passed providentially near the captain, who was yet faintly swimming; her crew discerned him in the sea, and snatched him up, spent and speechless. In this condition they laid him at the bottom of the boat, and coming along the ship's side, one of the sailors saw his wife with her arms and clothes entangled in the shrouds. At the moment of her fall she had been saved and supported against the rigging. The boat's crew redoubled their efforts to save her; and succeeded in dragging her into the boat. They laid her apparently dead by the side of her husband, who was in the same condition, and put off again. With great difficulty they got ashore upon one of the islands in the *Texel*. Here the captain, on coming to himself, told his crew that they would have done more kindly had they let him perish in the sea, since his life would be for ever imbittered by the unhappy death of her for whose sake only he had thought it worth preserving. His wife was sufficiently recovered, and near enough to hear and answer this noble instance of her husband's tenderness. In a moment they were in each other's arms, with transports of joy, less capable of description than of being imagined.

This relation was taken from the mouth of an eye-witness to their providential rescue, and happy discovery of each other's safety.\*

	a. m.
November 25.—Day breaks . .	5 47
Sun rises . .	7 49
— sets . .	4 11
Twilight ends .	6 13

**November 26.**

Yesterday, the narrative of the providential survival of a captain and his wife, and their transports on discovering each other to be alive, after each had supposed the other had perished, may be well succeeded

\* Plain-Dealer, No. 88.



by an affecting story of a final separation inflicted by a cruel doom of law. The narration forms the first paper of an obsolete periodical work.\*

#### PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

The long-protracted gazings, the paleness, the tremblings, and the ghastly distorted faces, of the poor departing strugglers (who die with strong reluctance, and linger and lengthen out their last painful moment), would be a startling sight to those whose province it is to weigh with pity and deliberation, whether punishments more adequate, and more politic, than death, might not be awarded to the commission of crime.

One evening, very lately, all my neighbourhood, in Barbican, were in an uproar on a sudden; and I was disturbed in my meditations by the shrieking of a woman, the mixed cries of children, and a growing hum of concourse, that seemed close under my window. I threw aside my pipe, and, hastening to look out, saw the street entirely filled by a group of dismal faces, that had gathered themselves into a tumult about a house directly opposite, and appeared to be touched, as strongly as common natures are capable, with a mixture of surprise and sorrow. It seems, the husband of a laborious poor creature, who was mistress of this house, had been condemned at the county assizes, in one of the late circuits, for stealing a horse; and a letter had just now been delivered to his wife, which the criminal himself had written the very morning he was executed.

His relations and acquaintance had depended on a reprieve: for the man was universally beloved among his neighbours; and, though always very poor, and unfortunate in his dealings, had been of a sober disposition, remarkable for his industry, and never known before to have been guilty of the least dishonesty. He had six children alive, and the eldest but eight years old. His mother, who lived in the same little house, had been disabled by sickness for several months past: so that, perceiving it beyond his power to subsist his family any longer, and not daring to stay in town by reason of some debts he had contracted, he went down to try his friends, who lived in good circumstances in the country. But, instead of meeting with assistance, he

only spent in this journey all the little he had carried with him; and, not being able to support the thoughts of returning without bread to a family in such want of it, he rode away with a horse which he found tied to a gate; and, being pursued and overtaken, was tried, condemned, and hanged for it.

This history was loudly given me by the good women in the street; after which, I had the curiosity to press in among the crowd; and was struck at my first entrance by the most moving scene of sorrow that I ever remember to have met with. The widow had broken open her husband's letter, in transport, concluding that it brought her the confirmation of a reprieve, which a former had given her hopes of. But she was so shocked and overwhelmed by the sudden reverse, that her grief was a kind of madness. She sat on the floor without her head dress, and across her knees was an infant crying with great impatience for the breast it had been thrown from. Another slept in the cradle, close by a little bed, in which the grandmother sat weeping, bending forward in strong agony, and wringing her hands in silence. The four eldest children were gathered into a knot, and clung about the neck of their miserable mother, stamping, screaming, and kissing her, in a storm of distracted tenderness. The poor woman herself was in a condition past describing. She pressed the letter of her dead husband to her eyes!—her lips!—her bosom! She raved, and talked, and questioned him as if he had been present, and at every little interval, dried her tears with his letter; and cast a look upon the company, so wild, and so full of horror, that it cannot be conceived but by those who were witnesses of it.

As soon as she saw me there, she stretched out her hand, and made signs that I should read the letter: which I received from her accordingly; and going back to my lodging, with a resolution to send over some fitter person than myself to assist in the distresses of so disconsolate a family, I sat down and took a copy of it, because it moved me exceedingly.

“Dear loving Betty,

“It is now nine o'clock; and I must be fetched out by and by, and go to die before eleven. I shall see my poor Bess no more in this world; but if we meet one another again in the next, as I hope in God we shall, we may never part.

\* Plain Dealer, May 12, 1724, in Dr. Drake's Gleaner.

afterwards. Methinks, if I could but only once more look upon my good Betty before I die, though it should be but for a minute, and say a kind word to my fatherless children, that must starve now if God do not take care for them, I should go away with a good heart. And yet sometimes I fancy it is better as it is, for it would be sad to die afterwards; and I fear it would make me fainthearted, and I should be wishing that I might live to get you bread and clothes for your precious bodies. Sarah Taylor made my heart ache, when she told me that you had pawned away every thing, to make up that last fifty shillings that you sent me by Will Sanderson, who is now in the room with me, and sits down upon the straw that I laid on last night, and is weeping for me like a child. But God will make up all the money to you again, that you have let me have to no purpose. And I should be sorry that any unkind body should hit it in your teeth that I come to such an untimely bad end; for I thought as little of it as they do. But all the way as I walked up to London afoot, I could not help having a fancy in my head at every turn, that I saw my poor dear Betty, and my six helpless little ones, hanging upon me, and crying out bitterly that they had no bread to keep life in them, and begging me to buy them some; and so I thought that I would sell that horse, and make you believe that I got money of your sister Parker; but she was too sparing for that, and would never once look upon me. I pray to God to forgive her; and, if she would but be good to you when I am gone, God bless her. Loving Betty, remember me to my sorrowful mother, and tell her not to take on too much. And bid Richard and Harry take warning by my fall, if ever they come to be men: and for the poor girls, they are too young as yet to understand any thing you can say to them. God's goodness be your comfort! and, if you can, don't think about me, for it will make you only melancholy. I hope the old deputy will be kind to you, and help you to do somewhat. I am sorry I cannot write more, because my tears are come into my eyes. Little did I think of this dismal parting—Oh! 'tis very sad!—God bless you in this unhappy world, dear dear Betty

"From your unfortunate,  
"dying husband,  
"R. S."

I carried this letter with me to al

assembly, where it was universally agreed that there is a plain-hearted honesty very manifest in all parts of it; and a generous and manly sorrow, not arising so much from his own desire to live, as from a prospect of their wants whom his death was to leave destitute. Our clergyman in particular was greatly moved to compassion, and proposed a charitable collection to be sent to the poor widow, to which himself contributed first in a very liberal proportion.

He related to us afterwards an extraordinary dying speech, of a very different turn, which he heard made, when a student, by a house-breaker, who was hanged for murder and a robbery.

"Good people (said the criminal) since I am to serve you for a sight, the least you can do is to be civil to the man that entertains you. I ask nothing of you but the justice that is due to me. There are some meddling tongues, which I can hear among the crowd, very busy to incense you. Though it is true I have committed murder, yet I hope I am no murderer. The felony I really purposed, but my intention had no part in the death that I was guilty of. The deceased cried for help, and was so obstinate and clamorous, that I was under the necessity to kill him, or submit myself to be taken. And thus I argued in my mind: if murder him I shall get off; or, at worst, if I am taken my punishment will be no greater than if I spare him, and surrender: I can be but hanged for murder, and I must be hanged too for the house-breaking. This thought, good people, prevailed with me to shoot him; so that what you call murder was but self preservation. Now, that I should have died in this same manner, whether I had shot him or no, witness these two weak brothers here, who look as if they were already at the other end of their voyage, though they have not hoisted sail yet: one of these stole some bacon, and the other a wet shirt or two. The law must be certainly wiser than you are; and since that has been pleased to set our crimes on a level, be so civil, or compassionate, as to hold your silly tongues, and let me die without slander."

	h. m.
November 26.—Day breaks . . .	5 48
Sun rises . . .	7 50
— sets . . .	4 10
Twilight ends . . .	6 12

**November 27.**

November 27, 1621, the House of Lords sentenced John Blount to pillory, imprisonment, and labor for life, for counterfeiting a lord's protection. This was the first case of imprisonment beyond the session by the House of Lords. The first precedent for their infliction of fines appears about two years afterwards, when they sentenced one Morley to pay £1000, and condemned him to the pillory, for a libel on the lord keeper.\*

The following inscription is on a tombstone at Ivy church-yard in Kent.

[*Literal Copy.*]

*In Memory of*

Hannah Margaret,  
Daughter of Matthew and Hannah B——,  
who died Nov. 27th, 1827, aged 5 years.

Great his our greif,  
Great was her pain,  
Great his our loss,  
Great his her gain.

Also near this place lieth the Remains  
of two of their infants.

In Sevenoaks church-yard is the following

**EPITAPH.**

Grim Death took me without any warning,  
I was well at night and dead at nine in the  
morning.

	n. m.
November 27.—Day breaks . . .	5 49
Sun rises . . .	7 52
— sets . . .	4 8
Twilight ends . . .	6 11

**November 28.**

**OMENS.**

Omens and prognostications of things, Bourne says, "are still in the mouths of all, though only observed by the vulgar. In country places especially they are in great repute, and are the directors of several actions of life, being looked upon as presages of things future, or the determiners of present good or evil. He specifies several, and derives them with the greatest probability from the heathens, whose observation of these he deduces also from the practice of the Jews, with whom it was a custom to ask signs. He concludes all such observations at present to be sinful and diabolical.

\* Law Magazine, 1831, p. 3.

The following lines, are from "Wyther's Abuses stript and whipt," 1613:—

For worthless matters some are wondrous sad,  
Whom if I call not vaine I must terme mad  
If that their noses bleed some certain drops,  
And then again upon the suddain stops,  
Or, if the babbling foule we call a jay,  
A squirrell, or a hare, but cross their way,  
Or, if the salt fall toward them at table,  
Or any such like superstitious bable,  
Ther' mirth is spoild, because they held it  
true  
That someis mischance must thereupon ensue.—

Somniis, vibratione Palpebræ, Sortibus, Jactis, &c. ad quæ præsentia homines bardi stupent attoniti: inquisitores futurorum negligentes presentia.

Dr. Hickee, in a letter to Dr. Charlett, Master of University College, Oxford, dated Jan. 23, 1710-11, and preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, mentions "the Omens that happened at the Coronation of K. James the second, which," says he, "I saw: viz. the tottering of the Crown upon his head; the broken canopy over it; and the rent Flag hanging upon the white Tower when I came home from the Coronation. It was torn by the wind at the same time the signal was given to the Tower that he was crowned. I put no great stress upon these Omens, but I cannot despise them; most of them, I believe, come by chance, but some from superior intellectual agents, especially those which regard the fate of Kings and Nations."

Of this unfortunate Monarch his brother Charles II. is said to have prophesied as follows, with great success: the King said one day to Sir Richard Bulstrode, "I am weary of travelling, I am resolved to go abroad no more: but, when I am dead and gone, I know not what my brother will do; I am much afraid when he comes to the throne he will be obliged to travel again." Ibid. p. 51.

Gay, in his fable of the farmer's wife and the raven, thus ridicules some of our superstitious omens:

Why are those tears? why droops your head?  
Is then your other husband dead?  
Or does a worse disgrace betide?  
Hath no one since his death applied?  
  
Alas! you know the cause too well,  
The salt is spoilt, to me it fell,  
Then to contribute to my loss,  
My knife and fork were laid across,

\* Legal Observer, Feb. 5, 1831.

THE YEAR BOOK.—NOVEMBER 29, 30.

On Friday too! the day I dread!  
 Would I were safe at home in bed!  
 Last night (I vow to heav'n 'tis true)  
 Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.  
 Next post some fatal news shall tell!  
 God send my Corniah friends be well  
 That raven on you left-hand oak  
 (Curse on his ill-betiding croak),  
 Bodes me no good. No more she said,  
 When poor blind ball, with stumbling tread,

Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,  
 And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.  
 She, sprawling in the yellow road,  
 Rail'd, swore, and curst. Thou croaking toad,  
 A murrain take thy whoreason throat!  
 I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the raven, spare your oaths,  
 Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes;  
 But why on me those curses thrown?  
 Goody, the fault was all your own;  
 For, had you laid this brittle ware  
 On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,  
 Though all the ravens of the hundred  
 With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,  
 Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,  
 And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

	h.	m.
November 28.—Day breaks . .	5	50
Sun rises . .	7	53
— sets . .	4	7
Twilight ends .	6	10

**November 29.**

[For the Year Book.]

November 29, 1759, died at Keysoe, a village about nine miles from Bedford, aged seventy-three, William Dickins, whose life was distinguished by the following remarkable incident:—

Dickins was a bricklayer and mason. On the 17th of April, 1718, he was engaged in pointing the steeple of the church, and fell from the middle window of the spire (a height of 132 feet) over the south-west pinnacle. In his fall he struck the battlements with such force that his leg and foot were dreadfully fractured, and part of the stone work precipitated with him to the ground; he sustained so little injury in other respects that in the course of a few months from the period of his fall he was sufficiently recovered to be capable of re-ascending the steeple to finish his work, which he

accomplished, and lived for forty years afterwards in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. The chair in which he sat while engaged in pointing the steeple was securely suspended by a strong rope of four strands, yet it parted, as was supposed, through the rocking of the spire occasioned by the striking of the church-clock, but upon examining the rope it appeared that three of the four strands of which it was composed had been purposely cut through with a knife or some sharp instrument. Dickins had been in company with a person of the same business the evening before his disaster: and on the strength of the old proverb, "two of a trade seldom agree," suspicion arose that Dickins's rival had privily cut the rope.

He had been an unsuccessful candidate for the task which the parish authorities had assigned to Dickins in preference. That this suspicion was just never was satisfactorily proved, but an awful fact remains on record: the man who was presumed to have worked this secret revenge, having shortly afterwards finished erecting a stack of chimneys, ascended to the top of them to give (as is usual on such occasions) an exulting shout on the completion of this part of his building, when the work not being sufficiently dry gave way, and falling with him he was dashed to pieces. There is still to be seen in Keysoe church-yard an old stone, which formerly contained an inscription commemorative of the above remarkable circumstances, but now entirely obliterated by the ravages of time "that destroyeth all things."

**C. D. B.**

	h.	m.
November 29.—Day breaks . .	5	51
Sun rises . .	7	54
— sets . .	4	6
Twilight ends .	6	9

**November 30.**

ST. ANDREW.

This is the festival day of the patron saint of Scotland. There are particulars relating to it in the *Every-Day Book*.

November 30, 1793, died at Beaumaris William Lewis, Esq., of Llandisman, in

the act of drinking a cup of Welsh ale, containing about a wine quart, called a *tumbler maur*. He made it a rule, every morning of his life, to read so many chapters in the Bible, and in the evening to drink eight gallons of ale. It is calculated that in his life-time he must have drunk a sufficient quantity to float a seventy-four gun ship. His size was astonishing, and he weighed for y stone. Although he died in his parlour, it was found necessary to construct a machine in form of a crane, to lift his body on a carriage, and afterwards to have the machine in the church-yard to let him down into the grave. He went by the name of the king of Spain, and his family by the different titles of prince, infanta, &c.

SAILING FISH

November 30, 1822. Under this date there is the following account from Singapore in the Life of Sir Stamford Raffles,—“the only amusing discovery which we have recently made is that of a sailing fish, called by the natives *ikan layar*, of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a main sail, and often sails in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftmess. I have sent a set of the sails home, as they are beautifully cut, and form a model for a fast sailing boat—they are composed of the dorsal fins of the animal, and, when a shoal of these are under sail together, they are frequently mistaken for a fleet of native boats.”

EXERCISE AND RECREATION

The exercise which I recommend first is the exact use of their weapons, to guard and to strike safely with edge or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong and well in breath; is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which, being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts to them of true fortitude and patience, will turn into an active and heroic valor, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned; either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole of the symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties; which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions.—*Milton*.

	h. m.
November 30.—Day breaks	. 5 52
Sun rises	. 7 55
— sets	. 4 5
Twilight ends	. 6 8

Thus wears the month along, in checker'd moods,  
 Sunshine and shadows, tempests loud, and calms;  
 One hour dies silent o'er the sleepy woods,  
 The next wakes loud with unexpected storms;  
 A dreary nakedness the field deforms—  
 Yet many a rural sound, and rural sight,  
 Lives in the village still about the farms,  
 Where toil's rude uproar hums f'ou morn till night—  
 Noises in which the ears of Industry delight.

At length the stir of rural Labor's still,  
 And Industry her care awhile foregoes;  
 When Winter comes in earnest to fulfil  
 His yearly task, at bleak November's close,  
 And stops the plough, and hides the field in snows;  
 When frost locks up the stream in chill delay,  
 And mellows on the hedge the jetty sloes,  
 For little birds—then Toil hath time for play,  
 And nought but threshers' sails awake the dreary day.

Clare

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER.



DECEMBER.

Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth  
Makes room to give him welcome now,  
E'en want will dry its tears in mirth,  
And crown him with a holly bough;  
Though tramping 'neath a wintry sky,  
O'er snowy paths and rimy stiles  
The housewife sets her spinning by  
To bid him welcome with her smiles.

Each house is swept the day before,  
And windows stuck with ever-greens,  
The snow is besom'd from the door,  
And comfort crowns the cottage scenes.  
Gilt holly, with its thorny pricks,  
And yew and box, with berries small,  
These deck the unused candlesticks,  
And pictures hanging by the wall.

CLARE'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER.

Now is the season of dreariness and gloom. The sun rises late and sets early: his beams display not the vapors that reek up with intense cold. The dark days of Christmas end with falls of snow; and the frozen earth yields no sustenance to animals.

At night, bursts of revelry break forth from the illuminated mansions of the opulent. If we listen at the hovels of the destitute we may hear the low wailings of helplessness, and the cries of infancy.

Now come the advent, and celebration of the festival in memory of that great Birth Day which was proclaimed with "Glory to God in the highest! and on earth peace! good will towards men!" And the

rich "fare sumptuously every day"; an retire, sated with enjoyment, to couches of pleasure. In their vicinage are some who, at night-fall, huddle together for warmth, or creep with their famishing offspring to cheerless resting-places, and forget their misery until they awaken to it in the morning.

To shelter the houseless, clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, to avert the rigors of the season from the needy, and to make the poor man's heart leap for joy, is a recipe for a merry Christmas.

They whom "the day-spring from on high hath visited," especially know that to do unto others as we would be done unto is the bond of human brotherhood.

STANZAS.

[Original.]

Hard is the lot of cheerless poverty!  
 May none who read it, by experience know  
 That this is true—none ever feel like me  
 The sad extremes of hopeless grief and woe!  
 Harsh is perhaps my verse—can roses blow  
 Where no warm genial sunbeams ever shine?  
 Or polished numbers rich in music flow  
 From any breast so sad and seared as mine?  
 But ah! the thoughtless world will mock if I repine!

One flower—the primrose—from its chilly bed  
 Peeps lovely e'en while winter lingers round,  
 And not another dares to lift its head  
 Above the surface of the frozen ground:  
 Such may the beauty of my verse be found—  
 A wintry blossom—tho' not like the scene  
 Where all the beauties of the spring abound,  
 Except that lovely flower, so pale and mean,  
 Which sweetly spread its leaf when nought beside was seen.

But ah! 'tis spring with all the world but me!  
 In each poetic garden, richly fair,  
 Prolific nature's store of bounty see,  
 All but the primrose show their beauty there.  
 Those blooming beds the marks of culture bear;  
 And my poor wild-flower will but be despised.  
 Low tenant of the waste!—not worth the care  
 Of being thence transplanted; only prized  
 When Nature's lovely face is dreary and disguised.

Then let me wed thee to mine own sad heart:  
 Thou art my all, and I will treasure thee—  
 E'en wild and worthless, as perhaps thou art,  
 There is a charm in thy simplicity,  
 Sweetly enticing, tho' to none but me  
 And should I try to make the world admire,  
 And love thee too, contempt my fate would be.  
 While in cold critic blight must thou expire;  
 Or flowers of prouder bloom would shame thee to retire

## THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER.

Yet many a withering blast we've braved before  
And little sunshine serves to nourish thee,  
Thou art a winter blossom—I am poor—  
Go, let the world thy humble beauty see—  
Say thou art dear to suffering Poverty ;  
And then, if thou art trampled and despised,  
From man's contempt return again to me ;  
Still by my partial heart wilt thou be prized,  
E'en though to scorn thee too, perfidiously advised.

Can I the magic charms of song resign  
For ought the world accounts more worth its care ?  
Can ought so sweetly soothe this breast of mine,  
Or raise my hopes when drooping to despair ?  
E'en wealth and honours though they promise fair,  
Can no real pleasure to the mind impart !  
All those let avarice and ambition share ;  
But I cannot acquire their grovelling art,  
While Nature has such charms for my devoted heart

When all the vernal choirs their songs begin,  
As early spring peeps forth in new array ;  
Like them enamoured of the lovely scene,  
With imitative power I join the lay :  
When tuneful Phoebus gains his brightening way,  
Who can his powerful influence resist ?  
And as the year is waning fast away,  
An elegiac thought inspires my breast ;  
And late in wintry days are my own woes expressed !

A. B.

### ALIMENTARY CALENDAR.

Fish in season, during December, are turbot, skate, soles, mackarel (a small supply), haddock, cod, whiting, holiub, lampreys (chiefly for potting), lobsters, oysters, and other shell-fish.

The game, wild-fowl, and poultry of the month, are hares, partridges, pheasants, wild and tame rabbits, grouse, wild-ducks, widgeons, teal, plovers, woodcocks, snipes, larks, turkeys, capons, pullets, chickens, geese, and ducks.

Butcher's meat of various kinds is to be had in great perfection.

Towards the 20th of the month there is an annual prize show of cattle, near Smithfield ; and, afterwards, as a suitable sequel to the exhibition, a good dinner.

During the advance of Christmas, arrivals from the country, of poultry and game, become more frequent and abundant.

Large quantities of brawn come up, chiefly from Canterbury and Oxfordshire. It is manufactured from the flesh of large boars, which are suffered to live in a half wild state, and when put up to fatten, are strapped and belted tight round the prin-

cipal parts of the carcase, in order that the flesh may become dense and brawny. This article comes to market in rolls about two feet long, and ten inches in diameter, packed in wicker baskets. It is commonly vended by fishmongers and pastry-cooks, who, at this season, generally expose, along with it, a boar's head, with a lemon stuck between the tusks.

Christmas week is a season of festivity among all ranks of people. The middling classes, who are for the most part immersed in the cares of business throughout the year, welcome and celebrate it as a period of holiday enjoyment ; while, at the tables of the rich, the refinements of foreign invention are for once superseded by the simpler products of old English cookery, roast beef and plum-pudding, turkeys and chines, ham and fowls, capons and sausages, saddles and haunches of mutton ; with a profusion of custards and pies, and, among them that characteristic luxury the mince-pie.

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Charles Small Pybus, esq., author of  
"The Sovereign (a poem): dedicated to



THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 1.

His Imperial Majesty of all the Russias," sumptuously printed in folio, by Bunsley, is reputed to be the author of "The Mince Pye; an heroic epistle"—from the same splendid press—dedicated "to a plum-pudding," and commencing with these lines,

Oh king of Cates, whose pastry bounded reign  
Is felt and own'd o'er pastry's wide domain !  
Whom greater gluttons own their sov'reign  
lord,

Than ever bow'd beneath the dubbing sword ;  
Than ever heard the famous bell of Bow,  
Or gas'd with transport on a lord mayor's  
show !

Say, can the spices from the eastern grove,  
The fragrant cinnamon, the dusky clove,  
The strength of all the aromatic train  
That careful Dutchmen waft across the main,  
The pastry frontier, the embattled crust,  
Moulded with butter and the mealy dust,  
The taper rolling-pin that, white and round,  
Rolls o'er the dresser with a thund'ring sound:  
Can apples, currants, raisins, all combin'd  
Make a mince-pye delight the taste refin'd,  
Command the praises of the pamper'd guest  
Or court the palate with a genuine seat ?  
No ; none of these the appetite can crown,  
Or smooth the hungry aldermanic frown ;  
Weak in themselves alone, their tastes dis-  
pense

Fallacious seemings to the outward sense :  
Their truest influence depends on this :  
Are these the objects of a glutton's bliss ?  
But happy they, thrice happy, who possess  
The art to mix these sweets with due address,  
Delight in pastry, temper well the crust,  
And hold the rolling-pin a sacred trust ;  
Not in the tyrant's persecuting mood,  
But as a graceful instrument of good.  
Where shall the cook discern so sure a way  
To give mince-pies an universal sway ?  
For when the sweets, combin'd with happy  
skill,

The light puff-paste with meat delicious fill,  
Like Albion's rich plum-pudding, famous  
grown,

The mince-pye reigns in realms beyond his  
own :

Through foreign latitudes his pow'r extends,  
And only terminates where eating ends :  
Blest Epicures from ev'ry climate pour  
Their gustful praise, his cumulating store,  
Improv'd in sweets and spices, hourly draws  
The countless tribute of a world's applause.  
Hail then, exalted pye, whose high renown  
Danes, Dutchmen, Russians, with applauses  
crown !

Sov'reign of Cates, all hail ! nor thou refuse  
This cordial off'ring from an English muse.  
Who pours the brandy in libation free,  
And finds plum-pudding realiz'd in thee.—  
Chaunts the high hymn to themes that far  
surpass

The luxuries of honour'd Mrs. Glasse.

KITCHEN GARDEN DIRECTORY.

Very little can be done in the garden, in December, yet advantage may be taken of open seasons, to sow a few early frames of Charlton peas, beans, and radishes; they must be protected with long litter, or fern-leaves. Earth up peas, beans, brocoli, &c., and proceed, generally, as directed in November and January.

The Author of Nature has given to every thing which his power has created, peculiar properties; by a knowledge of, and attention to which, alone, we are able to bring any thing to perfection, or to the approach of it. To the vegetable world he has given its peculiarities, and, in the cultivation thereof, we attend to the diversities of each particular species of plant, never failing to give it, as far as our knowledge and ability enable us to do so, the soil, situation, and temperature, that it requires; well knowing that it would be vain and foolish to attempt to make it accommodate itself to any soil, situation, or temperature, which we should choose to prefer. Human beings only require to be treated as we treat plants.—*The Social System*, by John Gray, 1831.

December 1.

AN ALPHABET FOR BEGINNERS, ON THE  
BEGINNING OF EACH MONTH.

- Above all rules observe this—Honesty is the best Policy.  
Be just to others, that you may be just to yourself.  
Cut your coat according to your cloth.  
Desperate cuts must have desperate cures.  
Enough is as good as a feast.  
Fair and softly go sure and far.  
Gentility, without ability, is worse than beggary.  
Half a loaf is better than no bread  
Idle folks take the most pains.  
Jokes are as bad coin to all but the jocular.  
Keep your business and conscience well and they will keep you well.  
Live and let live; that is, do as you would be done by.  
Misunderstandings are best prevented by pen and ink.  
Never take credit; and, as much as possible, avoid giving it.  
Out of debt out of danger.

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 2.

P assion will master you, if you do not master your passion.  
 Q uick at meat, quick at work.  
 R evenge a wrong by forgiving it.  
 S hort reckonings make long friends.  
 T he early bird catcheth the worm.  
 V enture not all you have at once.  
 U nmannerliness is not so impolite as overpoliteness.  
 W ade not in unknown waters.  
 'X amine your accounts and your conduct every night.  
 Y ou may find your worst enemy, or best friend, in yourself.  
 Z ealously keep down little expenses, and you will not incur large ones.

	h. m.
December 1.—Day breaks . . .	5 53
Sun rises . . .	7 56
— sets . . .	4 4
Twilight ends . . .	6 7

December 2.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

On the 2nd of December, 1784, Mr. William Hutton, of Birmingham, arrived in London, upon a subpoena, to give evidence upon a trial in the court of king's bench. He paid a visit to St. James's palace, and his account is characteristic of himself and the place.

Mr. Hutton says, "This place has more the appearance of a prison than a palace. It is ancient, low, extensive, dark, and abounds with irregular chimneys. My chief view was to see the head of a family which has long had my best wishes. The pleasure-grounds, which form the park, are extremely delightful, and well furnished with live stock.

"In the first room I entered, were placed in order a great number of arms. I seem, says I, to be arrived upon peaceable ground, for these arms appear out of use, by the dust upon them. 'They are cleaned, sir, once in two years.' Then I suppose the two years are nearly expired? A smile was the answer. I passed through two or three other apartments, when a gentleman approached me.—'Sir, it is not customary for any person to appear in the king's court with his hat on.' I beg pardon, sir; I was so attentive to the objects before me, I forgot I had one. In the grand council room I was indulged, like other children, with the chair of state. The chandeliers and girandoles were of silver; rather

heavy, and not very elegant; and though the furniture was rich, not too rich for a sovereign prince. In one of the apartments I was regaled, though a stranger, with a fricassee and a jelly. The good lady, whilst spreading the napkin on the table, which had twenty holes, uttered, with half a smile and half a sigh, 'poor George!' The napkin, however, was clean, which is more than can be said of every thing under that spacious roof. If some frugal housewife should ask why the holes were not mended,—she may be answered, people are not apt to mend at St. James's. Moving up St. James's-street, my curiosity was excited by seeing a dozen sedan chairs standing together, and the chairmen waiting. I concluded it must be the residence of a nobleman, and the lady of the mansion then held her evening rout. Upon enquiry, I was told 'it was the prince of \_\_\_\_\_'s gaming-house.' And so in this house, then, he learns to conduct *the kings*. Pray is there another, where he learns to conduct *the people*?"

THE BANK.

Afterwards Mr. Hutton went to the bank, upon which he observed "The money-changers who resort to this temple are of two kinds, those who want, and those who abound. The influence of the bank is not limited to trade. One of their notes, which is value without weight, in the hands of a lover, would soften the obdurate heart of his mistress; would roll the gilt chariot, and furnish six footmen in livery; preserve a grove from the axe, whose master was duped by the sharper; make one man forget his friends, and another himself. It will purchase a good benefice, and spoil a good preacher; remove our present wants, and open a way to greater. It will not, however, as Solomon says of money, buy all things; it cannot furnish wisdom to line the inside of a head, nor change one grey hair without. A private sailor, belonging to a ship which was paid off in 1782, having received his arrears, threw two ten pound bank notes into the sea, near Bristol, in each of which he had wrapped a guinea to make it sink. One of my friends had this authentic history of the sailor's folly from the captain himself, who, whilst they were in conversation together, saw the very man in the street at Bristol. 'Join,' says the captain, 'do you remember

making shipwreck of the bank notes, and feeding the sea with guineas?' 'Yes, sir.—half ashamed. 'Did you ever repent it?' 'I have since wanted the money.' Perhaps without pity."

#### LONDON STONE.

A few minutes' walk from the bank took Mr. Hutton to London stone. He says, "There are situations, justifiable in themselves, in which a man may be ashamed to be found. Every man acts in private what he ridicules in public. The error only consists in the discovery. It is not possible for the antiquary to pass by, unnoticed, so extraordinary an object as London stone. It is not possible to find out its precise meaning. The small information received from history, and the smaller from tradition, prove its great antiquity. This curiosity is as little regarded as known. The numerous crowd of passengers take less notice of this stone than of those upon which they tread. My enquiries were answered with a supercilious smile, and all the intelligence I could gain was, 'It is a place of rest for the porter's burden.' I was utterly at a loss, while I attentively examined this antique, how to face that world who considered it beneath their notice; and, instead of considering me in the same light, which I wished, might ridicule me for my attention. When a man looks ridiculous in his own eyes, it is no wonder he looks so in those of others. This stone appears of a marble texture; near four feet high, two broad, and one thick. An ornament at the top is broken off. In the front is an oval aperture, or recess, two feet long, at the bottom of which is a broken fragment, which has supported, perhaps, an urn, or image, expressive of the original design. Time seems to have destroyed the lower part of the oval, and art has supplied the place with a patch.—One of the four Pretorian roads called Watling-street rises near Dover, and proceeds north-west in a direct line to the Irish sea, near Chester. I know no town it originally passed through, except London.

'Thilke way by mony town doth wende,'  
*Robert of Gloucester.*

and here it penetrated the very centre of the city, as it then appeared: in this street the stone stood, and now stands. Part of the street retains its original name

of Watling-street; another has acquired the appellation of Cannon-street; another of East-cheap, &c. Thus the Romans improved the city, caused their grand road to pass through its centre, and placed their golden stone in the road, from which they took their measurements in every direction.—When the famous Jack Cade approached the city, in 1450, as he marched by London stone, he struck it with his sword, and exclaimed, *Now is Mortimer lord of this city*: the only sentence of intelligence that ever escaped him, and seems to have been uttered in an ecstasy of joy at the prospect of success. This circumstance, although forgotten by our historians, is a convincing proof that Richard, duke of York, was the instigator of that rebellion."

According to Mr. King, in his *Monumenta Antiqua*, this stone, preserved with reverential care through so many ages, and now having its top incased within another stone, in Cannon-street, was deemed a record of the highest antiquity, of some still more important kind; though we are at present unacquainted with the original intent and purport for which it was placed. It is fixed, at present, close under the south wall of St. Swithin's church; but was formerly a little nearer the channel, facing the same place; which seems to prove its having had some more ancient and peculiar designation than that of having been a Roman milliare; even if it were ever used for that purpose afterwards. It was fixed deep in the ground, and is mentioned so early as the time of Ethelstan, king of the west Saxons, without any particular reference to its having been considered as a Roman milliare stone. Sir Christopher Wren, in consequence of the depth and largeness of its foundation, was convinced that it must have been some more considerable monument than a mere milliare stone. In Pasquill and Marfarius, 1589, we read, "Set up this bill at London stone.—Let it be doonee sollemnly, with drom and trumpet, and looke you advance my cullours on the top of the steeple right over against it." Also, "If it please them these dark winter nights, to sticke uppe their papers uppon London stone."—Hence we gather that it was customary to affix papers against this stone, as an official place for public reading

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 3.

	h. m.
December 2.—Day breaks . . .	5 54
Sun rises . . .	7 57
— sets . . .	4 3
Twilight ends . . .	6 6

**December 3.**

**THE BOAR'S HEAD, EASTCHEAP.**

Yesterday we left Mr Hutton at London stone; to-day we will follow him thence to the Boar's Head. He says, "History informs us of the jovial life Henry V. led with his companions, while prince of Wales. Shakspeare justly places the scene of action at the Blue Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, and Goldsmith has a whole essay on the subject. Perhaps no character ever gave so much pleasure to the world, as that extensive composition of sack, flesh, and wit, drawn by Shakspeare, under the name of sir John Falstaff. Though the sack and the flesh are dead, the wit is consigned to immortality by our bard; and, we are told, the room, the seats, the chimney-piece, &c., are the very same now, as when Hal and Co. got drunk together. I could not omit a sight of this remarkable place; but, upon my approach to Eastcheap, the inhabitants were fled, the house shut up, and instead of an half timber building, with one story projecting over the other, as I expected, the edifice was modern, with a date in the front of 1668. I immediately concluded the old house was burnt down by the great fire, that tradition and Goldsmith had misinformed me, and that farther researches were vain. On each side of the door-way is a vine-branch, carved in wood, rising more than three feet from the ground, loaded with leaves and clusters; and on the top of each a little Falstaff, eight inches high, in the dress of his day; such as is seen at Covent garden, by his faithful representative, Henderson. This induced me to prosecute my enquiry. If I enter a butcher's shop, he gives me a welcome look. The sale of a joint of meat enters the fine nerves of his brain, and the profit enters his pocket; and all this is transacted before I can open my mouth. But when I ask a frivolous question, I immediately turn a dead customer upon his hands, and he turns sour upon mine. A man is more or less acceptable, according to the errand on which he comes. I soon found I was the greatest piece of lumber

in his shop. There is such a thing as imperceptibly worming a person into good humour, unobserved by himself.—When this was accomplished, he informed me that the place was sold by auction, three weeks before, at Garraway's coffee-house; that the purchaser was a stranger, and had the keys; that a sight could not be obtained; and that if he was master of the spot, he would directly chop off, as useless trumpery, the vine branches that sprouted from the door; that there was nothing worth seeing within; but that he himself was possessed of a snuff box, the painting of which represented every thing in the world. But as every thing in the world was too much for one man to see, and as I had never read that sir John took snuff, I did not express a desire to see it. There is a pleasure in meeting with a person whose sentiments coincide with one's own. It is a positive proof we are not singular, and a presumptive one we are right. This was not my lot. The taste of my friend, the butcher, happening not to extend beyond the meat in his shop.—I made many visits to the Blue Boar's Head, and as many applications to the neighbours; but there is nothing more difficult than to find out a curiosity which depends upon others, and which nobody regards. With some trouble I procured a sight of the back buildings. I found them in that ancient state, which convinced me that tradition, Shakspeare, and Goldsmith, were right; and could I have gained admission into the premises of mine hostess, Mrs. Quickly, I should certainly have drank a cup of sack in memory of the bulky knight"

**THE TOWER.—THE REGALIA.**

We will follow Mr. Hutton to the Tower. He calls it "The dread of offenders. The place which many wish to see, but few to reside in. Here are sights to gratify all, except him who has no power to depart. A magazine of terror, of riches, and of destruction." He says, "I longed for a sight of this important place in 1749, when I visited London, but knew not how to obtain it. I therefore joined a youth, who told me he had business in the tower, in hopes of gaining admission under his wing; but my Derbyshire dialect quickly brought the warders out of their lodge; who, on seeing the dust abound on my shoes, wisely concluded that money could not abound in

n.y pocket, and, with the voice of authority, ordered me back. Observing vast quantities of cordage for shipping, lie in the open air, I expressed my surprise that such valuable property, which might be suddenly wanted, should be suffered to fall a prey to the weather? It is customary, says the warder, who conducted me, for cordage to remain here till rotten, when it is sold for a trifle, and then the place is supplied with more, which quickly follows the same way.

Mr. Hutton's account of his seeing the armoury is interesting; but his sight of the regalia is better. "My conductor led me to a door in an obscure corner, and rang a bell. After waiting a short time, another door on our left flew open, and we entered a dismal hole, resembling the cell of the condemned. Two wretched candles, just lighted up, added to the gloom. By these dull tapers, which made 'darkness visible,' the room appeared about twelve feet square, divided in the centre by iron pallsades, which extended to the ceiling. The lady of this dark mansion stood on one side, the warder and I on the other. She opened a small press, and in that tone of voice universally adopted by rare showmen, observed, 'This is the imperial crown of England, with which all the kings have been crowned, from Edward the confessor, in 1042'. Permit me to take that important bauble in my hand. It retains the same wonderful powers as the chair in Westminster Abbey. These two partners in royalty inspire one with the same thoughts, though their materials differ. They are above the price of purchase, and are only transferable by the sword. To possess this crown, William the first overthrew a mighty empire; Henry, his son, seized it from the owner, who was his brother and his sovereign, and kept him prisoner for life. For this, Stephen broke his promises and his oaths, and John murdered his nephew. Henry IV. threw down the mounds of justice, and opened a way to destruction. It preserved the life of a father, and occasioned the death of his son; the head of Henry V. would have been cleft at Agincourt, if it had not been covered with the crown; and his son, Henry VI. was stabbed in the tower, by Richard III., because he wore it. Warwick sacrificed his all in trying to set it upon the head of another, and Oliver, upon his own. This shining trifle became an issue of blood, in the contest between the two houses of York and Lancaster,

which could not be stopped but for thirty years, by which a hundred thousand people lost their lives, and half the families in the kingdom were ruined. It induced Richard III. to murder his nephews under this very roof; and Henry VII. to stain his character with the death of Edward Plantagenet. It caused the suspicious Elizabeth to cut off Mary, queen of Scots. James I. was so dazzled with its glory, that he verily thought all wisdom, power, and excellence, shone in these diamonds. It adhered so closely to the head of Charles I., that, in trying to preserve one, he lost both. This, Cromwell valued more than his religion, and James II. less. Nay, even Charles II., the most sensible of his family, was much inclined to think the crown could deprive every man of liberty, but the wearer. William III. declared he would not hold it by apron-strings, and, to regain this lost trifle, the unfortunate house of Stuart struggled for three score years.—Here, take again the object of ambition, and the cause of butchery." After seeing other portions of the coronation, he addressed the attendant. "And am I debarred, madam, entering your dark treasury, because squire Blood stole the crown in the reign of Charles II.?" "Yes." Mr. Hutton, after having seen other valuables, observed, "You seem possessed of variety of antique plate, some in large dishes, in the filligree taste." "Yes, sir, but I do not know their history." "And pray what may be the value of your curious little toy-shop?" "About six millions."—"The warder bowed, which simply meant, we have done. I told him there were many things I wished to see, such as the chapel, where lay interred some eminent persons I named, who had fallen on tower-hill. The altar, from whence Simon Sudbury, archbishop of Canterbury, was torn by the multitude, under Wat Tyler, who dragged him to tower-hill, where they hacked off his head at eight strokes. The prisons, where some great characters I mentioned had been confined; and the White Tower, which contained a vast number of curiosities. He answered 'admission cannot be obtained.' He took me, however, into two or three rooms, in the warder's apartments, in which some persons had been confined; but they were not of eminence sufficient to excite notice. At my departure the warders desired me to enter my name, and place of abode, in their lodge-book, for which they produced an order of the mrlieutenant."



OLD CHAPEL, WHITTLESFORD BRIDGE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

A VISIT TO WHITTLESFORD BRIDGE.

[For the Year Book.]

When business from day to day, and from week to week, affords but few opportunities to leave home, and an opportunity *does* come, what imaginings of pleasure crowd our fancy ere we start for a day's holiday.

In the autumn of the year, my young friend S. T. and I joyfully wended our way by "babbling brooks," over green hills and valleys, where far-spreading groves and luxuriant corn-fields spread pleasant prospects, until we reached Whittlesford-bridge, where the turnpike-house, and another make,

A homely picture of a place,  
Where rustic labour plies its honest toil,  
And gains a competence.

The bridge is a neat structure of red brick, bestriding a branch of the classic Cam, which rises in Essex, and feeds several oil, paper, and flour mills, erected on its line to Cambridge, near which place it unites with a stream which rises near Ashwell in Hertfordshire. About a urlong west from the bridge, to the left of the road, stands a public-house,

"Where the *Red Lion* staring o'er the way,  
Invites each passing stranger that can pay."

This "house of entertainment," though it stands in the parish of Duxford St. John, takes its name from its contiguity to "Whittlesford-bridge," and presents for a sign a striking likeness of a red lion (rampant,) bearing date

17 H. T. 63.

The initials H. T. we were informed were those of the late landlord, "Hamond Turtle," which, if I may be allowed a pun, seemed to bespeak the accommodation the house afforded—ham and turtle.

To *pus* is human ; to forgive it—*fine* !

Over the door we found the name of the present landlord, "Thomas Holiday ;" the surname seeming so very appropriate to *our* holiday, and the words that follow it, "good accommodation," were so inviting, that we instantly entered. We were shown into the best parlour, and, calling for a glass of "the best" to nourish our hearts, "mine host" made his appearance, who seemed, to use the words of old Spenser,

—A franklin faire and free,  
That entertains with comely courteous gle-

We examined him upon interrogatories, and he good-naturedly told us all he had heard about the antiquity of the place. He informed us that a few years back, when making some alterations, a stone was discovered bearing date A. D. 1006.\* We visited the right hand room, where the every-day guests are entertained, in the centre of which stands a large oak table, black with age, and most curiously carved with "cunning workmanship." Our host assured us it was formerly the communion table belonging to "the chapel." Of course we endeavoured to believe him, and were next directed to view the ceiling of this room, the beams of which are composed of massive oak, nearly the color of ebony, and beautifully carved and adorned. The door of this room is of the same material, and thickly studded with nails. "This door," said mine host, "belonged to the chapel," we could not negative the assertion—so let that pass. Having heard of "the king's room," we naturally wished to see it, and my young friend S. T. just popped the question to "the maid of the inn;" she told us that room was up stairs, but "the lady of the bar" was not at home, and we were forced to depart without a peep at the royal chamber. At the back of the house is a kind of rude arcade, leading from the old room and the best parlor to the cellars. My friend was seized with a sudden frenzy for exploring, and we descended into the place of spirits, but saw no beckoning ghost to tell of by gone days and departed beings. Strength and durability were manifested by thick walls, and roofs of ponderous oak, embellished with carved foliage, similar to the ceiling in the drinking-room. Ascending to the yard, I looked for the old font, which I remember to have seen placed by the pump, when I "went with my satchel to school." It was gone, but fragments of some carved stones lying in the yard were in all probability the remains of it. We now bent our way to "the chapel," a sketch of which has been since kindly presented to me by a gentleman who has "an eye for the picturesque." It has never been engraved, but I hope that favor may be bestowed on it for the *Year Book*. The chapel is an old edifice despoiled by Time, who has journeyed on without leaving any record, save oral

\* [A date not to be doubted of in the presence of the landlord.—W. H.]

(that I know of) of what it was. Its form is an oblong square, sixty-one feet in length, and sixteen feet wide, supported by piers or abutments. It appears to have once possessed a neatness and simplicity becoming

"—a place charm'd from the power of ill,  
By sainted words of old:—so lovely, lone, and still."

The basement of the building is partly composed of pebbles and stone: the roof is thatched, and now used as a barn; and through a gable or porch near the west end is the entrance for waggons and carts. It was just then filled with corn from the field, and we expressed disappointment at not being able to see much of the interior, but our host of the red lion said with a smile, "it was never filled better." I remember to have seen niches in the side walls near the east end, and the appearance then was better than might be expected from the dilapidated state of the exterior; but whether this ancient rejic was "the school of divine philosophy, the residence of virtue, the abode of chastity" is to me unknown: yet

"La sainte recueilment la paisible innocence  
Sembler de ces lieux habiter le silence."

The west end is bricked up entirely, and appears of no very ancient date; and, from a foundation which was discovered some years ago, it may be presumed the chapel once joined the house, which was probably the refectory. I said as much to our landlord of the red lion, and he replied "Certainly! I have no doubt about it." The north and south side have each three corresponding windows; at the east end was a large window vaulted with stone, but the spandrels and mullions are destroyed, and the whole is blocked up. A little paddock at the east end of the chapel, now used as a drove for cattle, is supposed to have been the ancient burial place, as many human bones have from time to time been there dug up, the remains perhaps of devotees, of whom there is no other vestige, and certainly no "storied urn," no mural tablet, or memorial dear,

"To implore the passing tribute of a sigh."

Since writing the foregoing, a friend informs me this religious house was formerly under the government of a prior, subject to the bishops of Ely, and that it possessed an estate of upwards of thirty acres of land, and the water-mill at Duxford,

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 4.

besides the right of holding a fair, which was kept in the reign of Edward I. The property now belongs to lord Farnborough, and is situate about nine miles from Cambridge, on the high road leading from Royston to Bournbridge, and one mile north-east from Duxford.

	T. N.	
	h.	m.
December 3.—Day breaks . . .	5	54
Sun rises . . .	7	58
— sets . . .	4	2
Twilight ends . . .	6	6

**December 4.**

December 4, 1820, Mr. Samuel Rouseau died in distressed circumstances. He had served an apprenticeship in the office of Mr. John Nichols, the printer, where he taught himself several oriental languages, and acquired much learned knowledge. After going into business on his own account, he printed a "Dictionary of Mohammedan laws, Bengal revenue terms, Shanscrit, Hindoo, and other words used in the East Indies, compiled by himself," with other works on oriental literature of his own production. His researches distracted his attention from the "main chance:" he lost it too late in life to regain it; suffered much mental affliction under great privations; and perished in obscurity from want.

THE LONELY FUNERAL.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON OF GLASGOW.

'Twas at the sullen gloamin'  
Of a brief and wintry day,  
I saw a woman coming,  
As from a weary way.

And heavily she moved along  
The thickly mired street,  
And there seemed none among the throng  
The way-farer to greet!

A tattered cloak hung o'er her,  
So thin you might see through,  
Yet more wan and thin, and poorer,  
Were the features no one knew!

Yet, perhaps, she had been fair to see,  
At least she had been glad,  
And had won the smile of courtesy,  
Yet now was scarcely clad!

A little boy did grasp the rags,  
So like unto his own,  
To keep him on the slippery flags,  
While heedless men pushed on.

And aye up to his mother's orow,  
O'er which a remnant hung,

That told he was an orphan now,  
He turned him as he clung;  
And scobbed in cold and weariness;  
And I heard him weeping say,  
With an old-aged voice of dreariness,  
"Is it, Mammy, far away!"

I knew not what the question meant,  
But afterwards I found,  
'Twas one with a deep interest in't  
To every thing around!

The wearied widow then did stoop,  
And panting raised her knee,  
On which, beneath her thin cloak's droop,  
A burden she leant heavily.

"O! Mammy, let me carry her,  
As I was used to do!"  
Why did not I then tarry here  
I mourn—but never knew.

For, hastening on, 'twas not till night  
Had almost hid the sky,  
That, as the church-yard warders ligh  
I hurriedly passed by,

I saw, by its cold lonely beam,  
A shivering woman stand,  
And—it came o'er me like a dream—  
The boy was in her hand.

The very boy that I had heard  
That question ask, which may—  
Which must—by you and I preferred.  
Find answer some sad day,

"Is't far away?"—'Twas then the grave,  
So soon he sought if near,  
Is't far away—O! who so brave  
May ask without a fear!

And there the mother, wan and wild  
Her cloak the only pall!  
Had borne alone the coffin'd child,  
Beside the boy—her all!

No funeral train of cake-fed guests,  
No hireling mourners near:  
Alone the widow kneeling rests  
Above the little bier!

And waits till o'er the hallowed ground  
Is heard the watchman's tread;  
She would not that her babe were found  
But with the untouched dead!

It is not "pomp" alone that needs  
To know what wretches know;  
Our fellow ranks, how oft their deads  
A heart of iron show.

Else had not this poor lonely one  
A second travail known,  
For that she bore to life—and borne  
Her to the grave alone!

	h. m.	
December 4.—Day breaks . . .	5	55
Sun rises . . .	7	59
— sets . . .	4	1
Twilight ends . . .	6	5



**December 5.**

**ADVENT IN NORMANDY.**

A very singular spectacle presents itself to the stranger who, unacquainted with the customs of the country, finds himself alone, among the corn fields and pastures of the department of the Eure-et-Loire. On every side he can discover nothing but fire and flames running over the fields, and every now and then he hears a certain shrill but modulated noise. This phantasmagoria, which at first astonishes and even alarms him, arises from the practice of a very ancient custom, still in use in this country, and in certain cantons of Normandy. Every farmer fixes upon some day in advent for the purpose of exorcising such animals as prove injurious to his crops, and for this purpose he furnishes his youngest children with a prepared flambeaux, well dried in the oven, and provided with combustible materials. If he have no children his neighbours lend him theirs, for none but young and innocent children can command certain injurious animals to withdraw from his lands. After twelve years of age children are rendered unfit to perform the office of exorcists. These young children run over the country like so many little spirits, set fire to bundles of hay placed there for the purpose, go under the trees, and flourish their torches among the branches, burn the straw placed underneath, and continually cry out—

Taupes, cherrilles, et mulots,  
Sortez, sortez, de mon clas,  
Ouje vous brule la barbe et les os.  
Arbres, arbrisseaux,  
Donnez-moi des pomes a miriot.

"Mice, caterpillars, and moles, get out, get out of my field; I will burn your beard and your bones: trees and shrubs give me three bushels of apples."

Many farmers, says M. Cochin, have given up this custom; but it is remarked that they have more vermin in their ground than those who follow it. The reason, however, is evident; it is quite true that fire and smoke will destroy the eggs of the caterpillar; but as to the mice and moles, I must confess, says M. Cochin, I have discovered no convincing proof of the power of our young exorcists; the good people of the country, however, believe the remedy infallible, and this must surely satisfy the most incredulous! Many accidents might be

supposed to arise from this lawless assembly of juvenile torch-bearers, scattering their flames around them on every side; but there is a remedy for all dangers; this fire never burns or injures any thing but the vermin against which it is directed:—such, at least, is the belief of the simple folks who inhabit the department of the Eure-et-Loire.\*

**UNHEARD OF CURIOSITIES.**

[To Mr. Hone.]

June 2, 1831.

The following are a few more extracts from the old book which I quoted at p. 491 of the *Year Book*.

The eyes and the heart of a nightingale laid about men in bed keep them awake. To make one die for sleep—if any one dissolve them, and give them secretly to any one in drink, he will never sleep, but will so die, and it admits not of cure. If you sew a little of the bones of the fish Remora in a horse's hide, and have it with you when you take shipping, the ship will not budge in the water at hoisting sail, unless what is put there be taken away, or you go out of the ship. The origin of quails here following is curious: a quail is a bird known to all, yet its nature is not easily known; for there is one thing concerning this unknown. For, when there are great storms upon the coasts of Lybia Deserta, the sea casts up great tunnies upon the shore, and these breed worms for fourteen dayes, and grow to be as big as flies, then as locusts, which, being augmented in bigness, become birds, called quails. For illusion; dissolve the eyes of a quail, or of the sea-tench, with a little water in a glass vessel for seven dayes, then add a little oyl: put a little of this in the candle, or only anoint a rag, and light among the company, and they will look upon themselves like devils on fire, so that every one will run his way. In the sardonix stone engrave a quail, and under its feet a sea-tench, and put a little of the aforesaid confection under the stone in the hollow of the ring; and, when you are willing to be seen, anoint your face all over with the aforesaid confection, and wear the ring, and no man shall see you if you do any thing in the house, no, not if you should take any thing away that is in the house. The following receipt is one of

\* Time's Telescope, 1828.

the most curious in the book:—"If one put the head of a fresh herring upon the coals to fumigate, and he get upon the house in the night, he will think *that all the stars run into one*. And if any one at the full moon shall put the head into a fry fig, and shall lay it on the fire when the air is still, *he will see the orb of the moon as big as half of heaven*. And if you powder the stone pyrites, and in like manner lay it on, there will be thunder and lightning. And if you also lay on earth, which fell from an house upon a man, there will be an earthquake in the place. If one make a dry powder of the skin of a crocodile burnt, and shall strew it upon a limb that is to be cut or burnt, whatever is to be cut or burnt, it will be without pain. If any one stab a crocodile, and anoint himself with it, whatsoever wounds or blows he receives, he will not at all feel them. A wolf's a savage crafty animal; if any one, therefore, drink his blood, he will go mad, and can never more be cured; its right eye carried privately about one performs great things, for all four-footed creatures, wild and tame, will fly from the bearer; and he will pass through the midst of his enemies, and no man will touch him. It also enables a man to conquer in every cause; it puts away all phantoms; it also expels all fits of agues; and *a sheep will never tread upon the skin of a wolf*. Also the eye of a wolf, and the first joint of his tail, carried in a golden vessel, will make the bearer powerful, and glorious, and honourable, and rich, and acceptable."

In the Old Testament Apochrypha, in the sixth chapter of the book of Tobit, is an account of the virtues of a fish used medicinally as a cure for the eyes; now Kirani so far explains the Apochrypha as to tell us, the heart, the liver, and the gall, of what fish it is that does these things, which, by perusing the annexed receipts, will be found to have been a bass. The following are the ingredients used in preparing it:—Lingurius is a stone about the hills Lingui, thence so called; but some say it is the gum of the poplar tree. Lynx is a bird which is called gyps or a vulture. Labrax is a sea-fish, called a bass, known to all. Of these a soft eye-salve is made for all dimness of the eyes, so that in three days it makes the sight sharp. It is good for the beginning of a suffusion, a cataract, turning back of the eyelid, roughness, distonia of the pupilla, owl-sightedness,

watrinness, itching, lrinness, falling away of the hairs of the eye-lids, eating away of the corners of the eyes, and for many other diseases. Anointing with it is excellent good for all these things, and this is the confection of it:—Of olibanum four oz., lapis lingurius two oz., vulture's gall four oz., liver of a bass three oz., the best honey six oz., when this is old, it is better. But Kirani's eye-salve was thus: of olibanum six oz., gall of a bass, gall of a vulture, each six oz., pepper three oz., honey without dross three oz.

With the following clear description of a charm I shall conclude my extracts. Ydros is a water snake, living much in the fields, and frequently swimming upon the water in ponds, erecting its breast; this has a stone in its head; if any catch the serpent alive, he will find the stone, if he charm it, it will vomit up the stone. Hang up, I say, the serpent alive, and suffumigate it with laurel, conjuring it in this manner. By him who created thee, to whom that cloven tongue of thine does often devoutly pray, if thou wilt give me the stone I will not hurt thee, yea, I will let thee go home again to thy friends. And after it has vomited up the stone, gather it in a clean silken mantle, and keep it; for it will cure the dropsy by tying it about the person afflicted with it, decreasing the water every day a quart, till all is gone; then take it away, or it will dry up the natural moisture, such power has it.

Happening to have your "Ancient Mysteries Dscribed," on reading a passage in the festival of fools, giving a description of the fool's girdle, and comparing it with the description of the girdle of Venus, of which a full account is given in this book, I was struck by a similarity in many particulars of each, and I am of opinion that the fool's girdle was a parody on Venus's girdle.

I am, &c.,  
F. W. FAIRHOLT.

	h.	m.
December 5.—Day breaks . . .	5	56
Sun rseses . . .	8	0
— sets . . .	4	0
Twilight ends . . .	6	4

### December 6.

#### CORONATION STONE.

Mr. Hutton says, "On Monday, December 6, 1711, I made a tour through"

Westminster abbey." He notices "The two ambassadors, whose remains were arrested for debt, lie in one of the chapels on the floor, in ragged and dirty coffins. They found a place in this temple of fame by cheating the world.—Entaring the eastern part of the abbey, a person, who, like Matthew, sat at the receipt of custom, demanded sixpence. Three or four strangers entering at that instant, he led us the same round, with the same set of words and tone of voice that serve for every day in the year. We came out together, but with different sensations; their appetites seemed satisfied; mine, from a taste, was become keener. I repeated the moderate fee, and observed to our conductor, I would take a second view without troubling him; and wished to be left to my own reflections. He willingly consented. I returned to the dead with that relish with which a man, recovering from sickness, returns to the living." For his remarks on the tombs, and especially the wax-work figures of deceased princes, there is not room in this place. After observing upon the effigy of Edward, duke of Buckingham, who died at Rome, in 1735, at the age of nineteen, he says,—"Three or four feet on the duke's right, stands a plain wooden two-armed chair. None of the furniture in this room is less than four or five hundred years old, except the duke, and this chair. The latter was made for the coronation of Mary II., wife of king William, in 1688. Near this chair stands the king's, in which all the English sovereigns have been crowned since Edward the confessor. There appeared no difference between them, but age. The antiquary, who values modern cash less than ancient timber, would give five hundred guineas for this venerable piece of lumber, which has supported the British crown, in its highest lustre, during seven hundred years; but, under Christie's hammer, at a common auction, it would not bring more than eighteen pence. Upon the frame of the royal chair, under the seat, lies the famous coronation stone, brought from Scone; which a Scot, with a serious face, will tell us, was Jacob's pillow, on which he lay all night in the open field, at Bethel. When authors disagree about a piece of antiquity, it is no wonder it shoots into fable. Upon this sacred stone, however, all the kings of Scotland were crowned, for more than a thousand years. Its being hard and cold might very well suit the

brawny posteriors of a northern monarch; but modern luxury, as if to avoid these two insupportable evils, has placed it a foot below the seat, to make way for the velvet cushion. This curious stone, which possesses the same bewitching powers as the chair on which it lies, is called, by some writers, the royal throne of Scotland. Patten calls it a marble chair. The form, if it would bear the name, is flattish, about two feet long, one broad, and six inches thick. But it is without form or comeliness; is jagged in every direction, as if broken; is of a darkish color, as every stone must be which has lain five hundred years in the smoke of London; is near one hundred weight; and is much like the stones we often see in a rocky field. As the English and the Welsh had cut one another's throats for thirteen hundred years, Edward I. wished to promote a union by incorporating them into one people, which he wisely effected. The last peaceable five hundred years has proved the utility of the measure. The animosity between England and Scotland, and their dreadful devastations, which had continued a much longer space, excited the same wish, but the means to accomplish it were not quite so prudent. Even the man without knowledge, and without reading, will discover this animosity, by seeing Severus's, or Adrian's wall, or by only hearing the old song of Chevy chase.—All wise politicians, who mean to reduce a country begin with sowing dissensions. A nation firmly united is not easily reduced; but we have long been told, when divided against itself it cannot stand.—Edward, under the idea of assisting one of the parties, carried his victorious arms twice through Scotland, and reduced it to the utmost distress. In one of these excursions he seized the whole regalia, of great value, and brought it with him to London. As Edward the confessor's tomb was in high repute, and as it was the practice of that day to make costly offerings at his shrine, Edward offered at this altar the whole regalia of Scotland. Every thing of value has been long since carried away, as would the stone, had it been silver. Its base materials protect it."

The famous stone of Scone, though now removed to Westminster, and inclosed in a chair of wood, on which the kings of England and Scotland are still

crowned, is well known to have been an ancient stone of record, and most solemn designation, long before it was first placed at Scone. Buchanan affirms that it formerly stood in Argyshire; and that king Kenneth, in the ninth century, transferred it from thence to Scone, and inclosed it in a wooden chair. It was believed by some to have been that which Jacob used for a pillow, and to have travelled into Scotland from Ireland, and from Spain. But, whatever may be thought of such a tradition, it is clear that before the time of Kenneth, that is, before the year 834, it had been placed simply and plainly, as a stone of great import, and of great notoriety, in Argyshire; and, on account of the reverence paid to it, was removed by Kenneth. A curious investigation of the history of the coronation stone may be seen in the Gentleman's Magazine, vols. li. and lii.

PERFORATED STONES.

Creeping through Tolmen, or perforated stones, was a druidical ceremony, and is practised in the East Indies. Barlase mentions a stone in the parish of Marsden, Cornwall, through which many persons have crept for pains in their backs and limbs; and many children have been drawn for the rickets. He adds that two brass pins were carefully laid across each other on the top edge of this stone, for oracular purposes.

SLEEPING ON STONES.

Borlase, in his Antiquities of Cornwall, mentions, as a relic of druid fancies and incantations, the custom of sleeping on stones, on a particular night, in order to be cured of lameness.

	h. m.
December 6.—Day breaks . . .	5 56
Sun rises . . .	8 1
— sets . . .	3 59
Twilight ends . . .	6 4

December 7.

BRITISH MUSEUM

On the 7th of December 1784, Mr. Hutton's country-like visit to the British Museum was characterized by a different mode of reception than prevails at present.

He says, "The British Museum justly stands in the first class of rarities. I was unwilling to quit London, without seeing what I had many years wished to see, but how to accomplish it was the question; I had not one relation in that vast metropolis to direct me, and only one acquaintance; but assistance was not with him. I was given to understand, that the door, contrary to other doors, would not open with a silver key; that interest must be made some time before, and admission granted by a ticket, on a future day. This mode seemed totally to exclude me. As I did not know a right way, I was determined to pursue a wrong, which probably might lead me into a right. Assiduity will accomplish weighty matters, or how could Obadiah Roberts count the grains in a bushel of wheat? By good fortune I stumbled upon a person possessed of a ticket for the next day, which he valued less than two shillings, we struck a bargain in a moment, and were both pleased. And now I feasted upon my future felicity. I was not likely to forget Tuesday at eleven, December 7, 1784. We assembled on the spot, about ten in number, all strangers to me, perhaps, to each other. We began to move pretty fast, when I asked with some surprise, whether there were none to inform us what the curiosities were as we went on? A tall genteel young man in person, who seemed to be our conductor, replied with some warmth, 'What would you have me tell you every thing in the Museum? How is it possible? Besides, are not the names written upon many of them?' I was too much humbled by this reply to utter another word. The company seemed influenced; they made haste and were silent. No voice was heard but in whispers. The history and the object must go together, if one is wanting, the other is of little value. I considered myself in the midst of a rich entertainment, consisting of ten thousand rarities, but, like Tantalus, I could not taste one. It grieved me to think how much I lost for want of a little information. In about thirty minutes we finished our silent journey through this princely mansion, which would well have taken thirty days. I went out much about as wise as I went in, but with this severe reflection, that for fear of losing my chance, I had that morning abruptly torn myself from three gentlemen, with whom I was engaged in an interesting

conversation, had lost my breakfast, got wet to the skin, spent half a crown in coach-hire, paid two shillings for a ticket, been hackneyed through the rooms with violence, had lost the little share of good humor I brought in, and came away quite disappointed.—Hope is the most active of all the human passions. It is the most delusive. I had laid more stress on the British Museum, than on any thing I should see in London. It was the only sight that disgusted me.—In my visit to Don Saltero's curiosities at Chelsea, they furnished me with a book, explaining every article in the collection. Here I could take my own time and entertain myself."

LOVE CHARMS.

Theocritus and Virgil both introduce women into their pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. Shakspeare represents Othello as accused of winning Desdemona "by conjuration and mighty magic."

Thou has practised on her with foul charms;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That waken motion.  
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.

In Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, these are represented as country practices.

Strait to the 'pothecary's shop I went,  
And in love-powder all my money spent,  
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,  
When to the ale-house Lubbertin repairs,  
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,  
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

In *Love Melancholy*, by Dr. Ferrand, 8vo., Oxford, 1640, it is said, "We have sometimes among our silly wenches, some that out of a foolish curiosity they have, must needs be putting in practice some of those feats that they have received by tradition from their mother, perhaps, or nurse, and so, not thinking forsooth to doe any harme, as they hope, they paganize it to their own damnation. For it is most certain that botanomancy, which is done by the noise or crackling that kneeholme, box, or bay-leaves make when they are crushed betwixt one's hands, or cast into the fire, was of old in use among the Pagans, who were wont to bruise poppy-flowers betwixt their hands, by this means thinking to know their loves :

and for this cause Theocritus calls this herb *Τηλεφιλον*, quasi *Δηλεφιλον*, as if we should say tel-love." Speaking of the ancient love-charmes, characters, amulets, or such like periapses, Dr. Ferrand says, they are "such as no christian physician ought to use: notwithstanding that the common people do to this day too superstitiously believe and put in practice many of these paganish devices."

Miss Blandy, who was executed many years ago for poisoning her father, persisted in affirming that she thought the powder which her villainous lover, Cranston, sent her to administer to him, was a "love-powder," which was to conciliate her father's affection to the captain. She met her death with this asseveration; and her dying request, to be buried close to her father, seems a corroborating proof that though she was certainly the cause of his premature death, yet she was not, in the blackest sense of the word, his wilful murderer.

In "*The Comical Pilgrim's Pilgrimage into Ireland*," 8vo. 1723, we read: "They often use Philtres."

The following is found in Herrick's *Hesperides*,

*A charm or an allay for love*  
If so be a toad be laid  
In a sheep-skin newly slaid,  
And that ty'd to man 'twill sever  
Him and his affections ever.

SITTING CROSS LEGGED.

Sir Thomas Browne tells us, that to sit cross-legged, or with our fingers pectinated or shut together, is accounted bad, and friends will dissuade us from it. The same conceit religiously possessed the ancients; but Mr. Park says, "To sit cross-legged I have always understood was intended to produce good or fortunate consequences. Hence it was employed as a charm at school, by one boy who wished well for another, in order to deprecate some punishment which both might tremble to have incurred the expectation of. At a card-table I have also caught some superstitious players sitting cross-legged with a view of bringing good luck."

	h. m.
December 7.—Day breaks . . .	5 57
Sun rises . . .	8 2
— sets . . .	3 58
Twilight ends . . .	6 3

\* Brand.



VIGNETTE UPON AN ARTIST'S CARD.

I hope I have a due sense of the importance of historical painting—for I am told it is the highest class of the art—yet, I never saw an historical picture, that I could walk away from, and say it was wholly satisfactory as a subject, and perfectly well executed. Our first-rate pictures are designed to illustrate scripture, but they never rise to my notion of the scenes and characters they represent. The highest attempt of that kind which I know of is Jacob's dream by Rembrandt. That effort of the art I feel more than any other; and next to it, perhaps, the Adoration by the same artist, who imparts to the virgin, uncomely though she be, a mysterious veneration for her new-born child, unequalled by other masters. Still these are only endeavours towards effects upon the mind, which fall infinitely below our affections upon reading the brief account of the patriarch's vision, and the simple narrative of the country people's devotion. Painting is incompetent to pourtray Him who spake as never man spake; and hence every canvas on which He appears, fails in the chief personage.

Pictures of events in ancient or modern history are the most esteemed by persons attached to the business and hurries of life; while a contemplative and reflective mind is better pleased with a picture of children; such as that, for instance, by Titian, in a small room at Knowle. Children are nearer to nature than to man. Until their intellect is sufficiently developed for his use and abuse they are innocent. He perverts their faculties; and then his love wanes into esteem for their applicable qualities. The man of the world sees nothing in growing trees but wood; and looks at his timber account with more pleasure than at his oaks and elms, till they are felled. On the other hand, the lover of nature has no earthly felicity but in the truth of nature, which man lives to belie. The skies and sunsets of Claude, the clouds of Wilson, the green lanes of Hobbima, the rustic scenery of Gainsborough, impart unmixed delight. We derive no such pure gratification from portraits, even of estimable persons, for something is sure to associate which reminds us of human infirmity. In historical pictures we have the actions of

beings like ourselves, and their turmoils afford no permanent satisfaction. As paintings they are imperfect; and, to avoid the offence of obvious faults, we admire limbs which happen to be true, the fall of a bit of drapery, dark shadows, and rich lights thrown in for effect. We have a conviction that all is not as it ought to be. Men and their works have no claims upon such intense observation as the landscape-painter bestows upon nature.

Upon the card of Mr. W. A. Delamotte junior, drawing master of Sandhurst, who has occasionally favored me with several subjects for the *Year-Book*, there is the preceding sketch; which, as I have not the pleasure to know Mr. Delamotte personally, he will doubtless be surprised to find thus transferred. Musing upon his *Vignette*, as I sat in my viewless, sunless, town apartment, while he, perhaps, was sketching in the open country, I fell to imagining the sort of scenery commanded by the hill which the Berghem-like figure on the ass is descending—a view unaltered, probably, through centuries of time; although, under the variations of season and weather, continually changing to the eye of a landscape-painter. With one of Berghem's pictures before me I might have realised the scene; or perhaps one of his prints. There are at least forty masterly sketches of landscapes and cattle etched by himself; and at Dulwich, in the first room, there is a painting by him, opposite to another by Both, of a beautiful wood-scene. These two pictures are alone worth a walk from London to see. While looking at them it may be remembered that Berghem and Both were contemporaries and rivals. A burgo-master of Dort engaged Berghem to execute one of his finest works; at the same time he ordered a picture from Both; and to excite their emulation he promised a large additional sum for the best per-

formance. The pictures were finished, and critically examined by competent judges, who pronounced them of equal merit; and the liberal Dutchman presented to each artist an equal sum beyond the stipulated price.

### December 8.

8th December 1824. A letter of this date in the *Times* newspaper mentions, that on the Monday preceding, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the shock of an earthquake was very sensibly felt at *Chichester*, and many of the inhabitants ran into the streets in the greatest consternation, under the impression that their dwellings were actually falling. Bells in the houses were set a ringing, and the window-blinds unrolled; and in the market-places apples rolled off the stalls. One individual states, that he was sitting in a small room, and distinctly saw the walls move from south to north out of their perpendicular, and as instantaneously resume their position. The shock lasted from three to five seconds. It was felt at *Arundel*, *Aldwick*, *Bognor*, *Emsworth*, *Ilavant*, and places adjacent.

At *Portsmouth*, both light and heavy articles of furniture were in a tremor for about four seconds of time. The floors seemed to heave up a little, and the windows shook as they do by means of heavy gusts of wind; bird-cages, and other suspended articles, oscillated some seconds after the shock had subsided. There was no report, nor any unusual appearance in the sky, or about the sun, at the time; but, during the morning, the sky had been filling with light clouds, and soon after the shock a stratum of low electric clouds sprung up with a wind from the S. W.; and the upper stratum changed from grey to red and lake colors, some time before the sun had set

### THE SEASON.

Hear! O hear ye the clangor of his voice,  
And the peal that issueth from his mouth!  
Under the whole heavens is his flash;  
And his lightning unto the ends of the earth.  
After it pealet the voice;  
He thundereth with the voice of his majesty!  
Great things doeth He, surpassing knowledge:  
Behold! He saith to the snow—be!  
On the earth then falleth it:

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 9.

To the rain, and it falleth—  
 The rains of his might.  
 Upon the labour of every man He putteth a seal :  
 Even the brute kind go into covert,  
 And abide in their dwellings.  
 From the utmost zone issueth the whirlwind :  
 And from the arctic chambers, cold.  
 By the blast of God the frost congealeth,  
 And the expanse of the waters, into a mirror.  
 He also loadeth the cloudy woof with redundance ;  
 His effulgence disperseth the gloom.  
 Thus revolveth He the seasons in his wisdom,  
 That they may accomplish whatsoever He commandeth them,  
 Over the face of the world of earth.  
 Constantly in succession, whether for judgment  
 Or for mercy, He causeth it to take place.  
 Hearken to this, O Job ! be still,  
 And contemplate the wondrous works of God.  
 Dost thou know how God ordereth these things ?  
 How the light giveth refulgence to his vapour ?  
 Dost thou know of the balancings of the clouds ?  
 Wonders—perfections of wisdom !  
 Teach us how we may address Him,  
 When arrayed in robes of darkness ;  
 Or, if brightness be about Him, how I may commune,  
 For, should a man then speak, he would be consumed !  
 Even now we cannot look at the light  
 When it is resplendent in the heavens,  
 And a wind from the north hath passed along and cleared them.  
 Splendour itself is with God !  
 Insufferable majesty !  
 Almighty !—we cannot comprehend Him !—  
 Surpassing in power and in judgment !

Job translated by Good.

	h.	m.
December 8.—Day breaks . . .	5	57
Sun rises . . .	8	2
—sets . . .	3	58
Twilight ends . . .	6	3

**December 9.**

ORNAMENTAL LADIES' WORK.

In the Edinburgh Gazette of December 9, 1703, is the following advertisement :—  
 "Near Dundee, at Dudhope, there is to be taught, by a gentlewoman from London, the following works, viz. :—Wax-work of all sorts, as, any one's picture to the life, figures in shadow-glasses, fruits upon trees or in dishes, all manner of confections, fish, flesh, fowl, or any thing that can be made of wax—2. Philligrim work of any sort, whether hollow or flat.—3. Japan-work upon timber or glass.—4. Painting upon glass.—5. Sashes for

windows upon sarsnet or transparent paper.—6. Straw work of any sort, as houses, birds, or beasts.—7. Shell-work, in sconces, rocks, or flowers.—8. Quill-work.—9. Gum-work.—10. Transparent work.—11. Puff-work.—12. Paper-work.—13. Plate-work on timber, brass, or glass.—14. Tortoise-shell-work.—15. Mould-work, boxes and baskets.—16. Silver landskips.—17. Gimp-work.—18. Bugle-work.—19. A sort of work in imitation of japan, very cheap.—20. Embroidery, stitching, and quilting.—21. True point or tape-lace.—22. Cutting glass.—23. Washing gazes, or Flanders lace and point.—24. Pastry of all sorts, with the finest cutts, and shapes, that's now used in London.—25. Boning fowls without cutting the back.—26. Butter-work.—27. Preserving, conserving, and candying.—28. Pickling and colouring.—29. All sorts of English wines.—30. Writing and arithmetick.—31. Musick,



and the great end of dancing, which is a good carriage, and several other things too tedious here to be mentioned: Any who are desirous to learn the above works may board with herself at a reasonable rate, or may board themselves in Dundee, and may come to her quarterly.”—

Upon the incidental item “30. Writing and arithmetick,” in the above notice, Mr. Chambers sarcastically observes, “Falstaff’s tavern bill outdone!—three shillings worth of sack to a half-penny worth of bread!”

#### SCOTTISH MANNERS.

Many young ladies of quality were sent to reside with, and be finished off by, the hon. Mrs. Ogilvie, lady of the hon. Patrick Ogilvie of Longmay and Inchmartin. She was supposed to be the best bred woman of her time in Scotland, and died in 1753. Her system was very rigorous, according to the spirit of the times. The young ladies were taught to sit quite upright; and the mother of our informant, (one of the said young ladies), even when advanced to nearly her eightieth year, never permitted her back to touch the chair in sitting.

There is a characteristic anecdote of the husband of this rigorous preceptress. He was a younger brother of the earl of Findlater, who greatly exerted himself in behalf of the union, and who observed upon the rising of the last Scottish parliament “Now, there is an end of an auld sang!”—The younger brother had condescended to trade a little in cattle, which was not then considered derogatory to the dignity of a Scottish gentleman. However, the earl was offended at the measure, and upbraided his brother for it. “Haud your tongue, man!” said the cattle dealer, “Better sell nowt than sell *nations*,” pronouncing the last word with peculiar and emphatic breadth.\*

#### GOLF—BANDY-BALL.

This is considered by Strutt as one of the most ancient games at ball requiring the assistance of a club or bat. He says, “In the reign of Edward III. the Latin name *Cambuca* was applied to this pastime, and it derived the denomination, no doubt, from the crooked club

or bat with which it was played; the bat was also called a bandy from its being bent, and hence the game itself is frequently written in English bandy-ball.” It should seem that golf was a fashionable game among the nobility at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and it was one of the exercises with which prince Henry, eldest son to James I., occasionally amused himself, as we learn from the following anecdote recorded by a person who was present: “At another time playing at goff, a play not unlike to pale-maille, whilst his schoolmaster stood talking with another, and marked not his highness warning him to stand further off, the prince, thinking he had gone aside, lifted up his goff-club to strike the ball; mean tyme one standing by said to him, ‘beware that you hit not master Newton,’ wherewith he drawing back his hand, said, ‘Had I done so, I had but paid my debts.’”—Golf and foot-ball appear to have been prohibited in Scotland by king James II., in 1457; and again in 1491 by James IV. The ball used at this game was stuffed with very hard feathers. Strutt says that this game is much practised in the north of England. Dr. Jamieson speaks of it as a common game in Scotland, and mentions “shinty, an inferior species of golf generally played at by young people.” He adds, “In London this game is called hackie. It seems to be the same which is designated Not in Gloucestershire; the name being borrowed from the ball, which is made of a knotty piece of wood.”

In the “*Selecta Poemata*” of Dr. Pitcairn is a distich “In ædis Joan. Patersoni,” to the following effect:

Cum victor ludo, Scotis qui proprus, cœset.

Ter tres victores post redimitos avos,

Patersonus, humo tunc educebat in altum

Hanc quæ victores tot tulit una domus.

The lines may be thus translated, “In the year when Paterson won the prize in golfing, a game peculiar to the Scotch, in which his ancestors had nine times gained the same distinction, he raised this lofty house from the ground,—a victory more honorable than all the rest.” In the Edinburgh Magazine and Review, 1774, is this note concerning Pitcairn’s epigram: “It has the good fortune to be recorded in gold letters on the house itself, near the foot of the Canongate, almost opposite to Queensberry house. It is probable that what the doctor means as a jest, Paterson believed to be a serious panegyric.”

\* Chambers’s Traditions of Edinburgh.

But tradition gives a somewhat different color to the matter, and among many stories preserves the following, which in the opinion of Mr. Chambers seems the most probable. During the residence of the duke of York in Edinburgh, he frequently resorted to Leith Links, in order to enjoy the sport of golfing, of which he was very fond. Two English noblemen, who followed his court, and who boasted of their expertness in golfing, were one day debating with him whether that amusement were peculiar to Scotland or England; and there being some difficulty in determining the question, it was proposed to decide by an appeal to the game itself; the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions, as golfers, on the result of a match for a large sum of money to be played with the duke and any Scotsman he might select. The duke aimed at popularity, and, thinking this an opportunity for asserting his claims to the character of a Scotchman, and for flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the challenge. He caused diligent enquiry to be made for an efficient partner and the person recommended to him was a poor man, named John Patersone, a shoemaker, and the best golf-player of his day, whose ancestors had been equally celebrated from time immemorial. Patersone expressed great unwillingness to enter into a match of such consequence; but, on the duke encouraging him, he promised to do his best. The match was played, in which the duke and Patersone, were, of course, victorious; and the latter was dismissed with an equal share of the stake played for. With this money he immediately built a comfortable house in the Canongate, in the wall of which the duke caused a stone to be placed, bearing the arms of the family of Patersone, surmounted by a crest and motto, appropriate to the distinction which its owner had acquired as a golfer. The plain flat slab upon which Pitcairn's epigram was engraved, is still to be seen in the front wall of the second flat of the house, though the gilding has disappeared. Under the distich there is placed a singular motto, viz., "I hate no person," which an anagrammatical transposition of the letters contained in the words, "John Patersone." The coat of arms is placed near the top of the house, and bears—three pelicans vulture—on a chief three mullets—cres. a dexter hand grasping;

golf-club—motto, "Far and sure." According to Nisbet's history, the family arms of the Patersons were "three pelicans feeding their young, or, in nests, vert, with a chief, azure, charged with mollets argent."

Golfing is an amusement of considerable antiquity in Scotland, and, as before stated was the object of a statute in the reign of James II. (1457), enacting "that football and golfe be utterly cried down," because, it would appear, these amusements interfered with the practice of archery, which the policy of the Scottish king endeavoured to encourage, for the sake of better competing with the English archers, so formidable by their expertness in the use of the bow. Charles I. was fond of golfing, and, during his visit of 1642, was engaged in a game on Leith Links, when the news of the Irish rebellion reached him; which, striking him with consternation, he instantly left the ground in his carriage, and next day proceeded to London. His son James was equally fond of the sport, and frequently played on Leith Links; which was the principal resort of golfers, long before the Borough Muir became fit for the game. James was also much attached to tennis, which was then a more fashionable amusement than golfing, though it has latterly given place.—The common called Craigentenny, a piece of waste ground which once skirted the beach opposite Seafield toll-bar, and is now entirely washed away by the sea, was likewise a great resort among golfers, during the seventeenth century. The Logans of Restalrig had a piece of ground near their seat at Lochend, appropriated to their own amusement; to which the inhabitants of Canongate, and the courtiers in latter times, were in the habit of repairing, after the possessions of the above family were forfeited. There is a tradition preserved among the descendants of the Logans, who are considerable proprietors in Berwickshire, that Halburt Logan, one of the last of the race who resided in the neighbourhood of his ancient patrimonial territory, was one day playing here, when a messenger summoned him to attend the privy council. Despising this, and being also heated by his game, he used some spiteful language to the officer, who instantly went to court and repeated the same; and a warrant being then issued by the incensed councilors on a charge of high treason,

ne was obliged to throw down his club, mount a fleet horse, and fly to England.\*

	h. m.
December 9.—Day Breaks . . . . .	5 58
Sun rises . . . . .	8 3
— sets . . . . .	3 57
Twilight ends . . . . .	6 2

### December 10.

#### STAGE COACHES, AND WAGGONS.

10th December 1658. Under this date there is entered in sir William Dugdale's Diary, "that he came out of London with Mr. Prescott, by coach, by Aylesbury." Upon this, Mr. Hamper remarks that stage-coaches were established about that time. He refers to a paper in the *Archæologia* by Mr. Markland for an interesting account of the old modes of conveyance in England, and cites as follows, from the "Exact Dealer's Daily Companion" published in 1720, for the stage-coach travelling then greatly admired on account of its speed.

"By stage-coaches one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul weather, and foul ways, free from endangering one's health or body, by hard jogging or over-violent motion; and this not only at a low price, as about a shilling for every five miles, but with such velocity and speed, as that the posts, in some foreign countries, make not more miles in a day: for the stage-coaches called flying-coaches, make forty or fifty miles in a day, as from London to Oxford, or Cambridge, and that in the space of twelve hours, not counting the time for dining, setting forth not too early, nor coming in too late." The method and rate of driving, or rather dragging, for the boasted "velocity and speed" may be estimated at something like four miles an hour, the writer esteems "such an admirable commodiousness both for men and women of better rank, to travel from London, and to almost all the villages near this great city, that the like hath not been known in the world!"

This was little more than a century ago; and, though before then stage-coaches were in use, yet we find people "of better rank," and even ladies tra-

velling from the country by the waggon. Mr. Dugdale says,

"1660. March 13. My daughter Lettice went towards London in a Coventry waggon." Mr. Hamper observes, "This mode of conveyance was possibly chosen by the young lady as affording greater security and comfort than the stage coach, or permitting her to carry a larger quantity of luggage. The company of friends might also influence her choice. Our novelists of a later period, often introduced the scenes which a stage-waggon supplied them with."

	h. m.
December 10.—Day Breaks . . . . .	5 58
Sun rises . . . . .	8 4
— sets . . . . .	3 56
Twilight ends . . . . .	6 2

### December 11.

11th December, 1753, the Dey of Algiers was assassinated, and his grand treasurer mortally wounded, while they were distributing the pay to the soldiery in the court yard of the palace. The ring-leader of six desperadoes, after receiving his pay, and taking the Dey's hand to kiss according to custom, thrust a dagger into the Dey's breast, then fired a pistol into his side. The Dey rising, said, "Is there none among ye," looking at his attendants, "that can destroy such a villain?" and instantly died. At the same time fell the treasurer, who received a pistol ball in his collar bone, a cut with a sabre across his head, and other wounds. The first assassin, seizing the Dey's turban, and putting it on his own head, seated himself in the chair of state, and began to harangue the Divan. Brandishing his sabre he declared how he would govern, what powers should feel his wrath, and what glory attend his reign, when one of the Chiauses, or messengers of the palace, snatching up a carbine, shot him dead. He had been seated about a quarter of an hour, in which time his associates had ordered the Dey's music to play, the drums to beat, and the guns to be fired, all which would infallibly have been done, and the usurper declared sovereign, had he kept his place but a few minutes longer. This daring attempt was made in open day in the presence of 300 soldiers, who being unarmed, as is the custom when they approach their sovereign, ran away by a private back door for fear of being sus-

\* Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh.

pected to be of the number of the conspirators. The Dey's guard, who waited without the gates completely armed, were either intimidated by apprehending a revolt of the whole soldiery, or were shut out by the precaution of the conspirators. Ali Bashaw, the Aga of the Spahis, or generallissimo, was immediately sent for, and placed in the seat of the murdered Dey; the cannon were fired, and in one hour's time things were restored to a state of tranquillity and the government of Algiers was in as much order, and as firm as ever.\*

OLD LAWS.

[To Mr. Hone.]

Sir,

I am accustomed to seek for amusement in odd places. The other night I turned over some volumes which, to common readers, would not appear likely to afford recreation; viz. the "Statutes at Large:" and in the course of my pastime I noted down a few curious specimens of ancient laws, which I subjoin for your use

I am, Sir,  
Yours obliged,  
H. W. LANDER.

September 12th, 1827.

*Apparel.*—No servant of husbandrie, nor common labourer, shall wear in their clothing any cloth whereof the broad yard shall pass the price of two shillings; nor shall suffer their wives to wear any kercheffe whose price exceedeth twentie pence. And that no manner of person under the estate of a lord shall wear any gowne or mantell, unless it bee of such length, that hee being upright, it shall cover his buttocks, upon paine to forfeit twenty shillings.—(22 Edw. IV. cap. 1).

*Archery.*—All sorts of men, under the age of forty years, shall have bows and arrows, and use shooting.—(3 Henry VIII. cap. 3). No bowyer shall sell any bow of yew to any person between the age of eight and fourteen years, above the price of twelve pence.—(31 ibid. cap. 9).

*Fast Days.*—Whosoever shall, by preaching, teaching, writing, or open

speech, notify that eating of fish, or for, bearing of flesh, is of any necessity for saving the soul of man, shall be punished, as spreaders of false news are and ought to be.—(5 Eliz. cap. 5, sec. 40).

*Gipseys.*—All persons which shall be found in company of vagabonds calling themselves Egyptians, and so shall continue for the space of one month, shall be judged as felons, and suffer the pains of death.—(5 Eliz. cap. 20, sec. 3).

*Libels.*—If any person speak any false and slanderous news or tales against the queen, he shall have both his ears cut off And if any person shall print or set forth any book containing any matter to the defamation of the queen, or by prophecying, conjuration, &c., seek to know how long the queen shall live, he shall be adjudged a felon.—(23. Eliz. cap. 2).

*Masks and Mummers.*—Mummers shall be imprisoned three months, and fined at the justices' discretion. The penalty for selling visors, or keeping them, is to forfeit twenty shillings, and to be imprisoned at the discretion of the justices —(3 Henry VIII. cap. 9).

*Pins.*—No person shall put to sale any pins but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank and well smoothed; the shank well shaven; the point well and round filed, cauted and sharpened.—(34 and 35 Henry VIII. cap. 6).

*Witchcraft, &c.*—It shall be felony to practise, or cause to be practised, conjuration, witchcraft, enchantment, or sorcery, to get money; or to consume any person in his body, members, or goods; or to provoke any person to unlawful love; or to declare where goods stolen be; or, for the despite of Christ, or lucre of money, to pull down any cross.—(33 Henry VIII. cap. 8).

*Woollen Caps.*—All persons above the age of seven years shall wear upon sabbaths and holidays, upon their heads, a cap of wool, knit, thicked, and dressed in England, upon pain to forfeit, for every day not wearing, three shillings and four pence.—(13 Eliz. cap. 19).

Gentleman's Magazine.

	h. m.
December 11.—Day breaks	5 58
Sun rises . . .	8 4
—sets . . .	3 56
Twilight ends	6 2



BIRCHINGTON, ISLE OF THANET, KENT.

[For the Year Book.]

Few Londoners have not, at some time or other "been to Margate," yet, I think I may venture to assert, there are few of its visitors who have visited the pretty village of Birchington, although it is situated at a very short distance from that town. The general gaiety and amusements of Margate usually keep the cockney within its precincts. He has left London, and is at a "watering place," and that is enough for *him*, who when at home scarce dreams of venturing forth from the city's precincts, beyond the extent a shilling rare by the stage will carry him

"Snurban villas, highway side retreats,  
That dread th'incroachment of our growing  
streets,

Tight boxes, neatly sash'd, and in a glass  
With all a July sun's collected rays,  
Delight the citizen, who gasping there,  
Breathes clouds of dust and calls it country air."

About four miles west of Margate, on the coast, is situated the little village of Birchington, remarkable, like most other places in the isle of Thanet, for its antiquity. It is within the jurisdiction of the Cinque ports, and is an adjunct to the town and port of Dover. The parish is bounded by high cliffs of chalk, in which are several large apertures, forming convenient passages to the sea side. They are generally presumed to have been worked for the purpose of smuggling, much of which "fair trade" has been from time immemorial carried on in that neighbourhood.

The village is on an eminence, and in the midst stands the above church, the summit of which commands delightful prospects of the surrounding country by sea and land, with a particularly fine view of Canterbury cathedral, which forms a conspicuous object, although twelve miles distant. Birchington church is dedicated to All Saints. It is a very handsome building, consisting of a nave and two aisles, with three chancels beyond, one of which formerly belonged to the ancient seat of Quexes in the same parish, and was kept in repair by the owners of that estate. Near the south chancel is the tower of the church, on which is a spire of much service to ships at sea, as a land mark, on account of its raised situation. In the tower are five bells. In the windows are the remains of painted glass sufficient to show that formerly there was much more. The interior of the church contains several ancient and very fine monuments, belonging to the Quexes, the Nenmes, and the Chrises; and in the chancel of the Quexes are several grave-stones. There are brass plates, and other memorials in good preservation, with effigies of numbers of the above families, and other ornaments. The Quex estate is now in the possession of —Powel, Esq., who resides there, and has lately raised a park, in the centre of which he has built a handsome tower, commanding a distinct view of the French coast. The church of Birchington was anciently one of several chapels belonging to the monastery of Monkton, about three miles distant. It is now the only one remaining of that religious house; but to this day the vicar of Monkton finds a curate to officiate in this church. The parsonage of Birchington, including that of Woodchurch, was many years ago let on a beneficial lease for a long term of years to the family of the Bushells, the living lessee is Benjamin Bushell, Esq., of Clare Court, Monkton.

B. B. K.

### December 12.

On the 12th of December, 1653, Oliver Cromwell was declared protector, and it is a singular coincidence that James II. abdicated the throne on the same day in the year 1688.

### SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

There is a species of divination performed by opening the works of Virgil, &c., and remarking the lines covered with the thumb the instant the leaves are opened, by which, if they can be interpreted in any respect to relate to you, they are accounted prophetic. This custom appears to have been of very ancient date, and was tried with Homer as well as Virgil. They who applied to this kind of oracle were said to try the *Sortes Homericae*, or *Sortes Virgilianæ*. King Charles I. is said to have tried this method of learning his fate, and to have found the oracle but too certain. The lines happened upon, were

At bello audacia populi vexatus at armis,  
Finibus extorris, complexu svalsus Iuli,  
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum  
Funera; nec, cum se sub lege pacis iniquæ  
Tradiderit; regno aut optatâ luce fruatur:  
Sed cadat ante diem: mediâque inhumatus  
arenâ.

*Æneid*, lib. iv., l. 615.

#### Translation.

But vex'd with rebels and a stubborn race,  
His country banish'd, and his son's embrace  
Some foreign prince for fruitless succours try  
And see his friends ingloriously die:  
Nor, when he shall to faithless terms submit,  
His throne enjoy, nor comfortable light,  
But, immature, a shameful death receive,  
And in the ground th' unbury'd body leave.

Dr. Welwood says that king Charles I. and lord Falkland, being in the Bodleian library, made this experiment of their future fortunes, and met with passages equally ominous to each. Aubrey, however, in his MS. on the Remains of Gentilism, tells the story differently. He says, "In December, 1648, king Charles I. being in great trouble, and prisoner at Carisbrooke, or to be brought to London to his tryal, Charles, prince of Wales, being then at Paris, and in profound sorrow for his father, Mr. Abraham Cowley went to wayte on him. His highness asked him whether he would play at cards to divert his sad thoughts. Mr. Cowley replied he did not care to play at cards, but, if his highness pleased, they would use *Sortes Virgilianæ* (Mr. Cowley always had a Virgil in his pocket): the prince liked the proposal, and pricked a pin in the fourth book of the *Æneid*. The prince understood not Latin well, and desired Mr. Cowley to translate the verses, which he did admirably well."

THE YEAR BOOK.-- DECEMBER 13, 14.

Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, suspects him to have been tinctured with this superstition, and to have consulted the Virgilian lots on the great occasion of the Scottish treaty, and that he gave credit to the answer of the oracle.\*

	h. m.
December 12.—Day breaks . . .	5 59
Sun rises . . .	8 5
— sets . . .	3 55
Twilight ends . . .	6 1

**December 13.**

CELESTIAL APPEARANCES.

At this season the southern heaven presents a very beautiful appearance through the night. About ten o'clock the Pleiades and Aldebaran are approaching the meridian. Capella is nearly on the zenith; lower down in the south-east is Sirius, distinguished by its brilliancy; above, and a little more east, is Procyon; still higher up and further east are the two stars of Gemini, while the beautiful constellation Orion holds a conspicuous place among the above, in the south-south-east.†

	h. m.
December 13.—Day breaks . . .	5 59
Sun rises . . .	8 5
— sets . . .	3 55
Twilight ends . . .	6 1

**December 14.**

APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.

A writer in the *Worcester Journal* says, "Happiness now spreads through the country like an epidemic, and all parties cordially agree in preparing to greet old Christmas with a hearty welcome. It is an extraordinary faculty of the human mind, that we are always enabled to garnish past occurrences with every pleasure and with every scene of joy in connexion with them; while every circumstance that might at the time have cast a momentary gloom over the scene is buried in convenient oblivion. I recollect, when I was quite a boy, with what delightful feelings

I accompanied my uncle to his parish church for the first time on Christmas day; with spirits light and buoyant, and free from every care; for the cares of a young heart are as traces upon the sea sand, which each returning wave of pleasure washes away. I never shall forget with what pleasure I gazed upon the villagers dressed out in their Sunday finery, with healthy smiling faces, as they gossiped in groups, or strolled along the well-known path to church. The scenery, too, was imposing. The church stands upon a high ground, and commands one of the finest prospects that the eye can behold. On the one hand, the river is seen appearing and disappearing from its dark deep channel, while, on the other, the ancient castle of the Nevilles stands in gloomy grandeur amidst boundless forests of oak, coëval with itself, and far to the west, the Border mountains tower like a ridge of clouds along the horizon. The church is one of those quaint old-fashioned buildings of grey stone so common to the north of England; and, as you enter the low portal, you are struck with the reverend appearance of the interior—the old oaken pews and benches, all cut and carved into most mysterious hieroglyphics, with a sprig of holly, emblematic of the season, stuck in the corner of each.—What heart does not dilate, with mingled pleasure and regret, at the recollection of the scenes of early life; of the many happy Christmas evenings spent in the society of those who were dearest to us upon earth; where the yule-clog blazed bright, and sent its cheering influence round the social circle; and where happiness was reflected from every face—the school-boy, eager and impetuous in all his holiday games and tricks—the young and tender female, sitting in sweet retreating modesty, or blushing and smiling in all the charms of innocence and budding beauty—all remind us of 'days of other years.' I cannot resist the impulse of saluting the joyful season as it passes, and heartily wishing all my kind readers a full enjoyment of its pleasures."

	h. m.
December 14.—Day breaks . . .	5 59
Sun rises . . .	8 6
— sets . . .	3 54
Twilight ends . . .	6 1

\* Brand.

† D: Forster's Perennial Calendar.

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 15, 16, 17, 18.

**December 15.**

CHRISTMAS AT THE TEMPLE.

December 15, 1641, Mr. Evelyn says in his Diary, "I was elected one of the comptrollers of the Middle Temple revelers, as the fashion of the young gentlemen and students was, the Christmas being kept this year with great solemnity."

	h.	m.
December 15.—Day breaks	6	0
Sun rises	8	6
— sets	3	54
Twilight ends	6	0

**December 16.**

"Twice eight is sixteen."

A REMEMBRANCE OF EIGHT YEARS.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

(From the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.)

A voice comes o'er the waves of Time,  
A sunbeam from behind the past;  
Around my heart old feelings climb  
With tendrils fast;  
While through the rainbow drops of tears,  
Half bright, half sad—I scan eight years.  
Eight years!—but little more than thrice  
That sum of time my life hath told;  
And yet my heart, as with a voice,  
Says I am old.  
For o'er it crowding joys have swept,  
And griefs their trailing lengths have crept  
Eight years!—if by emotions strong  
We measured out the march of time,  
Then I can never live as long,  
Though seventy times the chime  
Of birth-day bells ring in my ear—  
As that throng'd space of joy and fear.  
Yet 'tis but yesterday, 'twould seem,  
Since first I saw the queen-like form,  
Which, like the memory of a dream,  
In calm or storm,  
Hath haunted, ay, and bless'd me too,  
And given my web of life its hue.  
Then from the prison of my breast  
My heart first wing'd, and upon you  
At parting took its earliest rest;  
And if it flew  
A moment thence, in pleasure's search,  
It gladly sought again its perch.  
And there 'twill bide, if shelter meet  
And cloudless kindness keep it warm;  
Till love hath left no pulse to beat,  
Or friendship can no longer charm:  
It rests 'twixt you and Death; and Fate  
May make *that* eighty years—or eight!

	h.	m.
December 16.—Day breaks	6	0
Sun rises	8	7
— sets	3	53
Twilight ends	6	0

**December 17.**

UNLUCKY DAY.

There be days lucky and unlucky; and this must be reckoned one of days unlucky; for, of mishap, nothing falleth to it in the *Year Book*; wherefore be it noticed by *notes* of ill luck—viz.

KNIVES, SCIZZARS, RAZORS, &c.

Grose says, it is deemed unlucky to lay one's knife and fork crosswise: crosses and misfortunes are likely to follow.

We read in Gay's second Pastoral of the Shepherd's Week:

But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,  
For knives, they tell me, always sever Love.

This accords with the vulgar superstition that it is unlucky to give a knife, scizzars, razor, or any sharp or cutting instrument to one's mistress or friend, as they are apt to cut love and friendship. To avoid the ill effects of such a present, a farthing, a pin, or some trifling recompence must be taken.

To find a knife or razor denotes ill luck and disappointment to the party.\*

	h.	m.
December 17.—Day breaks	6	0
Sun rises	8	7
— sets	3	53
Twilight ends	6	0

**December 18.**

MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

December 18, 1735.—A civic discussion respecting a residence for the Lord Mayor, is recorded in the *Historical Chronicle of the Gentleman's Magazine*, in the following lines.

At Guild-hall fierce debates arose,  
'Twixt common council friends and foes,  
About a lord mayor's mansion house.  
Some were for having it erected  
At Stock's market, as first projected.  
But others, nor their number small,  
Voted for market Leaden hall.

\* Brand



THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 18.

One of the places all agreed  
Should for that purpose be decreed.  
Whence springs this strife we are i' th' dark  
yet,

Whether to keep or make a market ;  
And on th' affair all can be said,  
They differ but as stocks and lead.

THE CHARTER HOUSE.

In the city of London, between St. John's-street on the west, Goswell-street on the east, Long-lane on the south, and Wilderness-row on the north, stands the Charter-house, an edifice originally purchased for the burial of those who died of the plague in 1349. Here sir Walter Manny founded a Carthusian monastery, which, by corruption of the French term, *Chartreux*, obtained the name of the Charter-house. It shared the common fate of religious houses at the dissolution, and in 1611 was purchased by Thomas Sutton, esq., citizen and girdler, a rich old bachelor, for £13,000. He fitted up the house at an expense of £7000, and endowed the hospital and school with fifteen manors and other lands, yielding £4493 19s. 10½d. annually, as a charitable foundation, guaranteed by letters patent of James I., and confirmed by parliament. The income has since largely increased.

When Noorthouck, who may be deemed the best historian of London, wrote in 1773, the Charter-house maintained eighty pensioners. According to the founder's direction they "ought to be decayed gentlemen, merchants, or soldiers." The pensioners are provided with apartments, and all necessaries except clothes, instead of which, in Noorthouck's time, each was allowed a cloak, and £7 per annum. Their allowances in 1800 are stated below, from an official MS.

Besides the adult pensioners there are forty-four boys supported in the house, where they are well lodged and classically instructed. Twenty-nine of these are sent as students to the Universities, with an annual allowance of £20 each, for eight years. Others are apprenticed to trades, with a fee on binding of £40 for each. Nine ecclesiastical preferments in the patronage of the governors are conferred, by the constitution of the foundation, upon those who derive education from it. Both pensioners and youths are received upon the recommendation of the governors, who appoint in rotation.

[From the MS. above referred to.]

PARTICULARS OF CHARTER-HOUSE ALLOWANCE TO PENSIONERS

Summer Season.

Monday . . .	Roast mutton	Lamb at times, while in season
Tuesday . . .	Roast veal.	
Wednesday . . .	Boiled mutton.	
Thursday . . .	Roast beef.	
Friday . . .	Boiled mutton.	
Saturday . . .	Flank beef.	
Sunday . . .	Roast beef and boiled mutton; with plumb-puddings the winter six months.	

Winter Season.

The same as above, excepting Tuesday; then they have roast or boiled pork.

Every Saints day in the year, plumb-pudding.

Michaelmas-day, roast geese.

Founder's-day, fowls, bacon, wine, and strong beer.

Shrove-Sunday, calves-head and bacon.

Easter-Sunday, do. do.

Christmas-day, a mince-pie each man.

Fresh butter, one pound and a quarter per week, each man.

Two quarts of beer per day, do.

Michaelmas, three sacks of coals.

Christmas, do. do.

Candles, thirteen pounds.

Cash, fourteen pounds per annum.

Allowed to go where they please two months in the year, with three shillings per week, while absent.

EXETER IN MY YOUTHFUL DAYS.

[For the Year Book.]

Recollections of Exeter in my youthful days, ye shall stand forth—faithfully portrayed—in black and white! Fair city! thou art endeared to me, by remembering that within thy walls and their precincts I spent the best years of my boyhood—from seventeen to nineteen—when every scene pleased, and few circumstances inflicted mental pain on the mind; when I possessed innocence, health, and high spirits; and sufficient affluence to obtain every object of my simple wishes and humble desires. I cherish fond thoughts of the simplicity of manners and unostentatious hospitality of thy worthy citizens; who, generally in easy circumstances, and many of them opulent, gave every one a hearty family welcome in the good old country fashion

of the æra of 1782, when the substantiality of the furniture and of the table were as like the plain honest feelings of the people as the tastier and fimsier fittings of our present apartments and the kickshaw fare of our genteel entertainments are similar to the heartless invitations and manners of modern society.

There was something very picturesque and pleasant, allow me to say, in the full made broad-cloth coat, with its full buttoned cuff and ample skirts; and the bushy or curled wig of an old gentleman; and in the brocaded hoop-gown and deep ruffles, and the lappets and laced mob cap of an old gentlewoman: aye, and in their good-humored sedateness and quiet stateliness too. The stout gold-headed cane of the one, and the long ivory-headed ebony walking-stick, sometimes umbrellaed, of the other, were worth a whole ocean of switches and parasols—jaunty things, some of them useful in their way, but wholly unknown and unthought of in those honest and comfortable times.

“Why,” say you, “more honest and comfortable times?” I will tell you. People were then less sophisticated; every one knew and kept his own proper sphere and station: the maxim was “custom to whom custom was due, honor to whom honor.” No one approached so familiarly towards another that stood before, or rather above him, as to tread down the heel of his neighbour’s shoe. The gentleman made his politest bow to the gentleman on meeting him; the tradesman kindly saluted the tradesman in passing; the common people of both sexes had ever something to say civil or cheerful to one another; and no lad would pass by his elder or superior without touching his hat, or making a respectful bow to him: nor were the little lasses forgetful of their pleasing smiles and reverential curtsies.

Besides, in those days, provisions of all kinds, beef, veal, mutton, and pork, were to be bought at threepence, and the primest pieces of meat at fourpence a pound, a goose for two shillings or half a crown, ducks and fowls at eighteen pence the couple, fresh butter at five pence a pound, and boat loads and cart loads of all sorts of fish (from Starcross and Torbay). Oh! if they could have known the give-away prices they were to be sold for, they would have wept themselves to salt water again. And these good things were washed down too with prime cyder

at a guinea only the hogshead. Money was as plentiful as hops, and no one complained, for no one wanted.

Exeter, dear Exeter! thou art spread out as a map to my mind’s eye—where shall I begin? Thy long High Street (and in describing that I am nearly portraying most of thy other thoroughfares), thy long High Street, I say again, with its ancient gateways, rich with statues and battlements (but now removed and obliterated), its roomy and extensive old-fashioned houses, with their gable ends, their grotesque and fancifully ornamented fronts, with their long and bowed out windows extending the whole breadth of the building, with their lozenge-paned leaded casements, and each higher floor projecting out one above the other, that from the near approximation of the upper stories, many opposite neighbours without much effort might cordially shake hands with each other—this was the appearance fifty years ago of parts of Exeter High Street, where, on the three weekly market days, all the good things of the farm, the orchard, and the dairy were wont to be spread out in double rows, from one end of it to the other; and all, all, and each and every article and morsel were bought up and carried home, and ere the next market day, roasted, baked, fried, broiled, boiled, or stewed, served up and eaten, to the ample satisfaction and sustenance of thy honest good-hearted citizens, their friends, and visitors.

Such were the inhabitants: and such the abundant providance, that the surrounding country supplied for bodily wants and necessities: And this fulness of supply and enjoyment no doubt mainly tended to the establishment and preservation of genuine sociality, good manners, and good humor. The broad cloth large coats, and brocaded hoop gowns, the goodly wigs, and the laced mob caps, the precious metal-headed canes, and the ladies’ tall walking-sticks, have disappeared with the portly well-behaved gentlemen, and the comely cheerful gentlewomen, the obliging tradespeople, and the well-behaved boys and girls. Most of these kind-hearted creatures are gone, and so I fear is much of the means of cheap marketing, which I have already hinted at as a primary cause of honesty of character, good behaviour, and good humor. The supply with which a kind providence has so blessed Devonian’s fertile hills and vales I doubt not is at this

day as fully abundant; yet, I fear me, is to be purchased only at treble the prices of the happy old days I have been describing.

These good old times, I say, I have no doubt had corresponding effects on the temper as well as on the manners of the people. Independence and comfortable circumstances will impart elasticity of spirits and feelings of benevolence. A tradesman's child is usually better tempered and better behaved than a poor man's child; and a gentleman's son has usually more civility of manners than either. Comfort prompts to cleanliness, and cleanliness tends to engender self-respect: and a laborer's child with plentiful meals, and a cleanly and comfortable home, will be civil and respectful.

Fifty years ago was the golden age for wigmakers. It was a goodly and a pleasant sight to behold on a gala-day the members of the ancient and loyal corporation of Exeter in grand procession preceded by the town cryer, the city waits, the trades' companies in their bombazeen gowns, with their pennons and banners displayed, and the mayor, recorder, and aldermen, in their scarlet furred robes, every soul of them looking gravely and worshipful in their full-bottomed bushy wigs. Indeed, I am of opinion, with the honest barber, that there have been neither cheap, nor good, nor truly honest times in England since wigs went out of fashion; and that they are the only things that effectually distinguish man from the monkey tribe. I never have a chubby nor an angular face with only a few stray hairs upon its *caput* popped under my nose, but I am reminded of the vacant grinning visage, and sleek poll of an old baboon.

"And who," say you, "were these honest, good humored, kind-hearted people? What were they? You have been speaking of gentlemen and tradesmen, and common people, as if they were all of one family; and somehow or other closely akin to one another!" Why, I answer, they were, in the first or higher grade, gentlemen and ladies of small but independent fortune; merchants trading largely to the Mediterranean; substantial clothing manufacturers (for Exeter then had, and most likely now has, a large share in the manufacturing of serges,

kerseys, &c.\*); the heads of the custom-house and excise departments; naval and military officers retired from the service; the dignitaries of the cathedral, and the parochial clergy (nineteen of them I think) and their families. And never must be forgotten, when speaking of Exeter, its harmonious Jackson, the celebrated musical composer and organist of the cathedral church; and its classic Downman; and its physicians, the doctors Glasse and Oakes, clad in their full-bottomed wigs and ample scarlet roquelaurs. Nor can I here omit mentioning those two very contrasting natives of gay France, the little corpulent worthy, Louis (the father of the gallant admiral and baronet), the very genius of good breeding and good humor, who instructed with all the grace and agility of a *Destrayis* or a *Vestris*, half the young people of *Isca*,† in the varieties of the sprightly *danse*; and (though more properly assorting with another class of citizens) the volatile and *trui rassemble caricatura* of his Gascon countrymen, the tall, lean, martial hearing, Mons. Peter Herbert, the celebrated teacher of the *langue françois*, and of the noble science of attack and defence, who would throw you off your guard, and jerk your foil over your head, whilst, with the piercing glance of his keen eye, he would fascinate you like a basilisk. In the second grade we may reckon some retired tradesmen and commanders of merchant vessels, the more opulent grocers, mercers, apothecaries, druggists, builders, and booksellers. Of these last mentioned citizens let me not omit one I well remember (then an octogenarian), and who was personally or nominally known to every lettered man in the kingdom, old Andrew Brice; nor the more respectable biblioplists, little Billy Grigg (with his yellow-white wig), Thorne, Sweetland, and Trueman

\* [The serge and kersey manufactures have disappeared from Exeter. The demand gradually ceased, the Exeter manufacturing branches knew not why, nor went to London to inquire. They lost their trade they knew not how till all was gone, and then they discovered, by the news being brought to them, that the serges and kerseys, which from long usage they imagined they had a prescriptive right to make, were manufactured at a cheaper rate in Lancashire and Yorkshire.—W. H.]

† The ancient name of Exeter.

(each of whom were stocked with capacious libraries of old and valuable books), and Shirley Woolmer (recently deceased), the antiquary and mineralogist of the county; and that caterer of *nouvellettes* in the college cloister, the erudite Maister Dyer, the collector of a circulating library, the choicest, and perhaps the most extensive, of any in the whole kingdom, except in the metropolis.\* Finally must be noticed that industrious grade who, where there is plenty of employment, and where cheap rent and cheap provisions are to be met with, would be great fools if they were not as kind-hearted and good-humoured, and it would be nothing to their credit if they were not as well-behaved, in a certain degree, as their betters.

"Well! if you have done describing the people, pray let us hear something more about the place that seems to cling so kindly to your youthful remembrance." Why, then, there is the Northernhay, and Southernhay, the Friar's walk, the river Exe going up to Cowley bridge, the Hayne banks (below the city)—all pleasant walks and places. There is the cathedral, with its noted great bell, its grand organ (the largest in England), its two fine old massive Gothic towers, its venerable western front covered with niches, filled with statues, its noble window of stained glass displaying the armorial bearings of all the first families in the county; and its close, with its neat shaded gravel'd walks, fill'd then, as, I doubt not, now, with as graceful forms and bright eyes as

[\* To "Maister Dyer," the eminent bookseller of Exeter, succeeded his son, who inherited his father's books and his father's affection for them. Young "maister Dyer" added largely to the paternal collections; he courted, beyond all price, rare and curious books, and feared to part with them for love or money. Mr Carter, a lover of antiquities, an excellent draftsman of antiquarian and topographical subjects, a highly ingenious mechanic, and a most worthy and honorable man, joined Mr. Dyer, jun., in the bookselling business. A few years ago I saw their enormous stock *en masse*. Their collection of theology was astonishing; it was stacked on manifold shelves to the angle point of the gable of their huge upper warehouse. Every book was in its place in the order of the catalogue they were then printing, of which I then saw several proof sheets. The work proceeded slowly, for Mr. Dyer and his books were part and parcel of each other, and the thought of parting with them was as iron entering into his soul.—W. H. J.]

man can wish to behold. Who can forget, that ever once saw, Miss Fryer, who was afterwards the beautiful Lady Collier, Miss J.—, Miss S.—, Miss B.—, and a hundred others, who still survive in my remembrance, and that of every one living, who ever had the pleasure of once seeing them? Indeed! I do not know where there are so many healthy, and handsome, and happy, and innocent, forms and faces to be met with together, as at a Devonshire fair or revel.

"Well! you have mentioned Northernhay, what sort of a place is that?" Why, Northernhay, *vulgo* Norney, is one of the most agreeable walks in England: it skirts the city on the side it takes its name from, and borders on the old Roman castle of Rougemont, of which, however, one solitary, picturesque, massive, ivy-covered tower alone remains, and the old battlemented walls of the city, grand in ruin. This finely shaded walk of considerable length was always, in fine weather, crowded with genteel company. It overlooks a deep wooded ravine, beyond which is a goodly champaign prospect, with the suburb of St. Davids; its neat white-washed houses covering the climb of the hill, and its rural country-looking church crowning the summit. Glimpses of the river Exe may also be obtained from certain parts of this elevation.

Southernhay, *vulgo* Soudney, on the south side of the city, covered now, as I am told, with respectable buildings, was, in the good old times I am speaking of, an oblong square field, laid out, too, with gravel'd walks round its borders. Here was used to be played by the young men all sorts of rural games, and it was also the ordinary exercising ground of the military. But its proudest time was midsummer, or Glove Fair, which was holden for a fortnight, with all the festive mirth, noise, amusement, and holiday accompaniments, of other large fairs. This fair was opened or proclaimed by the corporation in grand procession, with music and banner-carrying, and an enormously large leather glove, on a high pole, which was placed in the fair, and kept its station there till its conclusion, in memorial of a glove given by King John, on his visiting this city, as a token of the charter he granted for the holdign of his fair.

The Friar's walk, on a rising ground above the river Exe, has a more extensive and varied view. It was, at the time I am speak-

ing of, a tenter field, having racks for stretching and drying the manufactures of the city, the broad-cloths, which, being chiefly of blue and scarlet colours, and the ground a sloping, gave rather a gay and flaming appearance to Exeter, on approaching it from the westward. This ground, I learn, has been builded upon, and has now a grand terrace of uniformly built houses, occupying the immediate site of what was more particularly called the walk, and commanding a view of the Exe flowing beneath, for a few miles upwards, and for about ten miles downwards to the river's junction with the sea; with a view of the watering towns of Exmouth and Starcross, on either side of the estuary, and the grounds and woods of Powderham castle; also Halldown, an extensive range of mountain land about seven miles off; the villages and churches of Powderham, Kenton, and Alphington; the church and suburbs of St. Thomas; the neat stone balustraded bridge that unites them to the city; and some handsome villas picturesquely situated at Exwick, at about two miles distance from this spot.

The Hayne banks—alongside the canal that brings up vessels from Topsham to the city quay—is a delightful walk, well gravelled, and nearly straight for about ten miles, all the way to Starcross. Besides obtaining a less elevated view of the scenery from Friar's walk, you pass by, on the right hand, a forest of orchards, covered in summer with blossoms, or loaded in autumn, with ruddy fruit. On the left hand lies the sea port town of Topsham, with its harbour of large merchant vessels. On returning from Starcross is a fine view of the city of Exeter, surmounted by its beautifully seated and noble cathedral.

Exeter had then (1782) a fine old guildhall, handsome county courts, where the assizes are holden, a mayoralty or banqueting-house, a famed grammar-school, a county infirmary, a handsome hotel and assembly rooms, nineteen parish churches (Lilliputian ones indeed, and seemingly built for Lilliputians) and a theatre, with a highly respectable company of performers. There were, at the time I am speaking of, Henderson, and Hughes, and Edwin, and Mrs. Edwin, and Whitfield, and Tom Blanchard, and the pretty Mrs. Ward, whose Hamlet, and Diggory, and Lingo, and Cowslip, and Joseph Surface, and Lubin, and

pretty, pretty, mad Ophelia, were seldom equalled, and can never, never be surpassed. There was also a gymnasium, or place for equestrian performances, somewhat similar to Astley's in London, but on a very inferior scale of performance indeed. To these, since then, have been added a county jail, a county bride-well, and barracks for cavalry—all, without doubt, unhappily, requisite additions, yet subtracting from the beauty of the view from the Northernhay.

Last remembered, though not least endeared to memory, fair Exeter, are thy strawberries and clotted cream—thy sweet junkets (a delightful admixture of curds, and sugar, and nutmeg, and port wine)—the fine peal of thy twelve cathedral bells—the grand and powerful tones of its magnificent organ, its singularly beautiful episcopal throne—thy solemn Christmas waits—thy midnight carols, so sweetly sung by a hundred voices, by the light of twice as many tapers—and the many, many happy companionships, and the pleasant walks and excursions we have taken together by the banks of thy river, and over thy upland hills, and through thy ever-verdant vales.

Such wert thou, Exeter, fifty years ago!  
R. T.

July 25, 1831.

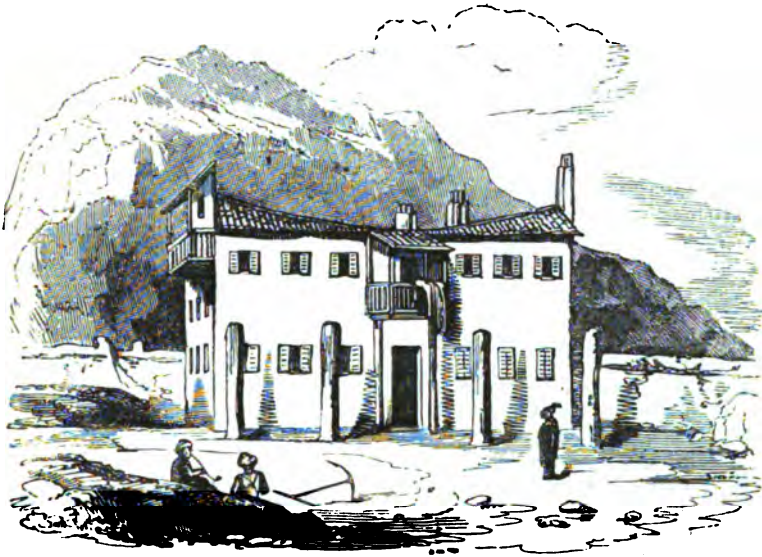
#### A BED-TIME CHARM.

Ady, in his "Candle in the Dark." 4to. 1635, tells of an old woman he knew in Essex, who had lived also in queen Mary's time, and thence learned many popish charms, one of which was this: every night when she lay down to sleep she charmed her bed saying:

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
The bed be blest that I lye on:

and this would she repeat three times, reposing great confidence therein, because (she said) she had been taught it, when she was a young maid, by the churchmen of those times.

	h. m.
December 18.—Day breaks	. 6 0
Sun rises	. . 8 7
— sets	. . 3 53
Twilight ends	. 6 0



LORD BYRON'S DEATH-PLACE AT MISSOLONGHI.

Mr. W. Delamotte jun. communicated the drawing for this engraving, from a sketch taken on the spot by a lady. It represents the house in which lord Byron died at Missolonghi. The apartment in which he expired is at the top on the left, distinguished by an awning and balcony in front of the window. This nobleman's career may be likened to that of a wintry sun, which shines between storms, and sets suddenly in gloom.

In the next column is a very obliging communication relating to the accompanying Latin translations—one of them from an apocryphal poem by lord Byron—printed on the following page.

*Rhyme*, in Latin verse, is a modern invention. In Mr. Turner's History of the Anglo-saxons there is much respecting the period of its origin.

*Macaronic Poetry* is said to have been first written by Theophilus Folengi, who lived about 1520—*Fosbroke*.

"MONKISH POEMS."

[To Mr. Hoare.]

Hamstead Heath, 1 July, 1831.

Sir,—A late perusal of some Monkish poems, together with sir Alex. Croke's interesting essay on the subject, has induced me to offer my mites (albeit, not of current coin of the realm) to the Editor of the *Year Book*,—a poor return, i'faith, for months of amusement: other friends, however, may contribute of their abundance; I can, but testify my good will.

I have merely to add that, contrary to the practice of a late elegant writer of macaronics, I have invariably used *accented* as *rhyming* syllables. Thus only, as it strikes me, can the euphony of these trifles be secured. I have added the English, though familiar to all, in order for facility of comparison.

Most obediently yours,

B. J. W

**Monkish Verses.**

*Lord Byron's extempore Farewell to  
Thomas Moore.*

My boat is on the shore—  
And my bark is on the sea—  
But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee.  
Here's a sigh for those that love me,  
And a smile for those that hate;  
And, whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.  
Tho' the ocean roar around me,  
Yet it still shall bear me on—  
Tho' the desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won :—  
Wer't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink.  
In that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
Should be—"Peace to thine and mine,  
Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore."

*Carmen quoddam valedicens a Domino  
Byron ad Thomam Morum 'α' 'εργοβιοι  
conscriptum.*

Me ad littus manet cymba—  
Stat in alto navis :—ibo.—  
Prids autem, me sodalis,  
Tibi bisque terque bibo.  
Qui amāstis me valete—  
Valeant et qui oderunt—  
Pectus enī quod forte feret  
Fata cœli quævis erunt.  
Circa licet mare fremat,  
Trans uquosos ferar montes—  
Circa pateat eremus,  
Dulcis aquæ tenet fontes :—  
Ima modò restet gutta,  
Repâ jacens sicco ore  
Tibi, animâ languente,  
Bibam ultimo humore.  
Cordis hoc vocisque votum  
Æquâ illâ hęc ceu vino  
Siet—"Tuis Pax meisque  
Tibi, Thoma mi propiud."

*From Shakespeare's Passionate Pilgrim*

Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together ;  
Youth is full of pleasaunce,  
Age is full of care :  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather :  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare :  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short ;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame :  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold :  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee ;  
Youth, I do adore thee ;  
O, my love, my love is young :  
Age, I do defy thee ;  
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Quid senectæ cum juventâ,  
Simul agunt non securæ ;—  
Est juvenus plena salum,  
Est senectus plena curæ.  
Est juvenita sol æstivus,  
Est senectus brumæ cruda,  
Est juvenus æstas ardens,  
Est senectus hyems nuda.  
Plena jocum est juvenita,  
Anima senectæ lenta,  
Est juvenus pede cita  
Est senectus impedita ;  
Dum juvenita fervet—viget—  
Heu ! senectus fracta—friget  
Venis est juvenita plenis,  
At senectæ sicca lenis.  
Apage—senectus—oro ;  
Te, juvenita, te adoro ;  
O ! quam amo quam decorâ !  
Hinc, senectus, hinc abito—  
Pastorelle, hęc et citò,  
Nimis enim longa mora.

**December 19.**

**STEEPLE FLYING.**

December 19, 1735.—A feat of this kind in Wiltshire is thus recorded in the

From Bromham in Wilts came the high flying stranger,  
Whose whimsical project the church put in danger,  
His rope from the weathercock stretch'd by the people,  
Away brought this wild fowl and part of the steeple;  
He perch'd on a tree, and escap'd with small pain,  
Though a rope in the end will I doubt prove his bane.  
May a brief have these numps who pull'd at the bottom,  
Precedence to take of the wise men of Gotham.

It is related elsewhere that on the 27th of September, 1731, a sailor slid on a rope from the top of Hackney steeple in less than half a minute, with a streamer in each hand.

**Hocus Pocus.**

Ady, in his "Candle in the Dark," speaking of common jugglers, that go up and down to play their tricks in fairs and markets, says, "I will speak of one man more excellent in that craft than others, that went about in king James's time and long since, who called himself the king's majesties most excellent *Hocus Pocus*, and so was he called, because that at the playing of every trick, he used to say *hocus pocus tontus, talontus, vade celeriter jubee*—a darke composition of words to blind the eyes of beholders."

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, has the following

with a slight  
Convey men's interest, and right,  
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's  
As easily as *hocus pocus*.

Archbishop Tillotson, in his "Discourse on Transubstantiation," says that "in all probability those common juggling words of *hocus pocus* are nothing else but a corruption of *hoc est corpus*," used in the catholic ceremony of consecration.

Vallency, speaking of *hocus pocus*, derives it with less probability from the Irish "Coic an omen, a mystery; and wais, the palm of the hand: whence is formed *coiche-bas, legerdmain; persice, choko-baz*: whence the vulgar English *hocus pocus*."

Another phrase, "*Hiccius doctias*" is

Gentleman's Magazine. It was anciently an achievement from the steeple of old St. Paul's cathedral, and of great amusement to the populace during royal processions through London.

a common term among our modern slight of hand men. The origin of this is, probably, to be found among the old Roman Catholics. When the good people of this island were under their thralldom, their priests were looked up to with the greatest veneration, and their presence announced in the assemblies with the terms *hic est doctus! hic est doctus!* and this probably is the origin of the modern corruption *hiccius doctias*.\* M. F."

	h.	m.
December 19.—Day breaks	6	1
Sun rises	8	7
—sets	3	53
Twilight ends	5	59

**December 20.**

**REMARKABLE DWARF.**

December 20, 1735. The Gentlemen's Magazine records.

A dwarf from France arrived in town,  
Measuring but inches twenty-one,  
At court a wonder great was shown.  
Where he, though aged forty-six,  
Performed twenty childish tricks.

**MOLES.**

In "The Husbandman's Practice; or Prognostication for ever," 1658, there is much to show what Moles on several parts of the body denote. For example: If a man have a mole on the place right against the heart, it doth denote him, "undoubtedly to be wicked." If a mole in either man or woman appear on the place right against the spleen, it doth sig-

\* B. 221



ify that he or she shall be "much passionated and oftentimes sick."

In "A Thousand notable Things," we find that moles on the arm and shoulder, denote great wisdom; on the left, debate and contention. Moles near the armpit riches and honor. A mole on the neck is commonly a sign that there is another near the stomach, which denotes strength. A mole on the neck and throat denotes riches and health. A mole on the chin, that there is another near the heart, and signifies riches. A mole on the right side of the forehead is a sign of great riches both to men and women; on the other side quite the contrary. Moles on the right ear denote riches and honor; on the left, they signify the reverse.

The signification of moles is derivable from the mole books still published for the satisfaction of the curious in secret matters.

	h	m.
December 20.—Day breaks	6	1
Sun rises . . .	8	7
— sets . . .	3	53
Twilight ends . . .	5	59

### December 21.

#### ST. THOMAS'S DAY.

In London, on this day, the common councilmen and other officers of the respective city wards are chosen by the freemen inhabitant householders, at their wardmotes.

In Herefordshire this is called "mumping day," and the poor go round their parishes begging corn and other doles.\*

#### "MOTHER BALLS."

[For the Year Book.]

Perhaps some short account of this eccentric old *duchess* will not be unacceptable to some of your readers. I live but a very short distance from her late cottage (hovel, I should say), and have gathered the following from her near neighbours:—Elizabeth Balls, or, as she was more commonly called, mother Balls, resided for some years in a wretched hovel in the peaceful and retired village of Havering at the bower, on the borders

\* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

of Hainalt Forest, in the county of Essex, a distance of about sixteen miles from the Metropolis. Perhaps a more singular being was never known: for the last twenty years of her life she resided in her wretched abode, accompanied by at least ten or twelve goats: these animals were her constant companions; if any of them were sick she attended them with the anxious solicitude of a parent. Some of the neighbouring gentry, from motives of humanity as well as curiosity, frequently paid her a visit; she was, in general, any thing but communicative, a few incoherent and barely civil sentences usually escaped her in answer to their enquiries. It is supposed that a love affair, in the time of her youth, caused this strange alteration in her habits and manners. At the time of her decease she had a brother living in affluent circumstances, who took care while his unfortunate sister was living she should be placed beyond the reach of poverty, and who also gave her remains a decent interment. She used, during the winter, to sit crouching with her goats before a huge wood fire; her skin was completely changed to a yellowish brown from the filth and smoke of her dwelling: she chiefly lived on the produce of her goats, their milk. She at length died, worn out by extreme old age, and a few years ago was buried in the church yard of the village church, where she for years resided. Her remains were attended to their last resting place by nearly the whole population of the place, very few of whose inhabitants but remember "Mother Balls the goat woman."

. W. B

#### GIPSIES.

From a dissertation on the Gipsies, by Grollman, and the authorities he cites, together with some striking proofs derived from the language of the Gipsies, it is presumable that they came originally from Hindostan, where they are supposed to have been of the lowest class of Indians, namely Parias, or, as they are called in Hindostan, Suders. They are thought to have migrated about A. D. 1408, or 1409, when Timur Beg ravaged India for the purpose of spreading the Mahometan religion, and so many thousands were made slaves and put to death, that a universal panic took place, and a great number of the terrified inhabitants endeav-

voured to save themselves by flight. As every part towards the north and east was beset by the enemy, it is most probable that Ziuganea, the country below Multan, to the mouth of the Indus, was the first asylum and rendezvous of the fugitive Suders. Here they were safe, and remained so till Timur returned from his victories on the Ganges, when they first entirely quitted the country, and probably with them a considerable number of the natives, which will explain the meaning of their original name. By what track they came to us cannot be ascertained. If they went straight through the southern Persian Deserts of Sigistan, Makran, and Kirman, along the Persian Gulf to the mouth of the Euphrate, from thence they might get, by Bassora, into the great deserts of Arabia, afterwards into Arabia Petræa and so arrive in Egypt by the Isthmus of Suis. If they had not been in Egypt before they reached us, it is incomprehensible how the report arose that they were Egyptians. Harrison, in his description of England prefixed to Holinshed's Chronicle, 1587, describing the various sorts of cheats practised by the voluntary poor, after enumerating those who maimed or disfigured their bodies by sores, or counterfeited the guise of labourers or serving men, or mariners seeking for ships which they had not lost, to extort charity, adds: "It is not yet full three score years since this trade began; but how it hath prospered since that time it is easy to judge, for they are now supposed of one sex and another to amount unto above ten thousand persons, as I have heard reported. Moreover, in counterfeiting the *Egyptian Roges*, they have devised a language among themselves which they name Canting; but, by others, pedlers French, a speech compact thirty years since of English, and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet such is it as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, a just reward no doubt for his deceits, and a common end to all of that profession."

Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, gives this general account of the Gipsies: "They are a kind of counterfeit Moors, to be found in many parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. They are commonly supposed to have come from Egypt, from whence they derive themselves. Munster discovered in the letters and pass, which they ob-

tained from Sigismund the Emperor, that they first came out of Lesser Egypt, that having turned Apostates from Christianity and relapsed into Pagan rites, some of every family were enjoined this penance, to wander about the world. Aventinus tells us, that they pretend, for this vagabond course, a judgment of God upon their forefathers, who refused to entertain the Virgin Mary and Jesus, when she fled into their country. Their first appearance was in Germany *since the year 1400.*" Nor were they observed before in other parts of Europe, as is deducible from Munster, Genebrard, Crantsius, and Ortelius."

In "The Art of Jugling and Legerdemaine," by S. R. 4to. 1612, is the following account: "These kinde of people about an hundred yeares agoe, about the twentieth yeare of king Henry the Eight, began to gather an head, at the first heere about the southerne parts, and this, (as I am informed) and as I can gather, was their beginning. Certaine Egyptians, banished their cuntry (belike not for their good conditions,) arrived heere in England, who being *excellent in quaint tricks and devises*, not known heere at that time among us, were esteemed and had in great admiration, for what with strangeness of their attire and garments, together with *their sleights and legerdemains*, they were spoke of farre and neere, insomuch that many of our English loyterers joynd with them, and in time learned their crafts and cosening. The speech which they used was *the right Egyptian Language*, with whom our Englishmen conversing with, at least learned their language. These people continuing about the cuntry in this fashion, practising their cosening art of fast and loose and legerdemaine, purchased themselves great credit among the cuntry people, and got much by *palmistry* and telling of *fortunes*, insomuch they pitifully cosened the poor cuntry girls, both of money, silver spones, and the best of their apparell, or any good thing they could make, onely to heare their fortunes." Further, "Giles Hather (for so was his name) together with his woman, Kit Calot, in short space had following them a pretty traine, he terming himself the king of the Egyptians, and she the queene, ryding about the cuntry at their pleasure uncontrold." The author then mentions the Statute against them of the 1st and 2d of Philip and Mary, on which he observes: "*Bur*

what a number were executed presently upon this Statute, you would wonder: yet, notwithstanding, all would not prevaile; but still they wandered as before, up and down, and meeting once in a yeere at a place appointed—sometimes at the Devils A—— in Peake in Darbeshire, and otherwhiles at Ketbroke by Blackheath, or elsewhere, as they agreed still at their Meeting." Speaking of his own time, he adds: "These fellows, seeing that no profit comes by wandering, but hazard of their lives, do daily decrease and breake off their wonted society, and betake themselves, many of them, some to be pedlers, some tinkers, some juglers, and some to one kinde of life or other."

The Gipsies spread into every country of Europe. It would occupy too much space to follow them beyond France, where they appear to have settled very early. Pasquier, in his "Recherches de la France," says, "On August 17, 1427, came to Paris twelve penitents (penanciers) as they called themselves, viz. a duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and calling themselves good christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that, not long before, the christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity, or put them to death. Those who were baptized were great lords in their own country, and had a king and queen there. Some time after their conversion, the Saracens overran their country and obliged them to renounce Christianity. When the emperor of Germany, the king of Poland, and other christian princes, heard this, they fell upon them and obliged them all, both great and small, to quit their country, and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance to wander over the world without lying in a bed; every bishop and abbot to give them once ten livres tournois, and he gave them letters to this purpose, and his blessing. They had been wandering five years when they came to Paris. They were lodged by the police out of the city, at Chapel St. Denis. Almost all had their ears bored, and one or two silver rings in each, which they said was esteemed an ornament in their country. The men were very black, their hair curled; the women remarkably ugly and back, all their faces scarred (displayez) their hair black, like a horse's tail, their only habit an old shaggy garment (flossoye) tied over their shoulders with a cloth or

cord-sash, and under it a poor petticoat or shift. In short they were the poorest wretches that had ever been seen in France; and, notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women who, by looking into people's hands told their fortunes *et meirent contens en plusieurs mariages*; for they said, thy wife has played thee false (*Ta femme t'a fait coup*) and what was worse they picked people's pockets of their money and got it into their own by telling these things by art, magic, or the intervention of the devil, or by a certain knack." Thus Pasquier. It is added that they were expelled from France in 1561.

The Gipsies were banished from England by Act of Parliament, so early as 22d Henry VIII. By statutes in 1st and 2d Philip and Mary, and 5th Elizabeth, persons importing them were to forfeit £40; and if the Egyptians remained one month in the kingdom, or if any person fourteen years old, whether natural-born subject or stranger, were seen or found in the fellowship of such Egyptians, or had disguised him or herself like them, for one month at one or several times, it was felony without benefit of clergy. And sir Matthew Hale says, that at one Suffolk assize, no less than thirteen persons were executed upon these Statutes a few years before the Restoration.

In Scotland they seem to have enjoyed some indulgence: for a writ of Privy Seal, dated 1594, supported John Faw, lord and earl of Little Egypt, in the execution of justice on his company and folk, conformable to the laws of Egypt, and in punishing certain persons there named, who rebelled against him, left him, robbed him, and refused to return home with him. James's subjects were commanded to assist in apprehending them, and in assisting Faw and his adherents to return home. There is a like writ in his favor from Mary queen of Scots, 1553; and in 1554 he obtained a pardon for the murder of Nunan Small. So that it appears he had staid long in Scotland. The Faws had been previously for some time in England, and from him this kind of strolling people might receive the name of "Faw Gang," which they afterwards continued to retain.

There is a well-known Scottish song entitled "Johnny Faa, the Gypsie Laddie." An advertisement appeared in the Newcastle Courant, July 27, 1754, offering a reward for the apprehending of

John Fall, and Margaret his wife, William Fall and Jane, otherwise Ann his wife, &c., commonly called or known by the names of "Fawes," &c. Gipsies still continue to be called "Faws" in the north of England.

Gay, in his pastorals, speaking of a girl who is slighted by her lover, thus describes the Gipsies :—

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,  
I, near yon stile, three sallow Gipsies met ;  
Upon my hand they cast a poving look,  
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they  
shook :

They said that many crosses I must prove,  
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.

Mr. Rogers, in his Pleasures of Memory, also describes the Gipseys :—

" Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blas'd  
The Gipseys's faggot.—There we stood and  
gas'd ;

Gas'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,  
Her tatter'd mantle, and her bood of straw ;  
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er,  
The drowy brood that on her back she bore,  
Impe in the barn with mousing owlet bred,  
From rifted roost at nightly revel fed ;  
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest  
shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog  
bay'd :

And heroes fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,  
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard wall.  
As o'er my palm the silver pi-ces she drew,  
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,  
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes  
and fears,

To learn the colour of my future years."

Mr. Hoyland's work on the Gipsies, is the account last published of this singular race, who, by the operation of the laws against vagrancy, are fast disappearing.\*

	h. m.
December 21.—Day breaks	6 1
Sun rises	8 7
—sets	3 53
Twilight ends	5 59

## December 22.

### LONGEVITY.

December 22, 1753, died the Rev. Mr. Braithwaite of Carlisle, at the age of 110. In 1652, he commenced singing-boy in the cathedral, and had been singing upwards of 100 years.

\* Brand.

### A DREAM.

On the 22d of December, 1754, died William Anne Van Keppel, earl of Albemarle, ambassador at the court of France. When his widow was waited upon by their son, who succeeded to the title, to acquaint her with the earl's death, she said, "you need not tell me that your father's dead: for I dreamed it last night."

### ABRAHAM SHARP.

In the year 1742, died Abraham Sharp, an eminent mathematician, mechanic, and astronomer, descended from an ancient family at Little Horton, near Bradford, in the west riding of Yorkshire. He was apprenticed to a merchant at Manchester; but his genius and disposition for the study of the mathematics, became so remarkable that his engagement was cancelled, and he removed to Liverpool, where he gave himself up wholly to mathematics, astronomy, &c., and opened a school, in which he taught writing and accounts, until he fell into company with a London merchant, with whom the famous astronomer, Mr. Flamsteed, lived. That he might be personally acquainted with that eminent man, Sharp engaged himself as a book-keeper to the Londoner, and contracted an intimate friendship with Mr. Flamsteed, by whose interest he obtained a better situation in Chatham dock-yard, where he continued till Flamsteed called him to his assistance in contriving and fitting up the astronomical apparatus in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich.

He assisted Flamsteed in making observations (with the mural arc, which Sharp is believed to have contrived and graduated, of nearly seven feet radius, and 140 degrees on the limb) of the meridional zenith distances of the fixed stars, with the times of their transits over the meridian; together with observations of the sun and moon's diameters, eclipses variations of the compass, &c. From continued observation of the stars, at night, his health was impaired, and he retired to his house at Horton; where he fitted up an observatory of his own, having first constructed a curious engine for turning all kinds of work in wood or brass, with a mandrel for turning ovals, roses, wreathed pillars, &c. He made most of the tools used by joiners, clock-

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

makers, opticians, and mathematical instrument makers. The limbs of his large equatorial instrument, sextant, quadrant, &c., he graduated with the nicest accuracy, by diagonal divisions, into degrees and minutes. The telescopes he used were all of his own making, and the lenses ground, figured, and adjusted by his own hands.

About this time Mr. Sharp further assisted Flamsteed in calculating most of the tables in the second volume of his "Historia Cœlestis," and made the curious drawings of the charts of all the constellations visible in our hemisphere, with the still more excellent drawings of the planispheres of the northern and southern constellations. He published "Geometry Improved by a large and accurate table of segments of circles," &c. His treatise of "Polyedra, or solid bodies of many bases," &c., contains copper-plates neatly engraved by himself. The models of these Polyedra he cut out in a most exact manner in box-wood. Few or none of the mathematical instrument-makers could exceed him in exactly graduating, or neatly engraving any mathematical or astronomical instrument. He undertook the quadrature of the circle from two different series, proving the truth thereof to seventy-two figures, as seen in Sherwin's tables. He also laboriously calculated the logarithmic sines, tangents, and secants of the seconds to every minute of the first degree of the quadrant.

Mr Sharp corresponded with Flamsteed, sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Halley, Dr. Wallis, Hodgson, Sherwin, and most of the eminent astronomers of the times. He was a bachelor, very thin, of a weakly constitution, and was quite superannuated three or four years before he died, at the age of ninety-one. He employed four or five apartments in his house for different purposes, into which none could possibly enter at any time without his permission. He was visited rarely by any, except two gentlemen of Bradford, the one a mathematician and the other an ingenious apothecary, who gave signal of their approach by rubbing a stone against a certain part of the house. Although descended from the family of archbishop Sharp, yet he attended the dissenting chapel at Bradford, of which he was a member, every Sunday, when he took care to be provided with plenty of halfpence, which, during his walk to the chapel, he suffered to be taken singly out

of his hand, held behind him, by a number of poor people who followed him, without his looking back, or asking a question.

Mr. Sharp was very irregular at his meals, and remarkably sparing in his diet, which he frequently took in the following manner:—A square hole communicated between the room where he was generally employed in calculations and another chamber or room in the house where a servant could enter; before this said hole was a sliding board; the servant placed his victuals in the hole, without speaking, or making the least noise, and when at leisure he visited his cupboard to see what it afforded. It often happened that breakfast, dinner, and supper, remained untouched when the servant went to remove what was left. In an old oak table, at which he sat to write, cavities were worn by the rubbing of his elbows. One of his editors calls him "the incomparable Mr. Sharp;" and adds that "his tables are sufficient to represent the circumference of the globe of the earth so truly as not to err the breadth of a grain of sand in the whole!"

ST. FILLAN'S BELL.

In Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, the rev. Mr. Patrick Stuart, minister of Killin parish, Perthshire, says, "There is a bell belonging to the chapel of St. Fillan, that was in high reputation among the votaries of that saint in old times. It seems to be of some mixed metal. It is about a foot high, and of an oblong form. It usually lay on a grave-stone in the church-yard. When mad people were brought to be dipped in the saint's pool, it was necessary to perform certain ceremonies, in which there was a mixture of druidism and popery. After remaining all night in the chapel, bound with ropes, the bell was set upon their head with great solemnity. It was the popular opinion, that, if stolen, it would extricate itself out of the thief's hands, and return home, ringing all the way. For some years past this bell has been locked up, to prevent its being used for superstitious purposes."

	h.	m.
December 22.—Day breaks	6	1
Sun rises	8	8
— sets	3	52
Twilight ends	5	59



OLNEY BRIDGE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

**COWPER'S WALKS.**  
[For the Year Book.]

In the early part of the present year I visited Olney, in Bucks, which will no doubt be remembered as having been the abiding place of the poet Cowper during the greater part of his poetical life. Though a native of Olney, I had not seen it for many years; but I recollect, that when a boy at school, I used frequently, with my fellows, to "go walking" in "Weston Park," the place where the chief scenes described in the "Task" are laid. These scenes were indelibly impressed on my remembrance, and I wished to see the changes that time had made.

In the opening of the fourth book of the *Task*, Cowper mentions Olney bridge, which,

"— with its wearsome but needn length,  
Bestrides the wintry flood."

This bridge is about to be demolished and to be replaced by another constructed on more modern principles: hence future travellers may look in vain for the bridge of Cowper.

To give an idea of this bridge I have sent a representation of it as it appeared two years ago, for time, till then, had made no alteration in it since Cowper himself saw it. The church in the distance is that of Emberton, from which he heard the sound of the "village bells." The "twanging horn" has been long silent, and Cowper's "herald of a noisy world," has now to perform his journey on foot, spite of his increased years and infirmities. I had an interview with this

worthy at the post office at Olney; he is familiarly called "Dick Surrell," and is the very person who was "on the road" in the days of the poet. Poor Dick is hastening fast to the "house of his fathers," and in the course of a few short years, like the bridge with which he is associated, will be seen no more of men. Weston house has been pulled down by the present proprietor of the estate, and—would it be believed?—he also commenced cutting down the fine timber in the park, and meditated the destruction of the "bird cage walk" beneath the branches of whose trees, it was the supreme delight of Cowper to "wend his way," it was "between the upright shafts of these tall elms," that Cowper beheld "the thresher at his task;" but this spoliation has been arrested, and the greater part remains unmolested. The house that Cowper inhabited at Olney is now tenantless; its last occupant was Mr. Aspray, a surgeon. The summer-house, in contemplating which Cowper exclaims,

"Had I the choice of sublunary good,  
What could I wish that I enjoy not here?"

is situated in the garden attached to this house; it is now quite neglected, and will soon, I fear, share the fate of the bridge. If I remember rightly, there is a view of this interesting spot in the *Every-Day Book*. I visited the field where stood the poplars whose fall he so feelingly laments in some exquisite verses commencing,

"The poplars are fell'd, fare well to the shade."  
There are now standing, of what was once a fine row, two only of these trees; the field in which they are situated is between Olney and Lavendon mill, and belongs to Mr. Perry of the mill; it is called the "Lynch close."

An old woman at Olney told me she remembered Cowper perfectly well, "He was a sorrowful-looking man," she said, "and very particular in avoiding persons in his walks—he would turn down any path that presented itself to avoid being seen." She remembers that he was accompanied in his walks by a small spotted spaniel, no doubt "Beau," two of whose feats he has immortalized in two beautiful pieces.

J. L. C.

### December 23.

December 23, 1743, died, aged seventy-nine, rear-admiral Sir John Jennings,

governor of Greenwich Hospital. Sir John Jennings gave to Greenwich Hospital the statue of king George II., which stands in the great square. It was sculptured by Rysbrack, out of a single block of white marble, which weighed eleven tons, and had been taken from the French by admiral sir George Rook. In the governor's apartments there is a portrait of sir John Jennings by Richardson.

### BRIVAL SMUGGLING.

A person in Flanders, who carried on a smuggling traffic with Brabant lace, employed a large dog for this purpose in the following manner. Having first shorn him of his hair, he wrapped the lace round his body, which he covered with the skin of another dog of the same size and color, which fitted so very exact that no eye could detect the imposition. He then required only to say to his dog, "march, friend;" upon which the animal immediately set off, and running quickly through the gates of Malines, or Valenciennes, escaped the notice of the officers stationed there to intercept smugglers. When the dog had got out of the town he waited at some distance from the walls for his master to overtake him, who thus always succeeded in conveying his perilous cargo to the place of its destination. The profits made by this ingenious smuggler were so considerable, that within five or six years he accumulated a large property. Some of his neighbours being envious of him on this account, and knowing something of the stratagem which he used, gave information of it, together with a description of the dog, to the excise-officers, who now kept a diligent look out after him. But the dog seemed to read in the eyes of the excise officers the suspicions they harboured against him, and contrived, in spite of every impediment, to elude their vigilance: sometimes he leaped over the ramparts, sometimes he swam across the moat, sometimes he passed them unobserved by creeping through under a carriage, or between the legs of some passenger; and if he saw no prospect of success at one gate of the town he ran to another, so that he never failed to accomplish his purpose. At length, one morning, as he was swimming across the moat at Malines, three

\* Noble.

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 24.

slugs were fired at him, which killed him in the water. Lace to the amount of more than five thousand dollars was found upon him.\*

	h. m.
December 23.—Day breaks . . .	6 1
Sun rises . . .	8 7
— sets . . .	3 53
Twilight ends . . .	5 59

**December 24.**

CHRISTMAS EVE.

In the "Bellman's Treasury, 1707," is the following,—

*Upon Christmas Eve.*

Up Doll, Peg, Susan; you all spoke to me  
 Betimes to call you, and 'tis now past three;  
 Get up on your but-ends, and rub your eyes,  
 For shame no longer lye a-bed, but rise:  
 The pewter still to scow'r, and house to clean,  
 And you a-bed! good girls, what is't you  
 mean?

[To Mr. Home.]

Dec. 8, 1827.

No where does the Christmas season produce more heart-inspiring mirth than among the inhabitants of Cumberland.

The farmer may be seen with his hands enveloped in huge mittens, thrust half way into his breeches' pockets, and his fustian jacket buttoned well up under his chin, jogging merrily along to his daily labor, singing or whistling as he goes, whilst his jolly red face, scarcely perceivable on account of the dense fog, appears like "the sun dimly seen through a mist." The dairy maid, with her "geggin" (milk-pail) in her hand, hurries, shivering through the cold, to the "byre," (cow-house), where the delightful smell and genial warmth of the cows which she sits down to milk, occasion her to observe "it's worth while coming thro' t' snaw, a' purpose to enjoy t' pleesur o' gittin amang t' Rye." This is contradicted. The lad who is "mucking the byre," and who is obliged to issue out at the door every minute to throw the dirt from his "muck-fork" on to "t' middin" (dunghill) grumbles and says, "she wadn't say sae, if she hed his wark to do;" and she of course, from some old grudge she has against him, is greatly pleased at his mortification.

\* Brewster's Zoological Anecdotes.

The "tarns" (small lakes or ponds may be seen covered with boys, some with wisps of straw brushing off the snow, others sliding in their wooden clogs, which are more convenient for this purpose than shoes. They exhorting each other to "keep the pot boiling," till perhaps one of them falls, and the next, on account of the velocity, not being able to stop, stumbles over him, and so on, until most of them lie rolling in a heap together, to the great joy of their comrades, who cry out "my pot boils over," and with all their might endeavour to prevent them from getting up. Sliding by moonlight is very common here, because the men, not having been able to leave work in the day time, think it a fine opportunity to enjoy their favorite amusement of "shure-lin."

On stepping into the "laith" (barn) we may there see two stout hearty fellows opposite to each other, alternately belaboring the ground with their flails till it rings again, whilst the straw, chaff, and corn fly about in all directions. At intervals they stop to pay their respects to a brown jug in the corner, which contains either home-brewed ale or churned milk.

In the farm-house we may find the good dame and her rosy-cheeked daughters busied in preparing mince-pies, raised pies, tarts, and other good things, which indicate that something particular is about to take place.

In short with Christmas eve commences a regular series of "festivities and merry makings." Night after night, if you want the farmer or his family, you must look for them any where but at home; and in the different houses that you pass at one, two, or three in the morning, should you happen to be out so late, you will find candles and fires still unextinguished. At Christmas, every farmer gives two "feasts," one called "t' ould foaks neet," which is for those who are married, and the other "t' young foaks neet," for those who are single. Suppose you and I, Sir, take the liberty of attending one of these feasts unasked (which by the bye is considered no liberty at all in Cumberland) and see what is going on. Upon entering the room we behold several card parties, some at "whist," others at "loo" (there called "lant"), or any other game that may suit their fancy. You will be surprised on looking over the company to find that there is no distinction of persons. Mas-



THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 25.

ters and servants, rich and poor, humble and lofty, all mingle together without restraint—all cares are forgotten—and each one seems to glory in his own enjoyment and in that of his fellow-creatures. It is pleasant to find ourselves in such society, especially as it is rarely in one's life that such opportunities offer. Cast your eyes towards the side board, and there see that large bowl of punch, which the goodwife is inviting her guests to partake of, with apples, oranges, biscuits, and other agreeable eatables in plenty. The hospitable master welcomes us with a smiling countenance and requests us to take seats and join one of the tables.

In due time some one enters to tell the company that supper is waiting in the next room. Thither we adjourn, and find the raised and mince pies, all sorts of tarts, and all cold—except the welcomes and entreaties—with cream, ale, &c., in abundance; in the midst of all a large goose pie, which seems to say “come and cut agam”

After supper the party returns to the card room, sit there for two or three hours longer, and afterwards make the best of their way home, to take a good long nap, and prepare for the same scene the next night. At these “feasts” intoxication is entirely out of the question—it never happens.

Such are the innocent amusements of these people; and, hoping that you may some time have an opportunity of visiting this part of the country, and of being present in reality at the scenes I have described,

I remain,  
Sir, Yours respectfully,  
A. W. R

There is a pleasant little two-shilling volume, entitled “Christmas and the New Year; a masque for the fire side; by Edwin Lees; second edition,” printed at Worcester. It contains the following—

SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS.

When on the barn's thatch'd roof is seen  
The moss in tufts of liveliest green;  
When Roger to the wood pile goes,  
And, as he turns, his fingers blows;  
When all around is cold and drear,  
Be sure that CHRISTMAS-TIDE is near.

When up the garden walk in vain  
We seek for Flora's lovely train;

When the sweet hawthorn bower is bare,  
And bleak and cheerless is the air;  
When all seems desolate around,  
CHRISTMAS advances o'er the ground.

When Tom at eve comes home from plough,  
And brings the mialetoe's green bough,  
With milk-white berries spotted o'er,  
And shakes it the sly maids before,  
Then hangs the trophy up on high,  
Be sure that CHRISTMAS-TIDE is high.

When Hal, the woodman, in his clogs,  
Bears home the huge unwieldy logs,  
That, hissing on the smould'ring fire,  
Flames out at last a quiv'ring spire;  
When in his hat the holly stands,  
Old CHRISTMAS musters up his bands.

When cluster'd round the fire at night,  
Old William talks of ghost and sprite,  
And, as a distant out-house gate  
Slams by the wind, they fearful wait,  
While some each shadowy nook explore,  
Then CHRISTMAS pauses at the door.

When Dick comes shiv'ring from the yard,  
And says the pond is frozen hard,  
While from his hat, all white with snow,  
The moisture trickling drops below;  
While carols sound, the night to cheer,  
Then CHRISTMAS and his train are here.

	h. m.
December 24.—Day breaks	. 6 1
Sun rises	. . 8 7
— sets	. . . 3 53
Twilight ends	. 5 59

December 25.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

To the large accounts in the *Every-Day Book* concerning the modes of celebrating this festival very little can be added.

25th December, 1676, Sir Matthew Hale died. He was born at Olderlay, in Gloucestershire, the first of November, 1609. On entering life he thought upon seeking his fortune in the army, but was persuaded to relinquish his purpose, and follow the law, by Mr. Serjeant Grenville, who was conducting a suit for him at the time. On the 8th of November, 1629, he was admitted a student at Lincoln's Inn, and, by indefatigable industry and attention, he attained the highest honours of the profession.

Sir Matthew Hale was a judge of great ability and inflexible integrity. Two soldiers were tried before him for murder under the following circumstances.—An inhabitant of Lincoln who had been of the king's party was met with a fowling-piece in his hand, by one of the soldiers. The soldier told him that the protector's orders were that none of the king's party should be allowed to carry arms, and proceeded to force the fowling-piece from him; they wrestled, till the man threw his opponent, and then walked away. The soldier met a comrade, to whom he related the circumstance, and they set off in search of the man, for the purpose of revenge. They found and attacked him; and, whilst one of the soldiers was struggling to get possession of the arms, the other went behind the stranger, and ran him through the body. The jury found one of the soldiers guilty of manslaughter, and the other of murder. Colonel Whaley, the commander of the garrison, attended in court, and stated that the Lincoln man had been killed in consequence of disobedience to the protector's orders, and therefore the soldier had merely performed his duty. But Hale was neither convinced by the colonel's arguments, nor daunted by his threats: he passed sentence of death on the culprit, and ordered speedy execution lest a reprieve might be granted, and the ends of justice defeated.

HALE'S RULES.

Sir Matthew Hale, upon his becoming judge, prescribed to himself the following rules, which Bishop Burnet copied from his holograph, viz.

*Things necessary to be had continually in remembrance.*

- 1st. That in the administration of justice I am intrusted for God, the king, and my country, and therefore
- 2ndly., That it be done first, uprightly; secondly, deliberately; thirdly, resolutely.
- 3rdly. That I rest not on my own understanding and strength, but implore and rest upon the directoin and strength of God.
- 4thly. That in the execution of justice I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them however provoked.
- 5thly. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all

- other cares and thoughts as unseasonable interruptions.
- 6thly. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.
  - 7thly. That I never engage myself at the beginning of any one cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced, till the whole be heard.
  - 8thly. That in business capitals, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider that there is also a pity due to my country.
  - 9thly. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.
  - 10thly. That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, nor favour for the rich, in points of justice.
  - 11thly. That popular or court applause, or distaste, have no influence in any thing I do in point of distribution of justice.
  - 12thly. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rules of justice.
  - 13thly. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.
  - 14thly. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.
  - 15thly. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.
  - 16thly. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whom soever, in matters depending.
  - 17thly. To charge my servants, 1, not to interpose in any business whatsoever; 2, not to take more than their knowt. fees; 3, not to give any undue precedence to causes; 4, not to recommend counsel.
  - 18thly. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be the fitter for business.

In Swan's Journal of a Voyage up the Mediterranean, 1826, is the following account of a Greek Christmas.—“Thursday January 6th, this being Christmas day with the Greek Catholics, their churches are adorned in the gayest manner, I entered one, in which a sort of raree-show had been set up, illumed with a multitude of candles: the subject of it was the birth of Christ, who was represented in the back ground by a little waxen figure wrapped up in embroidery, and reclining

upon an embroidered cushion, which rested upon another of pink satin; this was supposed to be the manger where he was born. Behind the image two paper bulls' heads looked unutterable things. On the right was the virgin Mary, and on the left one of the eastern Magi. Paper clouds, in which the paper heads of numberless cherubs appeared, enveloped the whole; while from a pasteboard cottage stalked a wooden monk, with dogs, and sheep, and camels; goats, lions, and lambs; here walked a maiden upon a stratum of sods and dried earth, and there a shepherd flourishing aloft his pastoral staff. The construction of these august figures was chiefly Dutch: they were intermixed with china images and miserable daubs on paper. In the centre a real fountain, in miniature, squirted forth water to the ineffable delight of crowds of prostrate worshippers."

At Rouen, after the *Te Deum*, in the nocturnal office or vigil of Christmas, the ecclesiastics celebrated the "office of the shepherds" in the following manner:—

The image of the virgin Mary was placed in a stable prepared behind the altar. A boy from above, before the choir, in the likeness of an angel, announced the nativity to certain canons or vicars who entered as shepherds, through the great door of the choir, clothed in tunicks and amesses. Many boys in the vaults of the church, like angels, then began the

"*gloria in excelsis.*" The shepherds, hearing this, advanced to the stable, singing "*peace, good will,*" &c. As soon as they entered it, two priests in dalmatics, as if women (quasi obstetrices) who were stationed at the stable, said "Whom seek ye?" The shepherds answered, according to the angelic annunciation, "Our Saviour Christ." The women then opening the curtain exhibited the boy, saying, "The little one is here as the prophet Isaiah said." They then showed the mother, saying, "Behold the Virgin," &c. Upon these exhibitions, they bowed and worshipped the boy, and saluted his mother. The office ended by their returning to the choir, and singing, Alleluia, &c.\*

In catholic times, at Christmas, people presented loaves to the priest on the authority of the direction in Leviticus xxii. "You shall offer two loaves to the priest," &c. At feasts a whole boar (whence brawn at this season) was put upon the table, sometimes it was richly gilded.† The custom of bringing in the boar's head is well known, and to this day it is practised with much ceremony at Queen's College, Oxford. The following extract from the "Oxford Sausage" may be relished.

\* Fosbroke's *British Monachism*

† *Ibid.*

SONG.

IN HONOUR OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE BOAR'S HEAD,  
AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"*Tam Marti quam Merrurio.*"

I sing not of Roman or Grecian mad games,  
The Pythian, Olympic, and such like hard names;  
Your patience awhile, with submission I beg.  
I strive but to honor the feast of Coll. Reg.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

No Thracian brawls at our rites ere prevail,  
We temper our mirth with plain sober mild ale;  
The tricks of old Circe deter us from wine;  
Though we honor a BOAR, we wont make ourselves *swine*

Derry down, &c.

Great Milo was famous for slaying his ox,  
Yet he prov'd but an ass in cleaving of blocks;  
But we had a hero for all things was fit,  
Our motto displays both his valor and wi\*

Derry down, &c.

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 25.

Stout Hercules labor'd, and look'd mighty big,  
 When he slew the half-starved Frymanthian pig;  
 But we can relate such a stratagem taken,  
 That the stoutest of BOARS could not *save his own bacon*.  
 Derry down, &c.

So dreadful this bristle-back'd foe did appear,  
 You'd have sworn he had got the wrong pig by the ear,  
 But instead of avoiding the mouth of the beast,  
 He ramm'd in a volume, and cried—*Græcum est*.  
 Derry down, &c.

In this gallant action such fortitude shown is,  
 As proves him no coward, nor tender Adonis;  
 No armour but logic, by which we may find  
 That logic's the bulwark of body and mind.  
 Derry down, &c.

Ye 'squires, that fear neither hills nor rough rocks,  
 And think you're full wise when you out-wit a fox;  
 Enrich your poor brains and expose them no more,  
 Learn Greek, and seek glory from hunting the BOAR.  
 Derry down, &c.

[To Mr. Hone.]

The following is a brief extract concerning the festivities formerly observed on Christmas day at the Inner Temple. Service in the church being ended, the gentlemen presently repaired into the hall and breakfasted on brawn, mustard, and Malmsey. At the first course, at dinner, was served p a fair and large boreshead upon a silver platter, with ministralsye.\* This custom is still observed at Queen's College Oxford, and tradition represents this usage as a commemoration of an act of valor performed by a student of the college who while walking in the neighbouring forest of Shotover and reading Aristotle was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. The furious beast came open mouthed upon the youth, who, however, very courageously, and with a happy presence of mind, is said to have 'rammed in the volume,' and cried *Græcum est*, fairly choking the savage with the sage.†

While king Richard I. lay before Acre, he was attacked by an ague so grievous that none of the leeches could effect its cure; when owing to the prayers of his loyal army he became convalescent, his first symptom of recovery was a violent

longing for swine's flesh. None could be obtained; the cook therefore at the bidding of an old knight

"Takes a Saracen, young, and fat,  
 And sodden full hastily  
 With powder and with spicery,  
 And with saffron of good colour."

and made a dainty dish for the royal invalid, who "eat the flesh and gnawed the bone," and when he had satisfied his longing.—

"His chamberlain him wrapped warm,  
 He lay and slept, and swet a stound,  
 And became whole and sound."

Presently after Richard hearing with astonishment and indignation the cries of the enemy who seemed making their way to his tent, he flung himself on his steed, and rushing among the Paynims, felled every opponent with his fearful battle-axe. Saladin retreated with loss, and the king returned triumphantly to his camp, and when he had rested awhile, he craved his "souper" even "the head of that ilke swine," which he "of ate." Quoth the cook, "that head I ne have." Then said the king,

"So God me save. But I see the head of that swine,

Forsooth, thou shalt lessen thine!"  
 The cook saw none other might be,  
 He fetch'd the head, and let him see;  
 He fell on knees, and made a cry,  
 "Lo here the head! my lord, mercy!"

\* This paragraph is in the *Every-Day Book*, but it could hardly have been omitted here without the narration appearing incomplete. J. F. R.

† Wade's Walks in Oxford, vol. i. p. 128.

The swarts vis \* when the king seeth  
 His black beard, and white teeth,  
 How his lippes grinned wide,†  
 "What devil is this?" The king cried,  
 And gan to laugh as he were wode.  
 "What! is Saracen's flesh thus good?  
 That, never erst, I nought wist!  
 By Godes death, and his up-rist,  
 Shall we never die for default,  
 While we may in any assault,  
 Slee Saracens, the flesh may take,  
 And seethen, and rostem, and do hem bake,  
 Gnawen her flesh to the bones?  
 Now I have it proved once,

For hunger ere I be wo.  
 I and my folk shall eat mo!"

This "right pleasaunt history" may be found at full in "Webers's Metrical Romances, vol. ii. p. 119, and abridged in Ellis's Specimens of early English Romances, vol. ii. p. 233;" the which books be chiefly read by antiquaries and poets.  
 J. F. R.

\* Black face.

† See the comic picture of a *boars-head* in the *Every-Day Book*.

Mr. Ritson, in his Observations on Warton's History of English Poetry, give the following from a MS.

### Ancient Boar's head Carol.

*In die natiuitat.*

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,  
 Tydyng' gode y thyngke to telle  
 The borys hede that we bryng here,  
 Betokeneth a p'nce with owte pere,  
 Ys born this day to bye v' dere,  
 Nowell, &c.

A bore ys a souerayn beste,  
 And acceptab(1)e in eu'y feste,  
 So mote thys lorde be to moste & leste  
 Nowell, &c.

This borys hede we bryng with song,  
 In worchyp of hym that thus sprang  
 Of a virgine to redresse all wrong.  
 Nowell, &c.

### TEMPLE REVELS.

In the fourth year of the reign of queen Elizabeth, a magnificent Christmas was kept at the Inner Temple in which the lord Robert Dudley, afterwards earl of Leicester, was chief, under the title of Palaphitos, Prince of Sophie, High Constable Marshal of the Knights Templars, and Patron of the honourable order of Pegasus. Christopher Hatton, afterwards lord chancellor of England, was master of the game, with four masters of the revels, besides other officers to conduct the burlesque, and fourscore persons forming a guard. Gerard Leigh, who was present, and created a knight of Pegasus, describes, in his "Accidence of Armorie," the mock solemnity within the hall, and the public firing of double cannons, "in so great a number and so

terrible that it darkened the whole air."

There belonged to the office of the constable marshal a suit of gilt armour with a nest of feathers in the helm, and a fair pole-axe to bear in his hand. Dugdale sets forth the orders for making a Lord of Misrule, with feasting and dancing "round about the coal fire," and hunting in the hall with nine or ten couples of hounds a fox and a cat, both tied at the end of the pole, until they were killed beneath the fire.

In the ninth year of King Charles I. the four inns of court provided a Christmas mask, which cost £2400, and the king invited a hundred and twenty gentlemen of the four inns to a mask at Whitehall on Shrove Teusday following.



JACKLIN—SHAVER AND POET, CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE BARBERS.

[For the Year Book.]

JOHN JACKLIN was "well liking, and well known to *Alma Mater* as a shaver, a poet, and an "odd fellow." Good humor hung pendant on the very tip of his tongue, and a thousand funny sentences poured from his lips; were your

mind as gloomy as Spenser's Cave of Despair, his look had the power to banish all. He presided, for many years previous to his death, over a society in Cambridge, called "The Sixteen," by which he was dubbed "The Major"—below a whole length portrait of him, of which the preceding is a copy, he is familiarly called "The Major—part of Sixteen."

He died December 25, 1825, aged seventy four, "respected, and lamented by all who knew him." After his decease, the following *biographic or cmeau* was found folded in an old song book, in his comb-drawer, and many of his quondam friends hope it may obtain a place in the *Year Book*.

[Copy.]

"TO HIM to whom these presents shall come Greeting. KNOW YE that JOHN JACKLIN, alias THE MAJOR, though no pugilist, had every day a *brush* and *set-to*, and was frequently in the *suds*; for he entered great men's houses, and *sans ceremonie* took them by the nose, and *cut off* more of their *hairs* than any disease, or entail. Bees never harmed him, though he handled the *comb*. He was a staunch Tory, and brought many a *Wig* to the block: though a Sexaquarian, he was always daily at sweet "Sixteen," and although he sometimes met with *great* men, he was always acknowledged as

"THE MAJOR.

"Uncle thought to do a favor,  
Put me 'prentice to a shaver;  
And from that hour I never yet  
Could shave without a little wet.  
Wet my soap, and wet my brush, I  
'Gan to think about the lussy!  
Soap and self I often wetted,  
Danc'd and sung, but never fretted:  
Wet, I found, that all things suited,  
Wet, and self, often saluted.  
Fix'd at Cambridge 'mongst my betters,  
Dunces, dandies, men of letters!  
Here I found them thin and lussy,  
Priests and laymen often thirsty.  
Soon I found them quick as razor,  
And quickly I was dubb'd *The Major!*  
The tables I set in a roar,  
When I entered "four times four."  
Snuff'd the candles neat and pretty,  
Smok'd my pipe, and sang my ditty—  
'Bout 'the Granchester, old miller—  
The Ghost,' and 'rusty sword to kill her!  
Home brew'd ale both bright and gaily,  
Was my joy and comfort daily!  
Than drink bad ale, I had rather,  
Quench'd my thirst in my own lather!  
In social friendahip—what a shiner!  
*The Major* never was *The Minor!*  
A better creature never was, I'll bet a wager  
(Although I say it) than was  
"Camb. 1824." THE MAJOR."

*Another Barber*—ROBERT FORSTER, the "Cambridge Flying Barber," died at the end of the year 1799. During many years he was hair-dresser to Clare Hall, and an eccentric but honest fellow. He was allowed to be so dexterous in his profession, and trimmed his friends so well, that some

years before his death, the gentlemen of the University, by subscription, bought him a silver bason; and he was so famous, that it was no light honor which enabled a stranger to say, he had been shaved out of "Forster's bason." A striking likeness was etched of him in full trim without his hat; for, having lost the only one he possessed, many years before he died, he never wore one afterwards. The etchings are become scarce, or one would have accompanied the likeness of "The Major."  
NEMO.

PUFF! PUFF!! PUFF!!!

[To Mr. Hone.]

Sir,

Going the other evening into a hair-dresser's shop to have my "*cranium operated upon*," or in plain speaking to have my hair cropped, I espied the enclosed printed bill, or whatever else you may call it, which I herewith send for the amusement and edification of those "*cognoscenti*" who will give their time to peruse such a curious specimen of Bombastic Rodomontade.—I have seen a great variety of puffs, literary puffs, lottery puffs, and quack's puffs; but this puff is of a very different description.—It is the puff *sublime*.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step."

[Copy.]

"THE GRANDSTIMULI to the performance of heroic achievements in the art of war are the distinguished honors conferred by a grateful country, and the hopes of immortality. Thus the Romans of old decreed the glory of a triumph while living to their illustrious warriors, and *post mortem* a place among the gods. The AMOR PATRIÆ is the noblest impulse of our nature, and, in this happy land of OLD ENGLAND, the highest honors a beloved monarch can bestow are accessible to the lowest of her citizens, and the man of science who, in his particular profession astonishes the world by the splendor of his genius, is stamped by an admiring people as a star of the first magnitude. The preliminaries apply to that singular professor of his art,

GILLINGWATER,

THE  
INIMITABLE HAIR CUTTER,  
AND  
PATENT PERRUQUIER,  
85.

LONG LANE, SMITHFIELD.

Who, by a tact peculiarly his own, has

introduced a new era in the science of Hair-cutting; he proves to demonstration that the same *modus operandi* does not assimilate to every head, but, by a union of skill and anatomical knowledge of each particular countenance, he blends, with a strict regard to fashion, the commanding aspect of personal figure.

"When this **COLOSSUS OF HAIR-CUTTING** established his *head-quarters* in Long-lane, like the mighty **CÆSAR**, conscious of his conquering powers, he exclaimed "**VENI VIDI, VICI**," and he soon illustrated the memorable expression, and such is his influence, that the **MINOR STARS**, with which his neighbourhood is infested, are hiding their diminished heads. Like the admirable **CRICHTON**, **GILLINGWATER** stands pre-eminently great. The **COGNOSCENTI** who have examined the principles upon which the Perruques are fabricated, pronounce them a **CHEF D'ŒUVRE** of workmanship—indeed, they form *Elegantia ista*; and the liberal method he pursues is so different from what is practised by petty shopkeepers, that it must necessarily distinguish him.

"Although his assortment is extensive, consisting of all the shades of nature, he offers the only safe mode—that of measuring the head. Upon this principle the result is certain, and free of that mixture of color which is found in per-ruques kept in shops where a large stock is boasted of.—His **CHEVALIERS** are artists of high distinction, and exhibit that polite attention, inseparable from a professional intercourse with polished society, and form a **GALAXY** of commanding talent.

"Charge for cutting only sixpence."

**N. B.** For the information of those of your readers who are not yet initiated into the exquisite language of this "inimitable hair cutter," by his chevaliers," those "artists of such high distinction," I believe he means his, his, his,—**Assistants**—**Apprentice** being now nearly obsolete.

EDWIN J.

MEMORANDA.

An indiscreet good action is little better than a discreet mischief.—*Bp. Hall.*

I had rather confess my ignorance than falsely profess knowledge.—It is no shame not to know all things, but it is a just shame to over-reach in any thing.—*Bp. Hall.*

CHRISTMAS WOLVES.

Olaus Magnus, who was of pre-eminence, termed "the Goth," and was archbishop of Upsal, and metropolitan of Sweden, relates in his History, that, at the festival of Christmas, in the cold northern parts, there is a strange mutation of men into animals. He says that, at a certain place previously resolved upon amongst themselves, there is a gathering of a huge multitude of wolves that are changed from men, who, during that night, rage with such fierceness against mankind, and other creatures not fierce by nature, that the inhabitants of that country suffer more hurt from them than ever they do from true natural wolves, for these human wolves attack houses, labor to break down the doors that they may destroy the inmates, and descend into the cellars, where they drink out whole tuns of beer or mead, leaving the empty barrels heaped one upon another. And, if any man afterwards come to the place where they have met, and his cart overturn, or he fall down in the snow, it is believed he will die that year. And there is standing a wall of a certain castle that was destroyed, which, at a set time, these unnatural wolves come to, and exercise their agility in trying to leap over; and they that cannot leap over this wall, as commonly the fat ones cannot, are whipped by their captains: and, moreover, it is believed that among them are the great men and chief nobility of the land. And one skilled in the manner of this great change of a natural man into a brute, says, that it is effected by a man mumbling certain words, and drinking a cup of ale to a man wolf, which, if he accept the same, the man natural is admitted as worthy of the society of these men wolves, and may change himself into the form of a wolf by going into a secret cellar or private wood; and also he may put off his wolf's form, and resume his own, at his pleasure.

And, for example, it is further related by the archbishop Olaus, that a certain nobleman, while on a journey through the woods, was benighted and hungry; and it so fell out that among his servants were some who had this faculty of becoming wolves; one of these proposed that the rest should be quiet, while he with drew, and that they should not be surprised to tumult by any thing they saw in his absence; and, so saying, he went into a thick wood, and there privily he transformed himself, and came out as a



wolf, and fell fiercely on a flock of sheep, and caught one of them, and brought it to his companions, who, knowing the bringer thereof for their comrade, received it gratefully; and he returned into the wood, as a wolf would, and came back again in his own shape as the nobleman's servant; and so, of his skill, this lord and the rest had a supper, for they roasted the sheep.

Also, saith the archbishop, not many years since, it fell out in Livonia that a nobleman's wife disputed with one of her servants, whether men could turn themselves into wolves, and the lady said they could not; but the servant said, with her permission, he would presently show her an example of that business: and forthwith he went alone into the cellar, and presently after came forth in the form of a wolf; and the dogs hunted him through the fields into a wood, where he defended himself stoutly, but they bit out one of his eyes, and the next day he came with only one eye to his lady.

Lastly, the archbishop saith, it is yet fresh in memory how the duke of Prussia, giving little heed to such stories, yet required one who was reputed cunning in this sorcery, to give proof of his art, and the man changed himself into a wolf accordingly, and the duke was then satisfied, and caused the man to be burnt for his idolatry.\*

The true black Hellebore is called Christ's Herb or Christmas Herb, "and that," says Gerard, "because it bloweth about the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In "the Phenix; or a Revival of scarce and valuable pieces, &c." 2 vols. 8vo., 1707, i. 14, there is a curious dissertation entitled, "Christ's Birth miss-tim'd, or a Resolution of the Right Honorable Lord Carew's Question touching the true time of the Conception and Birth of John Baptist, and also of our Saviour; proving that Jesus Christ was not born in December."

	h.	m.
December 25.—Day breaks	6	1
Sun rises	8	7
— sets	3	53
Twilight ends	5	59

\* Olaus Magnus, *Hist. of the Goths*, b. xviii. c., 338

## December 26.

### ST. STEPHEN'S DAY

The day after Christmas day is always observed as "boxing day," in places where still lingers the decaying custom of soliciting gifts under the denomination

#### CHRISTMAS BOXES.

Gladly, the boy, with Christmas box in hand,  
Throughout the town, his devious rout pur-  
sues;

And of his master's customers implores  
The yearly mite: often his cash he shakes,  
The which, perchance, of coppers few con-  
sists,

Whose dulcet jingle fills his little soul  
With joy as boundless as the debtor feels,  
When, from the bailiff's rude, uncivil gripe  
His friends redeem him, and with pity fraugh.  
The claims of all his creditors discharge.

R. J. THORN.

[For the Year Book.]

In the hall of the Inner Temple, on St Stephen's day, after the first course was served in, the constable marshal was wont to enter the hall bravely arrayed with a "fair, rich, compleat harneys, white, and bright, and gilt, with a nest of fetters of all colours upon his crest or helm, and a gilt pole ax in his hand," accompanied by the Lieutenant of the tower, "armed with a fair white armour," wearing like fetters "with a like pole ax in his hand," and with them sixteen trumpeters, four drums and fifes going in rank before them, and attended by four men in white "harneys" from the middle upwards, and halberds in their hands, bearing on their shoulders a model of the tower: which persons with the drums and music went three times round the fire. Then the constable marshal knelt down before the lord chancellor, and behind him the lieutenant, and in this humble guise, the former personage edified the revellers with an oration of a quarter of an hour's length, declaring that the purpose of his coming was to be admitted into his lordship's service, to which the chancellor answered that he would "take farther advice therein."

Then the constable marshal standing up, in submissive manner, delivered his naked sword to the steward, who presented it to the chancellor, who thereupon "willed" the marshal to place the constable marshal in his seat, with the lieutenant also in his seat. During this ceremony "the tower" was placed "be-

neath the fire." Next entered the master of the game apparelled in green velvet, and the ranger of the forest in a green suit of satten, bearing in his hand a green bow and "divers," arrows "with either of them a hunting horn about their necks, blowing together three blasts of venery." These having strided round the fire thrice, the master of the game having made three "courtesies" knelt down before the lord chancellor, and put up the same petition as the constable marshal, the ranger of the forest standing demurely behind him.

At the conclusion of this ceremony, a huntsman came into the hall bearing a fox, a pursenet,\* and a cat, both bound at the end of a staff, attended by nine or ten couples of hounds with the blowing of hunting horns. Then were the fox and cat set upon and killed by the dogs beneath the fire, to the no small pleasure of the spectators."

What this "merry disport" signified (if practised) before the reformation, I know not. In "Ane commendious boke of godly and spiritual songs, Edinburgh, 1621, printed from an old copy," are the following lines, seemingly referring to some such pageant:—

The hunter is Christ that hunts in haist  
The hunds are Peter and Pawle,  
The paip is the fox, Rome is the Rox  
That rubbis us on the gall.

Then proceeded the second course, which done, and served out, the common sergeant made a "plausible speech" to the lord chancellor and his friends at the highest table, showing forth the necessity of having a marshal and master of the game, "for the better reputation" of the commonwealth, and wished them to be received. This oration was seconded by the king's sergeant at law, which heard,—the "ancientest of the masters of the revels" sang merrily with the assistance of others there present.

Only fancy the "ancientest of the masters of the revels" chanting such stanzas as the following,—

"Bring hither the bowle  
The brimming brown bowle,  
And quaff the rich juice right merrilie;  
Let the wine cup go round  
Till the solid ground  
Shall quake at the noise of our revelrie.

\* *Pursenet*, a net of which the mouth is drawn together by a string. *Johnson.*

Let wassail and wine  
Their pleasures combine,  
While we quaff the rich juice right merrilie;  
Let us drink till we die,  
When the saints we relie  
Will mingle their songs with our revelrie."

After supper, which was served with like solemnity as on Christmas day, the constable marshal again presented himself with drums before him, mounted on a scaffold, borne by four men, and going thrice round the hearth, he shouted "a lord l a lord l" then descending from his elevation, and having danced awhile, he called his court severally by name in this manner:—

"*Sir Francis Flatterer*, of Fowleshurst, in the county of Buckingham."

"*Sir Randle Buckabite*, of Rascall Hall, in the county of Rabbell."

"*Sir Morgem Mumchance*, of Munch Monkerie, in the county of Mad Popery," (and others.) This done, the lord of misrule "addressed" himself to the banquet, which, when ended with some "minstralsye," mirth and dancing, every man departed to rest. "At every mess, a pot of wine allowed: every repast was vid."

On St. John's day (upon the morrow) the lord of misrule was abroad by 7 o'clock in the morning, and repairing to the chambers he compelled any of his officers who were missing to attend him to breakfast with brawn, &c.; "after breakfast ended, his lordship's power was in suspense, until his personal presence at night, and then his power was most potent." At dinner and supper was observed the "diet and service" performed on St. Stephens day: after the second course was served, the king's sergeant "orator like" declared the disorder of the constable marshal, and common sergeant; the latter of whom "defended" himself and his companion "with words of great efficacy." Hereto the king's servant replied, they rejoined, and whoso was found faulty was sent to the tower. On the Thursday following, the chancellor and company partook of dinner of roast beef and venison pasties, and at supper of "mutton and hens roasted."

J. F. R.

Walworth, Oct. 1831.

### CONVIVIAL SAYINGS.

HOB, OR NOB?

Grose mentions the question, "Will you hob, or nob, with me?" as signifying

'a request or challenge to drink a glass of wine with the proposer; if the party challenged answered nob, they were to chuse whether white or red." In Shakspeare's Twelfth-Night, a character speaking of a duellist says, "His incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be done but by pangs of death, and sepulchre: *hob, nob*, is his word; giv't or tak't." Mr. Monck Mason, in a note on this passage, asks, "Is not this the original of our *hob-nob*, or challenge to drink a glass of wine at dinner?" Mr. Brand observes, "In Anglo-Saxon, *habban* is to *have*, and *mæbban* to *want*. May it not therefore be explained in this sense, as signifying, 'Do you choose a glass of wine, or would you rather let it alone?' This appears to be the only reasonable account of the origin of this term of request or challenge.

Buz.

This term signifies a challenge to a person to pour out all the wine in the bottle into his glass, the challenger undertaking to drink it, should it prove more than the glass would hold. It is also a term commonly said to one who hesitates to empty a bottle that is nearly out. We are told of it as being a college expression; intimating a threat, in the way of pleasantry, to black the person's face with a burnt cork, should he flinch or fail to empty the bottle. Possibly it may have been derived from the German "buzzen," *sordes auferre*, q. d. "Off with the Lees at bottom."\*

	h.	m.
December 26.—Day breaks	6	0
Sun rises	8	7
—sets	3	53
Twilight ends	6	0

December 27.

St. JOHN.

There is sufficient respecting this festival in the *Every-Day Book*.

If the reader have a dread of poisoning, and faith in preservatives, the *Every-Day Book*, on St. John's Day will supply a recipe for marvellous wine-manchets.

\* Brand.

UNDER THE ROSE.

This saying is stated to have taken its rise from the ancient convivial entertainments, where it was customary to wear chaplets of roses about the head, on which occasions, when persons desired to confine their words to the company present, that they "might go no farther," they commonly said "they are spoken under the Rose." Hence the Germans have a custom of picturing a rose in the ceiling over the table. In *Lingua*, a comedy 1657, *Appetitus* says: "Crown me no crowns but Bacchus' crown of roses."

On this passage, in the first part of Shakspeare's *Henry VI*.

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me,

Warburton says, "This is given as the original of the two badges of the house of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of saying a thing under the Rose, I am persuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the white and red rose, and were perpetually plotting and counter-plotting against one another, then when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he said it under the Rose; meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret." Upon Warburton's supposition, Mr. Upton, another of Shakspeare's commentators, says: "This is ingenious! What pity that it is not learned too! The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's Dictionary might have instructed Dr. Warburton in this: 'Huic Harpocrati Cupido Veneris filius parentis suæ rosam dedit in munus, ut scilicet si quid licentius dictum, vel actum sit in convivio, sciant tacenda esse omnia. Atque idcirco veteres ad finem convivii sub rosa, Anglicè *under the rose*, transacta esse omnia ante digressum contestabantur; cujus formæ vis eadem esset, atque ista *Μισθμνάμονα συμφορας*. Probat hanc rem versus qui reperiuntur in marmore:

*Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta laterent  
Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.  
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,  
Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciat."*

Newton, ix. h. "Herball to the Bible,"

1587, says: "I will heere adde a common cuntry custome that is used to be done with the Rose. When pleasaunt and merry companions doe friendly meete together to make goode cheere, as soone as their feast or banquet is ended, they give faithfull promise mutually one to another, that whosoever hath been merrily spoken by any in that assembly, should be wrapped up in silence, and not to be carried out of the doores. For the assurance and performance whereof, the tearme which they use, is, that all things there saide must be taken as spoken under the rose. Whereupon they use in their parlors and dining rooms to hang roses over their tables, to put the companie in memorie of secrecie, and not rashly or indiscreetly to clatter and blab out what they heare—protesting that all was spoken under the Rose." Peacham in "The Truth of our Times, 1638," mentions this saying, and the convenient practice "in many places, as well in England as in the Low Countries," of painting a rose. He deduces the origin of the saying from the authority cited by Upton in his stricture on Warburton.\*

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 DIVINATION

Divination is the obtaining of the knowledge of something future, by some endeavour or means designedly made use of for that end.

Gaule, in his Mag-astro-mancer posed and puzzel'd, p. 165, enumerates as follows the several species of divination:—

*Stureomancy*, or divining by the elements.

*Aeromancy*, or divining by the air.

*Pyromancy*, by fire.

*Hydromancy*, by water.

*Geomancy*, by earth.

*Theomancy*, pretending to divine by the revelation of the Spirit, and by the Scriptures, or Word of God.

*Dæmonomancy*, by the suggestions of evil dæmons, or devils.

*Idolomancy*, by idols, images, figures.

*Psychomancy*, by men's souls, affections, wills, religious or moral dispositions.

*Antinopomancy*, by the entrails of men, women, and children

*Theriomancy*, by beasts.

*Ornithomancy*, by birds.

*Ichthyomancy*, by fishes;

*Botanomancy*, by herbs.

\* Brand.

*Lithomancy*, by stones.  
*Cleromancy*, by lots.  
*Oniromancy*, by dreams.  
*Onomatomancy*, by names.  
*Arithmancy*, by numbers.  
*Logarithmancy*, by Logarithms.  
*Sternomancy*, from the breast to the belly.  
*Gastromancy*, by the sound of, or signs upon the belly.  
*Omphelomancy*, by the navel.  
*Chiromancy*, by the hands.  
*Pædomancy*, by the feet.  
*Onychomancy*, by the nayles.  
*Cephalæomancy*, by braying of an asses head.  
*Tupframancy*, by ashes.  
*Cupnomancy*, by smoak.  
*Livanomancy*, by burning of frankincence.  
*Curromancy*, by melting of wax.  
*Lecanomancy*, by a basin of water.  
*Cutoxtromancy*, by looking glasses.  
*Chartomancy*, by writing in papers; as in choosing valentines, &c.  
*Macharomancy*, by knives or swords.  
*Chrystallomancy*, by glasses.  
*Dactylomancy*, by rings.  
*Coseinomancy*, by sieves.  
*Axinomancy*, by saws.  
*Cattabomancy*, by vessels of brass or other metal.  
*Roadomancy*, by stars.  
*Spatalamancy*, by skins, bones, &c.  
*Sciomancy*, by shadows.  
*Astragalomancy*, by dice.  
*Oinomancy*, by wine.  
*Sycomancy*, by figs.  
*Typomancy*, by the coagulation of cheese.  
*Alphitomancy*, by meal, flour, or bran.  
*Crithomancy*, by grain or corn.  
*Alectromancy*, by cocks and hens.  
*Gyromancy*, by rounds or circles.  
*Lampadomancy*, by candles and lamps.  
*Nagomancy*, or *Necromancy*, by inspecting, consulting, and divining by with, or from the dead.  
 In Holiday's "Marriage of the Arts" is introduced a species of divination not in the above ample list of them, intitled *Anthropomancy*.  
 A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, for March, 1731, introduces "a person surprising a lady and her company in close cabal over their coffee; the rest very intent upon one, who, by her dress and intelligence, he guessed was a tire-woman: to which she added the secret of divining by coffee-grounds; she was then

in full inspiration, and with much solemnity observing the atoms round the cup: on one hand sat a widow, on the other a maiden lady, both attentive to the predictions to be given of their future fate. The lady (his acquaintance), though married, was no less earnest in contemplating her cup, than the other two. They assured him that every cast of the cup is a picture of all one's life to come; and every transaction and circumstance is delineated with the exactest certainty."

The same practice is noticed in the *Connoisseur*, No. 56, where a girl is engaged in divining of what rank her husband shall be. She says, "I have seen him several times in coffee-grounds, with a sword by his side; and he was once at the bottom of a tea cup, in a coach and six, with two footmen behind it."

In the life of Harvey, the famous conjurer of Dublin, 8vo, 1728, we read of "Immersion of wooden bowls in water, sinking incharmed and enchanted amulets under water, or burying them under a stone in a grave in a church-yard."

Among love divinations may be reckoned the dumb cake, so called because it was to be made without speaking, and afterwards the parties were to go backwards up the stairs to bed, and put the cake under their pillows, when they were to dream of their lovers.

There is a prodigious variety of these divinations, alphabetically enumerated and explained, in "*Faorcii Bibliographia Antiquaria*." See also Potter's *Grecian Antiquities*.

John of Salisbury enumerates no fewer than thirteen different kinds of diviners, or fortune tellers, who (in his time) pretended to foretel future events, some by one means, and some by another.

#### CHIROMANCY—DIVINATION BY PALMISTRY.

According to Indagine's "*Book of Palmistry and Physiognomy*, translated by Fabian Withers," 8vo. 1656, the lines in the palm of the hand are distinguished by formal names, such as the table line, or line of fortune, the line of life or of the heart, the middle natural line, the line of the liver or stomach, &c. &c. &c., the

triangle, the quadrangle. The thumb too, and fingers, have their "hills" given them, from the tops of which manual diviners pretended they had a prospect of futurity. The little finger they call the ear finger, because it was commonly used by our ancestors to make clean the ears; a practice which does no great honor to their delicacy.

Gaule, in his "*Mag-astro-mancer posed and puzzled*," tells us, that the lines spreading at the bottom joint of the thumb signify contentions; the line above the middle of the thumb, if it meet round about, portends a hanging destiny; many lines transverse upon the last joint of the fore-finger denote riches by inheritance; right lines there, a jovial nature; lines in the points of the middle finger (like a gridiron) a melancholy wit, and unhappy; if the sign on the little finger be conspicuous, they denote a good wit and eloquent, but the contrary, if obscure. Equal lines upon the first joint of the ring-finger are made of a happy wit.

Cornelius Agrippa, in his *Vanity of Sciences*, says that chiromancy "fancies seven mountains in the palm of a man's hand, according to the number of the seven planets; and, by the lines which are there to be seen, judges of the complexion, condition, and fortune of the person; imagining the harmonious disposition of the lines to be, as it were, certain celestial characters stampt upon us by God and nature." Agrippa gives a catalogue of great names of such authors as have written on this science falsely so called, but observes that "none of them have been able to make any further progress than conjecture, and observation of experience. Now that there is no certainty in these conjectures and observations is manifest from thence, because they are figments grounded upon the will; and about which the masters thereof of equal learning and authority do very much differ."

Dr. Ferrand, in his *Love's Melancholy*, 1640, tells us that "no man professeth publickly this cheating art, but theeves, rogues, and beggarly rascals; which are now every where knowne by the name of Bohemians, Egyptians, and Catamaras." It may be well to observe the date of this reprobation of fortune-telling by the hand.—We have still fortune-tellers of this class



MINSTER CHURCH, ISLE OF THANET, KENT.

Minster, about two miles distant from Ramsgate, derives importance from its celebrated abbey for veiled virgins, founded by Donnava queen of the Mercians in 670. Remains of this edifice still exist; and bear the name of Minster court. This is the mansion-house of the manor of Minster. The north front has a fine Gothic doorway, with its arch and ornaments entire.

The church is considered the most ancient in Thanet. It is a very fine structure: the chancel and transept are of pure Gothic architecture; the nave is Saxon. The chancel is lighted by several lancet windows, and has eighteen collegiate stalls in good preservation. At the west end is a handsome tower and leaded steeple, with a clock and five bells. On the top of the spire was formerly a globe, and upon that a wooden cross covered with lead, over which was a vane, and above that an iron cross; until about 1647, Richard Culmer, commonly called "Blue

Dick, fixed ladders, before day, by moonlight, and hired two men of the parish to go up and demolish the ball and crosses as "monuments of idolatry."

Dr. Meric Casaubon became vicar of this parish in 1634, and held the vicarage until it was sequestered by the parliament in 1644, when Richard Culmer was appointed in his stead.

Ebbs Fleet, in this parish, seems to have been the usual landing-place from the sea upon the isle of Thanet. At this spot the two Saxon chiefs, Hengist and Horsa, landed with their forces in 385, when, according to Gildas "they first fixed their terrible claws on the eastern part of the isle of Great Britain, as if they were about to fight for the country, but in reality to lay siege to it and destroy it." Here, in 596, Austun, called the apostle of the English, landed. Here, likewise, landed from France, St. Mildred the second abbess of Minster.

THE YEAR BOOK. — DECEMBER 27.

OLD WAR-SIGN.

Upon the authority of certain statements in the "Cambrian Antiquities," it is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messen-

gers in different directions through the land, each bearing a bent bow, and that peace was in a like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.

THE BENDED BOW.

There was heard the sound of a coming foe,  
There was sent through Britain a bended bow,  
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,  
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

' Heard ye not the battle horn ?  
—Reaper ! leave thy golden corn !  
Leave it for the birds of Heaven,  
Swords must flash, and shields be riven !  
Leave it for the winds to shed—  
Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red ! "

And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son,  
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

" Hunter ! leave the mountain chase,  
Take the falchion from its place !  
Let the wolf go free to-day,  
Leave him for a nobler prey !  
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by—  
Arm thee ! Britain's foes are nigh ! "

And the hunter arm'd ere his chase was done,  
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

" Chieftain, quit the joyous feast !  
Stay not till the song has ceased.  
Though the mead be foaming bright,  
Though the fires give ruddy light,  
Leave the hearth and leave the hall—  
Arm thee ! Britain's foes must fall. "

And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown,  
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

" Prince ! thy father's deeds are told,  
In the bower and in the hold !  
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,  
Where the minstrel's harp is strung !  
—Foes are on thy native sea—  
Give our bards a tale of thee ! "

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son,  
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

" Mother ! stay thou not thy boy !  
He must learn the battle's joy.  
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,  
Give thy brother words of cheer !  
Maiden ! bid thy lover part,  
Britain calls the strong in heart ! "

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on,  
And the bards made song for a battle won !

SINGLE-STICK AND CUDGELS.

[To Mr. Hone.]

I do not observe that you notice the yearly village sports of Single-stick playing and Cudgelling, in your *Year-Book*.—You may know, perhaps, that the inhabitants of many of the villages in the western counties, not having a fair or other merry-making to collect a fun-seeking money - spending crowd, and being willing to have one day of mirth in the year, have some time in the summer what are called *feasts*; when they are generally visited by their friends, whom they treat with the old English fare of beef and plumb pudding, followed by the sports of single-stick playing, cudgelling, or wrestling: and sometimes by those delectable inventions of merry Comus, and mirthful spectacles of the village green, jumping in the sack, grinning through the horse-collar, or the running of blushing damsels for that indispensable article of female dress—the plain English name of which rhymes with a *frock*.

Single-stick playing is so called to distinguish it from cudgelling, in which two sticks are used: the single-stick player having the left hand tied down, and using only one stick both to defend himself and strike his antagonist. The object of each gamester in this play, as in cudgelling, is to guard himself, and to fetch blood from the other's head; whether by taking a little skin from his pericranium, drawing a stream from his nose, or knocking out a few of those early inventions for grinding—the teeth.

They are both *sanguine* in their hope of victory, and, as many other ambitious fighters have done, they both aim at the *crowns*.

In cudgelling, as the name implies, the weapon is a stout cudgel; and the player defends himself with another having a large hemisphere of wicker-work upon it. This is called the *pot*, either from its likeness in shape to that kitchen article, or else in commemoration of some ancient warfare, when the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," being suddenly surrounded with their foes, sallied forth against them, armed with the *pot* and *ladle*.

Single-stick playing, and cudgelling, would be more useful to a man as an art of self-defence, if he were sure that his enemy would always use the same mode of fighting: but the worst of it is, if a Somersetshire single-stick player quarrel with a Devonshire wrestler, the latter, not

thinking himself bound to crack the stickler's head by the rules of the game, will probably run in and throw him off his legs, giving such a violent shock to his system that the only use he will be able to make of his stick will be that of hobbling home with it.

W. BARNES.

HANSELL—HORSESHOES.

[To Mr. Hone.]

Dear Sir,

At p. 954 occurs the word "Handsell." The practise of nailing the horse shoes to keep out the witches is generally the same in all the counties I have been in; as also that of rubbing by some, and spitting on by others, of the first money taken for articles usually sold by petty carriers—the good luck or bad of the sales for the day, being usually laid to the charge of the first purchaser. I have known when they would not sell at all to some, at the commencement a reduced price was gladly taken from a person presumed to be lucky as a purchaser.

Brand I find has much on spitting and saliva; but the word "Handsell," is in my opinion a hand full of such articles as could be so measured and valued by such—Yet I find in Arnold's chronicle of the customs of London, quarto, page 191, the following curious item, which may ave reference to the above custom:—

"Another Weight is called *auncels* shaft, and this weight is forbidden in England by statute of parliament, and also Holy church hath cursed in England all those that bye and sell by that *auncel* weight, for it is a disuseable weight if a man cast him to deceive the people and for to be false."

Handsell to me certainly appears to be a corruption of *Auncel*, and the spitting on the first conceived good money is to keep away the bad which probably your more learned correspondent may further illustrate.

I remain, Dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. F. PHOENIX.

6th August, 1831.

Liverpool.

FAIRIES.

There are some very pretty notions in verse on the love of order and cleanliness among the "Good People," of our old



popula. Mythology. They were famous slut-pitchers; and celebrated, withal, for dressing themselves gallantly.

MAB, *The Fairy Queen*, condescends to her subjects in a ditty entitled with her own name, wherein she says,

When mortals are at rest  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard, and unspied,  
Through key-holes we do glide  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep;  
There we pinch their arms and thighs;  
None escapes, and none espies.

So much for punishment of offences;  
next, as in moral justice, comes reward  
for services:—

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid:

For we use, before we go,  
To drop a tester in her shoe

Dr. Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, speaks of this practice in the outset of "A proper New Ballad, entitled, *The FAIRIES FAREWELL.*"

Farewell Rewards and Fairies!

Good housewives now may say:  
For now foul sluts in dairies

Do fare as well as they:  
And though they sweep their hearths no less  
Than maids were wont to do,  
Yet who, of late, for cleanliness,  
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

The cheerful Prelate afterwards says,  
in praise of the "Good People,"

A telltale in their company  
They never could endure;  
And whose kept not secretly  
Their mirth was punished sure,  
It was a just and Christian deed  
To pinch such black and blue.  
O! how the commonwealth doth need  
Such justices as you!

To the same effect, Herrick, who wrote the glorious poem, "Corinna going a Maying," gives goodly counsel and caution to household maids,

If ye will with Mab find grace,  
Set each platter in his place;  
Rake the fire up, and get  
Water in, ere sun be set.  
Wash your pails, and cleanse your dairies,  
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies:  
Sweep your house: who doth not so,  
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

The state dresses of their high and mighty little Majesties are always described as suitable to their quality. Two pieces on this subject from *The Rhapsody*. 8vo. 1750, with some befitting alterations, are at the reader's service. The first which I find to have been abridged from Poole's "*English Parnassus*," is on

*The King.*

Upon a time the Fairy elves,  
Having newly dress'd themselves,  
Thought it meet to clothe their king  
In robes most fit for revelling.

They wrought a cobweb shirt more thin  
Than ever spiders since could spin;  
And bleach'd it in the whitest snow  
When the northern winds do blow.

A rich waistcoat they did bring  
Form'd of the trout fly's golden wing;  
Dyed crimson in a maiden's blush,  
And lined with humming bees' soft plush.

His hosen and his cassock were  
Wove of the silken gossamer;  
And down the seams, with careful pace,  
An unctuous snail drew curious lace.

His girdle was a wreath of pearls  
Dropt from the eyes of silly girls,  
Pinch'd because they had forgot  
To sweep the hearth, and clean the pot.

His hat was all of ladies' love,  
So passing light that it would move  
If any gnat or tiny fly  
But stirr'd the air in passing by.

The next, in a different measure, closes with a verse of agreeable sarcasm, and en' the entertainment somewhat abruptly

*The Queen.*

No sooner was their king attired  
As prince had never been,

Than, as in duty was required,  
They next array'd their queen.

With shining thread shot from the sun  
And twisted into line,  
They on the Wheel of Fortune spun  
Her body-linen fine.

They made her gown of morning dawn  
When Phoebus did but peep,  
As by a poet's pencil drawn,  
In Chloris' lap asleep.

Its colour was all colours fair,  
The rainbow gave the dip;  
Its perfume was the amber air  
Drawn from a virgin's lip.

Her necklace was a subtle tye  
Of glorious atoms, set  
In the pure black of Beauty's eye,  
As they had been in jet.

Her shoes were lover's hopes abed,  
So passing thin and light,  
That all her care was how to tread;  
A thought would burst them quite.

The revels ended, she put off ;  
 Because her grace was warm,  
 She fann'd her with a lady's scoff,  
 And so she took no harm.

WELL FAIRIES

Hutchinson, in his History of Cumberland, speaking of Eden-hall, says: "In this house are some good old-fashioned apartments. An old painted drinking glass, called the 'Luck of Eden-hall,' is preserved with great care. In the garden, near to the house, is a well of excellent spring water, called St. Cuthbert's well (the church is dedicated to that saint); this glass is supposed to have been a sacred chalice; but the legendary tale is, that the butler, going to draw water, surprised a company of fairies who were amusing themselves upon the green near the well: he seized the glass which was standing upon its margin; they tried to recover it; but, after an ineffectual struggle, flew away, saying,

'If that glass either break or fall,  
 Farewell the luck of Eden-hall.'

This cup is celebrated in the duke of Wharton's ballad upon a remarkable drinking match held at sir Christopher Musgrave's. Another reading of the lines said to have been left with it, is,  
 "Whene'er this cup shall break or fall,  
 Farewell the luck of Eden-hall."

FAIRY SADDLE.

Waldron, in his Description of the Isle of Man, tells us that there is in that island, "the fairies' saddle, a stone termed so, as I suppose, from the similitude it has of a saddle. It seems to lie loose on the edge of a small rock, and the wise natives of Man tell you it is every night made use of by the fairies, but what kind of horses they are, on whose backs this is put, I could never find any of them who pretended to resolve me." The same writer acquaints us that the Monks confidently assert that the first inhabitants of their island were fairies, and that these little people have still their residence among them. They call them *the good people*, and say they live in wilds and forests, and on mountains, and shun great cities because of the wickedness acted therein.\*

\* Brana.

FAIRY HAUNTS, &c.

In a curious and rare book entitled "Paradoxical Assertions, &c., by R. H." 1664, we read, that Englishmen "maintain and defend the sacred hearth, as the sanctuary and chief place of residence of the tutelary lares and household gods, and the only court where the lady Fairies convene to dance and revel?"

Aubrey, in his Miscellanies, says that, "When Fairies remove from place to place they are said to use the words Horse and Hattock."

In Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, the intelligent minister of the parishes of Strachur and Stralachlan in Argyleshire, tells us, that "About eight miles to the eastward of Cailleach-vear, a small conical hill rises considerably above the neighbouring hills. It is seen from Inverary, and from many parts at a great distance. It is called Sien-Sluai, the fairy habitation of a multitude. A belief in Fairies prevailed very much in the Highlands of old; nor at this day is it quite obliterated. A small conical hill, called Sien, was assigned them for a dwelling, from which melodious music was frequently heard, and gleams of light seen in dark nights."

The account of Kirkmichael says, "Not more firmly established in this country is the belief in ghosts than that in fairies. The legendary records of fancy, transmitted from age to age, have assigned their mansions to that class of Genii, in detached hillocks covered with verdure, situated on the banks of purling brooks, or surrounded by thickets of wood. These hillocks are called *sioth-dhunan*, abbreviated *sioth-anan*, from *sioth*, peace, and *dun*, a mound. They derive this name from the practice of the druids, who were wont occasionally to retire to green eminences to administer justice, establish peace, and compose differences between contending parties. Their followers, when they were no more, fondly imagined, that seats where they exercised a virtue so beneficial to mankind, were still inhabited by them in their disembodied state. In the autumnal season, when the moon shines from a serene sky, often is the way-faring traveller arrested by the music of the hills, more melodious than the strains of Orpheus. Often, struck with a more solemn scene, he beholds the visionary hunters engaged in the chace, and pursuing the deer of the clouds, while the hollow rocks, in long-sounding echoes, rever-

berate their cries. About fifty years ago, a clergyman in the neighbourhood, whose faith was more regulated by the scepticism of Philosophy than the credulity of Superstition, could not be prevailed upon to yield his assent to the opinion of the times. At length, however, he felt from experience, that he doubted what he ought to have believed. One night as he was returning home, at a late hour, from a presbytery, he was seized by the fairies, and carried aloft into the air. Through fields of æther and fleecy clouds he journeyed many a mile, describing, like Sancho Panza on his Clavileno, the earth far distant below him, and no bigger than a nut-shell. Being thus sufficiently convinced of the reality of their existence, they let him down at the door of his own house, where he afterward often recited to the wondering circle the marvellous tale of his adventure. These genii are still supposed by many of the people to exist in the woods and sequestered valleys of the mountains, where they frequently appear to the lonely traveller, clothed in green, with dishevelled hair floating over their shoulders, and with faces more blooming than the vermil blush of a summer morning. At night, in particular, when fancy assimilates to its own preconceived ideas every appearance and every sound, the wandering enthusiast is frequently entertained by their music, more melodious than he ever before heard.

FAIRY TREASURE.

In the Leverian museum were "Orbicular sparry bodies, commonly called fairies' money, from the banks of the Tyne, Northumberland." Ramon, a character in the play of the Fatal Dowry, 1632, says,

But not a word of it, 'tis fairies treasure ;  
Which but reveal'd, brings on the blabber's  
ruine.

Various works contain allusions to this well-known trait of fairy mythology.\*

BROWNIES.

Brownies, according to fairy legends, were a sort of domestic fairies, extremely useful, and performers of all sorts of domestic drudgery.

Milton describes the fairy character answering to the Brownie, who seems here to be the same with Robin Goodfellow :

\* Brand

Tells how the drudging goblin swet,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy fate hath thresh'd the corn  
That ten day-lab'ers could not end ;  
Then lays him down the lubbar-fend,  
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Martin, in his description of the Shetland Isles, says : " It is not long since every family of any considerable substance in those islands was haunted by a spirit they called Brownie, which did several sorts of work : and this was the reason why they gave him offerings of the various products of the place. Thus some, when they charmed their milk, or brewed, poured some milk and wort through the hole of a stone called Brownie's stone.—Brownie was frequently seen in all the most considerable families in these isles, and north of Scotland, in the shape of a tall man : but, within these twenty or thirty years past, he is seen but rarely.—There were spirits, also, that appeared in the shape of women, horses, swine, cats, and some like fiery balls, which would follow men in the fields : but there have been but few instances of these for forty years past.—These spirits used to form sounds in the air, resembling those of a harp, pipe, crowing of a cock, and of the grinding of querns ; and sometime they thrice heard voices in the air by night, singing Irish songs : the words of which songs some of my acquaintance still retain. One of them resembled the voice of a woman who had died some time before, and the song related to her state in the other world.—Below the chappels (three chapels in the island of Valay) there is a flat thin stone, called Brownie's stone, upon which the ancient inhabitants offered a cow's milk every Sunday : but this custom is now quite abolished."

King James I., in his Dæmonology, says : " Brownie appeared like a rough man, and haunted divers houses without doing any evil, but doing, as it were, necessary turns up and downe the house ; ye some were so blinded as to believe that their house was all the sonsier, as they called it, that such spirits resorted there."

Dr. Johnson in his Journey to the Western Isles, observes, " Brownie was a sturdy fairy, who, if he was fed, and kindly treated, would, as they say, do a great deal of work. They now pay him

no wages, and are content to labor for themselves."

Robert Heron says, "The Brownie was a very obliging spirit, who used to come into houses by night, and, for a dish of cream, to perform lustily any piece of work that might remain to be done: sometimes he would work, and sometimes eat till he bursted: if old clothes were laid out for him, he took them in great distress, and never more returned."

**KNOCKERS.**

Besides the common class of imaginary beings called fairies, with whose qualities we are familiar, through the story-books of childhood; we have accounts, on like good authority, of another species, who dwell in the mines, where, it is said, they were often heard to imitate the actions of the workmen, whom they were thought to be inclined to assist, and never, unless provoked by insult, to injure. In Wales they were called knockers, and were said to point out the rich veins of silver and lead. Some fairies are also said to have resided in wells.

Respecting "knockers," the Scottish Encyclopedia says: "The belief of fairies still subsists in many parts of our own country. The 'swart fairy of the mine' (of German extraction) has scarce yet quitted our subterraneous works.—The Germans believed in two species of fairies of the mines, one fierce and malevolent, the other a gentle race, appearing like little old men dressed like miners, and not much above two feet high." Our "knockers" are described by Mr. John Lewis, in his correspondence with Mr. Baxter, as little statured, and about half a yard long: he adds, "at this very instant there are miners on a discovery of a vein of metal, and two of them are ready to make oath they have heard these knockers in the day-time."

**FAIRY SICKNESS.**

Camden, in his "Ancient and Modern Manners of the Irish," says, "When any one happens to fall, he springs up again, and, turning round three times to the right, digs the earth with a sword or knife, and takes up a turf, because, they say, the earth reflects his shadow to him (or they imagine there is a spirit in the earth): and, if he falls sick within two or three days after, a woman skilled in those matters is sent to the spot, and there

says, 'I call thee P. from the east, west, south, and north, from the groves, woods, rivers, marshes, fairies white, red, black, &c.; and, after uttering certain short prayers, she returns home to the sick person, to see whether it be the distemper they call esane, which they suppose inflicted by the fairies, and, whispering in his ear another short prayer, with the pater-noster, puts some burning coals into a cup of clear water, and forms a better judgment of the disorder than most physicians."

**ELF SHOTS.**

Fairies were thought to shoot cattle with arrows headed with flint-stones, which were often found and called elf-shots.

Collins, in the Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands, says;

There, ev'ry herd by sad experience knows  
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,

When the sick ewe her summer-food foregoes,  
Or stretch'd on earth the heart-smit heifers lie.

In the "Survey of the South of Ireland," there is this passage,—"I have seen one of those elf-stones like a thin triangular flint, not half an inch in diameter, with which they suppose the fairies destroy their cows. And when these animals are seized with a certain disorder, to which they are very incident, they say they are elf-shot."

A cow, or other animal, supposed to have been injured by these missiles, was to be touched with one of them, or to be made to drink of the water in which one of them had been dipped.

The origin of these fairy weapons is of high antiquity; they were either flint arrow-heads used by our ancestors, in battle or chase, or tools of ordinary service in a barbarous state of society, before iron was known.\*

**FAIRY RINGS.**

Fairies were thought to have their haunts in groves or on mountains, the southern side of hills, and in verdant meadows, where their diversion was dancing hand in hand in a circle. The traces of their tiny feet are supposed to remain visible on the grass a long time afterwards, and are called "Fairy Rings," or circles.

Moses Pitt, in a scarce tract, relates

\* Brand.

that his female servant, "Anne Jefferies (for that was her maiden name) was born in the parish of St. Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in December, 1626, and is still living, 1696, aged 70. She is married to one William Warren, formerly hind to the late eminent physician, Dr. Richard Lower, deceased, and now to Sir Andrew Slanning of Devon, Bart. A. D. 1645; as she was one day sitting knitting in an arbour in the garden, there came over the hedge, of a sudden, six persons of a small stature, all clothed in green, which frightened her so much as to throw her into a great sickness. They continued their appearance to her, never less than two at a time nor ever more than eight, always in even numbers, two, four, six, eight. She forsook eating our victuals, and was fed by these fairies from the harvest time to the next Christmas; upon which day she came to our table and said, because it was that day she would eat some roast beef with us, which she did, I myself being then at table. One day she gave me a piece of her (fairy) bread, which I did eat, and think it was the most delicious bread that ever I did eat, either before or since." Moses Pitt again says "On another day these fairies gave my sister Mary a silver cup, which held about a quart, bidding her give it my mother, but my mother would not accept it. I presume this was the time my sister owns she saw the fairies. I confess to your Lordship I never did see them. I have seen Anne in the orchard dancing among the trees, and she told me she was then dancing with the fairies." It appears that Anne was afterwards thrown into jail as an impostor; but the friendly narrator of her singular story, Moses Pitt, does not give any plausible account why the fairies, like false earthly friends, forsook her in the time of her distress,

To dance on ringlets to the whistling wind.

*Mids. N. Dream. Act. ii. sc. 2.*

Dr. Grey observes, in his notes on Shakspeare, that "ringlets of grass are very common in meadows, which are higher, sower, and of a deeper green than the grass that grows round them: and by the common people are usually called fairy circles." We have in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, act v. sc. 1.

"Ye elves—— you demy puppets that  
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make  
Whereof the ewe not bites."

Drayton, speaking of the fairies, says,  
They in their courses make that round  
In meadows and in marshes found  
Of them so called the fairy ground.

According to Olaus Magnus, this cause of the circles in the grass called fairy rings was a general belief with the northern nations: many of our own poets allude to these fairy rings, and adopt the prevailing persuasion.

Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, describes

a pleasant mead,  
Where fairies often did their measures tread,  
Which in the meadows made such circles green  
As if with garlands it had crowned been.  
Within one of these rounds was to be seen  
A hillock rise, where oft the fairy-queen  
At twilight sat.

The author of "Round about our Coal Fire," treating of fairies, says, "they had fine music always among themselves, and danced in a moon-shiny night, around or in a ring, as one may see at this day upon every common in England where mushrooms grow."

One of the "Six Pastorals" by George Smith, the painter of Chichester, refers to the popular belief.

Some say the screech-owl, at each midnight

hour,

Awakes the fairies in yon antient tow'r.  
Their nightly-dancing ring I always tread,  
Nor let my sheep within that circle tread;  
Where round and round all night, in moon-  
light fair,

They dance to some strange musick in the air.

It is still a vulgar notion that if a house be built upon the ground where the fairy rings are, whoever becomes the inhabitant will wonderfully prosper.

The most clear and satisfactory remarks on the origin of fairy rings are probably those of Dr. Wollaston, Sec. R. S. printed in the second part of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1807; made during a few years residence in the country. The cause of these appearances he ascribes to the growth of a certain species of Agaric, which so entirely absorbs all nutriment from the soil beneath that the herbage is for a while destroyed.\*

	h. m.
December 27.—Day breaks	6 0
Sun rises	8 7
— sets	3 53
Twilight ends	6 0

\* Brand.



STOURBRIDGE-FAIR BOOTH.

The preceding engraving is a sectional view of the usual interior of the booths occupied by dealers attending Stourbridge fair. The front of the booth is under the colonnade, which, here, is represented at the side, for the purpose of showing the arrangement within-side. Passengers walked under this colonnade and entered the booth by the front door, between the windows, where they found a shop about thirty feet by eighteen, with well stored shelves, and counters for serving the customers. A door in this shop, opposite to the entrance door from the colonnade, communicated with an apartment, serving as a living-room and bed-room for the occupants of the booth. The lesser booth, or sleeping room, and the larger booth, or shop, were roofed with plank, and over that roofing was a stout tarpaulin, or hair-cloth. The colonnade was merely covered in with hair-cloth to screen passengers from sunshine and rain.

During the equinoxial gales, about fifty-five years ago, a sudden storm at Stourbridge-fair unroofed most of the booths in Ironmongers, Shoemakers, and Garlick-row, and blew boards and goods across several fields

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There is a brief account of Stourbridge fair, but very descriptive of its ancient consequence, in the *Every-Day Book*, i. 1300—1305. An officer of the fair, called the "Lord of the Tap," is mentioned in the same volume, 1487. The interesting letter on the next page completes that account. It was sent by the venerable contributor too late for insertion in the *Every-Day Book*.

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## STOURBRIDGE FAIR.

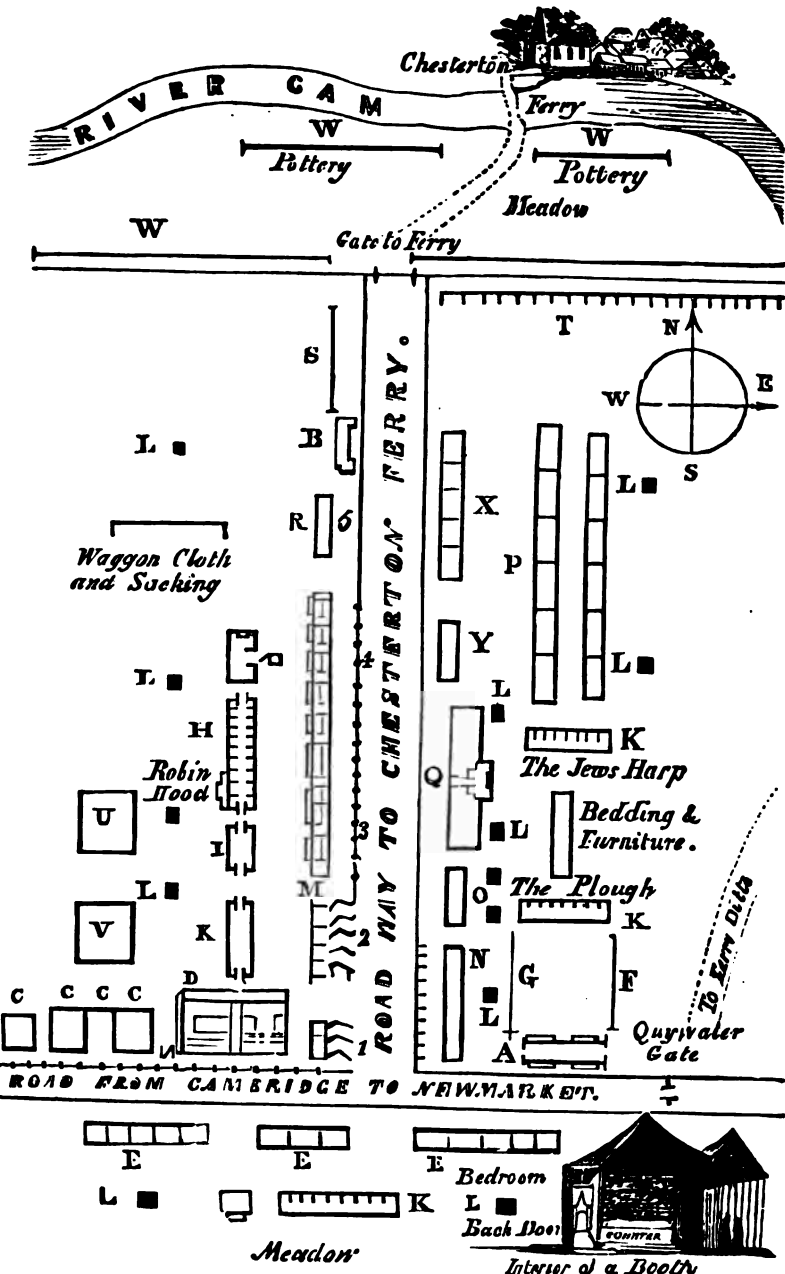
[To Mr. Hone.]

SIR,

I am a septuagenarian, and the following are my personal recollections of more than sixty years ago, concerning the once vast fair at Stourbridge, or Stirbitch, about two miles from Cambridge, from the 16th September until old Michaelmas day. It was held in an open field, bordering on the high road from Cambridge to Newmarket, through which is a cart road leading to Chesterton, a pretty rural village, with a good church and a handsome spire, on the north bank of the river Cam, over which is a ferry.

Like all other fairs, your ears inform you before your eyes, that you are on the way to it. After passing Barnwell, the numerous booths and long ranges of standings burst on the sight, and the clamor of trumpets, deep sounding drums, screaming of toy-trumpets, and din of a thousand discordant voices assailed the ear and confused the thoughts. The first booths (C in the plan) on the north side of the road, were occupied by the customary shows of wild beasts and wild men, conjurors, tumblers, and rope-dancers. Mr. Baker's company of "comedians" was respectable; and Lewy Owen, the clown, a young man of good family, who had abandoned himself to this way of life, full of eccentric wit and grimace, continually excited broad grins. The late Mrs. Inchbald was a performer at this fair. There was a large theatrical booth, occupied by a respectable company of comedians from Norwich, under the management of Mr. Bailey, formerly a merchant of London. He was a portly good looking man, of gentlemanly manners and address, the compiler of the Directory bearing his name, a work of much merit, containing, besides the names of residents in the several towns, concise yet correct topographical description of the places: the book is now become very scarce. Other show booths, occupied by giants and dwarfs, savage beasts, and other savages, extended with stunning din along this noisy line. In front of these were the fruit and gingerbread stalls; and, walnuts being in full perfection, the venders continually strolled up and down the fair, bawling every moment in your ear—"Twenty a penny walnuts! Walnuts, twenty a penny! Crack 'um away—crack 'um away here!"

On the south side of the road opposite to these booths was the cheese fair (E). Dealers from various parts took their stands there, and many tons weight were disposed of; such as were fit for the London market were bought by the factors from thence, and cheese from Cheshire, Wilts, and Gloucester, by the gentry, the farmers, and dealers from Suffolk, Norfolk, and adjoining counties: large quantities of Cottenham and cream cheeses, being brought by farmers from those counties for sale. Opposite to the east end of the cheese fair, on the north side of the road, stands a small ancient chapel, or oratory (A), no doubt erected for the devout dealers and others resorting to the fair, and for such pious travellers as passed or repassed the ferry to Chesterton. At and nigh to this spot were the wool fair (F), and the hop-fair (G). Large stores of stack-cloths, waggon-tilts, and such like were near the skin leather sellers' and glover's row (N), where the finer articles of leather and leather gloves were sold. Little edifices of general convenience (L) were numerous. At the end of the show-booths, and facing this row, began the principal range of booths, called *Gætz-row* (M, M), extending quite down to the little inn (B), where a *Pied-poudre* court was held during the fair. This range of shops was well constructed. Each booth consisted of two rooms the back room, separated from the shop by a boarded partition, served for a bed-chamber and other domestic purposes, from which a back door opened to the field. The range of booths No. 1 was generally appropriated to furniture-sellers, ironmongers, silversmiths, jewellers, japanners, and fine cutlery dealers: the range No. 2 to silk mercers, dealers in muslin, toys, and millinery. No. 3, to dealers in Norwich and Yorkshire manufactures, mercery, lace, hose, fine made shoes, boots, clogs, and pattens.—No. 4, to furs, fans, toys, and to dealers in the various articles of fashionable wares from London.—No. 5 was occupied by oilmen and dealers in paints, pickles, and preserves, one of whom, Mr. Green from Limehouse, kept a most important store here: his returns were from £1500 to £2000 during the fair; and my father, who kept the fair forty years and upwards, usually brought home £1000, or more for goods sold and paid for, besides selling to half that amount on credit to reputable dealers and farmers. At the end of the



PLAN OF STOURBRIDGE FAIR.



row, close to the little inn (B), stood the dealers in glass-ware, looking-glasses, and small articles of mahogany furniture. Then the inn itself, the sign of which was, I believe, the King's Arms, was the common resort of the horse dealers. In this house sat the *Pied-poudre* court, with power to arbitrate disputes in dealing, quell riots, fine and otherwise punish summarily, persons guilty of petty offences, having a pair of stocks and a whipping post in front, and a strong room underneath. Close adjoining northward was the oyster fair. The oysters brought from Lynn were very large, about the size of a horse's hoof, and were opened with pincers; the more delicate, from Colchester and Whitstable, were very small. In the meadow adjoining were the coal fair, pottery fair, and Staffordshire ware dealers (W, W, W). The greater part of these articles were delivered from on board vessels, which drew up close to the bank of the river. Returning and opposite to the oyster fair was a close, where the horse fair was kept (T). The show of beautiful animals in that place was perhaps unrivalled, unless in Yorkshire. The finest racers and hunters from Yorkshire, the most bony and muscular draught horses from Suffolk, and from every other country famous for breeding horses, animated this scene. This horse fair drew together a great concourse of gentry, farmers, and dealers from all parts of the neighbouring counties, and scores of valuable animals changed masters in the short space of a few hours. The horse fair was held on the first Friday after Stirbitch fair was proclaimed. Higher up and about fifty yards from the road was Ironmonger's-row (P), with booths occupied by manufacturers from Sheffield, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and other parts; and dealers in agricultural tools, nails, hatchets, saws, and such like implements. About twenty yards nearer the road were woollen drapers; and further on, and opposite to Garlick-row westward, were booths (X) for slop-sellers, and dealers in haubergs or waggons-frocks, jackets, half-boots, and such like habiliments for robust ploughmen and farm laborers. Then followed the Hatter's-row (Y), close to which was a very respectable coffee-house and tavern (Q), fitted up with neat tables covered with green baize, having glazed sash windows and a boarded floor; kept by the proprietor of Dockrell's coffee-house, in Cambridge, famed for excellent

milk punch. There were likewise a number of sutling booths (I, K), where plain and substantial dinners were served up in a neat comfortable style, well cooked, and moderately charged, except on the horse fair and Michaelmas days, when an extra sixpence generally was tacked to the tail of the goose.

The Robin Hood (H), at the back of Garlick-row, near the basket fair, stood pre-eminent. There, after the business of the day was over, and most commonly on the evening of the horse fair day, novices, who had come to keep the fair, were initiated, or "*christened*." The formula is as follows:—The fresh man was introduced to the elder members in the "parlor" of the Robin-hood, and two sponsors having been previously chosen for him, he was placed in an armed-chair, his head uncovered, and his shoes off. Two vergers, holding staves and lighted candles, assisted the officiator, who was vested in a Cantab's gown and cap, with a bell in one hand and a book in the other. He commenced the ceremony by asking, "Is this an infidel?" R. "Yes." Q. "What does he require?" R. "Instruction (or to be instructed)." Q. "Where are the sponsors?—let them stand forward!" A bowl of punch, or a bottle of wine, was placed on the table handy for the officiator, who then chaunted the following doggrel:—

1.

Over thy head I ring this bell,  
Because thou art an infidel,  
And I know thee by thy smell.—

*Chorus*—With a hoccus proxius mandamus,  
Let no vengeance light on him,  
And so call upon him.

2.

This child was born in the merry month of  
May,  
Clap a pound of butter to his cheek, and it  
will soon melt away.  
And if he longs for a sop, let him have it I  
pray—

*Chorus*—From his hoccus, &c.

3.

This child's shoes are made of running leather,  
He'll run from father and mother the deuce  
knows whither,  
And here he may run the length of his tether—  
*Chorus*—To a hoccus, &c.

4.

This child now to Stirbitch fair is come,  
He may wish to kiss a pretty wench ere he  
returns home,  
But let him be advis'd and not to Barnwell  
roam—

*Chorus*—For a hoccus, &c

At this part the officiator, with all due gravity, turned round, and inquired.—  
 Q. "Who names this child?" R.  
 "We do." The sponsors then called him "Nimble heels,"—"Stupid Stephen,"—"Tommy Simper," or other ludicrous nick-names. The officiator then drank, and gave the novice a full bumper.

5.

"Nimble-heels" henceforward shall be his name,  
 Which to confess let him not feel shame,  
 Whether 'fore master, miss, or dame—  
*Chorus*—With a hoccius, &c.

6  
 This child first having paid his dues,  
 Is welcome then to put on his shoes,  
 And sing a song, or tell a merry tale, as he may choose—

*Chorus*—About a hoccius, &c.  
 A verse, which memory can afford to forget, intervenes before the next.

8.

Then hand the can unto our jolly friar,  
 And laugh and sing as we sit round the fire,  
 And when our wine is out let all to bed retire—

*Chorus*—With a hoccius proxius mandamus,  
 Let no vengeance light on him,  
 And so call upon him.



Over thy head I ring this bell And I know thee by thy smell  
 Because thou art an infidel, &c.



With a hoc cius prox ius man da mus



Let no vengeance light on him And so call up on him

If more than one novice offered to the ceremony, they were initiated together, and the words which required it were changed from singular to plural. Supper was then brought in and placed on a long table, formed of rough deal boards, covered with green baize. The provisions consisted generally of good substantial fair-keeping fare; such as roast goose, fowls, pork, vegetables, fruit pies, and bread, which altogether were charged at the moderate price of one shilling a head. Malt liquor, punch, and wine, might be had *ad libitum*. Smokers ranged themselves round the fire, and the night closed like other convivial assemblies, but always in good humor, and without dispute.

Good stout watchmen went their rounds about the fair every half-hour, giving notice of their approach by bawling

out lustily—"Look about you there!" but they seldom detected, or disturbed, any nefarious operations.

I will take up little more room than to observe, that the proclamation of the fair was conducted in a splendid style, and with becoming dignity, by the mayor of Cambridge, habited in a scarlet robe, attended by his mace-bearers, aldermen, and other members of the corporation, all habited according to their degrees, with a few members of the church. The cavalcade having arrived at the top of Garlick-row, near the old chapel, the recorder there read the proclamation. They then proceeded to the court-house, or little inn (B), where it was again read; and then the mayor alighted with his principal officers, and entered the inn, where he opened the court of *pie'd-poudre*. Afterwards re-

turning to the centre of the fair, near the coffee-house (Q), proclamation was then made, and sometimes the mayor alighted and took refreshment. More usually the civic party returned to Cambridge, where a good corporation-dinner closed the corporate labors of the day.

The principal London dealers, who attended the fair, at the time I refer to, which is more than sixty years ago, were as follows:—

*Mr. Roake*, ironmonger, from Wood Street.

*Mr. Smith*, silversmith, from Cornhill, *Messrs. Cox and Herne*, silk mercers, from Holborn. Mr. Cox was also proprietor of the glass-house, at the iron-foundry.— Their stock of silks at the fair was never less than £2000.

*Mr. Smith*, silk-mercant, from Fleet Street.

*Mr. Hewitt*, toyman, from Smithfield.

*Mr. Haynes*, Norwich warehouse, from Holborn: his stock very large; he has sold on the first day of the fair 100 pieces of Hessens before breakfast.

*Mr. Lacy*, hosier, from Clements' Inn passage, with a stock of £1500.

*Mr. Timewell*, milliner, from Tavistock Street.

*Mr. Lany*, laceman, from the same place.

*Mr. Bolt*, laceman, from Sidney's Alley. The stock of goods of these two were of the richest kinds, as well as inferior.

*Mr. Murray*, shoe-maker, from Bishopsgate.

*Mr. Adams*, clog and patten-maker, from Shoreditch.

*Mr. Wilson*, fine toys, from Charing Cross.

*Mr. Green*, oils and pickles, from Limehouse. His store was wonderful for such a place.

All the above dealers were in Garlick Row, and few of them took less money during the fair than from £1000 to £1500, some of them more.

*Mr. Monnery*, leather seller and glover, from high Street, Southwark, had a large trade in gloves and leather, and was a man highly respected.

*Mr. Ward*, whip-maker, from the Borough, had a very considerable stock. The handsome widow of Mr. Reddish, the player of Drury-lane theatre, was under his protection: the writer was under the tuition of Mr. R.'s father, who kept a school at Wandsworth.

Many other traders of great respectability kept this fair, especially dealers in iron, wool, slops, cheese, and pottery.

I omitted to notice that the Shoemaker row was at the end of Garlick-row, and consisted of about ten or twelve booths;—that the basket fair, Tunbridge-ware fair, and broom fair, were behind Garlick-row, near the top: the openings denoted in the plan were for convenience of going to them. In the basket fair, were to be had all kinds of hampers, baskets, and basket-work; hay-racks, scythe-hafts, pitch-fork, and spade-handles; and other implements of husbandry, waggon loads of which were piled up: a Mr. Fowler, of Sheffield, in Bedfordshire, bought a considerable stock of such materials. At the Tunbridge-ware fair, were corn and malt shovels, churns, cheese presses, and a variety of such goods.

If any materials, or goods, were not taken away within forty-eight hours after the fair had ended, the farmer of the fair-field had a lien on them, and a sharp look out was usually kept for such waifs and strays by his men.

The importance of Stirbitch fair may be estimated by the great extent of ground it occupied. The circuit of the fair, beginning at the first show booth round by the cheese fair, the wool fair, and hop fair; then onwards to Ironmonger's-row, to the horse fair; northward on to the pottery fair, along the margin of the Cam, by the coal fair; then southward to the outside of the Inn, and proceeding in a direct line by the basket fair to the point whence you started made full three miles.

I am, &c.

SHNYA.

*Alias*, NIMBLE HEELS,

The name given me at Stourbridge fair sixty-five years ago.

*Somers Town*,

13th Sept. 1827.

## December 28.

This was the death day of Logan, the poet, who disappointed of the professorship of History in the University of Edinburgh wrote the tragedy of Runnemedie which was interdicted for patriotism by the lord chamberlain, and subjected him to the persecution by the presbytery of the church of Scotland. He withdrew upon a small annuity to

London, where he reviewed, wrote sermons and lectures on Roman history, and minor poems, and perished not of penury but of a broken heart.\*

## Charms.

### RURAL CHARMS.

Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Quincunx artificially considered," mentions a rural charm against dodder, tetter, and strangling weeds, by placing "a chalked tile at the four corners, and one in the middle of the field, which, though ridiculous in the intention, was rational in the contrivance, and a good way to diffuse the magic through all parts of the area."

The three following rural charms occur in Herrick's Hesperides,

1

This I'll tell ye by the way,  
Maidens when ye leavens lay,  
Cross your dow and your dispatch  
Will be better for your batch.

2

In the morning when ye rise,  
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes,  
Next be sure ye have a care  
To disperse the water farre  
For as farre as that doth light,  
So farre keeps the evil spright.

3

If ye fear to be affrighted,  
When ye are (by chance) benighted :  
In your pocket for a trust  
Carry nothing but a crust :  
For that holie piece of bread  
Charms the danger and the dread.

There is mention of older charms in Bale's interlude concerning the laws of Nature, Moses, and Christ, 4to. 1562. Idolatry says :

With blessinges of Saynt Germaine  
I will me so determyne  
That neyther fox nor vermyne  
Shall do my chykens harme,  
For your gese seke saynt Legearde,  
And for your duckes saynt Leonarde,  
There is no better charme.

Take me a napkin folte  
With the byas of a bolte,  
For the healing of a colte  
No better thyng can be :  
For lampes and for bottes  
Take me saynt Wilfrid's knottes,  
And holy saynt Thomas Lottes,  
On my life I warrande ye.

\* Calamities of Authors, l. 210.

And good saynt Francis Gyrdle,  
With the hamlet of a hyrdle,  
Are wholesome for the pyppe :  
Besydes these charmes afore  
I have festes many more  
That kepe still in store,  
Whom now I over hyppe.

Ady, by his "Candle in the Dark, 1655," helps us to another charm. He says, an old woman in Essex came into a house at a time when as the maid was churning of butter, and having labored long and could not make her butter come, the old woman told the maid what was wont to be done when she was a maid, and also in her mother's young time, that if it happened their butter would not come readily, they used a charm to be said over it, whilst yet it was in beating, and it would come straightways, and that was this :

Come butter, come,  
Come butter, come,  
Peter stands at the gate,  
Waiting for a butter'd cake,  
Come butter, come.

This, said the old woman, being said three times, will make your butter come, for it was taught my mother by a learned church-man in queen Mary's days, when as church-men had more cunning, and could teach people many a trick, that our ministers now a days know not.

In "Whimzies: or a new Cast or Characters," 12mo. 1631, the author, in his description of a ballad-monger, says "His ballads, cashiered the city, must now ride poast for the country: where they are no lesse admired than a gyant in a pageant: till at last they grow so common there too, as every poor milk-maid can chant and chirp it under her cow, which she useth as an harmlesse charme to make her let down her milk."

Grose tells us as a superstition, that "a slunk or abortive calf, buried in the highway over which cattle frequently pass, will greatly prevent that misfortune happening to cows. This is commonly practised in Suffolk."

Lupton, in his third Book of Notable Things, 1660, says: Mousear, any manner of way administered to horses, brings this help unto them, that they cannot be hurt, whiles the smith is shoeing of them, therefore it is called of many, herba clavorum, the herb of nails."

Coles, in his Art of Simpling, says: "If a footman take mugwort and put into his shoes in the morning, he may goe

forty miles before noon, and not be weary." He further instances the potency of many herbs as charms.

The same author, in his *Adam in Eden*, tells us: "It is said, yea, and believed by many, that *moonwort* will open the locks wherewith dwelling-houses are made fast, if it be put into the key-hole; as also that it will loosen the locks, fetters, and shoes from those horses' feet that goe on the places where it groweth; and of this opinion was Master Culpepper, who, though he railed against superstition in others, yet had enough of it himselfe, as may appear by his story of the earle of Essex his horses, which, being drawn up in a body, many of them lost their shoes upon White Downe, in Devonshire, near Tiverton, because moonwort grows upon h<sup>o</sup>ms."

Rue was hung about the neck, as an amulet against witchcraft, in Aristotle's time. Shakspeare, in *Hamlet*, has this passage: "There's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace on Sundays." Rue was called herb of grace by the country people; probably for the reason assigned by Warburton, that it was used on Sundays by the Romanists in their exorcisms.

Charms, and superstitious preservatives against thunder, are frequently mentioned by old authors. In Greene's *Penelope's Web*, &c., 4to., 1601, we read; "He which weareth the bay-leaf is privileged from the prejudice of thunder." And, in the old play of "The White Devil," Cornelia says:

— Reach the bays:  
I'll tie a garland here about his head,  
'Twill keep my boy from lightning.

Also in "A strange Metamorphosis of Man, transformed into a Wildernesse, deciphered in Characters," 12mo. 1634; under the bay tree, it is observed, that it is "so privileged by nature, that even thunder and lightning are here even taxed of partiality, and will not touch him for respect's sake, as a sacred thing." Again, cited from some old English poet, in Bodenham's "Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses," 8vo. 1600, we read:

As thunder nor fierce lightning harmes the bay,  
So no extremitie hath power on fame.

In "Jonsonus Virbius," Verses upon Ben Jonson, by Henry King, bishop of Chichester, is an elegant compliment to the memory of that poet, in allusion to

the superstitious idea of laurel being a defensative against thunder:

I see that wreath, which doth the wearer arme  
'Gainst the quick stroakes of thunder, is no charme  
To keepe off death's pale dart: for (Jonson) then,  
Thou hadst been numbered still with living men:  
Time's sythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,  
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

So, also, Leigh, in his observations on the first twelve Cæsars, 8vo. 1647, speaking of Tiberius Cæsar, says; "He feared thunder exceedingly, and when the aire or weather was any thing troubled, he ever carried a chaplet or wreath of lawrell about his neck, because that (as Pliny reporteth) is never blasted with lightning." The same author, in his *Life of Augustus*, mentions a similar charm. "He was so much afraid of thunder and lightning, that he ever carried about with him, for a preservative remedy, a *seale's skinne*." Here a note adds, "or of a sea-calfe, which, as Plinie writeth, checketh all lightnings."

In Hill's "Natural and Artificial Conclusions," 8vo, 1670, is "A natural meanes to preserve your house in safety from thunder and lightning. An ancient author recited (among divers other experiments of nature which he had found out) that if the herb houseleek, or syngreen, do grow on the housetop, the same house is never stricken with lightning or thunder." It is still common, in many parts of England, to plant the herb house-leek upon the tops of cottage houses.

Andrews, in his continuation of Dr. Henry's History of England, tells us, from Arnot's Edinburgh, that "in 1594 the elders of the Scottish church exerted their utmost influence to abolish an irrational custom among the husbandmen, which, with some reason, gave great offence. The farmers were apt to leave a portion of their land untilled and uncropt year after year. This spot was supposed to be dedicated to Satan, and was styled 'the good man's croft,' viz. the landlord's acre. It seems probable that some pagan ceremony had given rise to so strange a superstition:" no doubt as a charm or peace-offering, that the rest might be fertile. Professor Playfair, in a letter to Mr. Brand, dated St. Andrew's, Jan. 26, 1804, mentioning the superstitions of his neighbourhood, says: "In

private breweries, to prevent the interference of the fairies, a live coal is thrown into the vat. A cow's milk no fairy can take away, if a burning coal is conducted across her back and under her belly immediately after she has calved. The same mischievous elves cannot enter into a house at night, if, before bed-time, the lower end of the crook, or iron chain, by which a vessel is suspended over the fire, be raised up a few links."

Martin, in his Description of the Western Islands, says: "It is a received opinion in these islands, as well as in the neighbouring part of the main land, that women, by a charm, or some other secret way, are able to convey the increase of their neighbour's cow's milk to their own use; and that the milk so charmed doth not produce the ordinary quantity of butter; and the curds made of that milk are so tough that it cannot be made so firm as the other cheese, and also is much lighter in weight. The butter so taken away, and joined to the charmer's butter, is evidently discernible by a mark of separation; viz. the diversity of colors: that which is charmed being paler than the other. If butter having these marks be found on a suspected woman, she is presently said to be guilty. To recover this loss they take a little of the rennet from all the suspected persons, and put it into an egg-shell full of milk: and when that from the charmer is mingled with it, it presently curdles, and not before.—Some women make use of the root of groundsel as an amulet against such charms, by putting it among the cream."

Speaking of Fladda Chuan, Martin says: "there is a chapel in the isle, dedicated to St. Columbus. It has an altar in the east end, and, therein, a blue stone of a round form on it, which is always moist. It is an ordinary custom, when any of the fishermen are detained in this isle by contrary winds, to wash the blue stone with water, all round, expecting thereby to procure a favorable wind. And so great is the regard they have for his stone, that they swear decisive oaths upon it."

Martin says it was an ancient custom among the islanders to hang a he-goat to the boat's mast, hoping thereby to procure a favorable wind.

In speaking of Iona, Martin says, "There is a stone erected here, concerning which the credulous natives say, that whoever reaches out his arm along the stone

three times in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shall never err in steering the helm of a vessel."

Mentioning the island Borera, Martin says; "There is a stone in form of a cross, in the row, opposite to St. Mary's church, about five foot high: the natives call it the water-cross, for the ancient inhabitants had a custom of erecting this sort of cross to procure rain, and when they had got enough they laid it flat on the ground; but this custom is now disused."

Martin, speaking of the island of Arran, mentions a green stone, much like a globe in figure, about the bigness of a goose-egg, which, for its intrinsic value, has been carefully transmitted to posterity for several ages. "The virtue of it is to remove stitches in the side, by laying it close to the place affected. They say if the patient does not outlive the distemper, the stone removes out of the bed of its own accord, and *é contra*. The natives use this stone for swearing decisive oaths upon it. The credulous vulgar believe that if this stone is cast among the front of an enemy, they will all run away. The custody of it is the peculiar privilege of a family called Clan-Chattons, alias Mack-Intosh."

### Advertisement.

BURLESQUE VERSES FOR MUSIC.

[For the Year Book.]

The following little poem is by Joshua Weston, Esq., who was for many years organist of Solihull, near Birmingham, and died in 1806. He was an eccentric character, but of high literary, as well as musical ability. I believe the poem has never been published.

TRENTA

Nottingham, April 1831.

#### THE CROW.

#### A MOCK CANTATA.

*Recitative.*

Mourn, mourn ye muses in the doleful'st strains,  
And with your tears spoil all the roads—and  
soak the neighb'ring plains!

Let piercing cries  
Ascend the skies!  
Or, if this monstrous height  
You deem too high a sight,  
For human noise  
To rise,  
In strains a little lower  
Your lamentations pour!

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 23.

Let them, at least, extend  
To Knowle, or Orton end  
Or if you think it meet,  
To Shirley-street,  
Howe'er might I advise,  
Tune all your throats  
To louder notes;  
Each roaring voice  
The other stun—  
Loud! louder! louder!  
Just like the noise  
Of a great gun,  
When charg'd with shot and powder.

*Air.*

I shall esteem you  
Wretched trumpery  
And surely deem you  
A paltry company  
Of poor faint-hearted toads,  
And that your grief you sham;  
Unless you retch  
To the full stretch,  
Till every sound  
Floats in the air  
Both far and near,  
Around,  
Or, through the roads  
Swift to Coleshill, or to Birmingham.

*Recitative.*

Your tears you will not *grutch*,  
Nor think your trouble much,  
Soon as you know  
'Tis for a Crow  
That all this fuss is to be made;  
Alas we might as well be dumb.  
For ah! 'tis plain,  
As a cow's thumb,  
That all our grief  
Will be in vain!  
No time can bring relief—  
For oh!  
My poor dear Crow  
Is dead for ever—ever—ever dead!  
What—dead for ever?  
Oh yes for ever!  
Will he no more return?  
Oh never—never!  
Perhaps he may  
Oh no—no—no!  
O fatal blow  
That snatch'd my Crow  
Away!

Ah me! that I should live to see this day!  
Mourn all ye crows—ye rooks, ye ravens  
mourn!  
For, ah, he's gone—and never will return!

*Air.*

His wondrous worth no tongue can tell—  
No words his beauty can express—  
He looked so grave and walk'd so well,  
Cloth'd in his sable satin dress.

Proudly along the streets he walk'd,  
Yet view'd he not the poor wretch scorn,  
But with familiar sweetness talk'd,  
Though they were not like him *high-born*.

Fatal intemp'rance never stain'd  
His bosom, nor destroy'd his health;  
Wretched ambition he disdain'd;  
Sweet innocence his only wealth.

On equal wing he, towering, soar'd  
Above the glories of a crown;  
Upon the miser's sordid hoard  
He look'd with indignation down.

*Recitative.*

His mind took no unworthy bent,  
No grovelling thoughts his birth disgrac'd,  
For all his friends, with one consent,  
Pronounced the crow a crow of taste.

*Air.*

To Malvern oft he took his flight,  
At once to charm his eye and ear;  
And oft, with manifest delight,  
Stood fix'd in admiration there.

Once in his road he deign'd to call  
At Weston's room, though short his stay,  
The moment he began to bawl,  
Surprised and shock'd, he flew away.

Yet never did my Crow neglect,  
In virtues quarrel to engage:  
Strong was his passion to correct  
The manners of the rising age.

The dogs, the pigs, the ducks, the geese,  
Paid due obedience to his laws:  
For these, and many more than these,  
Have felt and fear'd his beak and claws.

In their demeanour it he spied  
Ought that his judgment disapprov'd,  
He straight his utmost efforts tried,  
Nor stop'd till he the fault removed.

Too much of goodness did he show,  
Too much concern for others feel;  
Alas! he fell—(unhappy Crow!)  
A victim to his noble zeal!

*Recitative.*

A pretty duckling once he chanc'd to meet,  
Waddling most horribly along the street,  
The hobbling pace disturbed his gen'rous  
breast—  
(With sorrow, and with shame, I tell the rest)  
His efforts to reform the duckling's gait,—  
To make him turn his toes out, and walk  
straight  
(Too rashly zealous in the fatal strife)  
Deprived the wretched creature of its Life.  
For this the poor dear Crow was doomed to  
death.

A wicked gun bereav'd him of his breath;  
My stomach rises at the fact—'ad rot him!  
I wish the gun was in his guts that shot him

\* The sign of the Crown.

*Air.*

Gen'rous creature, thou'rt at rest,  
 Free from sorrow—free from pain !  
 Wretched I, full sore distrest,  
 Ne'er shall see thy like again !  
 Noble fellow, fare thee well !  
 Fare thee well, my much lov'd Crow !  
 Late posterity shall tell  
 All thy worth—and praise my woe !

## Sorcerers.

### MAGICIANS.—WISE MEN, &c.

According to Minshew the difference between a conjurer, a witch, and an enchanter is as follows: "The conjurer seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerful names, to compel the divell to say or doe what he commandeth him. The witch dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him and her and the divell or familiar, to have his or her turn served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule. And both these differ from enchanters or sorcerers, because the former two have personal conference with the divell, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called charmes, without apparition."

"A sorcerer magician," says Grose, "differs from a witch in this: a witch derives all her power from a compact with the devil: a sorcerer commands him, and the infernal spirits, by his skill in powerful charms and invocations: and also soothes and entices them by fumigations. For the devils are observed to have delicate nostrils, abominating and flying some kinds of stinks: witness the flight of the evil spirit into the remote parts of Egypt, driven by the smell of a fish's liver burned by Tobit. They are also found to be peculiarly fond of certain perfumes: insomuch that Lilly informs us that one Evans, having raised a spirit at the request of lord Bothwell and sir Kenelm Digby, and forgotten a suffumigation, the spirit, vexed at the disappointment, snatched him out from his circle and carried him from his house in the Minorities into a field near Battersea causeway.—King James in his *Dæmonologia*, says, the 'Art of sorcery consists in diverse forms of circles and conjurations rightly joined together, few or more in number according to the number of persons conjurers, (always passing the

singular number) according to the qualitie of the circle, and form of the apparition."

Reginald Scot tells us that, with regard to conjurers, "The circles by which they defend themselves are commonly nine foot in breadth, but the eastern magicians must give seven."

Melton, in his *Astrologaster*, speaking of conjurers, says, "They always observe the time of the moone, before they set their figure, and when they have set their figure and spread their circle, first exorcise the wine and water, which they sprinkle on their circle, then mumble in an unknown language. Doe they not crosse and exercise their surplice, their silver wand, gowne, cap and every instrument they use about their black and damnable art? Nay they crosse the place whereon they stand, because they thinke the devil hath no power to come to it, when they have blest it."

Osbourne, in his *Advice to his Son*, 8vo. speaking of the soldiery, says, "They like the spirit of conjurers, do oftentimes tear their masters and raisers in pieces, for want of other employment."

The old vulgar ceremonies used in raising the devil, such as making a circle with chalk, setting an old hat in the centre of it repeating the lord's prayer backward, &c., &c., are now altogether obsolete, and seem to be forgotten even amongst our boys.

Mason in his "*Anatomie of Sorcerie*," 4to. 1612, ridicules "Inchanters and charmers—they, which by using of certaine conceited words, characters, circles, amulets, and such like vain and wicked trumpery (by God's permission) doe worke great marvailes: as namely, in causing of sicknesse, and also in curing diseases in men's bodies. And likewise binding some, that they cannot use their naturall powers and faculties; as we see in night-spells. Insomuch as some of them doe take in hand to bind the divell himselfe by their enchantments."

In Herrick's *Hesperides*, is the following spell.

Holy water come and bring;  
 Cast in salt for seasoning:  
 Set the brush for sprinkling.

Sacred spittle bring ye hither;  
 Meale and it now mix together;  
 And a little oyle to either:

Give the tapers here their light,  
 Ring the saints-bells to affright  
 Far from hence the evil sprite,



There is a pleasant comment on the popular creed concerning spirits and haunted houses in a scene of the *Drummer*, or the *Haunted House*, a comedy by Addison: the Gardener, Butler, and Coachman of the family are the dramatic personæ.

*Gardn.* Prithee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

*Butl.* Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.—His beard is at least half a yard long: he's dressed in a strange dark cloke, as black as a cole. He has a long white wand in his hand.

*Coachm.* I fancy 'tis made out of witch elm.

*Gardn.* I warrant you if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drum-stick out of his hand.

*Butl.* No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle; and, if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him. A circle, you must know, is a conjuror's trap.

*Coachm.* But what will he do with him when he has him there?

*Butl.* Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

*Gard.* If he can once compass him, and get him in Lob's pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

*Coachm.* Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again with a flea in his ear, I warrant.

*Butl.* But if them conjurers be but well paid they'll take pains upon the ghost and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea—and then he's laid for ever.

*Gardn.* Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red Sea. I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish. I wish the spirit may not carry off a corner of the house with him.

*Butl.* As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the Steward has made his bargain with the cunning man before-hand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages.

Grose says, "Another mode of consulting spirits was by the berryl, by means of a speculator or seer, who, to have a complete sight, ought to be a pure virgin, a youth who had not known a woman, or at least a person of irreproachable life, and purity of manners. The method of such consultation is this: the conjurer, having repeated the necessary charms and adjurations, with the litany or invocation peculiar to the spirits or angels he wishes to call, (for every one has his particular form,) the seer looks into a chrystal or berryl, wherein he will see the

answer, represented either by types or figures: and sometimes, though very rarely, will hear the angels or spirits speak articulately. Their pronunciation is, as Lilly says, like the Irish, much in the throat.

Vallency, says, "In the highlands of Scotland a large chrystal, of a figure somewhat oval, was kept by the priests to work charms by; water poured upon it at this day, is given to cattle against diseases: these stones are now preserved by the oldest and most superstitious in the country (Shawe). They were once common in Ireland. I am informed the earl of Tyrone is in possession of a very fine one."

Lilly describes a conjuring beryl or chrystal. It was, he says, as large as an orange, set in silver, with a cross at the top, and round about engraved the names of the angels, Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel. A delineation of another is engraved in the frontispiece to Aubrey's *Miscellanies*. This mode of enquiry is imputed to Dr. Dee, the celebrated mathematician. His speculator was named Kelly. The stone they used came into possession of Horace Walpole and is now perhaps in the Strawberry-hill collection. It appears to have been a polished piece of canal coal. To this Butler refers when he writes—

Kelly did all his feasts upon  
The devil's looking-glass, a stone.

"These sorcerers, or magicians," says Grose, do not always employ their art to do mischief; but, on the contrary, frequently exert it to cure diseases inflicted by witches, to discover thieves, recover stolen goods, to foretel future events and the state of absent friends. On this account they are frequently called white witches.

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, pleasantly describes the supposed power of a cunning man or fortune-teller.

Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man hight Sidrophel,  
'That deals in destiny's dark counsels,  
And sage opinion of the moon sells;  
To whom all people, far and near,  
On deep importances repair;  
When brass and pewter hap to stray,  
And linen slinks out of the way.  
When geese and pullen are seduced,  
And sows of sucking pigs are chow'd;  
When cattle feel indisposition,  
And need th' opinion of phisician;  
When Murrain reigns in hogs or shere,

And chickens languish of the pip ;  
When yeast and outward means do fail,  
And have no power to work on ale ;  
When butter does refuse to come,  
And love proves cross and humoursome ;  
To him with questions and with urine  
They for discovery flock, or curing.

Allusions to this character are not uncommon in our old plays. In *Albuzor*, a comedy, we have one, who

—tels of lost plate, horses and strayed catell  
Directly, as he had stolne them all himselfe.  
Again in *Ram Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 4to. 1636, there is a

Fortune teller a petty rogue  
That never saw five shillings in a heape,  
Will take upon him to divine men's fate,  
Yet never knows himselfe shall dy a beggar,  
Or be hanged up for pilfering cloaths—  
—hanged out to dry on hedges.

In "The Character of a Quack Astrologer," 4to. 1673, a wise man, "a gipsey of the upper form," is said to "begin with theft; and, to help people to what they have lost, picks their pocket afresh; not a ring or spoon is nim'd away, but payes him twelve-pence toll, and the ale-draper's often-straying Tankard yields him a constant revenue: for that purpose he maintains as strict a correspondence with gilds and lifters, as a mountebank with applauding midwives and recommending nurses: and if, at any time, to keep up his credit with the rabble, he discovers any thing, 'tis done by the same occult hermetic learning, heretofore profest by the renowned mall-cut-purse. Mr. Brand says, these are still called "wise men" in the villages of Durham and Northumberland. Vallency tells us that in Ireland they are called *Tamans*. "I know," says he, "a farmer's wife in the county of Waterford, that lost a parcel of linen. She travelled three days journey to a taman, in the county of Tipperary: he consulted his black book, and assured her she would recover the goods. The robbery was proclaimed at the chapel, offering a reward, and the linen was recovered. It was not the money but the taman that recovered it.

Respecting these characters the preceding particulars, with more to the same purpose, may be found in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

#### SORCERY—WITCHCRAFT.

The end and effect of witchcraft seems to be sometimes good and sometimes evil. In the first case the sick are healed,

thieves are bewrayed, and true men come to their goods. In the second, men, women, children, or animals, as also grass, trees, corn, and other articles are injured.

In the curious tract entitled "Round about our Coal-fire" is the following passage:—A witch, according to my nurse's account, must be a hagged old woman, living in a little rotten cottage under a hill, by a wood side, and must be frequently spinning at the door: she must have a black cat, two or three broomsticks, an imp or two, and two or three diabolical teats to suckle her imps. She must be of so dry a nature, that if you fling her into a river she will not sink: so hard then is her fate, that, if she is to undergo the trial, if she does not drown, she must be burnt, as many have been within the memory of man."

Cotgrave cites the subsequent lines from one of our English poets.

Thus witches  
P. as-as'd, ev'n in their death deluded, say  
They have been wolves and dogs, and sail'd  
in egge-shells  
Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons,  
Paa's'd in the air more than a thousand miles  
All in a night.

The Connoisseur, No. 109, says, it is a common notion that a witch can make a voyage to the East Indies in an egg-shell, or take a journey of 200 or 300 miles across the country on a broomstick.

According to Grose, witches are made in this manner. A man in black tempts a superannuated old woman to sign a contract to become his, both soul and body. On the conclusion of the agreement, he gives her a piece of money, and causes her to write her name and make her mark on a slip of parchment with her own blood. Sometimes also on this occasion the witch uses the ceremony of putting one hand to the sole of her foot, and the other to the crown of her head. On departing, he delivers to her an imp, or familiar. The familiar, in the shape of a cat or kitten, a mole, miller-fly, or some other insect or animal, which at stated times of the day sucks her blood, through teats on different parts of her body. In making these bargains, there is said to be sometimes a great deal of haggling. The sum given to bind the bargain is sometimes a groat, at other times half a crown. In the relation of the Swedish witches, at the end of Glanvil's "Sadducismus Triamphatus," we are told that the devil gives

them a beast about the bigness and shape of a young cat, which they call a carrier. What this carrier brings they must receive for the devil. These carriers fill themselves so full sometimes, that they are forced to disgorge by the way, and these leavings are sometimes found in gardens where coleworts grow, and not far from the houses of the witches. It is of a yellow color like gold, and is called "butter of witches." Mr Brand says that, probably, this is the same substance which is called in Northumberland "fairy butter." In a manuscript "Discourse of Witchcraft," written by Mr. John Bell, minister of the gospel at Gladsmuir, on the subject of witches' marks, he says:—"This mark is sometimes like a little teate; sometimes like a blewish spot; and I myself have seen it in the body of a confessing witch like a little powder mark of a blea color, somewhat hard, and withal insensible, so as it did not bleed when I pricked it." From "News from Scotland," &c. 1591, it appears that having tortured in vain a suspected witch with "the pilliwinkles upon her fingers, which is a grievous torture, and binding or wrenching her head with a cord or rope, which is a most cruel torture also, they, upon search, found the enemy's mark to be in her forecrag, or forepart of her throat."

The "Witches' Sabbath" is a meeting to which the sisterhood, after having been anointed with certain magical ointments provided by their infernal leader, are supposed to be carried through the air on brooms, staves, spits, &c., to the place of assembly, where they have feastings, music, and dancing, the devil himself condescending to play at them on the pipes or cittern. It was at a meeting of this sort that Tam o' Shanter saw

—things horrible and awfu',  
Which e'en to name would be unlawfu'.

When Burns wrote thus he evidently had in view the diabolical proceedings ascribed to these supposed meetings; where, it was said, the devil sometimes preached to them a mock sermon; that they afterwards opened graves for the purpose of taking out joints of the fingers and toes of dead bodies, with some of the winding sheet, in order to prepare a powder for their magical purposes; that the devil distributed apples, dishes, spoons, or other trifles, to those witches who desire to torment particular persons to whom they gave them; and that he baptized waxen

images of such persons for the purpose of occasioning ailments in them, or death.

Butler, in his Hudibras, has the following on his riding.

Or trip it o'er the water quicker  
Than witches when their staves they liquor,  
As some report.

Reginald Scot says that according to the vulgar opinion of witches flying, "The devil teaches them to make ointment of the bowels and members of children, whereby they ride in the air and accomplish all their desires. After burial they steal them out of their graves and seeth them in a cauldron, till the flesh be made potable, of which they make an ointment, by which they ride in the air." Wierus exposes the folly of this opinion proving it to be an illusion, acted only in a dream. It is so deemed by Oldham.

As men in sleep, though motionless they lye,  
Fledg'd by a dream, believe they mount and flye:

So witches some enchanted wand bestride  
And think they through the airy regions ride.

There are other authorities upon this point in the notes upon Hudibras, and in Grey's notes on Shakspeare.

Lord Verulam tells us that "the ointment that witches use is reported to be made of the fat of children digged out of their graves; of the juices of smallage, wolf-bane, and cinque-foil, mingled with the meal of fine wheat: but I suppose the soporiferous medicines are likeliest to do it, which are henbane, hemlock, mandrake, moonshade, or rather nightshade, tobacco, opium, saffron, poplar-leaves, &c." There had been about the time of lord Verulam no small stir concerning witchcraft. Ben Jonson, says Dr. Percy, has left us a witch song, which contains an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity. Some learned wise-acres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon, James I., at their head; and these had so ransacked all writers ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished. The witch song in Macbeth is superior to this of Ben Jonson. The metrical incantations in Middleton's "Witch" are also very curious. This is a specimen:—

I Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.  
Hee. Put in that, oh put in that.

2 *W.* Here's Leopard's bane

*Hec.* Put in againe.

1 *W.* The juice of toade, the oile of adder

2 *W.* Those will make the yonker madder.

*Hec.* Put in : there's all, and rid the stench.

*Firestones.* Nay here's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

*All.* Round, around, around, &c.

The sabbath of the witches is supposed to be held on a Saturday: when the devil is by some said to appear in the shape of a goat, about whom several dances and magic ceremonies are performed, and before the assembly breaks up the witches are all said to have the honor of saluting Satan in a particular manner. King James's remarks on this subject in his "Dæmonology" are very curious. Satan is reported to have been so much out of humor at some of these meetings, that, for his diversion, he beat the witches black and blue with the spits and brooms, the vehicles of their transportation, and played them divers other unlucky tricks.

King James, in his Dæmonology, tells us, that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by continual sickness." In Grafton's Chronicle, we find it laid to the charge (among others) of Roger Bolinbrook, a cunning necromancer, and Margery Jordane, the cunning witch of Eye, that they at the request of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, had devised an image of wax representing the King, (Henry VI.) which by their sorcery a little and little consumed: intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person. According to Strype, Bishop Jewel, preaching before the Queen, in 1558, said: "It may please your grace to understand that witches and sorcerers within these few last years are marvelously increased within your grace's realm. Your grace's subjects pine away, even unto the death, their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is numbened, their senses are bereft. I pray God they never practice *further than upon the subject.*" "This," says Strype, "I make no doubt was the occasion of bringing in a bill, the next parliament, for making enchantments and witchcraft felony." One of the bishop's strong expressions is, "These eyes have seen most evident and manifest marks of their wickedness." There is a statement by

Strype, in 1581, that "one Mrs. Dier had practised conjuration against the Queen, (Elizabeth) to work some mischief to her majesty: for which she was brought into question: and accordingly her words and doings were sent to Popham, the Queen's attorney, and Egerton, her solicitor, by Walsingham the secretary, and Sir Thomas Heneage her vice chamberlain, for their judgment, whose opinion was that Mrs. Dier was not within the compass of the statute touching witchcraft, for that she did no act, and spake certain lewd speeches tending to that purpose, but neither set figure nor made pictures." Strype says, in 1578; "Whether it were the effect of magic, or proceeded from some natural cause, but the queen was in some part of this year under excessive anguish by pains of her teeth: insomuch that she took no rest for divers nights, and endured very great torment night and day." Andrews, in his continuation of Henry's history of Great Britain, speaking of Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, died by poison, tells us, "the credulity of the age attributed his death to witchcraft. The disease was odd, and operated as a perpetual emetic, and a waxen image, with hair like that of the unfortunate earl, found in his chamber, reduced every suspicion to certainty." This superstition may be illustrated by an anecdote in Seward, from French history. "The wife of Marshal D'Ancre was apprehended, imprisoned, and beheaded for a witch, upon a surmise that she had enchanted the queen to doat upon her husband: and they say, the young king's picture was found in her closet, in virgin wax, with one leg melted away. When asked by her judges what spells she had made use of to gain so powerful an ascendancy over the queen, she replied, 'that ascendancy only which strong minds ever gain over weak ones.'" Old Blagrave, in his Astrological Practice of Physick, observes, "the way which the witches usually take to afflict man or beast in this kind, is, as I conceive, done by image or model, made in the likeness of that man or beast they intend to work mischief upon, and, by the subtlety of the devil, made at such hours and times when it shall work most powerfully upon them, by thorn, pin, or needle, pricked into that limb or member of the body afflicted. This practice is referred to by poets, Daniel says, in one of his sonnets:

The alie Inchanter, when to work his will  
 And secret wrong on some forsoken wight  
 Frames waxe, in forme to represent aright  
 The poor unwitting wretch he meanes to kill,  
 And prickes the image, fram'd by magick'sskill,  
 Whereby to vex the partie day and night.

Cole, in his Art of Simpling, says that witches "take likewise the roots of mandrake, according to some, or, as I rather suppose, the roots of briony, which simple folke take for the true mandrake, and make thereof an ugly image, by which they represent the person on whom they intend to exercise their witchcraft."

Witches are said to sometimes content themselves with a revenge less than mortal, causing the objects of their hatred to swallow pins, crooked nails, dirt, cinders, and different trash; or by drying up their cows, and killing their oxen; or by preventing butter from coming in the churn; or beer from working.

Sometimes, to vex squires, justices, and country-parsons, fond of hunting, witches are presumed to have changed themselves into hares, and elude the speed of the fleetest dogs. Hence, in Scot's Discovery, he says of these country gentry, "that never hunters nor their dogs may be bewitched, they cleave an oaken branch, and both they and their dogs pass over it." Warner, in his Topographical Remarks relating to the South-western parts of Hampshire, 8vo., 1793, mentioning Mary Dore, the "parochial witch of Beaulieu," who died about half a century since, says, "her spells were chiefly used for purposes of self-extrication in situations of danger; and I have conversed with a rustic whose father had seen the old lady convert herself more than once into the form of a hare, or cat, when likely to be apprehended in wood-stealing, to which she was somewhat addicted.

#### DISENCHANTMENT OF A SORCERER.

As Gassendi was one day taking a morning's walk near Digne, in Provence his ears were assailed by repeated exclamations of "A sorcerer, a sorcerer!" On looking behind him he beheld a mean and simple-looking man, with his hands tied, whom a mob of the country people were hurrying to prison. Gassendi's virtues and learning had given him great authority with them, and he desired to be left alone with the man. They immediately surrendered him, and Gassendi,

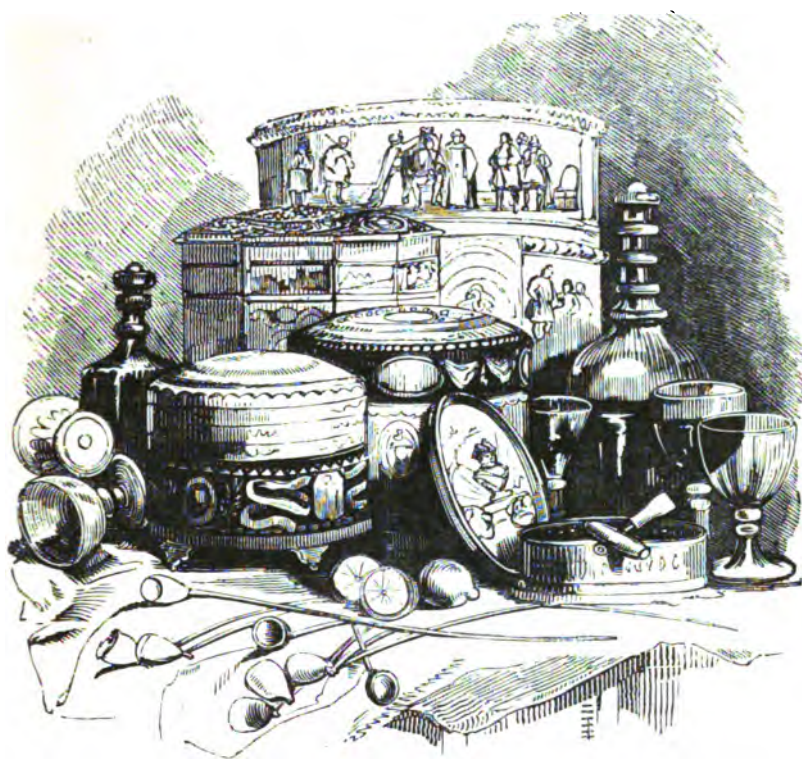
said to him in private, "My friend, you must tell me sincerely whether you have made a compact with the Devil or not: if you confess it, I will give you your liberty immediately; but if you refuse to tell me, I will give you directly into the hands of the magistrate." The man answered, "Sir, I will own to you that I go to a meeting of wizards every day. One of my friends has given me a drug which I take to effect this, and I have been received as a sorcerer these three years." He then described the proceedings at these meetings, and spoke of the different devils as if he had been all his life acquainted with them." Show me," said Gassendi, "the drug that you take to enable you to attend this infernal assembly, for I intend to go there with you to-night." The man replied, "As you please, sir; I will take you at midnight as soon as the clock strikes twelve." Accordingly he met Gassendi at the appointed hour, and showing him two bolusses, each of them the size of a walnut, he desired him to swallow one, as soon as he had seen him swallow the other. The man swallowed one, and Gassendi pretended as if he had swallowed the other, and then they laid down together upon a goat-skin. The man soon fell asleep, but Gassendi remained awake and watched him, and perceived that he was greatly disturbed in his slumbers, and writhed and twisted his body about, as if he had been troubled by bad dreams. At the expiration of five or six hours he awoke, and said to Gassendi, I am sure, sir, you ought to be satisfied with the manner in which the Great Goat received you; he conferred upon you a high honor when he permitted you to kiss his tail the first time he ever saw you." The deleterious opiate had operated upon his imagination. He was one in whom, while waking,

the eye works  
 Unto the timid thought, and the thought  
 paints

Forms from the mire of Conscience, will  
 o'wipes

To dazzle sober reason.

Gassendi, compassionating his weakness and credulity, took pains to convince him of his self-delusion; and, showing him the bolus, he gave it to a dog, who soon fell asleep and suffered great convulsions. The poor fellow was set at liberty to undeceive his brethren, who had, like him, been lulled by the noxious bolus into imagining themselves sorcerers.



A PARISH TOBACCO-BOX.

"History is philosophy teaching by example."—Mr. Churchwarden, and Mr. Overseer, Gentlemen, Past Churchwardens, and Past Overseers' of the joint parishes of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, thanks to you for the "History" of your Parish Tobacco-Box.

About a hundred-and-twenty years ago, little more or less, Mr. Henry Monck, one of the parishioners of one of the above-mentioned parishes, bought a common horn Tobacco-Box, of an oval shape, and portable size for the pocket; according to tradition, he gave four-pence for it at Horn Fair. He carried it with him to his parish club—to the tavern where the

"gentlemen of the parish," who, like himself, had served the office of overseer, met to talk over and confer upon parochial matters, and smoke their pipes in friendly intercourse. They associated under the denomination of the "Past Overseers' Society," and Mr. Monck presented his fourpenny Horn Fair Tobacco-Box to the society, for the general use of the members.

It is important to the history of this Tobacco-Box, now about to be publicly disclosed, that the world should know the constitution of the Past Overseers' Society. It consists of parishioners of St. Margaret and St. John's parishes, who, as before intimated, have either been

overseers of the poor in the joint parishes abovementioned, or who have paid the fine to be excused from serving the office, and also of the overseers for the time being. The average number of members is now about forty. On the evening of the second Thursday in every month the society meet at the Swan tavern, Bridge-street, Westminster, where the Lord Mayor of London annually holds a court of conservancy, with good cheer, and wine and wassail, and where also the past overseers' society annually dine together upon the day of appointment of new overseers. The general expenses of the society are defrayed by annual subscriptions, a certain portion of which fund is applied towards discharging the reckoning of each meeting, and the deficiency is made up by the attending members. There are instances of honorary members having been admitted for services done to the society, but such occurrences are very rare. The clerk to the governors of the poor, on account of his intimacy with parish affairs, is an official member of the society, and acts as its secretary.

In 1720 the society of past overseers, out of respect to the donor of the Tobacco-Box, ornamented the lid with a silver rim, bearing the following inscription:—"Given by Henry Monck, one of the overseers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1713." They then committed it to the custody of the senior overseer for the time being, through each of which annual officers it has descended to the present day, and from most of them it has received successive silver ornaments and additions, each of which bears the names of the contributors to the importance and value of the box.

In 1824 the society published, by subscription, a volume in quarto, with the following title:—

"REPRESENTATIONS of the embossed, chased, and engraved Subjects and Inscriptions which decorate the TOBACCO-BOX and Cases belonging to the PAST OVERSEERS' SOCIETY of the Parishes of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, in the city of Westminster."

The work thus entitled consists of three leaves of letter-press "Introduction;" three other leaves of "Explanatory References to the Plates and Subjects;" thirty-four full sized copper-plate engravings; two descriptive vignettes; and an engraved title-page, bearing a vignette of the successive forms and sizes of the

Tobacco-Box and its cases, from which the engraving at the beginning of this article is taken. A letter-press leaf at the end, contains a "List of the Subscribers" to the work; among whom are the Rev. Jon. Tyers Barrett, D.D., the Rev. Charles Fynes Clinton, D.D., the Rev. Wm. Winfield Dakius, D.D., the Rev. Hen. Chute, the Rev. Darcy Haggitt, the Rev. W. Rodber, the Rev. R. S. B. Sandilands, the very Rev. D D Stevens, Dean of Rochester, John Abington, Esq., Dean's Yard, John Elliot, Esq., Pimlico, Samuel Hanbury, Esq., King-street, Thos. Maude, Esq., Great George-street, Simon Stephenson, Esq., Great George-street, Alex. Richard Sutherland, M.D., and one-hundred-and-twenty other respectable names.

After the silver rim bestowed by the society upon the lid of the Tobacco-Box in 1720, the next addition to it was a silver side-casing and bottom, in 1726. In 1740, a broad handsome embossed border of ornaments was placed upon the lid, within the before-mentioned rim; and subsequently, the bottom was covered with an "ornamented emblem of Charity," engraved very much in the style of Hogarth, and probably by that artist's own hand; for, in 1746, Hogarth, who was then in the zenith of his reputation, designed and executed, on the inside of the lid, a portrait of the Duke of Cumberland, in manner of a bust, with allegorical figures at the sides of the pedestal, and an inscription commemorative of the victory of Culloden. The last addition to the lid was an interwoven scroll, dated 1765; the scroll encloses a plate in the centre, bearing the arms of the city of Westminster, and inscribed, "This Box to be delivered to every succeeding Sett of Overseers, on penalty of Five Guineas."

The Horn Fair Tobacco-Box having thus been ornamented within and without to repletion, there was no room for further additions; but as each senior overseer, with few exceptions, followed the example of his predecessors, a new outer case was always prepared for it, when further space was required for ornament, and the original fourpenny Tobacco-Box is now kept in a series of four embellished cases, case within case, until the whole has become of greater bulk and worth than any tobacco-box in the kingdom.

The engraving submitted to the inspection of the reader represents Monck's box, and its four enriched cases, grouped

with decanters, goblets, wine-glasses, lemons, and tobacco-pipes. The old box is filled with tobacco; its lid, engraved withinside by Hogarth, reclines against the second case; and across the box is a mother-of-pearl tobacco-stopper, presented to the society by Mr. John Ansell. The proportionate size of the cases denotes the order of their accession to the box.

The cases of this Tobacco-Box are overlaid with various plates of silver, presented, according to the society's rules, by successive overseers. These plates are embossed or engraved with different emblematical devices and representations, chiefly of memorable historical occurrences, and with portraits of several eminent persons; and each plate has a suitable inscription. Among these memorials are:—a view of the fireworks in St. James Park, in celebration of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1749; a portrait of the well-remembered John Wilkes, who was churchwarden of St. Margaret's parish in 1759; a representation of Admiral Keppel's engagement off Ushant, and another of his acquittal after trial by a court-martial; inscriptions relating to the taking of St. Eustatia by Rodney; the restoration of the health of George III. in 1789, and the general illumination upon that event; a view of the Battle of the Nile; records of the union with Ireland, and the peace of 1802; a representation of the repulse of the French China fleet, under Admiral Lincolin, 1804; another of the Battle of Trafalgar, and death of Nelson, 1805; portraits of Nelson, Duncan, Howe, and Vincent; portraits of Pitt and Fox, upon their death in 1806; a view of the engagement between the St. Fiorenzo and La Piedmontaise, 1808; a record of the jubilee in 1809; portrait of George IV., as Prince Regent, 1811; emblems of the general peace, 1814, and notices of the visit of the Foreign Sovereigns; views of the Battle of Waterloo, 1815, and the bombardment of Algiers, 1816; portraits of the Princess Charlotte, upon her death, 1817, and of Queen Charlotte, upon her death, 1818; an interior view of the House of Lords, upon the trial of Queen Caroline, 1821; a representation of the coronation of George IV., and another commemorative of his visit to Scotland, 1822, &c.

There are several plates in commemoration of local circumstances, relating to

the past overseers' society's parishes. One of them is a monumental design, with military trophies, inscribed, "To the memory of John Lee, a much respected member of this society, who died at Leeds, in Yorkshire, in the execution of his office as overseer of the poor of the parish of St. Margaret, 17 May, 1796, aged 33 years: humane, diligent, and just as an overseer; strictly attentive to his duty as a light-horse volunteer; a sincere friend, a cheerful companion, and an honest man." Another plate represents a very curious view of the interior of Westminster-Hall, with the St. Margaret's and St. John's corps of volunteers, assembled there on the Fast-day, 1803, hearing Divine service performed at the drum-head by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Dakins. There is a plate of the sessions-house, when the portico fronted St. Margaret's churchyard. There is likewise a plate representing St. John the Evangelist at Patmos, with a view, below, of the tower and western entrance of the church of St. Margaret. Another plate contains an engraving of the carved altar-piece of that church, from Titian's painting of the supper at Emmaus.

An oval plate, on the outside of the first case, contains a very spirited little engraving, in the style of Callot, of a cripple; and another plate represents the patroness of the parish, St. Margaret, triumphing over the dragon. This latter legend is likewise engraved upon an elegant silver gilt cup, which, with its cover and stand, weighing together 93 oz. 15 dwts. was given, in 1763, by Samuel Pierson, Esq., to the overseers of the parish of St. Margaret, and their successors for ever in trust, for the use of the vestry at their entertainments. Mr. Pierson was elected churchwarden for seven successive years, pending a memorable suit in the ecclesiastical court against the parish, for setting up in the church the celebrated painted glass-window of the crucifixion, with certain figures, which were imagined to be improper subjects for exhibition in a church. The court decided in favour of the parish, and the painted window remains in its original state.

In 1713, when Mr. Monck presented his fourpenny Tobacco-Box to his club, he little imagined the honours that would be paid to it, and the consequence it would assume. In 1813, the body of the outer case received a large silver plate, inscribed, "A tribute of gratitude for the



glorious services rendered his country by Field-Marshal Marquis Wellington," with an embossed portrait of the marquis, surrounded by genii and military trophies, and bearing the following inscription:—"1813. *This Plate is given to celebrate the duration of this Box for One Hundred Years*, by Elisha Gard, Thomas Gullan, and George Henry Malme, overseers." Almost every overseer appears to have vied in securing posthumous fame by a presentation of a silver ornament; and hence the cases are crowded with the names of official donors. The top of the second case of the box is engraved to represent the governors and directors of the poor, assembled in their board-room, administering relief, with this inscription: "This plate, and the new case to contain the original box and case, were given by Thomas Bray, and Thomas Hitchen, churchwardens of St. Margaret's; Joseph Smith, Daniel Gwynne, and John Gaunt, overseers of St. Margaret and of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster; who also repaired the box and the case. *The original box and cases to be delivered to every succeeding set of overseers, on penalty of fifty guineas. 1783.*"

From the manner in which the Society's Tobacco-Box and its cases have been annually entrusted to different overseers, without control as to the kind of ornaments required to be added, or the efficiency of the artists employed to execute them, the embellishments are of varied design and execution, and not of equal merit. The gem of the collection is undoubtedly the engraving of the old Duke of Cumberland, by Hogarth, upon a plate, within the lid of the original horn-box.

Notwithstanding the precautions adopted by the past overseers' society, for the preservation of their Tobacco-Box and its adjuncts, its safety was endangered while it was in the custody of Mr. William Gilbert, the senior overseer, 1785. Having a party of friends to dine with him, he produced the box for their inspection, and after their departure in the evening the dining-room was entered by thieves, who carried off every article of plate which had been used. Very fortunately Mr. Gilbert, under a due sense of the trust reposed in him, had previously removed the society's Tobacco-Box.

Nine years afterwards, the Tobacco-Box was still more jeopardized by the conduct of another keeper. In 1793, Mr.

James Read, the overseer on whom its custody had devolved, refused to attend the annual meeting of the past overseers' society in the spring of that year, when, according to customary usage, it became his duty to surrender his deposit, for the purpose of its being transferred to his successor in office. Mr. Read alleged, as a reason for his non-attendance, that the vestry had refused to pass his accounts, and he menaced the society with the destruction of their Tobacco-Box. Persisting in his contumacy, and repeating his threat, the society, in the name of its members, brought an action against him for the recovery of their Tobacco-Box, and a verdict in their favor was reckoned upon as certain; but two recreant members of the society, Mr. Simeon Handley and Mr. George Byfield, unexpectedly gave Mr. Read a release, which, as they were plaintiffs, he successfully pleaded in bar to the action. Foiled by this unexpected turn of the law, the society resolved upon an appeal to equity. They accordingly filed a bill in Chancery against Mr. Read, in which they included Mr. Handley and Mr. Byfield, as defendants; and fearing, that pending the proceedings, Mr. Read would destroy the box, as he had threatened, they plied to the court to compel Mr. Read to deliver it to a master in chancery for safe keeping; and the court, in tender consideration of the premises, ordered Mr. Read to deposit the Tobacco-Box in the office of Master Leeds, there to abide the event of the suit. It may be reasonably considered, that during the absence of their Tobacco-Box, the past overseers' society held their usual monthly and annual meetings with as little comfort and order as either house of parliament without the authoritative presence of a mace. Three long years of litigation and disquietude the members endured, until, upon the 5th of March, 1796, the important cause, "*The Past Overseers' Society of the joint parishes of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, against Read, Handley, and Byfield,*" came on for decision. Upon hearing the arguments of counsel on both sides, Loughborough, Lord Chancellor, decreed, "That the Tobacco-Box and Cases should be restored to the plaintiffs, that the defendants should pay the costs of the suit in that court, and that the defendant Read should pay the plaintiffs their costs at law;" the total amount of which was about £300. Under this decree, the society recovered their

Tobacco-Box, with costs of suit; but, by the refractory and illegal proceedings of Mr. Read, they had incurred extra costs, which amounted to £76 13s. 11d. To defray that sum, they commenced a subscription among themselves, and so cheerfully did the members contribute, that they raised £91 7s. Od., and with the surplus repaired the Tobacco-Box, and added a new octagon case to it, forming the third. To record the detention of the box, their memorable struggle, and their signal victory, the top of the new case was honored with a silver plate, upon which was engraved a figure of Justice trampling upon a prostrate man, whose face, from which a mask drops upon a writhing serpent, is evidently the portrait of the vanquished antagonist; the inscription upon this representation is, "Justice triumphant! Fraud defeated! The Box restored!" A second plate on the outside of the fly-lid, in the top of the new case, bears an engraving of the Court of Chancery, with counsel pleading before the Chancellor, inscribed in capital letters, "THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S DECREE, RESTORE THE BOX TO THE PAST OVERSEERS' SOCIETY." On a third plate, withinside the fly-lid, is inscribed, "This Plate and the Case were added by the Society," and the inscription records the circumstances relating to their suit in Chancery, and its successful termination.

To these particulars concerning the original Tobacco-Box, it is proper to add, that at the bottom of the fourth case, which is the outer one, there is a large circular view of the members of the society at a table, taking wine, and attending to the proceedings of their chairman. The scene may be imagined from the inscription upon the plate, which runs thus, "The Anniversary Meeting of the Past Overseers' Society, with the Churchwarden giving the Charge, previous to delivering the Box to the succeeding Overseer." The outer case, inclosing the box, with its other cases, is represented at the head of the table before the churchwarden, who, with his right hand on the case, is in the attitude of giving the "charge" to the "succeeding overseer."

The ceremonies attending this annual transmission of the Tobacco-Box from one overseer to another, testify, in the strongest manner, the solicitude of the society for its preservation. The transfer takes place after dinner, at the general meeting held by the society, upon the ap-

pointment of the new overseers, when, as at all other meetings of the society, the senior churchwarden of St. Margaret's presides. After having proposed some of the usual toasts, he demands the restoration of the society's Tobacco-Box, with its appurtenances, from the senior overseer superseded that day. Upon compliance with this demand, the secretary proceeds to examine and report whether they are in as good state and condition as when they were delivered; whether any and what ornament had been added; and whether the original box contains the proper quantity of tobacco. If the report be satisfactory, the box is placed before the chairman, and he proposes for a toast, "The late overseers of the poor with thanks to them for their care of the box, and the additional ornaments." He then enquires of the new senior overseer, whether he is willing to accept the Tobacco-Box and cases upon the usual conditions; upon whose assent, they are delivered to him by the chairman, with the following Charge:—"This Box, and the several Cases, are the property of the Past Overseers' Society, and delivered into your custody and care, upon condition that they are produced at all parochial entertainments which you shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, and shall contain three pipes of tobacco at the least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret. *And, also, upon condition* that you shall restore the Box, with the several cases belonging to it, to the Society, in as good a state as the same now are, with some additional ornament, at the next meeting thereof, after you shall go out of office, or sooner, if demanded, under the penalty of two hundred guineas." Immediately after the delivery of the charge with the box, the chairman proposes as a toast, "The new Overseers, wishing them health to go through their office." This toast concludes the ceremony.

Owing to the continued increase in weight and bulk, from successive additions of cases and ornamental plates to the box, it has become inconvenient for the overseer entrusted with its possession to produce the whole on every occasion, according to the original regulations; he is, therefore, now required to produce at the evening meetings the original box, with only one case; but it must be produced with all its cases at the annual dinner, or when the overseers are invited to dine with the churchwardens. This

high estimation in which it is held by the members, is derived from its being the most valuable and authentic monument of the society from its first institution, and from bringing to recollection many acquaintances now no more, who once belonged to the festive circle, and enlivened it with their wit and humor. Above all, it reminds the society of the unanimity and social feeling which have hitherto distinguished the chief agents in the administration of the parochial concerns, and which, in the language of the society's historiographer, "all are bound to perpetuate, who enroll themselves under the standard of the Tobacco-Box."

this theatrical representation a little girl, about six or eight years old, stood on a bench, preaching extempore, as it appeared, to the persons who filled the church, with all the gestulation of a little actress, probably in commemoration of those words of the psalmist, quoted by our blessed Lord — "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." In this manner the Scriptures are acted; not "read, marked, and inwardly digested." The whole scene had, however, a striking effect, well calculated to work upon the minds of a people whose religion consists so largely in outward show.\*

	h.	m.
December 28.—Day breaks	6	0
Sun rises	8	6
— sets	3	34
Twilight ends.	6	0

## December 29.

### THE PRESEPIO.

After Christmas day, during the remainder of December, there is a Presepio, or representation of the manger in which our Saviour was laid, to be seen in many of the churches at Rome. That of the Ara Cœli is best worth seeing; which church occupies the site of the temple of Jupiter, and is adorned with some of its beautiful pillars.

On entering, we found daylight completely excluded from the church; and, until we advanced, we did not perceive the artificial light, which was so managed as to stream in fluctuating rays, from intervening silvery clouds, and shed a radiance over the lovely babe and bending mother, who, in the most graceful attitude, lightly holds up the drapery which half conceals her sleeping infant from the bystanders. He lies in richly embroidered swaddling clothes, and his person, as well as that of his virgin mother, is ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones; for which purpose, we are informed, the princesses and ladies of high rank lend their jewels. Groups of cattle grazing, peasantry engaged in different occupations, and other objects, enliven the picturesque scenery; every living creature in the group, with eyes directed towards the Presepio, falls prostrate in adoration. In the front of

### CORNISH MIDSUMMER FIRES.

An immemorial and peculiar custom prevails on the sea-coast of the western extremity of Cornwall, of kindling large bonfires on the evening of June 24; and on the next day the country people, assembling in great crowds, amuse themselves with excursions on the water. I cannot help thinking it the remains of an ancient Druidical festival, celebrated on midsummer-day, to implore the friendly influence of heaven on their fields, compounded with that of the first of May, when the Druids kindled large fires on all their sacred places, and on the tops of all their cairns, in honor of Bel, or Belinus, the name by which they distinguished the sun, whose revolving course had again clothed the earth with beauty, and diffused joy and gladness through the creation. Their water parties on the 24th prove that they consider the summer season as now so fully established, that they are not afraid to commit themselves to the mercy of the waves. If we reflect on the rooted animosity which subsisted between the Romans and Druids, and that the latter, on being expelled from their former residences, found, together with the miserable remnants of the Britons, an asylum in the naturally fortified parts of the island, we shall not be surprised at their customs having been faintly handed down through such a long succession of ages. That Cornwall was one of their retreats is sufficiently proved by the numerous remains of their circular temples, cromlechs, cairns, &c. Even in the eleventh century, when Christianity was become the national religion, the people were so attached to

\* A narrative of three years in Italy.

their ancient superstitions, that we find a law of Canute the great strictly prohibiting all his subjects from paying adoration to the sun, moon, sacred groves and woods, hallowed hills and fountains. If, then, this propensity to idolatry could not be rooted out of those parts of the kingdom exposed to the continual influx of foreigners, and the horrors of frequent war, how much more must it have flourished in Cornwall, and those parts where the Druids long preserved their authority and influence. It may, therefore, be fairly inferred that, from their remote situation, and comparative insignificance with the rest of England, they preserved those religious solemnities unmolested; and, corrupted as they must naturally be by long usage and tradition, yet are handed down to us to this day with evident marks of a Druidical origin.\*

#### HEARNE, THE ANTIQUARY.

The rev. Mark Noble, in a note upon Hearne, says,—“Mr. Granger notices a ridiculous print of him, which was engraved at Oxford, and only six, it is said, were worked off. He is represented between two printers, at a public-house, where the floor is paved with sheep’s bones, mistaken by him for a Roman pavement. He adds, also, ‘the circumstance is noticed in the Oxford Sausage,’ but I do not observe it in that collection.” It is not there; but it is in “A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion,” a witty Oxford tract by Dr. T. Warton, and this is the doctor’s ludicrous account:—

“In this quarter of the town the curious are likewise invited to visit an antique pot-house, known by the historical sign of *Whittington and his Cat*.† Here that laborious Antiquarian Mr. Thomas Hearne one evening suffered himself to be overtaken in liquor. But it should be remembered that this accident was more owing to his love of antiquity than of ale. It happened that the kitchen where he and his companion were sitting was neatly paved with *sheep’s trotters*, disposed in various compartments. After one pipe, Mr. Hearne, consistently with his usual gravity and sobriety, proposed to depart; but his friend, who was inclined to enjoy more of his company, artfully observed that the floor on which they were then sitting was no less than an original *tessel-*

*lated Roman pavement*. Out of respect to classic ground, and on recollection that the *Stunsfield Roman pavement*, on which he had just published a dissertation, was dedicated to *Bacchus*, our antiquary cheerfully complied: an enthusiastic transport seized his imagination; he fell on his knees and kissed the sacred earth; on which, in a few hours and after a few tankards, by a sort of sympathetic attraction, he was obliged to repose for some part of the evening. His friend was probably in the same condition; but two printers accidentally coming in conducted Mr. Hearne, betwixt them, to Edmund Hall, with much state and solemnity.”

Then follows a print of “this unusual procession,” which is aptly denominated “a lively representation from an original—kindly communicated by Mr. Daniel Prince,” the Oxford bookseller, of whom there is a preceding notice. In the “Oxford Sausage” there is merely the following ical poem on Warton’s prose satire:—

#### EPISTLE FROM THOMAS HEARNE, ANTIQUARY, TO THE AUTHOR OF THE COMPANION TO THE OXFORD GUIDE, &c.

Friend of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,

Who won’t at eve to pace the long-lost bounds  
Of lonesome *Oseney*! What malignant fiend  
Thy cloyster-loving mind from ancient lore  
Hath base seduc’d! Urg’d thy apostate pen  
To trench deep wounds on *antiquaries* sage,  
And drag the venerable fathers forth,  
Victims to laughter! Cruel as the mandate  
Of mitred priests, who BASKETT late enjoin’d  
To throw aside the reverend letters black,  
And print *Fast Prayers* in modern type! At  
this

*Leland*, and *Willis*, *Dugdale*, *Tanner*, *Wood*,  
Illustrious names! with *Cumden*, *Aubrey*,  
*Lloyd*,

Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once  
they hop’d

To seal thee for their own, and fondly deem’d  
The muses, at thy call, would crowding come  
To deck *antiquity* with flow’rets gay.

But now may curses every search attend  
That seems inviting! may’st thou pore in vain  
For dubious door-ways! may revengeful moths  
Thy ledgers eat! may chronologic spouts  
Retain no cypher legible! may crypts  
Lurk undiscern’d! nor may’st thou spell the  
names

Of saints in storied windows! nor the dates  
Of bells discover! nor the genuine site  
Of abbots’ pantries! and may *Gottscow* vex,  
Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic  
charts!

\* Gents. Mag. April, 1795.

# 祥泰隆記

*Chong thie Loong kee.*

*Most humbly beg leave to acquaint the Gentlemen trading to this kort that the above mentioned chop has been long established and is much esteemed for its Black and young Hyson Tea but fearing the foreigners might be cheated by those shameless persons who forged this chop he therefore take the liberty to pallish these few lines for its remark and trust.*

## A CHINESE TEA-MAN'S SHOP-BILL

The preceding is a copy, letter for letter, of an announcement by a Chinese tea-man to English consumers. The original is from an engraving upon wood, printed in black, on thin paper, colored yellow, and slightly sprinkled with gold leaf. There is a border to it an inch and a quarter wide, representing a tendril, or

sprig of the tea-plant in outline, surrounding the entire bill. The bill and border are of the above form, and measure together thirteen inches and a half, by eight and three quarters. Mr. James Mitchell, of Leicester, communicated the bill as a specimen of Chinese-English.

## PERPETUAL MOTION.

Dr. Roberts, at Bridport, in the course of a lecture on Magnetism, observed, that if any substance could be discovered impervious to its influence the perpetual motion would no longer remain an unsolved problem; and he referred to an article in "Blackwood's Magazine" (1807) which asserted that the perpetual motion had been discovered and that the operative power was magnetism. This "perpetual motion" was effected by two horse-shoe magnets nicely adjusted at a short distance from each other, with a small bar of steel accurately suspended between them; the magnetic fluid, circulating in a regular stream from one magnet to the other, kept the steel bar in constant and rapid motion. It was represented that this motion had continued without intermission for several years, that there did not appear any reason why it should not continue for ever; and that persons of eminent scientific attainments certified that it was impossible there could be any deception. Dr. Roberts said that this statement had incited him to aim at constructing a similar apparatus, but after much time and thought he abandoned it as impracticable. A long while after the appearance of the article in "Blackwood" a man called upon Dr. Roberts with the identical contrivance still in motion, and the man informed the Doctor that it had so continued more than six years. The Doctor approached it with a powerful magnet; but it began to waver and the doctor drew back from apprehension that he might stop it, and deprive its owner of a guinea a day, which he obtained by showing it, and on which he subsisted. The doctor would have purchased the contrivance, but the man absolutely declined to sell it, and continued his travels with it to Plymouth. He returned from thence to Bridport, was seized with a mortal illness, and in his last moments appeared disposed to reveal the secret to the doctor, who, however, did not get to him in time, and the man died. This invention he left to the doctor, into whose possession the machine had scarcely passed when it stopped. On a minute examination Dr. Roberts discovered the secret.

The apparatus was mounted on a piece of solid mahogany, about half an inch thick, with a piece of green baize in the bottom; on removing this baize the mahogany was found to be hollowed, and a piece of watch-work inserted which would maintain the motion for twelve hours. The man had successfully palmed this contriv-

ance as a perpetual motion upon "Christopher North" and his scientific correspondents; and carried on the deception from the north of the Tweed to the chops of the channel without detection.\*

## CHARACTS.

These seem to have been charms in the form of inscriptions. There is mention of a proscription in Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. "That he use ne hide, ne charme, ne charecte." In Gower, de Confessione Amantis, we read of one, who  
"With his Correcte would him enchant."

In the dialogue of Dives and Pauper, printed by R. Pynson, 1493, among superstitious practices then in use, we find the following censured: "Or use any charmes in gadering of herbes, or hangynge of scrowes aboute man or woman or childe or beest for any seknesse, with any Scripture or figures and Carctes, but if it be pater noster, ave, or the crede, or holy wordes of the gospel, or of holy wryt, for devocion nat for curiositie, and only with the tokene of the holy crosse."

Lord Northampton, in his "Defensive against the poyson of supposed prophecies," 4to. 1583, says, "One of the Keysters which served under the Frenche admirall, at the siege of Poicters, was founde, after he was dead, to have about his necke a purse of taffata, and within the same a piece of parchement full of characters in Hebrew; beside many cycles, semicircles, tryangles, &c., with sundrie shorte cuttes and shreadings of the psalmes. Deus misereatur nostri, &c. Angelis suis mandavit de te, &c. Super Aspidem et Basiliscum, &c., as if the prophecies which properly belong to Christe, might be wrested to the safeguard and defence of every private man."

The following "Charm, or Protection," was found in a linen purse, on the body of one Jackson, a murderer and smuggler, who died in Chichester gaol, Feb. 1749. He was struck with such horror on being measured for his irons, that he soon after expired.

"Ye three holy kings,  
"Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar.  
"Pray for us, now, and at the hour of death."

"These papers have touched the three heads of the holy kings of Cologne. They are to preserve travellers from accidents on the road, head-achs, falling-sickness, fevers, witchcraft, ail kinds of mischief, and sudden death."†

\* Dorset County Chronicle, April 7th, 1831.

† Bran l.

OLD LAWS.

*Ale*.—When a quarter of barley is sold for two shillings, then four. quarts of ale shall be sold for a penny; and so, from henceforth, the prices shall increase or decrease.—(51 Henry III., stat. 6). If any ale-house keeper shall sell less than a full quart of ale for a penny, or of the small a'e two quarts for a penny, he shall forfeit for every such offence the sum of twenty shillings.—(1 James I. cap. 9).

*Drunkeness*.—Every person convicted of the offence of drunkenness, shall forfeit five shillings; and every person that shall again be convicted, shall be bound in two sureties to be from thenceforth of good behaviour.—(4 James I. cap. 5).

*Fairs*.—The king commandeth that from henceforth neither fairs nor markets be kept in church-yards, for the honor of the church.—(13 Edward I. stat. 2, cap. 6).

*Fortune-Tellers*.—It shall be felony to declare any false prophecy.—(23 Henry VIII. cap. 14).

	h. m.
December 29.—Day breaks	. 5 59
Sun rises . . . . .	8 6
—sets . . . . .	3 54
Twilight ends . . . . .	6 1

**December 30.**

It is proposed, preparatory to concluding the year, and the present work, to-morrow, to devote to this day a selection from several articles contributed by the kindness of correspondents.

THE DIVINING ROD.

Ezekiel mentions divination by the rod, or wand. Hosea reproaches the Jews as being infected with the like superstition: "My people ask counsel at their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them," chap. iv. 12. The Chaldeans, and almost every nation which practised divination, used rods in their performances. In Sheppard's Epigrams, 1651, we find:

*Virgula Divina.*

Some sorcerers do loast they have a rod,

Gather'd with vovves and sacrifice,  
And (borne about,) will strangely nod

To hidden treasure where it lies:

Mankind is (sure) that rod divine,  
For to the wealthiest (ever) they incline."

The notion still prevails in England of the hazel's tendency to a vein of lead ore, a seam or stratum of coal, water, &c. In the "Living Library, or Homineall Meditations," 1621, we read that

"no man can tell why forked sticks of hazill (rather than sticks of other trees growing upon the very same places) are fit to show the places where the veins of gold and silver are. The stickes bending itselfe in the places, at the bottome, where the same veins are." Lilly, in the History of his Life and Times, mentions a curious experiment (which he confesses, however, to have failed) to discover hidden treasure by the hazel rod.

Much has been written upon this subject of late, but the only notice that can be further taken of it is in the following communication.

[To Mr. Honc.]

THE DIVINING ROD.

In answer to a request on the Wrapper of the *Year Book* for information upon this subject, the following letter has been received from the gentleman whose initials are attached to it: his name is privately communicated in verification of the facts he states:—

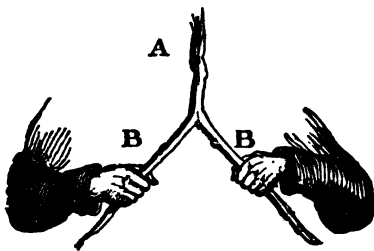
SIR,

I perceive, in the last number of the *Year Book*, that you invite authenticated communications on the subject of the Divining Rod; I am tempted therefore to send you what little I know about it, and I do this the more readily because I am persuaded the subject requires, if it does not *deserve*, investigation. Whatever may be the merits of the Divining Rod in the opinion of the educated and scientific, its efficacy is, I believe, very generally credited in the coal and other mining districts, and persons who have the reputation of being skilled in its use are had recourse to with as much faith as is the "*wise man*," or "*cunning woman*," of the neighbourhood, in affairs of another description. It is therefore, in my view, of some importance to disabuse the credulous of belief in an imposture, if it be such, since, however innocent in itself, the habit of taking the marvellous upon trust, or of relying upon the supernatural in the common affairs of life, is very weakening and injurious to the mind.

About five years ago, I was staying a short time in the country, a few miles hence; and one fine sultry day, in July, I went with a friend of mine, on an excursion to a place called Dundey, a village a short distance from Bristol, situate on an eminence which commands a very splendid view, and remarkable for its lofty and handsome tower. We were accompanied by a farmer of the neighbourhood, who

acted as our guide, and who proposed taking us to a farm-house at Dundey, occupied by an acquaintance of his. In the course of chat it came out that our intended host was much noted in those parts for his successful use of the Divining Rod, or, as our companion called it, the "*finding stick*," and my curiosity was much excited to witness an instance of its application. We found him to be a respectable, good looking young man, of the class of hard-working renting farmers, tolerably "well to do" in the world. There was nothing of pretension in his manner, and no symptoms of the mixed impudence and cunning in his countenance which commonly mark the physiognomy of a professor of "*arts occult*." In a word, I should any day have set down such a man in my own mind as *no conjurer*, take it which way you will. After partaking of some hospitable fare, I soon found means to introduce the subject, and he readily consented to give me a specimen of his divination. I have said that it was a fine sultry day; it had also been extremely hot and dry for some weeks, so much so that there was a great want of water on high grounds. The deficiency of the usual supply had been so much felt at this farm, that it was found necessary to sink a well on the premises. Now amongst the many virtues ascribed to the "*finding-stick*" is that of detecting the presence of water-springs; and accordingly we were assured that this well had been sunk in accordance with the decisions of the silent oracle. We were also informed that a short time before the farmer had discovered a well for a person living some miles off, by similar means.

I will now endeavour to describe the rod, and the mode of its being used. I accompany this with a rough sketch for the purpose of explanation. The rod is a little, slight forked stick, of withy or some other pliable wood, and cut for the occasion from the nearest hedge or tree.



The operator takes one of the branches of the fork B in each hand; and, extending the shaft or stem A horizontally from his body, moves slowly over and about the spot which is supposed to conceal the spring of water or the vein of coal.

I will complete the description by relating what I myself witnessed,—premising that I watched the whole affair with all the closeness and suspicion of incredulity:—

Our friend the farmer, accompanied by us, and holding the stick as above, traversed the court yard in which the well had been dug, with much gravity. So long as he kept aloof from the well, there was no motion whatever in the stick; as we approached the water, I thought I fancied a slight depression in the stem, but, when held immediately over the well, the stem obviously declined, and bent down, till it pointed to the ground, and the apparent attraction was so great that it quite turned round, and was nearly broken from the fork. All this time, the branches of the fork were firmly grasped, and the hands did not move in the smallest perceptible degree. Now let one take hold of a stick, as I have described, and he will find it impossible to move the stem without also moving his hands. Here then is a most singular mystery, for I cannot account for it on any supposition of peculiar muscular power, or of sleight of hand.

We afterwards got him to exhibit many proofs of his art, one of which I will mention. We placed three hats on the ground, and under one of them (not allowing him of course to know which) we put a watch. He held the stick as before over each of them, and when he came to that which contained the watch, the sudden downward movement of the stem was amusingly palpable: it looked like magic. I must now state a circumstance that tells against our faith in the Divining Rod, it is that the stick was wholly inert and passive when used by us, although we rigidly followed the instructions of the professor.

This objection was got rid of by the assertion that there are few in whose hands the stick has any power. But this savours so much of quackery, that did not the man's character forbid the supposition, and had I not seen what I have detailed, I should at once set him down as an impostor, or at least as the dupe of his own craft. Other objections will of course



occur to your ingenious readers. My factory theory on the subject.  
 present business is with facts, and I I am, Sir, yours, &c.,  
 should be glad to see from others a satis-

W. M.

Bath. April 7. 1831.

THE CHANGE

[For the Year Book.]

Louisa, serious grown, and mild,  
 I knew you once a romping Child,  
 Obstreperous much, and very wild!  
 Then you would clamber up my knees,  
 And strive with every art to tease,  
 When every art of yours could please.  
 Those things would scarce be proper now.  
 But they are gone—I know not how,—  
 And Woman's written on your brow  
 Time draws his finger o'er the scene;  
 But I cannot forget between  
 The Thing to me You once have been:  
 Each sportive sally—wild escape—  
 The scoff, the banter, and the jape—  
 And antics of my gamesome Ape

C. LAMB.

MEMORANDA.

[For the Year Book.]

Prize little things—nor think it ill—  
 That men small things preserve.—

Cowley.

GENTLE READER,

Our worthy compiler, Mr. Hone, having requested "genuine particulars of any local usages, or customs," quoted to the pages of the *Year Book*, from all who have it in their power to furnish such information, and his kind correspondent "A. W. of Edinburgh" having "followed on the same side," I am induced to lay before you these loose "memoranda" hastily thrown together, as an "earnest of my willingness to contribute my humble mite of information in furtherance of his laudable endeavour to 'complete a popular and full record of the customs, the seasons, and the ancient usages of our country.'" I therefore crave your indulgence, and if approved—hope to be able to glean something more anon—or, to use the words of Shakspeare's Sir Hugh Evans, "peradventure, shall tell you another tale—if matters grow to your liking."†

\* See ante. col. 395.

† [Communications subsequently received from this kind correspondent have been already inserted. The present, in the order of contribution, should have preceded them. —W. H.]

*Shrove Tuesday.*—At Baldock, in Hertfordshire, Shrove Tuesday is long counted of by the "juveniles," by whom it is known as "Dough-nut Day," it being usual for the "mothers" to make good store of small cakes fried in hog's lard, placed over the fire in a brass kettle or skillet, called "dough-nuts," wherewith the "younger fry" are plenteously regaled. Of their wholesomeness I cannot aver, but they are allowed to take precedence of pancakes and fritters. The custom is also general in other parts of the country.

*Saint David.*—To the "wearing of the leek," and other customs peculiar to the first of March related at sufficient length in the *Every-Day Book*, it may perhaps be worthy of addition, that "taffies"—small figures of white "parlement," like gingerbread, moulded into the semblance of "a Welshman riding on a goat," affixed to a skewer of wood, were wont to be exhibited in the shop-windows of the gingerbread bakers, small pastry-cooks, and chandlers, in the metropolis, and large towns in the country.—The skewer was inserted as hand-hold for the young masters and misses, their purchasers. These ancient "nic-nacs," so familiar to many in their "joyful school-days"—as C. Lamb has it—have entirely disappeared from their accustomed place within these few years—to the no small loss of every "little child that has well behaved itself."

*Palm Sunday.*—At Kempton, in Hertfordshire, five miles from St. Alban's, it hath long been—and for aught the writer knoweth still is—a custom for the inhabitants, “rich and poor, great and small,” to eat figs on the Sunday before Easter, there termed “Fig Sunday”—when it is also usual for them to “keep wassel,” and make merry with their friends. A dealer in “groceries,” resident at Kempton, affirmed to me from his own lengthy observation, that more figs are sold in the village the few days previous than in all the year beside. I am not aware that any similar usage is in existence, neither can I form any probable conjecture illustrative of its origin.

*May Day.*—At Baldock (before mentioned) formerly the peasantry were accustomed to make a “my lord and my lady” in effigy on the first of May.

The corporal lineaments of these figures were constructed a-la-Guy Fawkes, of rags, pasteboard, old masks, old canvas, straw, &c., and were “dressed up” in the holiday habiliments of their “fabricators,”—“my lady” in the “best gown'd,” apron, kerchief, and mob cap of “the dame,” and “my lord” in the “Sunday gear” of her “master”—to wit, perhaps a “nutmeg” coat, “posied” waistcoat, leather breeches, speckled stockings, and half-boots. Those w'ho wished to “get up” a show of this kind, thinking of the gain to be acquired thereby, would join their stocks of wearables together, and any lacking such “properties” as those enumerated above, could easily obtain them on loan from their neighbours “a little better to do in the world.” In addition to which a wig for “my lord” was the only article wanting to render the costume of the “effigies” complete;—a flaxen one discarded by its original owner, purchased at second hand, was prized by the “careful cronies” as a requisite indispensable to the respectable appearance of the “character.” The tiring finished, “the pair”—and sure such a pair were never seen elsewhere—were seated on chairs or joint-stools placed outside the “cottage door,” or in the porch or settle, most lovingly side by side—their bosoms ornamented with large bouquets or May flowers and blossoms. These resemblances, or rather misresemblances of greatness, were the “supporters” of a hat, into which the contributions of the lookers-on were put. Before them, on a table, was arranged a mug of ale, a

drinking horn, a pipe, a pair of spectacles, and mayhap that “folio of four pages” y'cleped a newspaper.

At the “backside,” an irregular street of cottages in the suburbs of the town, chiefly tenanted by the poorer working class, the greatest display of “lords and ladies” was usually exhibited. On many a May day morning within the recollection of the writer, there has been “on view,” at this spot, from five to ten “couples” or “knots” of those pseudo-mummings of “the nobles of the land.” These dumb shows, as may be expected, attracted a crowd of gazers. They varied according to the materials and skill of the constructors. One old woman named Betty Trom, long since deceased, is still remembered as a capital hand at “making up” a May day “my lord, and my lady,” of whose appearance the above is a faithful description. The origin of this singular, not to say ludicrous, custom of attiring inanimate figures in the humble garb of cottagers, to counterfeit persons of rank, or whether any particular individuals were intended to be represented, and how and when they first became connected with the sports on May day, are to me alike unknown. The subject is worthy of elucidation.\*

The observance of the usage just detailed was exclusively confined to the “good wives” of the laboring poor resident in the town, who were amply compensated for their pains-taking by the “voluntary contributions,” which generally amounted to “something considerable.” But these were not the only “solicitors” on May day. The “juveniles” of Baldock, also, had an admirable scheme for obtaining a “passing notice,” and the “what you will” from the kindly disposed. The modest curtsey of the girls, with their “Please to look at the garland, Sir or Ma'am,” and their shouts of thanks on receiving a gratuity, are now before me. For, wishing to render these brief descriptions correct, I would fain invoke the aid of

—“Memory—celestial maid—  
Who glean'at the fragments crop'd by time,”—  
to bring those moments to my mind when life was new, and when I largely participated in those “homely joys” peculiar to

\* [In the *Every-Day Book*, &c., usages are described whence may be gathered considerable illustrations of “my lord and my lady.”  
—W. H.]

past times, with feelings of pleasure and delight.

Their garland was constructed of hoops (transversed, decorated with flowers, ribbons, &c., affixed to the extremity of a staff, by which it was borne, similar to those at Northampton and Lynn, so fully described in the *Every-Day Book*. and the *Table Book*. A "gay" silk handkerchief, tastefully ornamented with "bows" of colored ribbon, pendant from an "ashen" bough, formed a flag to be carried by the smartest of the group walking stately on before. The cleanly healthy appearance of parties of these laughter-loving children, awake and out with the sun, exhibiting their garlands at "each good neighbour's and pretty maid's door"—with their heartfelt gratitude for the trifling meeds bestowed on their well-merited endeavours, formed a pleasing picture on which I cannot now look back without regret. The money collected in the course of the day was apportioned to various uses. In the afternoon the "elders" made "parties," and solaced themselves with "a dish of tea;" and, in re-telling tales of other times, "told many a time and oft." The garland-bearing over, the "smaller growth" amused themselves at various games, and were also refreshed. The revels invariably ending with the well-known "Thread my needle," or "Needle-tick," which was played "up and down and all round" the town, by the children in great numbers, the sports lasted until

"Night had her sable curtain spread."

Such was the manner in which the first of May was "kept" at Baldock, at the period of my earliest recollections. I have no means of correctly ascertaining "how things are at present," but, to the best of my belief, the customs mentioned are now obsolete.

*May 3rd, O. S.*—It is a common saying in many parts of Bedfordshire, when *flies* first begin to be troublesome on meat, fish, &c., that "the flies have been to Elstow fair to buy their bellows." The time of their appearance is generally coeval with the annual fair held at Elstow on May 3rd, Old Style, now the 15th.

*Harvest Proverb.*—

"In July, some reap rye.

"In August, if one will not the other must."

This is a proverbial saying still repeated by the peasantry in Hertfordshire and

Bedfordshire, about the time of year named in it.

*Wheat-sowing Cake.*—At Blunham, a small village near Tempsford, in Bedfordshire, it is customary after wheat-sowing, for the farmers' wives to make and send as presents to their relations, friends, and acquaintance, cakes of dough, sweetened, and very agreeably flavored with carraways, &c., which they term "Siblett Cakes." This usage, now perhaps peculiar to Blunham, is of great antiquity; its origin is not correctly known. A friend suggests that it may probably be a relic of the times of the ancients, with whom it was common to make propitiatory offerings to the goddess Ceres, after the sowing of corn. Twenty years ago this "gift giving" was very liberally kept up. Mrs. D.—, an old resident at Blunham, known to the writer, assured him that she has received at least fifteen large cakes at one season, each kindly presented to her from some farm-house in the neighbourhood. While recording this interesting custom in the *Year Book*, the writer sincerely laments that the observance is now rapidly disappearing before "the march of intellect," to the great grief of every lover of those pastoral associations with which it was once perhaps connected.

*Gooding Day.*—At Blunham, also, the custom of poor widows "going a gooding," on the festival of St. Thomas, December, 21st, is still maintained, though certainly with less spirit than of former years within remembrance (O, tempora!). The aged poor women annually receive a certain number of loaves of bread each, the benevolent contributions of the neighbouring gentry, farmers, &c.

*A Christmas Dish.*—At Potton, and the places adjacent, some "sixty years since," when festival feacings were spiritedly maintained by the unchecked zeal of our forefathers (worthy souls, peace to their manes!), it was usual to place on the table, at Christmas entertainments, the "*Apple Florentine*," a palatable confection, of which the whole of the guests invariably partook.

According to parental tradition, this "Florentine" consisted of an immensely large dish of pewter, or such like metal, filled with "good baking apples," sugar, and lemon, to the very brim; with a roll of rich paste as a covering—pie fashion. When baked, and before serving up, the "upper crust" or "lid," was taken off by

THE YEAR BOOK.—DECEMBER 30.

a "skilful hand," and divided into sizeable triangular portions or shares, to be again returned into the dish, ranged in formal "order round," by way of garnish; when, to complete the mess, a full quart of well-spiced ale was poured in, "quite hot, hissing hot: think of that Master Brook"—admirable conjunction! as many of the "olde, olde, very olde," sojourners at Potton can testify. The writer well remembers, in his childhood, spent in an adjacent village, an oval-shaped pewter dish, standing on the upper shelf of the kitchen dresser "for ornament, not use," then pointed at and highly valued as having had the honor (!) of containing "Apple Florentine" at no fewer than thirty festivals. At the period mentioned in the commencement of this "brief notice" of its merits, this ancient "dainty" was in its pristine glory, but succeeding years saw its wonted place supplied by something "more fashionable," and various changes and alterations (not for the better but for the worse) have taken place since it last

"smoked on the Christmas board."

Its contemporary "Snap-dragon," if I mistake not, is still in vogue as a "merry pastime," to "drive dull care away," on a winter's evening.

*Duggerell Inscription.*—At a little ale-house, at the road side, between Sutton and Potton, in Bedfordshire, the following curious lines appear written over the door: they are copied verbatim—

"Butt Beere, Solde Hear  
by Timothy Dear

"Cum. tak. a. mugg. of mye. trinker cum  
trink.

Thin. a. ful. kart. of mye. verry. stron. drink  
Harter. that. trye. a. cann. of. mye. titter-  
cum-tatter.

And. windehup. withe. mye. siv'nty-tymes-  
weaker-thin-warter."

[*Note.*—John of Gaunt, by his will, gave the manors of Sutton and Potton to the Burgoyne family.

"I, John of Gaunt, do give and do grant  
To thee and to thine, Sir Roger Burgoyne,  
Sutton and Potton, until all the world's rotten."

*Curious Altar-piece.*—Most readers are aware that the celebrated Dr. Young was rector of Wellwyn in Hertfordshire, but it is a circumstance less known that his accomplished and excellent lady designed, and executed with her own hands, an elegant piece of needlework to adorn the altar of Wellwyn church. This interesting specimen has been preserved in an admirable manner by a covering of gauze or tiffany, and has suffered but little from the iron hand of time. The sacred declaration

I AM  
THE BREAD  
OF LIFE,

worked in varied colors, forms the centre, and is very beautiful. As a relic of one whose name will "live to all time" in the inimitable "Night Thoughts," it is worthy of the attention of every lover of literature.

E. D. B.

SONNET.

[For the Year Book.]

ON AN OAK IN THE PARISH OF CHESHUNT, SAID TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN 1066  
BY SIR THEODORE GODFREY, OR GOFFBY, WHO CAME OVER WITH WILLIAM THE  
CONQUEROR.

Gigantic time-worn Tree, what moons have fled  
Since thou wert planted first by warlike hand!  
Nigh two or four hundred years have swept the land;  
And yet, defying time, thou lift'st thy head  
Still green, nor fear'st the storms that round have spread  
Thy weak compeers. They scatter'd lie and rent;  
Ev'n as that chieftain old, whose monument  
Thou art. In him pleas'd fancy fain would trace  
A Knight of high emprise and good intent,  
Within whose breast wrong'd orphans' woes found place,  
Ever in rightful cause the Champion free,  
Of his proud times the ornament and grace;  
A wight well worthy to recorded be  
In fairest archives of bright Chivalry.

EDWARD MOXON.

OLD TRAVELLING.

A describer of England, early in the reign of William III., speaks of it as excelling all other nations in the convenience of coaches, but especially that of stage coaches, which he praises for the rapidity and ease, and particularly for their expedition. He says:—"Here one may be transported without over-violent motion, and sheltered from the injuries of the air, to the most noted places in England, with so much speed, that some of these coaches will reach above fifty miles in a summer day."\* We may now go in a stage nearly double that distance before stopping to dine; and on a summer day, between sun-rise and sunset, a fast coach travels nearly three times the distance.

LENT-CROCKING.

[To Mr. Hoar.]

In some of the villages of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, the boys, at Shrovetide, still keep up a custom called *Lent-Crocking*, which originated in the carnival of Roman Catholic times, and consists in going round in the evening to pelt the doors of the inhabitants with pieces of broken crockery.

In Dorsetshire, the boys sometimes go round in small parties; and the leader goes up and knocks at the door, leaving his followers behind him, armed with a good stock of potsherds—the collected relics of the washing-pans, jugs, dishes, and plates, that have become the victims of concussion in the unlucky hands of careless housewives for the past year. When the door is opened, the hero, who is perhaps a farmer's boy, with a pair of black eyes sparkling under the tattered brim of his brown milking-hat covered with cow's hair and dirt like the inside of a black-bird's nest, hangs down his head, and, with one corner of his mouth turned up into an irrepressible smile, pronounces, in the dialect of his county, the following lines: composed for the occasion, perhaps, by some mendicant friar whose name might have been suppressed with the monasteries by Henry VIII.

"I be come a shrovin,  
Vor a little pankiak,

\* New State of England, 1651.

A bit o' bread o' your biakin.

Or a little truckle cheese o' your own miakin.

If you'll gi' me a little, I'll ax no moore,  
If you don't gi' me nothin, I'll rotle your door."

Sometimes he gets a piece of bread and cheese: and at some houses he is told to be gone, when he calls up his followers to send their missiles in a rattling broadside against the door.

In Wiltshire, the begging of pancake and bread and cheese is omitted; and the Lent-crockers pelt the doors as a matter of course.

The broken pots and dishes originally signified that, as Lent was begun, those cooking vessels were of no use, and were supposed to be broken; and the cessation of flesh-eating is understood in the begging for pancakes, and bread and cheese.

W. BARNES.

FINDING AND LOSING.

Melton, in his *Astrologaster*, says "That if a man, walking in the fields, find any four-leaved grasse, he shall in a small while after find some good thing." The same writer tells us, "That it is naught for a man or woman to lose their hose garter." As also, "That it is a sign of ill lucke to finde money." This is corroborated by Greene, in his *Art of Conny-catching*: he tells us, "Tis ill lucke to keepe found money." Therefore it must be spent.

Homes, in his *Demonologie*, 1650 exclaims: "How frequent is it with people, especially of the more ignorant sort, which makes the things more suspected, to think and say (as Master Perkins relates,) if they find some pieces of iron, it is a prediction of good luck to the finders. If they find a piece of silver, it is a foretoken of ill luck to them."

The hon. Robert Boyle, in *Reflections*, 1665, says: "The common people of this country have a tradition that 'tis a lucky thing to find a horse-shoe."

HALVES.

It is a popular custom to cry out "halves!" on seeing a person pick up any thing which he has found; this exclamation entitles the exclaimer to one half of the value. The well-known trick of ring-dropping is founded on this usage.\*

\* Brand.



ANGLING-STREAM IN WINTER.

—He holds a smooth blue stone,  
On whose capacious surface is outspread  
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trouts;  
Ranged side by side, in regular ascent,  
One after one, still lessening by degrees  
Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.

—The silent creatures made  
A splendid sight, together thus exposed:  
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by death,  
That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

*Wordsworth.*

Dropping into "The Excursion" I fell upon the preceding lines, and recollected a note or two relative to "Angling;" remembering at the same time that, although in December the angle gives place to the net, yet we may angle in books all the year round.

There exists a very rare and remarkable work with the following title:—

“A BOOKE OF ANGLING OR FISHING: G. Wherein is shewed, by conference with Scriptures, the agreement between the FISHERMAN, FISHES, FISHING of both natures, Temporall and Spirituall. By SAMUEL GARDINER, Doctor of Divinitie. Mathew iv. 19. I will make you fishers of men. LONDON: Printed for Thomas Purfoot, 1606, 18mo.”

The next two pages after the title-leaf consists of a dedication addressed “To sir Henry Gaudie, sir Miles Corbet, sir Hammond Le Strang, sir Henrie Spelman Knights, my verie kinde friends.” After the leaf of dedication is a page “To the Reader,” and on a fourth page are “The Contents of this Booke”, in two Latin verses: “which I deliver in English, thus:

“The Church I governe as a shippe,  
Wee, seas with world compare,  
The scriitures are the enclosing nettes,  
And men the fishes are.”

Then follows the work itself in 162 pages divided into chapters, the titles of which, because of the rarity of the book, are here subjoined literally; with the number of pages occupied by each.

- Chap. 1. *Of the Fisherman's Ship or Boat*: p. 1—12.
- Chap. 2. *Of the waters that are for this fishing*: p. 12—23.
- Chap. 3. *Of the nets and angle-rod that are for this fishing*: p. 23—44.
- Chap. 4. *Of the fishermen that principally are appointed for this office*: p. 44—80.
- Chap. 5. *The especiall duties of the spirituall fisherman*: p. 81—94.
- Chap. 6. *Of the Fisherman's baytes*: p. 95—105.
- Chap. 7. *Of the fishes that the spirituall Angler or Fisherman ouely fisheth for*: p. 105—118.
- Chap. 8. *The Sympathie of naturae, of the fishes of both naturae*: p. 119—146.
- Chap. 9. *Of the Antipathie and differences of fishes of both sortes, and of the angling of both kindes*: p. 147—162. FINIS.

This book may be denominated “Fishing Spiritualized,” in proof of which, and as specimens of its manner, are the subjoined extracts.

“The hooke of Paul's angle-line strooke *Elim*, as thorowe the eies, and blinded him; with such a one did Peter take *Ananus* and *Saphira*, and it cost them their lives. *Cain*, when the hooke first pricked him, by struieth with it like a fishe that struieth with a hooke, more wounded himselfe, till at last he yeilded, leauing his wrangling, and trembled

before God. So often as thou comest vnto a sermon, consider how God by his Preachers trowleth for thee.” p. 28.

“Peter hath left his boate, nets, and all his fishing furniture for preachers to employ. I name them fishermen, because of right that name is due vnto them, and it hath beene giuen them of old. As when *Jeremy* saith, *Behold saith the Lord I will send out many fishers, and they shall fish them.* As when *Christ* saith in the persons of *Peter* and *Andrew, James* and *John, I will make you fishers of men.*—The spirituall fishers for men, must bee grounded in the knowledge of God, mightie in the scriptures, of such wisdom as they may bee able to assoile any intricate question, conuince all contradiction, and to render a reason of whatsoever assertion. The able fisherman indeed hath a store house of implements, and wanteth nothing that may serue his turne, he hath two, new and old, and hath in a readines to stead all his needs. If hookes, lines, plummets, cokes, netts, baies, or such like trinkets be not with them when they are on the waters, men checke them by their trade and say vnto them, are you anglers and fishermen, and have not these things? The preacher's heart is the store-house wherein he is to lay vp all the furniture of his fishing occupation, which is to be fraught with variety of learning, out of which, as out of a treasure (that he may be the man he is taken to bee, and *Christ* in the gospell would have it to bee) *he may bring thinges both new and old*: for otherwise, if hee be wanting to himselfe, he is subject to the reproofe that *Christ* gave *Nicodemus. Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these thinges.*” p. 47.

“Every Fisher-man hath his proper baytes, agreeable to the nature of those fishes that hee trowleth or angleth for. For at a bare hooke no Fish will bite. The case-worme, the dewe-worme, the gentile, the flye, the small Roache, and suche-like, are for their turnes according to the nature of the waters, and the times, and the kindes of fishes. Whoso fisheth not with a right bayte, shall neuer do good. Wee that are spirituall fishermen, haue our seuerall baies suitable to the stomackes we angle for. If we obserue not the natures of our auditors, and fit ourselves to them, we shall not do wisely. Let such as will not bee led by love bee drawne by feare. But with some the spirit of weeknes will doe most, and

loue rather than a rodde doth more good and we shall do indiscreetly, to deale roughly with such. For as the water of a spacious and deepe lake, being still and quiet by nature, by ruffling windes is moued and disquieted; so a people tractable by nature, by the rough behauiour of the Minister may be as much turmoyled and altered from his nature." p. 95, &c.

"The fisherman baiteth not his nooke that the fish might only take it, but be taken of it. The red-worme, the case-worme, maggot-flies, small flie, small roche, or such like, are glorious in outward appearance to the fish. So the riches, prioritie, authoritie, of the world, are but pleasant bayts laid out for our destruction. The fisherman's bayte is a deadly deceite: so are all the pleasures of the world. As all the waters of the riuers runne into the salt sea, so all worldly delights, in the saltish sea of sorrowes finish their course. Wherefore mistrust worldly benefits as baites, and feed not upon them in hungry wise. Their pleasings are leasings, and their friendships fallacies. Haue we lesse or more, it is all one, we are never contented. The smaller are a prey to the greater fish: so is the poore to the Potentate; the meener to the mightier. If there were not lawes to curbe our crooked and cruell natures, each man's sword would be in his fellow's bosome, and right should yeeld to might; and titles would bee tried at the pike's point: a malignant masterie should manage matters among men, as it doth among fishes in the element. It is every way commodious to the life of the fish to bee wholly in the water; but it is euery way hurtfull to the soule of man to be given vp wholly to the world. The water sufficeth the fishes in their appetites: but when we haue whatsoeuer the world can afford vs, wee are not contented. The world rather feedeth than slacketh our appetites, as oyle doth the fire. The worldling riseth early, and goeth to bed late, and eateth the bread of sorrowe, labouring to labour, and caring to take care: plowing vpon the rockes, and rowling the stone of *Sisyphus*, and is neuer at rest. *Solomon* gave a blowe to the worlde on both cheeks, when he doubled the word *Vanitie* upon it: and when hee it, hee shewed that hee knew what hee spake: and that hee would not repeale it. And *Ionas* doth not nickname them at all when hee termeth all the delights of it *Tysing vauities*. It is *Iehovah*, onely which is

his name for euer, that sufficeth vs for euer. The *Rubbins* doe obserue that all the letters in that his Name, are *Litera quiescentes*: from whence, they expressed this mysticall meaning, that all creatures haue from God their rest. Hee is God of all: not that those things are of that nature as hee; but because of him, by him, and in him, are all things. A stone that is cast out of a sling, or bowe, neuer resteth vntill it commeth to his center; so God, whose center is euery where, and circumference no where, is our onely rest, and without him onely infinite, our desires are neuer satisfied that are infinite. Further, if wee consider of men and fishes in their naturall stoliditie, wee shall finde agreeable correspondencie betwene them. Whereas other creatures, as well birds in the ayre, as such as walke vpon the ground, giue many outwarde shewes and tokens of witte: onely the fish is a foolish creature altogether indocible. So as by the name of a fish, they vnderstood a man of absolute follie among the *Egyptians*."—p. 128, &c.

This exceedingly curious volume is in the possession of the Rev. Henry S. Cotton, the local duties of whose awful office, as ordinary of Newgate, restrain him from a pastime in which he once delighted. That gentleman's collection of "Angling Books" affords me the opportunity of extracting a stanza, suitable to the season, from "The Tyne Fisher's Farewell to his favourite stream on the approach of Winter.—Newcastle: Printed for Emerson Charnley, 1824:"—

Mine own sweet stream! thy rugged shores  
Are stripped of all their vesture sheen,  
And dark December's fury roars  
Where grace and loveliness have been!  
Stream of my heart! I cannot tread  
Thy shores so bleak, so barren now;  
They seem as though thy joys were dead,  
And cloud with care my anxious brow!

In the same collection is a series of eleven Newcastle tracts; called "The Fisher's Garland," consisting of successive poems, printed annually from 1821 to 1831, by Mr. Charnley; also, from the same press, there is "The Angler's Progress, 1820," in six stanzas, the first of which is the following:—

When I was a mere school-boy  
(Ere yet I learned my book),  
I felt an itch for angling  
In every little brook;  
An osier rod, some thread for tine,  
A crooked pin for hook,



And thus equip'd I angled  
 In every little brook ;  
 Where prickle-backs and minnows,  
 Each day I caught in store,  
 With stone-leaches and miller's thumbs—  
 These brooks afford no more :  
 And then the little angler,  
 With crooked pin for hook,  
 Would shun each noisy wrangler,  
 To fish the murm'ring brook,  
 A fine copy, perhaps the finest in existence,  
 of the famed first edition of  
 "Walton," is carefully preserved by Mr.  
 Cotton, in the original binding.

THE WREN! THE WREN!

[To Mr. Bone.]

December 17, 1827.

Sir,—An aged, respectable, and dutifully respected native of Middleton, in Cork, has often amused and delighted me with the "legendary lore" of that part of Ireland. I have often heard her relate, that within her remembrance it was a custom, upon St. Stephen's day, for the young men of the vicinity, in their holiday attire, decorated with gay and various colored ribbons in their sleeves and hats, and one of them carrying a furze bush in which a wren was secured, to parade the town and contiguous places. Stopping opposite the mansions of the gentry, one of the party repeated these lines :—  
 The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
 Was caught St. Stephen's day in the furze ;  
 Although he's little, his family's great,  
 Then pray, kind gentlefolks, give him a treat.

Instantly, in the true spirit of Irish hospitality, open flew the gates ; and the little "king of all birds," entering with his attendants, found the *trate* (as the rhyme and the national accent would have it,) prepared for him. Whether his aerial majesty condescended to partake of the good cheer spread for his welcome, I have not learned ; but this is certain, his gay retinue were never suffered to depart till their entertainers had generously proved in how high esteem the honour of his gracious visit was held :

am ignorant of the origin of Saint Stephen's "Boxing Day" in Ireland, as it is in England ; but the reason for the Irish boys having assumed the dress of the joyful "mummers" of May, and carrying with them a wren, and in his name making their claim upon the liberal, was grounded on the following tradition :—

During one of those dreadful periods when Ireland writhed in the agonies of rebellion, a party of royalists, having been harassed by their enemy and exposed to imminent danger, inasmuch that they could obtain no rest for several days and nights, worn out with hardships, and incessant watchfulness, they bivouacked in a secluded valley which they considered a place of safety. They lay stretched upon the turf in deep sleep, and even the sentinel yielded to its influence. In vain he strove to listen and watch for the foe ; he heard the strong breathing of his comrades, and sank down among them. While they lay thus, as dead men, the

ANGLING SONG.

[For the Year Book.]

I would seek a blest retreat  
 To my mind :  
 Oh remove me from the great,  
 And a rural pleasant seat  
 Let me find.  
 In a vale pray let it be  
 That I love :  
 Where the blackbird on the tree,  
 Piping forth its melody,  
 Fills the grove.  
 Let a limpid stream I pray  
 Murmur near,  
 That at eve sweet Echo may  
 Sound of village bells convey  
 To mine ear.  
 There I'd watch the speckled trout,  
 Ever shy,  
 In the water play about,  
 Or perhaps leap fairly out  
 At a fly.  
 Let a steeple stand in view,  
 That should be :  
 And the poor man's cottage too,  
 'Twill remind me what to do  
 In charity.  
 As my poultry, let the poor,  
 Without dread,  
 From the village cot or moor,  
 Crowd around my wicker door,  
 To be fed.  
 Thus my time I'd pass away  
 With delight :  
 Blithe as lambkins at their play,  
 Social, innocent, and gay,  
 Morn and night.  
 Think not this a fancied view—  
 You'll be wrong :  
 From a well-known spot I drew,  
 And of me you've nothing new,  
 But a song.

enemy, aware of their exhausted state and suspecting the place of their retreat, were silently bearing down upon them with bloody purposes and ready weapons. They were within musket-shot of their intended victims, when a wren tapped with its bill three times upon the drum. The sound startled the sentinel; he sprang up, saw the retiring bird, and the advancing multitude; and alarmed his sleeping comrades to arms. Rendered desperate by the danger of their situation and the suddenness of the surprise, they met the confused and disappointed foes and conquered.

The custom described above, has, I am informed, been for a long time discontinued; but surely, sir, you will afford to record this exploit of St. Stephen's day.—The story is worthy remembrance among that class of the warm-hearted children of Erin, on whose strong and ardent imaginations every thing of the wild and wonderful makes an indelible impression, and among whom the legends of their fathers are retained with religious reverence.

"The wren! the wren! the king of all birds!" cried the youths at Middleton. Perhaps, sir, if you are as little versed as the generality of our countrymen in the heraldry of the feathered tribes, you will smile—a kind smile though it be—to think how favors exalt the doer in the estimation of the favored; but, I do assure you, the wren has other titles than those which gratitude has bestowed upon him to the sovereignty of the air. He is, indeed, "king of all birds" by right of election. It is true, that another exercises the regal power; but he is an usurper, tyrannising in his strength and bigness. The following legend will substantiate my

statement:—though my grandmother is not acquainted with it, I have heard it both from an Irishman and a German. It is, I believe, popular among the peasantry of both countries; and to what better authority can I refer you?

At the time when the birds had determined on having a king, it was decided that he who flew highest in the air should be invested with the powers and attributes of majesty. The competition was witnessed by a general assembly of the tenants of air. Several candidates "started for the prize," among them the eagle, the length and strength of whose pinions, together with the majesty of his bearing, bespoke him the future monarch. The wren, however, determined to make up by a stratagem for what he was deficient in size and power, managed, though there were many hawks' eyes in the assembly, just as their wings were spread to begin—the last heat I should suppose—to hop unperceived upon the eagle's back. The great and ambitious bird felt not the weight; but soared up, up, up, till all his antagonists were out-wearied, and he was "out of sight" to most of the assembly. At last he began to descend: when the wren sprang from his back, and stretching the utmost reaching of his soul, attained to an extra elevation of some consequence. He was seen by some of the sharp-sighted gentlemen below, at a greater height in the air than either of the other candidates had reached;—how he got there puzzled all;—but, that he was there, none could deny; and he was, accordingly, declared and proclaimed, with all due solemnity and ceremonies, "king of all birds." I remain, most respectfully, &c. W. D. K.

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#### THE PRIMROSE.

From "*Goldingham's Garden Plot*" dedicated to Queen Elisabeth—Harl. MS. 6902.

Well may I praye, and yette not Percyall seeme.

Where truethe (quothe he) doth boldly beare me owte,

Yf so I may, then must I beste esteeme

This galant flower for vertue, out of doubte;

My Prymrose sweet ys, lo! a true-love rare,

As showes her leaves, so even thyrd whytt they are.

My Prymrose is the lady of the Sprynge,

The lovely flower that fyrst doth show her face;

Whose worthy prayse the pretty byrds do syng

Whose presence sweet the wynter's colde doth chase;

She draws from house the wery wyntred wyghtes,

And gladdeth them wyth worldes of new delyghtes.

LANTERN AND CANDLE-LIGHT.

[To Mr. Hone.]

As a farther illustration of the custom mentioned at p. 23, I transcribe an anecdote from "The Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson, 1607."

"In the beginning of queene Ellzabeth's raigne, when the hanging out lanthorne and candell-light was first of all brought up, the bedell of the warde where Maister Hobson dwelt, in a dark evening came crieing up and downe, 'hang out your lanthornes! hang out your lanthornes!' using no other wordes; whereupon Maister Hobson tooke an emptie lanthorne, and, according to the bedell's call, hung it out.—This flout, by the Lord Mayor was taken in ill part, and Hobson for the same offence was sent to the Counter, but, being released, the next night following the bedell, thinking to amend his call, cried out with a loud voice, 'hang out your lanthornes and candells!' Maister Hobson hereupon hung out a lanthorne and candel unlighted, as the bedell commanded; whereupon he was sent again to the Counter; but, the next night, the bedell being better advised, cryed, 'hang out your lanthornes and candell-light! hang out your lanthornes and candell-light!' which Maister Hobson at last did, to his great commendacions: which cry of lanthorne and candell-light is in like manner used to this day."

Here it may appropriately be mentioned that, till the middle of last century, the lamps in London streets were "few and far between;" and that, when the moon shone, they were not lighted at all.

J. B.—n.

*Staffordshire Moorlands.*

	h.	m.
December 30.—Day breaks	5	59
Sun rises	8	6
— sets	3	54
Twilight ends	6	1

**December 31.**

31st December died the rev. Mr. Matinson, for upwards of sixty years curate of Patterdale, in Westmoreland. The first infant he christened, after he obtained orders, agreed to marry him when she was nineteen years old. He asked her and himself in the church and he had by her one son and three daughters, whom he married in his own church. His stipend, till within the previous twenty years, was only £12 per ann., and never

reached to £20; yet out of this, by the help of his good wife, he brought up their four children well, and died at the age of eighty-three, grandfather to eighteen children, and worth £1000 sterling.

ADVICES, AND REMARKS—

1. Never put off till to morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.

OLD STOWE, THE ELDER.

The following is a copy of the will of Thomas Stowe, father of the celebrated historian John Stowe.

"In the name of God amen, in the year of our Lord God 1526, the last day of December, I Thomas Stowe, citizen and tallow chandler of London, in good and hole mynde, thanks be to our Lord Ihu make this my present testament, Fryrst I bequayth my soul to Jhu Christ, and to our blessed lady seynt Mary the virgin, &c., my body to be buryed in the little grene church yard of the parysse of seynt Myghel in Cornehyll, betweene the crosse and the church wall, nigh the wall as may be, by my father, and mother, systers, and brothers, and also my own childrene

"Alsoe I bequayth to the hye altar of the foresaid church for my tythes forgotten 12d. Item to Ihus brotherhedde 12d. I give to our lady and seynts brotherhedde 12d. I give to seynt Cristopher, and seynt George, 12d. Alsoe I give to the seven altuers, in the church aforesayd, in the worship of the seven sacraments, every year, during iii years, 20d. Item v. sh: to have on every altar a wacching candell, burning from vi. of the clocke till it be past vii., in worship of vii sacraments; and this candell shall begyne to burne, and to be set upon the altar, upon all-haloam daye tyle it be candlemas day following; and it shall bee wacching candle of viii in the pound. Alsoe, I give to the brotherhedde of Clarks. to drynke 20d. Alsoe I give to them that

shall barye me to church, every man 4d. Alsoe, I give to a pore man and woman, every Sunday in one yere, 1d. to say v. prayers, nosters, and aves, and a crede, for my soule. Alsoe, I give to the reparations of polls (St. Paul's cathedral) 8d. Alsoe, I will have vi. iue torches, and ii. of seynt Myghel, and ii. of seynt Anne, and ii. of seynt Christopher, and ii. of Ithus, of the best torches.

"Alsoe, I bequayth Thomas Stowe my sonne xx. lb. in stuff of houshold, as here followith, that is to say, my grete melting panne withal the instruments that belongeth thereto.

"Alsoe, I bequayth my sonne Thomas vi. l. xiii. s. iii. d. in plate as hereafter followith, that is to say, a nut of sylver and gylt liiii sh: iiiid. Item a pounced piece weeing vi. ounces and more xl Item a mass of pynt xxvi sh: viiid. Item a little maser xiii. sh. iiiid. Item of this my present testament I make Elizabeth my wife mine executrix, and Thomas Stowe my sonne my overseer, and Mr. Trendal as a solicitor with my sonne Thomas, and he to have for his pains xsh."

This will is extracted from the office of the registrar to the bishop of London.

#### THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

[To Mr. Home.]

STR.—Although your *Every-Day Book* and *Year Book* contain a great variety of very interesting matter, yet I do not recollect reading in either of them, an account of a local custom with which I became acquainted last New Year's Day.

On the last day of the old year, I went to pay a visit to some friends at Cambridge, and in the evening accompanied them to a dance, where we tripped it until long after the ringing of the various church bells had announced the coming in of the new year; on our return home late we retired to rest, not a little fatigued, but I was disturbed about seven o'clock by the well known Good Friday cry of "One a penny, buns! two a 'penny, buns! all hot!" I could scarcely believe my senses, and, in fact, I rather suspected I had been dreaming, and so I dropped off to sleep again. At last I made my appearance at the breakfast table, and there, among other things provided by my kind friends, were some "buns," which brought to my recollection what I had heard in the early part of the morning. Upon enquiry, I was told that they were New Years' cakes—that it was the custom at Cambridge to have them every New Year's day, and

that they were always cried and sold in the streets in the manner of buns on Good Friday; the only difference being that the buns were not crossed.

I understand that, on Plough Monday, the country folks round Cambridge were in the habit of carrying ploughs through the streets and raising contributions to enable them to keep the afternoon as a holiday.

I am, Sir, &c.,

ROBERT MEGGY.

19, Blackman-street, Southwark,  
18th March, 1831.

#### PARISH LAW.

In nine cases out of ten, people consult attorneys upon affairs which are not properly matters of law, and, consequently, derive no other advice than would be given by any persons of ordinary common-sense upon such affairs of business. Even upon legal matters the time of the profession would be much spared if a little more knowledge were gained by their clients.

There are a few law books which every housekeeper should possess; and, chiefly, an excellent work on "*Parish Law*" by John Steer, Esq., of Chancery Lane, barrister at law. Mr. Steer's "*Parish Law*," is a clear and satisfactory compendium of the laws relating to churches, ministers, churchwardens, overseers, parish-clerks, constables, vestries, relief, &c. of the poor, parish and county-rates, watching and lighting, and all the various affairs belonging to parishes. To parish officers in particular, to all who are qualified to serve, and in general to every parishioner, this is a most valuable book of reference; because the law, upon every point connected with parochial duties and business, is so plainly stated, that the reader is enabled to come to a safe decision without the trouble and expence of obtaining professional advice. It has a very copious index, and, the statutes and cases being carefully cited, the required information is easily obtained, and the authorities may be relied upon.

#### PARISHES.

A parish is that circuit of ground committed to one parson, vicar, or other minister, having cure of souls therein. The boundaries mostly depend upon immemorial custom; and hence, in most places, perambulations were, and are, made. In ancient times, these processions were made with banners flying, hand-bells, lights, and other pageantry; and

certain rites were performed at particular places, till excesses occasioned Queen Elizabeth to confine perambulations to the curate and substantial parishioners. Each parish is a rectory, vicarage, donative, or perpetual curacy. Parishioners are not the inhabitants only; for non-resident occupiers of land paying parochial rates are also parishioners.\*

## A PARISH CLERK.

Mr. Robert Story, a living self-educated native of Northumberland, by dint of natural ability and persevering industry wrote and published, at an early age, a poem, called "Harvest Home;" and a few years afterwards "Craven Blossoms." Without assistance, he acquired sufficient acquaintance with languages to establish for himself the deserved reputation of a good classical scholar, and to become the master of a respectable school at Gargrave, in Yorkshire, of which village he is also parish clerk.—Mr. Story says,

Learn, next, that I am parish clerk—  
A noble office, by St. Mark!  
It brings me in six guineas clear,  
Besides *et ceteras*, every year.  
I waive my Sunday duty, when  
I give the solemn deep Amen;  
Exalted then to breathe aloud  
The heart-devotion of the crowd.  
But O the fun! when Christmas-chimes,  
Have ushered in the festal times,  
And sent the clerk and sexton round  
To pledge their friends in draughts profound,  
And keep on foot the good old plan,  
As only Clerk and Sexton can!  
Nor less the sport, when Easter sees  
The daisy spring to deck her leas;  
Then, claimed as dues by Mother Church,  
I pluck the cackler from the perch;  
Or, in its place, the shilling clasp  
From grumbling dame's slow opening grasp.  
But, Visitation-day! 'tis thine  
Best to deserve my native line.—  
Great day! the purest brightest gem,  
That decks the fair years' diadem.  
Grand day! that sees me costless dine  
And costless quaff the rosy wine,  
Till seven church-wardens doubled seem,  
And doubled every taper's gleam,  
And I—triumphant over time,  
And over tune, and over rhyme—  
Call'd by the gay, convivial throng,  
Lead, in full glee, the choral song!

The preceding lines are in "The Magic Fountain and other poems," a volume by Mr. Story in 1829, which likewise contains the following poem—  
extracted here as applicable to the season.

\* Steer's Parish Law

## ANOTHER YEAR.

Another Year, another year,  
O! who shall see another year!  
—Shalt thou, old man of hoary head,  
Of eye-sight dim, and feeble tread?  
Expect it not! Time, pain, and grief,  
Have made thee like an autumn leaf,  
Ready, by blast or self-decay.  
From its slight hold to drop away—  
And some sad morn may gild thy bier  
Long, long before another year!

Another year, another year,  
O! who shall see another year?  
—Shall you, ye young! or you ye fair?  
Ah! the presumptuous thought forbear!  
Within this church-yard's peaceful bounds—  
Come, pause and ponder o'er the mounds!  
Here beauty sleeps—that verdant length  
Of grave contains what once was strength,—  
The child—the boy—the man are here:  
Ye may not see another year!

Another year, another year,  
O! who shall see another year?  
—Shall I, whose burning thirst of fan,  
No earthly power can quench or tame?  
Alas! that burning thirst may soon  
Be o'er, and all beneath the moon—  
All my fine visions, fancy-wrought,  
And all this vortex whirl of thought—  
Forever cease and disappear,  
Ere dawns on earth another year!

	h. m.
December 31.—Day breaks . . .	5 59
Sun rises . . .	8 5
— set . . .	3 55
Twilight ends. . .	6 1

Mr. Edwin Lees' "Christmas, and the New Year," concludes with this,

## Scene.

The clock strikes twelve, and the Old Year dies. Boys raise his body on a bier, and maidens sing the following—

## Dirge.

Bring the last December rose,  
Frosted o'er with wintry snows;  
Let the fading petals fall  
O'er the Year's funeral pall.

From the wood some oak leaves bring  
That were green in early spring;  
Scatter them about the bier  
Of the now departing Year.

Let the bells upon their wheels,  
While our fond ideas veer,  
Ring the solemn midnight peals,  
Ling'ring for the dying Year.

Hark! the peal has ceased to roll;  
Silence reigns; but now a toll  
Breaks upon the startled ear,—  
Gone for ever is the Year!

IN the "London Magazine," under an account of the Old English Jesters, communicated monthly by a very ingenious hand, it is remarked, and the remark will equally apply to many other publications of that period, that they are entitled to a much more general attention, as their contents are always curious; and information, on many minute points of literary history and the manners of the times, may frequently be gleaned from these fugitive collections, as will appear from several curious and rare articles which we shall introduce to the more familiar acquaintance of our readers.

#### DECKERS' RAVEN'S ALMANACK,

Foretelling of a Plague, Famine, and Civill Warre, that shall happen this present year, 1609. In quarto, black letter.

We are now about to notice another of this multifarious and clever writer's productions, which is of considerable rarity, (as indeed are all his pieces,) and sold at the sale of the Gordenstoun library for seven guineas. See Clarke's "Repertorium." It thus commences in a sort of humorous and satirical dedicatory address, which displays great versatility and command of language.

To the Lyons of the Wood, (the young courtiers,) to the Wild Buckes of the Forrest, (the gallants and younger brothers,) to the Hartes of the Field, and to all the whole Countrie that are brought up Wisely yet prove Gullies, and are borne Rich yet dye Beggars; the Newe English Astrologer dedicateth his Raven's Almanacke.

O you Lyons of the Wood! you young courtiers that are kept warme under the winges of princes and kings of Christendome, well may I call you the Lyons of the Wood; for this year of 1609 shall ye range up and downe the woods, parkes, and chases, which were left unto you by your ancestors, full of tall trees, that stood like so many armed men to defend your noble houses from falling, and your country from the colde stormes of winter; but now I say, and prophesie it with a Raven-like voice, that, like lyons rob'd of their young, shall you goe up and downe, madding and raging to see your ancient honours defaced, and the memorye of your fore-fathers buried as it

were (so farre fourth as the crueltie of these latter devouring daies could reach unto) even under the rootes of those stately oakes, whose glories they rayseed to a full height, but now have their heades hid beneath the earth. The propertie of a lyon is to feare a cocke, so likewise shall you this yeare (if not be affraid), yet be loth to hear the voyces of mercers, taylors, haberdashers, sempsters, &c., who like cockes, will I gather by the rules of my arte, stand crowing betimes at your chamber dores for morny. And like a bell-man (with papers in their hands) watch to strike you downe with heavy and unconscionable items. Gather yourselves therefore together in heards, and like lyons indeed fright them with your suttile lookes, or else like elephants carrie whole castles on your backs, and furniush those castles with good store of gold and silver, so will they be affraid to assault you; let not your strength or courage lye altogether like the lyons in your taile, but rather in the pawe; stretch forth that boldly, and whatsoever it fastens upon (albeit it should be a whole lordship,) yet let it not goe 'till you have torne it in sunder, and made it more levell than Salisbury plaine; and O you, the Wilde Buckes of the Forrest, (I meane the gallants and younger brothers of this or any other kingdome,) looke that you preserve well the hornes of that abundance, left unto you by your scraping and carefull fathers, least they fall into the hands of usurers, (who commonly are the keepers of your lands,) or rather (as their fees) make the pales of their parkes where you run hys, that neither you breake out of them, nor others breake them down and so scatter you.

Suffer no rascal deer to run amongst you; that is to say, no pandars, buffons, English girls, nor parasites. Beare up your heads bravely, and not too proudly; for I find by conjunction of some planets, that this year many of you will be hunted by marshalls-men, bayliffes, and catchpoles, and that some will be driven to take soyle in the bottomless rivers of the two Counters, they will so hardly be pursued either by greyhounds of that breed, or else by *Fleete*-houndes, whose feete are as swifts and sent (scent) as good.

I finde likewise that a number of you will fall into certaine toyles, which shall be pitched day and night for you, by certaine greedie hunters called Puncks. They are not much differing from witches, for they take upon them sometimes the shapes of beastes, and, being amongst your heardees, are strucke instead of does; but they prove barren does, yet are they of the nature of dogges, and more nimble than Norfolk tumbleres, and more eager than bloodhounds, if they have their game before them.

O you likewise, the Hartes of the Field! that is to say, the punies and the young frye of the lawe, to you among the rest doth my Raven open her bill: listen therefore to her ominous voyce, for she prognosticateth that many plagues will fall upon you.

Read you only the Dog dayes of this Almanacke; for when the sun entreth into Leo, and this is in the middle of the yeare and out of Tearme-time, you shall finde it will be exceeding hot walking up and down Fleet-street and Holborne, especially for those that all this last Christmas have given out in Cheapside amongst the mercers, that they must be revellers.

It is threatened also by those celestiall influences, that work not in heaven for nothing, that you will this yeare, by reason of certaine bitter frosts which shall drive you to drinke burnt sacke, and rather desire to plead at a tavern barre, and wrangle for a reckoning, than at a Westminster barre and weare your gownes thredbare, by shouldring one another about clyants causes, and that yet notwithstanding, you shall so plie the cases of the common lawe, that you shall note, as well in Tearme-time as in the vacation, till you have no feathers left on your backes: howbeit I note and find it written by an old Jewish Rabben, that you shall be lustye enough for all your sweatings and moylinges, and so full of health, that you will scorne to keep your beds, but for more securitie, put the brokers in Long-lane in trust to keepe them for you.

I read likewise, that you will be so haunted with vayne-glorie, phantasticallitie, pride, braggatisme, apishnes of wit, ridiculous maners, swaggering, and a thousand such by angles, that you

will be glad to leave all forme, like a hare being frighted with the yelping of a kennell of houndes. Besides, it is quoted by the best star-gazers, and *Erra Pater*, being egregiously weather-beaten to this science, doth as I remember constantly affirme it, that Littleton for all his lawe shall, in Michaelmas-tearme next, be not only thrust out of commons, but being found lying poorly (in a plaine sute of sheep-skin) upon a stall, shall not be worth sixpence.

As for you that are to be my quarter patrons, or the fourth sharers in this my Dedication, you that are the meere sonnes of citizens, who never heard any musique but the sound of Bow-bell: you that all your lives-time scarce travell to Gravesend, because you are sworne to keepe withiu the compasses of the Freedome: you whose witte wrests only for two wayes, monye, and to beare offices in the parish, I place you in the latter end of this preface to the "Raven's Almanacke," though you deserve to stand like Dominical letters, (at the beginning of every week in red,) because you are of the Golden age, or rather you are the Golden number to 1609; yet give me leave to tell you, that this yeare will bring many miseries upon your heads, yet shall it happen well enough to many of your fraternitie, because even when those stormes are upon coming, which by all astrological predictions must happen, you will be sure and so wise as to hide your heads, and not put them out a doores Beware of combinations, conspiracies, and copartnerships, knit amongst yourselves for the surprising of Plutus, the god of riches; for, let the league be never so strongly tyed, yet it is thought that, at the least, four times in the yeare some of you will breake.

To bring which stratagem the better to passe, I meane that of undermyning, breaking in upon you, and blowing you up. I finde that not onely courtier, but also captaine, and your best men of war, will never give over till they be great in your bookes, and when you have put most trust in them, then will they get the gates of the citie, yssue bravely forth to save themselves, leaving you to the mercie of your cruell enemies, serjeants and creditors. Thus have I drawne a payre of indentures

*quadrupartite*, between you my worthyest and most open-handed patrons, sealing you up, all four together, in the bondes of my love, I bestowe upon you this *first* chicken of mine, hatched out of my astronomical braine-pan; and because every Almanacke makes as it were a stage-play of the yeare, deviding it into foure partes, or rather plays the executioner with it by cutting it into quarters: To each one of you doe I therefore send a quarter: Climbe up then and beholde what nest my Raven hath builded this yeare 1309, but carry the mindes and manhood of true patrones, neither suffer anye criticke to plucke off her feathers, nor offer you unto her that indignity yourselves. And thus, because much foule weather is toward, (if my Calender tell no lyes,) and that I am loath to have you stand in a storme, I bid you farwell. Dated the first ides of the first month of this first great Platonickall and terrible yeare 1609.

T. DECKERS.

[He then commences the work itself, at the head of which stands the usual configuration of a naked man, surrounded by the twelve signs of the Zodiac, intersecting the body at various points, upon which he makes the following humorous and sarcastic remarks:—]

At the beginning of every Almanacke it is the fashion to have the body of a man drawne as you see, and not only baited, but bitten and shot at by wild beasts and monsters. And this fellow, they that lye all the yere long (yt is to say, those that deale with Kalenders) call the Man of the Moon, or the Moons-man, or the man to whom the Moone is mistres. But how ridiculous a shape doe they bestowe upon the silly wretch! Hee stands as if hee had bene some notorious malefactor, and being stript stark naked, to go to execution: do not these roudles hang about him, shew like so many pardons, tyed to the partes of his body with lebelz? or rather does he not looke (when he lyes along) like a theefe beg'd for an anatomic in Surgeons Hall, so many barbers figured in those beastes, slashing and slicing,

and quartering and cutting him up?—truely he does.

But why, in the name of the moone and the rest of the planetes, do both our Neoterical and the more Antique astronomers publish every yeere in print, that everie mans body dwels thus at 12 signes? Is man such an asse that hee cannot finde his owne selfe without the helpe of so many signes? or were there none but tradesmen in the world when Almanacks were first invented? for all men know that noble-men, gentlemen, and those of the best and formoste rancks in any common wealth use to dwell at no signe at all: much labour therefore me thinks might be saved by the printers everie yeare, and much cost by the stationers, if they would crosse this poore creature out of their bookes.

For what cuckolde (unlesse his hornes hang too much in the light of his wit) will not swear that Aries (which signifies a ram) doth governe the head? Is he not thereupon in mockerie, or rather to put him in minde of the points of the "Raven's Almanacke," (call'd a ram-headed cuckold,) and what butcher's wife, (nay, almost what butcher's dog,) or what gamster that loves the Beare-garden, but knowes that Taurus (the bul) dominieres over the necke, yea, and sometimes breakes the necke of the strong-st mastiffe that sets upon him? Will not the least fishmonger's boy assure you (either in Lent, or in the open times) that Cancer, the crab, is verie good meat for the breast, stomacke, and ribs? else wherefore should our letchers buy them up so fast? and I pray ask any wench, if she once arrive at thirteene, if Virgo (the virgin) beare not a great stroake over the bowels and bellye? As for the secret members, it may well be saide that Scorpio (the scorpion) has to do with them, because many times in the yere they are bitten, as it were, with the stings of scorpions for their evil dooing. And wisely did the Moone appoint it, (in the lower house of Heaven,) that Capricornus, the goat, shold governe the knees of Gemini; for the goats being of all beastes most leacherous, it is a moral that those men who run after nothing but wenches, must (by course of nature) be brought on their knees. Now that Gemini (the twins)



have a hand over the arms and shoulders either of man or woman, everie woman that hath had two children at a birth, or everie cuntry nurse that hath given sucke to a couple at one time, will I am sure testifie.

Then doth Leo, the lyon, rule the heart and backe; the meaning of which is, to make men ashamed of cowardice, whose hearts are no bigger than chickens' hearts. But what grocer, silkmán, apothecarie, or any other that handles the scales of citie-justice, but can swears, and *al the world knowes they never swears but truly*, that Libra, the ballance, holds the measure of the reynes and loynes; for if those members have not their full weight, all the bodie paises for it: as for the thighes, over which Sagitarius the archer carries sway, any fletcher in Grub street, or any that ever shot in a long-bowe, either at buttes or prickes, will, if the case were to be decided, stand to the prooffe thereof.

The legs are next, and that those are governed by Aquarius, the waterman, any sculler, whose legs get his living by a stretcher, will not deny it. We are now as lowe as the feets, whose steps are guided by Pisces, the two fishes; any man that walkes into Fish-street for a fish-dinner, knowes the morral of that.

And thus have I showne unto you the right natures and meanings of these celestial governors, according to that true and new doctrine of the science astrologically, whose misteries have bene for the goode of this yeare 1609 revealed to me: and therefore doe I request you, my cuntrymen especiallie, for whose benefit I have made onely this privie search amongst the starres, to account all other quarterings of man's sinfull body as barbarous and butcherly, and the rules that teach how to doe it, frivolous and ridiculous.

[He next proceeds to the twelve months of the year, upon which he continues:—]

Now, if I fought under the colours of vulgar astronomers, should I strike up my drumme, and lead unto the fieldes the 12 monethes, marching in single file one after another, everie month wearing in his cap, insteede of a feather, foure unhansome rhymes, teaching men when to eate hotte meates,

and when to drinke new wines, with (which?) everie girl (that has money in his purse, and hunts out any taverne) can do without a kalender.

Then shold every moneth have his followers, some of them being thirtie in number, some 31, only one, by falling into decay, or else because he keeps but a cold house, keeping but 28. And amongst these servingmen or retainers, should I give you the name of the gentlemen who goe in red, and weare Dominical letters on their winter and sommer liveries, as badges to distinguish their moneth from the rest; but scorning to have a hand in grinding such base colours, suffer mee to carrie up your thoughts upon nimbler wings, where (as if you sat in the most perspicuous place of the *twopeany gallerie* in a play-house) you shall clearlye and with an open eye beholde all the parts, which I (your new astrologer) act amongst the starres and those are these: The worky daies of everie month this yeare, shall not bee kept as they have bene in yeares before, for by meanes of certaine diseases, that are likely to raigne amongst tradesmen, as the *lazie evil*, the lethargie, which is a forgetfulness of our own estate: dizines of the head, (caused by the fumes of good drinke,) and such like: men of occupations shall, in spite of order or the rules of almanacke-writers, turne worky-daies into holly-daies; yea, and women shall this yeare hold holly-daies in such base contempt, that though their husbands doe then shut up shoppe and utter not their wares, yet shall the wives fall to worke in their secret chambers.

Amongst gentlemen that have full purses, and those that crie trillil, let the world slide, the week shall run out so quickly and so merrily, that on the Satterday morning it shall be hard for them to tell whether the day that went before were Friday.

The same losse of memorie will fall upon many that shall goe drunk to bed: but to those who shut themselves up in counters, and other places of dreere reckoning, because they hate the vanities of the world, and to those that shall be whipped with French burch, or be strucke with an English disease, the shortest day in winter shall seeme more teadious, yea, and indeede shall

have more hours then Saint Barnabies day, which is the longest in the year. The Sundaies (as if it were leape yeare) shall by a number be leaped over, so that, a blindness falling into their eyes, they shall not for foure, or five, or six moneths together, be able (by the help of those that make the best waters, to recover sight, or to cure sore eyes) to see a church, but shall be stricke with such megrims and turnings of the braine, that instead of going to church they will (if my arte faile me not) stumble into a tavernie. The dog-daies will al this yeare raigne thrice, or twice every week at least, and that verie hotly, but their sorest rage will be about the Beare-Garden.

As touching the rising and setting of the sunne, it will bee more strange this yere then ever it was; for albeit hee shine never so brightly in our horizon, yet there are certain persons (and those no small foolles neither) that shall not have power at high noone to beholde it.

The moone (like a bowle) will keep her old byas, onely she will be very various in her influence, for as well men as women shall bee more madde in the other quarters then in that wherein are play'd such trickes by the midsommer mooue.

I have a moneths minde to travell thus through the whole yeare, but the glasse which time bestowes upon me being not fed with many houres, I must heere hoyst up new sailes, and discover (as it were foure several countries) the foure seasons of the yeare.

He then proceeds to give "A Description and Prediction of the foure quarters of the yeare 1609,"—and first,

"OF WINTER,"

which he thus humorously commences—

Winter, the sworne enimie to Summer, the Friend to none but Collyers & Woodmongers: the frost-bitten Churleyt haugs his nose still over the fire: the Dog that bites loutts, and the Devill that cuts down trees, the unconscionable binder up of Vintners faggots, and the onely consumer of burnt Sacke and Sugar. This Cousen to death, furtherer to Sicknes, and brother to Old Age, shall not shew his hoary bald-pate in this Climat of ours, according to our

usual computation, upon the 12. day of December, at the first entring of the Sunne into the first minute of the signe *Capricorn*, when the said Sunne shall be at the greatest South declination from the Equinoctial line, and so forth, with much more such stuffe then any meere Englishman can understand: no, my countrymen, never beat the bush so long to finde out Winter, where he lies like a Begger shivering with colde, but take these from me as certaine, and most infallible rules: know when Winter Plomes are ripe and ready to be gathered, when Charity blowes her nailes, and is ready to starve, yet not so much as a Watchman will lend her a flap of his freeze gowne to keep her warme: when Tradesmen shut up shops, by reason their frozen-hearted creditors goe about to nip them with beggerie: when the price of Seacole riseth, and the price of Mens laboures falleth, when everie chimneye casts out smoak, but scarce any dore opens to cast so much as a maribone to a Dog to knaw: when Beasts die for want of fodder in the field, and Men are ready to famish for want of foode in the Citie; when the first word that a wench speakes at your coming into her chamber in a morning, is, *pretthes send for some fagots*, and the best comfort a Lawyer heates you withal is to say, what will you give me: when olde Men and their wives devide the holy bed of marriage: when Gluttons blow their Pottage to coole them; and prentisces blow their nailes to heate them; and lastly, when the Thames is covered over with yce, and Mens hearts cake: over and crusted with crueltye: thou maist thou, or any Man be bolde to sweare 'tis Winter. Now because I find in the Ephemerides of Heaven, certain unlucky, criticall, and dangerous daies set down whose foreheads are full of plagues, and under whose winges are hid other dismall miseries, that threaten this region, it shall not be amisse if, first, I open the bosome of Winter, and shew unto you what diseases hang upon him. He then proceeds to enumerate "12 great and grievous Plagues," (*that*) "shal especially fall upon the heads of this our English Nation" which are Saint *Paulus* plague is the first, yea, and one of the heaviest, and this is when a man hath never a penny in his

purse, credit with his neighbors, nor a hole to hide his head in; alack, how many poore people will lye languishing of this disease? how many that have bowling alleys, nay, how many that walk in the middle Ile of *Paules* in reasonable good cloathes, will be strucke with this plague: it is harder to reckon them then to reckon up the virtues of a Woman which are without end. 2 *Saint Chads*. 3 *Saint Benets*. 4 *St. Magnus*. 5 *Saint Tronion's* Plague steps into the fifth place, and that is when a Man is olde in yeres, yet a Childe in discretion; when his Wife is a Drunkard, and his Daughter a Wanton, and his servant a Pilferer: this Plague is expected to fall upon Brokers, their bodies being subject to much infection, and their consciences to corruption. So that 'tis thought "Lord have mercy upon us" will stand on most of the doores in Houndsditch and Long-Lane, and that people who love themselves, will shun those places, and those persons, as being able to poison a whole Citie. 6 *Saint Bridgets* plague. 7 *The Wives* Plague. 8 *The Black* Plague, is, when a man hath much to pay, little to spend, and an unmercifull creditor, &c. 9 *The Fryers* Plague. 10 *The Devils* Plague is one of the most damned Plagues of all, and that is when a Man is married to a Wanton, must be beholden to his enemy, yet dares not be revenged. The tokens of this plague will stand thicke upon a number of yong Banckrouts who have had dealings with Courtiers. 11 *The Horne* Plague (*which*) is too well knowne and so comen, that albeit it be incurable, yet none can *dye* of it: that aking plague takes a man first in the head, and he sickens of it, that is a Cuckold, a Wittall, and a Suffragan: in very many parishes will there be houses infected with this pestilent disease. 12 *Gods* Plague is the last and the most heavy, and that is when a Man hath much wealth and no conscience, continnall health but is past grace, and can talke of God, yet keeps company with the Devill, &c.

And sithence upon *Saint Luke's* day bitter stormes of winde and haile are likely to happen about Cuckolds-haven, it foresheweth a strange mortality amongst caterpillars, especially towards catch poles, who this yeare shall dye

so thicke, that in all the 24 wardes in London, nor in all those 109 parishes that stand in those wardes, will there be found one honest man living of that clapping vocation.

O you common Fidler likewise that scrape out a poore living out of dried cats-guts: I prophetic that many of you shall this yeare be troubled with abhominable noises and singing in your heads, in so much that a great part of you shall dye beggers, and those that survive shall feede upon melody for want of meate, playing by two of the clock in a frostie morning under a window, and then bee mock'd with a shilling tyed (through a hole) to a string, which shall bee throwne to make it jingle in your eares, but presently be drawn up againe, whilst you take in the durt for a largesse.

[The following is curious at least.]

O you generation of Apes without tailes, made so onely to make sports! you players that crie out your comedies: you that feed upon the honny of other mens wits, yet have nothing in your bowels but gall; a pestilent sore will run over all your bodies: looke therefore to yourselves betimes and let some skilfull water-caster looke upon your urinal: cast away a groate upon yourselves, for many have bin cast away upon you: foure peny-worth of physick may doe you four pounds worth of good, for I spye by your colours that you are infected with pride, loosenes of life, inconstancy, ingratitude, and such like crude and indigested humors, and reumatick diseases: so that both *Ptolomy* and *Avicen* sets this downe as a principall, that *Saint Julian's* plague (which is not drempt amongst you yet) shall light on your heads, and that is, you shal weare gay cloathes, carry lofty looks, but a number of you (especially the hierlings) be with emptic purses at least twice a week. But if any of you be so provident as to phelebotomize, or to buy pilles to evacuate these rotten infectious postumes, yet he shall not escape this plague, he shall be glad to play three houres for two pence to the basest stinkard in London, whose breath is stronger than *Garlicke* and able to poyson all the 12 penny roomes: you see afar off how sharpe a Winter wee are like to have, let us now trye

if the Spring will prove any more cheerefull.

[Which he commences in a highly flowery and poetical strain.]

“OF THE SPRING.”

Spring the bride of the Sun, the nose-gay giver to weddings, the only and richest hearbe-wife in the world; the rarest gardner, sweetest perfumer, cunningst weaver, noblest musitioner, for all sortes of birdes are her schollers: this mother of health, phisition to the sicke, surgeon to the wounded: this daughter of plenty, and sister to Summer comes not in attired in her greene robes, as 'tis published in print, upon the 10. daye of March, as it were Maies tryumph after the Sun (with an Herculean vigor) hath conquered his twelve labours, and (like a skilfull charioteer) hath driven his golden wagon through the twelve figures, &c. But shall I tel you at what signe the Spring dwelleth? caast up your eyes and behold, for by these marks shal you know her when she comes: when the Nightingale sits singing with a brier at her brest, and the adulterer (that ravished Philomell) sits singing at the thornes which pricke his conscience: when young teares put on new liveries, &c.: when the earth beares all kindes of flowers, when gardens begin to be dressed and the Church to be mended, &c. Then and onely then doe the vernall gates flye wide open, then maist thou be sure to sweare it is the Spring. The bresta of this delicate young bed-fellow to the Sunne will so flowe with the milke of profite and plentye, that (of all other men) players by reason they shal have a hard Winter, and must travell on the hoofe, will lye sucking there for pence and two pences, like young pigges at a sow newly farrowed. It is likewise thought that in this time of copulation betweene the planets and the earth, lawyers will grow up so thick that they will scarce live one by another, and *most of them shall be to their Clients as tares are to a field of corne: they shall prosper best when they choake those by whome they are nourished.*

[This is a beautiful simile, and not less so from the justness of it.]

The disposition of this season is to be hot and moist: by which meanes

those moist handed creatures, whose blouds begin to feele warmth, when the spring of desire boyles within them, shall have the other qualitie like-wise, they shall be hot in their tongues: But if any woman happen to fall into that pestilent infirmitie, let the poore man upon whose handes any such light commodities lyes, apply this medicine, for it is a present cure.

[This humorous story is too long for insertion, but sufficient extracts will be given to shew its tendency and humour, as it is probable that it may have been read, if it has not supplied some hints to *Shakspeare* for his *Taming of the Shrew*, which was not published but in the first Folio edition of his Plays in 1623. There is, however, an earlier play upon the same subject, and under the same title, which he is generally supposed to have availed himself of.—(See *Baker's Biogr. Dram.*)

“A Medicine to cure the Plague of a Woman's tongue, experimented on a Cobler's Wife.”

A merry Cobler there was (dwelling at *Ware*) who for joye that he mended Mens broken and corrupted Soles, *did continually sing*, so that his shop seemed a verrie bird cage, and he sitting there in his foule linnin and greasie Apron shewed like a Blackbird. It was this poore Sowters destiny not to be hang'd, but (worse than that) to be marryed, and to what Creature thinke you, to a faire, to a young, to a neate delicate Countrie Lasse, that for her good partes was able to put downe all *Ware*: but with this Honny that flowed in her, did there drop such abundance of Gal and Poison from her scorpion-like tongue, that *Monsieur Shoo-mender* wished his Wife were set upon the shortest Last, and a thousand times a day was ready to die *Cæsars* death: O valiant Cordwayner! and to stab himselfe not with a bodkin, but with his furious Awle, because he knew that would goe through Stitch: hee never tooke up the endes of his threed but he wished those to be the endes of his threed of life: he never parde his patches, but he wished his knife to be the sheeres of the fatal Sisters three: hee never handled his ball of waxe but he compared them to his Wife and sighed to think that he that touches pitch must be defiled. Now did his

Songs as heavily come from him as Musick does from a Fidler, when in a Taverne he plaies for nothing, &c. In this purgatorie did our graduate in the Gentle craft live a long time, but at length he was thrust into Hell, for his wife (not following the steps of her Husband, who was ever on the *mending* hand, but growing from bad into worse) cast aside her wedding stocking, and drew on a pair of *yellow hose*: then was my miserable Cobler more narrowly watched then a mouse by a Cat, or a Debtor by a Catch-pole &c. &c.

Wearied therefore with this worse than a Beare-baiting and being almost worne to the bare bones, he went to consult a *Doctor* of whom all *Ware* was affraid, because the *Vicar* of the towne suck'd more sweetnesse out of his Patients whome he sent to him (by reason all that came under his hands, went the way of all flesh) then out of all his tithe-pigs: who happening to dwell close by this distressed Cobler, and explaining the nature of his case to him, the Doctor hereupon swore he would cure him, and stepping into his studie he returned immediately with a paper in one hand & a faire Cudgell in the other, delivering both to the Cobler, protesting that neither *Galen*, *Avarois*, nor *Hipocrates* can prescribe any other remedy then this, and that if this medicine cures not the Womans evill, nothing can: the Cobler having neither the wrighting nor reading tongue, requested the Doctor to read the receipt, as for the cudgel he understood that well enough. The paper therefore, after a solemne O yes by all the standers by, was read and contained thus much—

Take this Salve Cobler for thy plague- sore,  
A crabbed cudgell fits a froward whore,  
Beate her well and thriftily,  
Whilst she cries out lustily!  
Never let thy hand give ore,  
Till she swears to scolde no more.

At the end of this the audience gave a plauditie, in token they liked well of the Doctors Phisicke: the Cobler thanked him and thus insteede of an Epilogue spake to his neighbors—Neighbors (qd he) you know, and I know, nay the Devill himselfe knowes, that my Wife hath stucke upon mee like a plague thus many yeares, to apply either the sirrop of salt-cele, or the Oile of holly to her shoulders, I

heatherto was affraide, because I had no warrant that a Man might lawfully beate his wife. But now sithence Maister Doctor (who weares not a Velvet Night-cap for nothing) having turned over his bookes, findes that no hearbe, mineral, salve, nor plaister, no purging nor any other blood-letting will cure, or take out that worne under a Woman's tongue, (which makes her *mad*), but onely a *sound beating*, I will (God willing) give her the Diet hee sets downe, and if ever I complaine hereafter to any Phisition for the grieffe of this Plague, let all *Ware* laugh at me for an *Asse*, and sweare that my wife weares the Breeches.\*

Next comes "*A Prediction of Summer.*"

Summer the minion of the yeare, and Mistress of the Earth: Daughter and Heire to the Spring and Emperesse over manye Kingdomes: whose Robes are fieldes of standing corne, and whose crowne is a garland of all sorts of fruits: Summer the releever of the poore and Landlady to the rich: the Ploughman's Goddess to whome he praies, the Husband-man's Queene whome he worships: the filler-up of Barones, the feeder of Birdes, the fatner of Men & Beastes, the Treasurer of the World: the Nurse of Plenty, the enemie to Death & Famine: Summer, that is the Saint, to whom Bowyers and Fletchers kneele, in whose praise Archers send forth showts and Hay-makers merry songs.

[Notwithstanding this high-flown description of Summer, he prognosticates a famine.]

And albeit this lady of the yeare be (like her couzen the Spring) of a sweet and delicate complexion, and that her body is by nature so fruitfull, that still and anon she is in labour to bring forth, yet that curse which at the first was laid upon the earth, shall now this yeare, 1609, fall upon her, insomuch that her lusty and strong limbes shall grow weake by want, and her entrailes be ready to dry and shrinke up to nothing, by reason of a strange famine

\* In the long list of Deckers' dramatic pieces in the *Biogr. Dram.*, we find "A Medicine for a Curst Wife," 1602, a play not published, very probably this story dramatised. See Jones's edit. of Baker's *Biogr. Dram.*, art. "Deckers"

that most assuredly will feed upon her. Many deare yeares are set down in our abridgements of Chronicles, (here he quotes several;) but the face of this shall looke more leane than ever did any. (He thus concludes his prophetic list of calamities:—) If any complaint this yere be made for the scarcity of bread, let none be blamed for it but *Tailors*; for by al the consent of the planets, it is set downe that they will be mighty bread-eaters, insomuch that half a score halpenny loaves will make no shew upon one of their Stals. But least we make you hungry that shall reade of this misery, by discoursing thus of so terrible a famine, let us make hast to get out of the heart of this dry and mortall summer, and trye what wages the yeare will bestow uppon us the next quarter.

*“Of Autumne, or the fall of the leafe.”*

From which we will give one or two short but curious extracts.

You have heard before of certaine plagues and of a famine that hangs over our heads in the cloudes: misfortunes are not borne alone, but like married fooles they come in couples, a civill warre must marche at the heeles of the former misery, and in this quarter will he strike up his drum.

\* \* \* for uprose and noise will fill all countries, insurrections or risings-up will be within the cittie, and much open villany will be without the walles; but the hottest and heaviest warre, the blackest and bitterest day of battaile that is prognosticated to happen, shal be betweene lawyers and their clyants, and Westminster-hall is the field where it shall be fought. What thundering, what threatning, what mustring, what marching, what braving and out-braving, with summoning to parless, and what defiance will there be on both sides; dismall will be these conflicts to some, deadly to others, and joyfull to a third sort. It is not yet doombd by the celestial arbiters on whose side the victory shall flye, but by all astrological likelihoods, it is thought that the lawyers will carry it away, (be it but with wrangling,) and they that goe armed with buckram bagges, and pen and inke-hornes instead of flaske and touch boxe, by the tree sides, you shoote nothing but paper

bullets, will have those that march with black boxes at their girdles, and billes in their hands, in sudden and terrible execution. Another civill warre doe I finde will fall betweene plaiers, who, albeit at the beginning of this fatall yeare, they salute one another like sworne brothers, yet before the middle of it shall they wish one anothers throat cut for two pence. *The †Contention of the two houses* (the gods be thank-ed) *was appeased long agoe*, but a deadly war betweene these three houses will I feare burst out like thunder and lightning, for it is thought that flag will be advanced (as it were in mortall defiance against flag), numbers of people will also be mustered and fall to one side or other, the drums and trumpets must be sounded, parts will then even by the chiefest players bee taken: the whole world must stick to others, or els all the water in the Theames will not serve to carry those away that will be put to flight, &c. *The comfort men have in a time when victuals growe deere or scant, is either to be well furnished, or els to have the gift of abstinence, and to be content with little*: now because flesh is a great preserver of mans life, I will show you one stratagem how you may get much into your own hands, how to use it when you have it, and how to refrain from taking of it, albeit your hunger be never so great.

Here follows this “Excellent Stratagem how in the time of Famine to be well provided of Flesh, how to preserve it a long time from corruption, and how (when hunger is most sharp set) a Man shall have no lust to fall to, but may grow abetinent,” which we lament we cannot give for the benefit of the present times; but the story, though it possesses much humour, is too long for insertion, and there is even a still stronger objection than its length to our giving it entire—its indelicate tendency; something like it, however, is to be found in Boccacio, but in this there is not only an enlargement of the story, but a great improvement, as there is a moral in this tale which is wanting in his; for here a disgraceful and merited punishment follows the

† See *Malone's Supplement to Shakspeare*, &c.

commission of the crime, and that too of a *kind* which, whilst it punishes for the past, prevents the power of repetition for the future. This is followed by a second remedy, how to stop the mouth of a usurer when his covetousness complains of famine, and cannot be satisfied, which he calls "An Excellent Dyet for an Usurer, when his Conscience is starved."

This also is long, and we fear would be thought rather tedious and uninteresting, though the moral is excellent, and it possesses many witty and diverting passages: but our extracts have already been so long that we must hasten to a close, and we shall therefore briefly recapitulate the remainder of its contents, giving only one more extract as a specimen of his poetical vein. His next tale is "*How in a Household of Civill Warre, a Woman may be safe from a cruell Husband,*" which possesses much caustic humour and good sense, without any mixture of grossness, and is so favourable a specimen of his best manner that we are almost tempted to break through our resolution and transcribe the whole,—we will, however, give one or two extracts.

In the country of Devonshire, not farre from Exeter, there dwelled a Rope-maker whose name was Richard, &c. \* \* \* \* This Rope-maker being a good propper man, and of a comely personage, became a suitor to a Widdowes Daughter, that was (also) a good propper Maide and well favoured, but of no great wealth, and therefore the easier to be woad and won of a stranger: this Maide, whose name was Mary, was a Wench of a good bone and a lusty complexion, much like to Lancashire breed, who entring into consideration of her mother's estate, and her owne povertie, and seeing she had few suters, because the hope of her dowrie was but small, listened the rather to Richard's motion, who beeing of a smooth tongue, and could set out himselfe well in talke, as the Tiger when he meanes to prey, then ever hideth his claws, and where the Foord runnes smoothest, there is it deepest: so as the old proverbe is, the still Sowe eates up all the Draffe; and he could use such civil behaviour, trickt out with such eloquence and

glorious tearmes, that in short time hee wonne the Wench and married her. \* \* \* \* Well, home they went, and being hony-moone, he seemed so chary over her that it grieved him the winde should blowe on her,—how ever she soon discovers his "*untoward qualities,*" and he began to abuse her as he had done his former Wives so that she never went unbeaten to bed: the poore Wife living in this miserie by the space of some three or foore yeares, till one day being alone by herselfe, looking in a glasse and considering advisedly how her wonted countenance was blemisht by her Huslands unkindness, she fetcht a great sigh, and sware a mortall and fatall revenge, so that a deepe hate of his ill qualities entring into her thoughts, shee resolv'd to make him repent those many yeares he had made her leade in such servile miserie.

In this determination she gathered her wits together and sought how to crie quittance with her husband, yet could shee find no certain meanes speedily to avoid the shrewish disposition of such an earthly Devil, but bearing the crosse with patience, reated the verie subject of distresse: to run away she would not, to withstand him she could not, she shamed to make complaint to the Justices, and thus everyway she was voide of any remedie, so that she brookt all and went about her buseness till on a time fortune smiling upon her, and intending to give truce to this poore Woman, it chanced that *as she was gathering rushes to make the House cleanly,* against the next Holy-day, sitting and sighing at her unhappiness, she heard one sing a merrie song, which she gave eare unto: the effect whereof agreed greatly with her melancholy disposition, for it armed a salve for that sore that pincht her, and applide a medicine for her continuall malladie: the contentes of the song were these:—  
A SONG, SUNG BY AN OLDE WOMAN  
IN A MEADOWE.

Of all the plagues which make poore Wights,  
Unhappy and accurst;  
I thinke a wicked Husband is  
(Next to the Devil) the worst,  
But will young Women come to me  
He shew them how they shall,  
With prettie sleights and privie tricks  
Streight rid them from such thrall.

The husband frownea, and then his fist  
Lights on her tender cheek;e;  
And if she doe reply a word,  
A staffe is not to seeka.

But will, &c.

A jealous eye the Husband beares,  
Then is he out of quiet,  
And she must fit her humours than  
To feed his braine-sicke dyet,

But will, &c.

Eise round about the House she goes,  
The Holy Wand must walke;  
And though his words be reasonles,  
Yet must she brooke his talka,

But will, &c.

Thus Men doe triumph like to Kings  
And poore Wives must obey;  
And though he be a very foole,  
Yet must he beare the sway.  
But will young Women come to me,  
Ile shew them how they shal,  
With prettie sleights and privie tricks  
Straight rid them from such thrall.

The old woman having thus ended her song, the poore Wife that with teares for joy heard some hope of her redrease, drew neere to finde out this olde Woman, who had sung such a pleasant Ditte, which having done, it is almost needless to say what follows—she relates her sorrowful tale under "*The Wives complaint of the conditions of an ill Husband,*" when the olde Woman discloses her remedy and cure, which terminates this very curious and rare Tract.

Before we conclude our notice of this clever and amusing writer and his work, we must remark, that it appears from *Mr. Bliss'* edition of *Earle's Microcosmography*, that *Deckers* work of the *Belman of London*, is little more than a re-print of a work of a similar nature, (though he has greatly enlarged upon it,) which was published nearly half a century before, (though he makes not the slightest mention of it,) under the title of, "*A Caveat for common Cursetors vulgarly called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esq. impr. a. D. 1657.*" and of which there was also a second edition in 1675, which will be found described in the *Brit. Biblio-*

*grapher*, vol. 2. p. 12, and was drawn up and communicated thereto, by *Mr. Bliss*, and in concluding his notice of this very rare work, he observes, "it may not be amiss to notice in this place, that a considerable part of the *Belman of London* is derived from *Harman's Caveat*, and among the books bequeathed to the Bodleian, *Burton*, is a copy of the *Belman*, with the several passages so borrowed, marked in the hand-writing of the Author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy.*"

Notwithstanding *Mr. B.* has given us a long notice of *Harman's Caveat* and also large extracts from it, yet, he does not afford us a single specimen of *Deckers* equally curious and entertaining work, though he makes more than one reference to it, and has many to his *Gull's Hornebooks*, which is rather an extraordinary omission, considering the great popularity in his own time of this coarse but powerful writer, and the high estimation in which his works are held to the present day both by the curious Collector and the Philologer; as the prodigious prices they bring, whenever they are to be met with, fully demonstrates—the price of the latter work has been already mentioned at the *Gordenstoun* Sale, and at the celebrated Sale of *Col. Townley's* very curious and valuable Collection, his *Belman of London*, produced £8, and another of his works, his "*Batchelor's Banquet*" (of which hereafter we shall give some account) brought £6.—[See the *Stanley Catal.* Nos. 672 and 673.]

The preceding work may be considered an admirable Specimen, or rather parody of the style, as well as the matter of the "*Almanack-makers*" of the days of our good Queen *Bea*, which has been continued with little variation ever since, but with less cleverness and wit to compensate for the folly and knavery of these moon-struck calculators, which our Author has very successfully ridiculed with much humour and well merited severity.





THE  
LIFE AND CONVERSION

OF

WILLIAM HONE;

WITH

INTRODUCTORY NOTES,

BY HIS SON.

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OF "Conversion" I would say, "as certain also of your own Poets have said," "Blame not the word, rejoice rather that such a word, signifying such a thing, has come to light in our Modern Era, though hidden from the wisest Ancients. The Old World knew nothing of Conversion; instead of an *Ecce Homo*, they had only some Choice of Hercules. It was a new-attained progress in the Moral Development of man: hereby has the Highest come home to the bosoms of the most Limited; what to Plato was but a hallucination, and to Socrates a chimera, is now clear and certain to your Zinzendorfs, your Wesleys, and the poorest of their Pietists and Methodists."—*Sartor Resartus*, by THOMAS CARLYLE.

A minister of the Church of Scotland who had experienced this transformation, writes thus:—

"These things had not happened many days, when reflecting seriously on what had befallen me, I perceived that a great and amazing change had been wrought in me; that my mind was illuminated by a light that I had never seen before, and that my wishes and desires were become new also. Taught therefore by undoubted experience, I hence concluded that I had obtained by the incomprehensible and effectual grace of God, that new birth

without which no man can see or enter the kingdom of God, and of which, formerly, I had neither the desire nor even the thought. My ideas, now, of the infinite excellence and loveliness of God were lively and perspicuous. Such also were my apprehensions of my duty toward him, of my own excessive ingratitude and disobedience, and of God's powerful and unmerited grace by which he had quickened me! Fears of the divine wrath I had none; no dread of punishment. In such a state of mind, I could not doubt one moment concerning my admittance to the divine favour and communion, for I had sensible experience of both; knowing myself, however, at the same time unworthy of them, and unable to account for the grant of them to me, otherwise than in virtue of the blood and spirit of Christ alone, the Son of God, and only Saviour of sinners.

"Certain it is, that I had as yet no spiritual knowledge of many truths the most important. The supernatural illumination of the mind, regeneration and the change consequent upon it—these I knew by clear and sure experience; but my views of the Lord Jesus were still very obscure.

"But more wonderful still it seems, that it should have pleased God, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, who

is great and we comprehend him not, to give me the light of his own Spirit, to snatch me from the kingdom of Satan, and translate me into his own glorious kingdom, while I was reading a book, which, under a Christian title, contains much unchristian matter, and in which the divinity and satisfaction of Christ are both controverted!"—  
VANLEER to NEWTON.

A young lady of the Church of England, who was eminent for great intellectual acquirements, fell into scepticism and atheism; finally, wading through metaphysical subtleties, was enabled to resort to her Bible, for a solution of her difficulties. She delivers her testimony in a remarkable narrative, whence the following passages are extracted:—

"In this dilemma it occurred to me, as a last expedient, to turn my attention once more to that despised book, which had been long laid aside as incapable of affording me the least relief. How different was the temper of my mind in which I now addressed myself to its perusal, from that in which I had read it in the commencement of my disbelief of Christianity! I was no longer a proud sophist, triumphing in the strength and penetration of human reason, and in the comprehensiveness of human knowledge. The contemplation of my own ignorance, weakness, and wickedness, had laid my pride in the dust. My eyes were opened to view myself as I really was—depraved and blinded in my reason, judgment, and understanding. And this is the process, *which must take place in the soul of every man, before he can pursue the search after truth in a right spirit.* He must "become a fool, that he may be wise:" not that he must part with any portion of his rational faculties; but, having been a fool all his life long, he must be led to discover and acknowledge his foolishness, before he can so appreciate wisdom as to search for it with his whole heart.

"O my Redeemer I the first breathings of my soul were not uttered in thy name: I rushed into the presence of my Judge, without a Mediator; but, doubtless, even then thy comeliness was thrown over the deformity of my soul, and the eye of my Father beheld me with pity for thy dear sake! My prayer ascend-

ed up to heaven fragrant with the incense of thy merits—though the poor wretch who offered it thought to please God by leaving thee out of it! Let thy goodness and mercy to me encourage other poor ignorant souls, who are groping their way to God in the dark, not to desist from the search till they have found him; and having found him, they will find thee; and having found thee, they will hold thee fast; or rather, thou wilt hold them fast to all eternity!

"In this manner I gave myself wholly up to seeking for my Creator. For days and weeks I however sought him apparently in vain. My blindness and uncertainty seemed to increase daily. I was often on the point of abandoning, in despair, an effort so unpromising, and wished for death as the only thing which could terminate my afflicting suspense; but then it occurred to me that the Bible has no where promised an *immediate* answer to prayer. I therefore continued my entreaties, that God would graciously vouchsafe to open my understanding to know him, and my heart to love him as a rational creature ought to do.

"I waited not in vain. God at length revealed himself to my understanding in a way that abundantly surpassed my expectations—I say my *understanding*; for this was no rapturous trance of enthusiasm, but the sober and rational conviction of every faculty of my mind. I hope none of my readers will think that I attribute too much power, or too much benevolence to the Supreme Being, when I assert that he who first gave me understanding, did enlighten that understanding in a manner which I was sensible no efforts of my own could have done; and which yet was so clear, so consistent, so satisfactory, that every former act of my reason, in comparison with this, seemed like the incoherent ravings of delirium! If, however, they doubt, let them try the experiment for themselves: nor let them suppose that this was a sudden flash of conviction—no, it was a process as collected and deliberate as that by which the mind first scrutinizes and then embraces the propositions of mathematical science. My eyes were opened to discern the glory and excellence of the Scriptures, and their amazing superiority to every

## THE YEAR BOOK.

human composition. I perceived that they carried within their own pages a witness to their divine origin. Convinced by this internal evidence, I recognized in the Bible the revelation of God to his fallen creatures.

"I found every particular of my sufferings, my necessities, my blindness, obduracy, and depravity of heart, laid down in the Bible with such extraordinary and felicitous precision of language, that from that time *my own words* seemed quite inadequate to the description of my case. I could recollect none but *scripture words*, when I wanted to define my feelings: all other words seemed poor, feeble, and unmeaning. As a person who has long been labouring under sensations which he is unable to describe, if he lights upon an exact delineation of them, will exclaim—'Ah! that is exactly what I wanted to say; only I could not find words to express it in'—so in reading the scripture description of the sin and ignorance of man, I was continually forced to cry out, 'yes—my experience is the very counterpart of this! only it is expressed with a force and appropriateness which no language of mine could have reached.' It will not appear wonderful, that, lighting upon this astonishing accurate definition of my wants and distresses, I should be disposed to give a very serious and attentive consideration to the remedy proposed for them. In the incarnation, life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, I beheld the love of God mani-

festated, his law exalted, his justice satisfied, and my salvation complete. I know by my own joyful experience, 'that God has given unto us eternal life, and that this life is in his Son.'

"Poor infidel, whoever thou art, my brother, or sister in sin and misfortune! cast not these pages from thee as the ravings of enthusiasm. Scoff at them, I know thou wilt, unless the Spirit of God arrest thy heart as he did mine. But remember that they are written by one who once held the same sentiments with thyself. Consider that so wonderful a revolution in these sentiments could not have been effected and persisted in, without some reasons for such a change. I have told thee how I came to the knowledge of what I believe to be the truth. The experiment I made use of was simple and easy, and in my case conclusive. Would it not be more candid on thy part to try the same test, than to scoff at what thou hast not tried? All I ask is, that when any thing I say appears mystical or extravagant, thou wouldst try for thyself, whether a persevering use of 'the Test of Truth' may not make it appear plain and reasonable."—*The Test of Truth* by MARY JANE GRAHAM.

I prefix these notes as introductory to the following narrative of my father's very humble mind, written in the prospect of death, after a long life devoted to God, in firm faith, through the mercy of Christ.

W. H.

## MY FATHER'S NARRATIVE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I was born on the 31st of March, 1755, at Homewood Farm, Ripley, in Surrey. Our family consisted of twelve persons; my father and mother and ten children, of which I was the eldest. We had also two women servants, two carters, two threshers, and a cow boy, to provide for within doors, and two daysmen.

I have frequently been led to look back at several circumstances wherein I was preserved in my early youth. Once a horse ran furiously at me with open mouth, and I received no hurt, but was knocked down by his chest coming against my head. At another time, a reprobate drunken fellow required me to stop a mad cow; he loudly called "Stop her, stop," while I, in my innocency, stretched out my arms, and kept leaping up towards her, until she was quite close to me, and thrust at me with violent rage; I know no more, but I received not the slightest touch from her. In these and several other cases, I thought surely God Almighty is my preserver; but no sense of his goodness went deep enough to enable me to give the glory to him, nor can it ever be truly found in any natural man. Another remarkable occurrence was on my alighting from my father's horse: after trotting him very fast for several miles, as soon as I let go the reins the bit of the bridle dropped asunder from his mouth; but my astonishment at this was no more than on the preceding occasions; each caused surprise in me and that was all. In the days of my youth, my time passed on without any material conviction. "To every thing there is a due season, and a set time for every purpose under heaven."

At the age of fifteen years, after finishing my schooling, I was put out apprentice in London, to Mr. Freeland, a law-stationer, at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Gateway, Carey street; with whom I suffered much from want of food. One boy was quite starved; and another so ruined in constitution as not to recover his strength. I being the strongest was so severely tried by asthma from ill usage that I could

scarcely walk about, or lie down on my bed without fear of suffocation. In my debilitated state I went to Sir John Fielding's, at the public office, Bow street, where I was advised to elope, that by my master's complaint against me the matter might come on before the magistrates. Freeland avoided this by the advice of his attorney, who reprobated his cruel conduct towards us, and I went back to my father's at Ripley. My cruel master exulted at my departure, saying, "Ah, he will soon die," but I was restored to health and fullness of flesh, and in a month I was in London.

On my getting away from Freeland, the other boys' parents became anxious for their release. One applied at the quarter sessions at Hick's Hall; and had the matter duly proceeded, it would have been heard and finished in the first session, but by wearying adjournments, and by false affidavits for procrastination, the appellants were greatly harassed, particularly by their solicitor, who greatly neglected the affair. At length the distressed parents entreated me to solicit their case; this staggered me because I was very young, and ignorant of professional method; however, arranging the evidence, we retained the best counsel then at session, a Mr. Howorth, and I was bold as a lion. Freeland and his solicitor prayed further delay, but our counsel insisted that the appeal must be heard, and in half an hour all was over. Freeland was compelled by the court to cancel the indentures of his other apprentices, so that he lost them all, and never got another. This obliged him to let his shop and decline business, and he and his wife killed themselves by excessive drinking, to which they had been addicted. By their conduct my constitution had been greatly shaken; but, thanks be to the Lord, I am graciously preserved by him to this day.

After I had got free from my apprenticeship, my principal companion was a late fellow apprentice, newly married, a Mr. Price; he resided in Berwick-street, Soho, and was a conveyancer. His wife's father was Moses Kean, the celebrated theatrical imitator, and his chief companions were Mr. John Bannister, and others in that line. These persons, in a measure, became

## THE YEAR BOOK.

my associates, with whom I repeatedly rehearsed parts of plays, and got such a love for the stage that I was play-mad. It had been settled by us that I should go on the stage, but God had planned otherwise. In the midst of my play-house work, and about the time of my intended first appearance at the Haymarket theatre, such a strange thing happened as completely struck me dead to the least desire for either reading a play, or attempting to see one. One evening on going to the Haymarket theatre as usual, and taking my seat in the pit, I waited anxiously for the play to commence, but when the actors appeared, each seemed to my view in the hideous shape of a devil, which so affrighted me that I instantly rushed out with all possible speed. Thus was I chased from the service of Satan in his play-house work; but although scared from that part of his service, he still kept possession of his palace, and his goods were yet in peace.

I had become so opposed to a married life, that I resolutely determined to destroy my constitution in a perpetual round of libertinism. I attended no place of worship, and had not the least appearance of religion, yet I could not hear any person ridicule it without a reproof, saying, "We know nothing about it, therefore you ought not to speak against it." As my course was ungodly, I constantly profaned the Lord's day, and I customarily laid in bed till just time enough for a late breakfast, and to get my hair dressed for dinner. But on one Lord's-day I unexpectedly arose so early as to have my hair dressed by the time persons were going to church, and while gazing at them I concluded on going too. My lodging was at a hatter's in Chancery-lane, which being near to St. Dunstan's church, I went thither; but not being accustomed to attend, shame seized me, and instead of entering a pew I stood behind a pillar in the outer aisle. After the ceremonial service had ended, the preacher took his text from Luke xv. 13, "And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." The words forcibly struck me; they were quite appropriate to my conduct, and I thought the voice

was unto me,—that I was the man upon which I felt great rage against the person at whose house I lodged, for I fully concluded that he had informed the clergyman of my intention to be there. The sermon described my iniquities so closely, and so powerfully denounced the wrath of God against the prodigal, that I was pricked to the heart, and resolved to amend immediately. Upon this determination it was suggested that I should be scoffed at and forsaken by all who knew me; but fearfulness and trembling took hold of me, and I was so afraid of the judgments of God that I could not eat my dinner. I had been accustomed every Sunday after dinner, to treat my landlord with part of a bottle of Burton ale, but this day, to his astonishment, he could neither get me to take any thing nor yet tell him what was the matter with me. I was overwhelmed, and soon walked out; and there was nothing but walking for me until it was nearly dark. I pursued my usual route through the throngs, without looking at any one. The clouds were black and gloomy, and seemed to be charged with the wrath of God. I was afraid to look up, fully expecting that the world would be at an end, and that I should be dead and in everlasting destruction before morning. When I got home I went to bed, full of misery and distress: at what hour I went to sleep I know not, but I awoke in the morning about five o'clock, and it being summer, and my apartment towards the east, the sun shone full upon my bed. Beholding this beautiful scene, my burden of distress from the sermon was gone, and this suggestion instantly darted into my mind—"Ah, dreams are fables and lies: you thought that the world would be at an end, and that you would be destroyed before morning; there! you are alive and well, with the sun shining upon you!" Hence, alarming convictions, except they are wrought by the Blessed Spirit, and the soul is quickened to call upon God in truth, are dead and barren, as in Cain, Agrippa, and Felix. Cain said his misery was greater than he could bear, yet having earthly prosperity, he went and built a city; Agrippa declared that Paul had almost persuaded him to be a Christian; and

## THE YEAR BOOK.

Felix trembled at his preaching; but neither inquired after God. Thus, a multitude of professed followers of Christ, under mere carnal convictions, have sought unto men and not unto God, and been becalmed to false peace by man's prophecy of smooth things. They join a church, and smile and are smiled upon, but what will they do in the end, when the hail-stones of God's wrath shall sweep away all the refuges of lies? Blessed be God, no seducer was permitted to delude me into a false profession of Christ; for although, amidst the shock that I received, I was not stopped in my course of sin, I was not left to be a hypocrite, professing that which I did not possess. Having escaped the death I expected, I found the cords of sin lengthened; and my labour in the service of Satan increased so much that I wished heartily to be out of it; but as I had no power to resist the devil, and knew not the way to God by prayer, or otherwise, I was obliged to wait until Jesus came and released me. I refrain from speaking plainly of my practices in the broad way that leads to destruction, because the word of the Lord says, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."

I was very anxious to get into the country, that I might be quite separated from all who knew me. A gentleman where I was clerk, in a great law office in King's Bench Walk, in the Temple, informed me that he was commissioned to get a clerk for an attorney at Bath. The salary was considerably lower than what I had, but I was heartily sick of my course of life, and I earnestly requested the gentleman to notice my application for the situation. This he did without delay, by letter to Bath, and an answer came by return of post, accepting my service, and fixing the day for my arriving there. My companion, Price, of Berwick-street, was a very tricky character, yet I could not believe that he would attempt to trick me; but he told me a plausible tale, borrowed from me all the money I had, including what had been advanced for my coach-hire and expenses to Bath, promised to return it before the time appointed for my setting off, and at last

heartlessly duped me. I had left the office in the Temple; it was fully believed there that I was in Bath; and Price continued to deceive and neglect me until I had gradually put all my clothes in pledge, save the few I had on; and the soles of my shoes were worn through. I was overwhelmed, and knew not what to do. The devil suggested various ways, by hanging, drowning, robbing, &c., to get rid of my distress; but my unknown heavenly Father was my preserver. Being afraid to stir out of my apartments lest any one should know me, I used to walk up and down all day, brooding over and bemoaning my hard lot, and waiting for Price with the money. One day, in the depth of my misery, I heard an audible voice saying, "Rely on me:" this produced an instant calm, and moved me to go into an adjoining room, where I found in a very dusty condition, a lot of books out of use, and among them was Hervey's Meditations, which I took up and read, and like the voice saying, "Rely on me," it assuaged my grief, but it soon returned again.

Worn down by the day's distress, and having no one to speak to, I went to bed early, and in a dream I saw Price under the operator's hand at a hair-dresser's shop in Berwick-street. I went in; he looked upon me with carelessness and disdain, but did not speak. I stood behind him till his hair was dressed, he then walked out, and I followed him till he came to the end of Peter-street, when he turned round and said, "I have strained every nerve, and cannot get a farthing for you." I answered, "Then I am undone," and immediately left him. This dream made a stronger impression; "For God speaketh once, yea, twice; yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men in slumbering upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." I arose early and told my dream to a person in the house, who advised me to go according to my dream immediately. Without delay I went to the hair-dresser's shop in Berwick-street. I saw Price, as in my dream, having his hair dressed. Without speaking

he looked at me carelessly and disdainfully. I took a standing position behind him, and when he arose he walked out. I followed him until he came to the end of Peter-street, where he turned round and said to me, "I have strained every nerve, and cannot get a farthing for you." I answered him, "Then I am undone;" and went back to my lodgings, musing on the literal fulfilment of my last dream.

I had now waited a fortnight for Price; he had stripped me, and I was at my wit's end, for I had not a farthing to proceed with towards Bath; and the thoughts of such a lapse of time beyond the period fixed for my being there, overwhelmed me with shame and confusion. I sat down and wrote to a person who was clerk to a gentleman in Gray's Inn, and he came to me immediately with a countenance of astonishment. He had expected I was in Bath, and wondered at not hearing from me. He gave me severe reproofs for being such a fool as to let Price have my money; however, when he became calm, he said he had only a guinea at command, which he would divide with me, and giving me half a guinea and a pair of his shoes, desired I would make the best of my way to Bath.

Not having enough for the outside coach fare, and it being late in the evening, I got leave to sit up all night in Knightsbridge watch-house, which is directly against the road, so that no suitable conveyance could escape my notice. By a fish-cart I got to Hounslow, where I met with a return chaise, by which I went beyond Slough; but by treating the watchman, and paying the fish-cart driver and the post-chaise boy my half guinea was much reduced. I alighted near Slough, where I recollected I knew a farmer at Perry Oaks farm, of whom I procured the loan of half-a-guinea, and as the "poor prodigal" had no more linen than the shirt he had on, he received two shirts as a gift. Thus recruited, I went forward again, and by lifts in riding, and walking one stage of the way, which greatly crippled me, through the shoes my friend gave me being too little, I got to Bath on Sunday afternoon the — of September, 1778.

On arriving at Bath, I found by in-

quiry the residence of Mr. Percival, the solicitor with whom I engaged as clerk, was in St. James's-street. I accordingly went thither, and saw him; he expressed himself with violent reproofs; stating that he had lost a good client by my failing in the appointment. I made no other reply than urging the way in which I had been duped out of my money, and stating that I was in a strange place without resource: at last he said that in the morning he would give me some employment. I had come to Bath with no more than eightpence-halfpenny, but then every kind of provision was much cheaper than now, and I had a good bed in a respectable house in Cheap street for sixpence. I arose early and departed, and having but twopence-halfpenny, with which I bought some gingerbread and apples for breakfast, yet I was contented and cheerful; walking down Horse-street, a high hill was before me, called Beeching Clift, to the top of which I intended to go for a survey of the city. I saw on my right hand in the street, a very neat house with a bill on the parlour window, and was powerfully impressed that there would be my lodging. Nothing could be more irrational than for any one in my condition, a stranger without a farthing, to draw such a conclusion. From the hill I had a full and fine view of the city, and on my return I called at the house. The bill on the window purported, "A back room on the first floor furnished." I saw the mistress, she showed it to me, and I expressed my approval. She then, with a sharp eye looking full at me, said, "But you are a stranger." I answered, with a look as full at her, "I am a perfect stranger, madam, but I am come to be clerk to Mr. Percival of St. James's-street." She told me she knew Mr. Percival very well, and that he was her attorney, therefore she speedily informed herself of the truth of my statement. In the end I made an engagement with her, and the same day dined with the family, consisting of herself—Mrs. Stawell a widow, two young women her daughters, and her son who worked in the trade, and I found myself quite at home by their free and pleasant attentions. Thus I went on for a few weeks until the assizes at Ilchester were nigh, and having



## THE YEAR BOOK.

two or three trials to attend to, I was particularly attentive both day and night: the summer heat seized me, and a slow fever confined me at home for some time. During this interval I was much accustomed to read Milton's Paradise Lost, and thoughts of death often arose; but I was stupid and unfeeling as to the state of my soul, the distance I was at from God, and as to any provision for happiness after death.

The work of God for my salvation appeared thus. On a certain night, about an hour and a half after I had gone to rest, I awoke in dreadful terror, from a vision wherein I saw myself drop into hell in the midst of flames; and as soon as my eyes were open, I saw and felt the flames incessantly flashing, and smoke ascending at the foot of my bed. I felt that death had seized my feet; the cold increased gradually upwards, and drops poured from every part of my body. In dreadful horror I knocked loudly against the floor, and the violent noise soon brought up the mistress, and one of the daughters. Upon entering my room they heard me constantly lamenting and crying out, "Oh my poor soul, I am going to hell to be damned, to suffer the just reward of my evil deeds!" The mistress took me by the hand to soothe me in vain; and she sent for an apothecary and a nurse. But the apothecary soon quitted the room, on account of my continual awful cry, and his not being able to do me any good, saying it was a disorder of the mind, and not of the body: the nurse also in terror left me. Another nurse was sent for, who, having herself sat under the gospel, held forth the Way and Word of Life to me; but without faith it is impossible to please God. All that my nurse advanced I rejected with unbelief, and declared that the Lord would not have mercy on me. The most trifling sin from my youth up was brought to my remembrance, and all were continually before me. I could have said as David did, "Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." The nurse urged to me the mercy shown to the dying thief on the cross, who entreated to be remembered of the Lord when he came to his kingdom, and was answered by his Saviour saying, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!" She

also repeated the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," which was answered by a remission of his sins. She said and did all she could to comfort me. Blessed be God, my distress was not to be healed in a common way; my cords of iniquity were not to be lengthened as they were after that legal alarm on my hearing the sermon at St. Dunstan's church. The sorrows of death were taking hold on me. I moaned incessantly with the lamentable cry, "Oh! my poor soul. I am going to hell to be damned." During this awful scene, being a stranger to all about me, I gave a reference to my father's residence at Ripley, with a request that when I was dead, he and the family might be informed that I was in hell. This fearful message was from a creature perishing without hope, a poor distracted mortal suffering the torments of the damned, while his body was gradually dying. My nurse informed me that I was a night and a day in this deep state of lamentation and woe, when it pleased the Lord to suddenly change my awful lamentations to the glorious cry of "God be merciful to me, a sinner." This humble and earnest prayer was put into my heart after a necessary wounding to make the coming of Christ truly welcome. I had beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. This precious work of the Holy Ghost cometh forth according to promise, when the set time is fully come to visit Zion. In the day that the Lord so looked upon me as to favour me with a cry for mercy, the poor helpless Jonah-like creature called upon his God out of the belly of hell. This was a fit time for the gracious appearance of the Lord God, who never forsakes the work of his own hands. Herein was Paul confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun the good work will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." The cry of "God be merciful to me, a sinner," was kept up with violence, and without intermission. I lay fixed, stiffened like a corpse, with my hands clenched and lifted up, crying out violently for mercy, when lo! suddenly, there shone round about me, my bedroom being filled with the glory of it, a light above the brightness of the sun;

## THE YEAR BOOK.

and at that instant there came forth an audible voice, saying, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." At that instant, death which had reached my hips on each side, and all fear and torment, ceased from proceeding in my soul, and I was so released that I instantly leaped up in my bed, and with joy unspeakable I cried out, "Oh! nurse! nurse! did you see the light? did you hear the voice?" She answered "No!" and doubtless it was so, for unto me was the word of salvation sent. I described to her, with inexpressible triumph in Christ what I had seen and heard. "Old things were passed away, and all things became new." A new song was put into my mouth. I sang praise unto that gracious God and Saviour, whose glorious name was so precious to me. This work of the Lord in a distressed soul crying for mercy, and ready to perish, is assuredly miraculous. The greatest of miracles, the conversion of poor sinners, has not yet ceased. I was not found in the way of seeking Christ, nor of reading the Scriptures of truth, but blessed be my gracious God and Father in Christ Jesus, I was stopped in the broad way, and sought out of Him as one that had not sought after Him: and this is the case with all the redeemed of the Lord.

The gross doctrine of the efficacy of works for salvation of the elect is amply and prominently set forth in the persons of Saul of Tarsus and Mary Magdalen, and all self-boasting is excluded. The God of salvation will not give his glory to another, nor to the vain imagination of man's heart. Although I knew nothing of the letter of truth, yet through the Holy Spirit of truth, at the instant my soul was delivered, I had many passages of Scripture brought to comfort me, and make me joyful in Christ. Indeed, I had so high and strong a mountain of joy and transport in Christ, that I concluded I should never be moved. The soul and body work had so forced every power and faculty, that I was deaf and blind for several days, but amidst all my soul was happy, and to me Christ was precious.

A fever ensued, and for some weeks it was uncertain whether I should live or die. The most eminent physician of Bath, Dr. Harrington, attended me.

He had decided I could not live, and my mother was sent for in great haste, from Ripley. She soon arrived. Man had prognosticated my death, and my dear and very affectionate mother, accompanied by another person, went to the churchyard and marked out a spot for my grave. She then settled who were to be the mourners, and soon took, as she supposed, a final farewell of me. Dr. Harrington with great sympathy said, "Poor young man, he will go off about the turn of night." But he and they were all mistaken. For now, upwards of six and forty years afterwards, I am, by the loving kindness of my gracious God and father in Christ Jesus, alive and in health to do somewhat according to the good pleasure of his will before he takes me home.

After about ten weeks' confinement to my bed, which so reduced me that my bones appeared, I was advised to be conveyed to my father's for the benefit of my native air; and a letter was sent to him, and by an immediate answer a day appointed for my departure from Bath, and for my brother to meet me at Reading with a suitable conveyance. On the day fixed, I was supported between two persons from my lodgings to the inn, and put into a diligence for Reading. On my arrival there, I found that my brother had been, and by some mistake had returned. This disappointment was severe, for after discharging the dinner bill, I had only sixpence left; and I learned that the only way for me to get home was difficult. For Ripley lay thirty miles across the country from Reading, through Oakingham, over Ascot Heath, and thence branched off over a dreary quagmire heath, through Chobham. At length a man was found who had two horses, and a lad that could go with me. The man made many inquiries, and I stated my case, that I was without a farthing, and should not only need the horses, but some money for expenses on the road. In the end every obstacle was removed, and a boy came on horseback with another horse for me. For a young man just out of a severe fever, after being confined for ten weeks to his bed, unable to walk, utterly weak, with calfless legs, to presume to take a journey of many miles

## THE YEAR BOOK.

on horseback, without boots, and without a thick-weather top coat, and through the night, was seemingly impossible. But the day was declining, and I was lifted on my horse, and I believe such a spectacle was never seen. From my childhood I had been much accustomed to ride, and by frequent practice was a good horseman; but from the weakness in my lower limbs I could not rise from the saddle, nor in case the horse trotted, keep my seat without setting my legs out quite straight, which soon wore away the flesh whereon I sat, and cut into my insteps. We had not proceeded so far as Oakingham, about five miles from Reading, when, owing to the haaty spirit of the boy, who, though not one sixth part of the way, spurred his horse to a speedy gallop, which caused mine to get into the same pace. By this rash proceeding of the boy, I was suddenly thrown off, and dragged a short space by my foot in the stirrup; and by the horse treading on my thigh, and breaking away the stirrup and the leather, I escaped being miserably mangled to death. The boy galloped on at full speed, and the loose horse was stopped at Oakingham, while I lay till the boy returned with several persons, who lifted me up on the horse once more. We proceeded to ride again for several hours of the night, through dreary ways. Reader, mark well—the more we are tried, so much the more we are favoured with a well-grounded knowledge of the Lord's kind hand towards us. This was the experience of David, who was in warfare from the time of his being separated from sheep-feeding and from following the ewes great with young, until the day of his death. Briefly, as to myself, I rejoiced in the midst of acute pain with praise and thanksgiving to God, my pains being as nothing, until I arrived safely at my father's house, about one o'clock in the morning, where I shouted a few times, and a person arrived who took me down from the horse, and carried me in on his back. My very kind and tender-hearted mother, with several others, then appeared; I was soon taken to my bed, and of the Lord's kindness, I rested well in the quiet habitation wherein I was born. "Oh!

that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

In the morning the principal thing which I spoke of to my poor mother, was the marvellous mercy of God in Christ Jesus by the revelation of himself to me, and his salvation of my soul. But as no one can receive Christ except it be given him from above to rejoice in him with joy unspeakable, all seemed fabling to my mother. She was an exemplary wife, a loving parent, a kind mistress, and to all a very tender-hearted woman. In a few years afterwards, my merciful God and Saviour graciously showed himself to her; somewhat in the same way that he made himself known to me, that is to say, without the ordinary means of preaching by men; but now the set time had not yet come, and therefore she expressed fears that I had been hearing the Methodists, and that they would make me mad. Thus my mouth was stopped from striving with her during my stay. In my native air I rapidly recovered health and strength; and in about a fortnight I left Ripley, with a ruddy complexion and full fleshed, and on my re-appearance at my old residence in Bath, I was received with astonishment and joy.

But now commenced fierce warfare. I knew nothing of cleansing my way, and taking heed thereto according to the word of God. In the general way of regeneration there appear gradual convictions; and some experience them much longer than others. By attending to hear the word preached, and by conversing with spiritual companions, a good knowledge of the enemies of Zion is frequently acquired, as described in the Scriptures of truth:—"rough places are made plain,—crooked things are made straight," and stumbling-blocks are taken away out of the path of Zion's travellers, who are anxiously seeking the strait and narrow way. But I on the contrary was, as before described, suddenly arrested, like Saul of Tarsus, surrounded by a threefold fire—the fire of sin which hath a vehement flame, the fire of God's wrath revealed in vengeance against me, and the fire of hell in the accusations of Satan as fiery darts piercing me with the sorrows of death. After I had

been to recover strength in my native air at Ripley, and had returned again to Bath with the peace of God in my conscience, and a triumph through Christ in my heart, I verily thought I should never be moved: yea, I proceeded further, for, poor creature! I was not only persuaded to declare that though all men forsook Christ yet would not I; but heart-deceit forced me to believe, that surely all men would admire me on account of my meekness and quietness. However, a contrary spirit to that of gentleness and meekness very soon prevailed; and although I had experienced a wonderful joy and transport of soul in Christ, yet by reason of great darkness I was not able to look back upon what had passed as a reality, but by the mercy of God I was never so left long, for the dear and eternal Comforter so graciously favoured me with faith towards the God of my salvation, that he strengthened me to enter into the joy of the Lord; but never with a mounting up so high as when I was first delivered out of the horrible pit, whence poor Naphtali sprung into the dances of them that make merry with a joy exceeding the joy at harvest.

In Bath there were three religious connexions: Lady Huntingdon's, the Baptists, and the Arminians; and not knowing the difference between them in doctrine, so great and precious to me was Jesus, that I thought that every one who made mention of his name was a good man. I took the advice of the person who nursed me at the time of my conviction and conversion, and she recommended me to attend the word preached by Lady Huntingdon's preachers, at her chapel in Vineyard-walk. At that time there was, as the professors termed it, "a great outpouring of the Spirit;" and her ladyship had her place of meeting for females to exercise their gifts in prayer, and for men were the like. In this case I had no gift for a long prayer to gain the applause of man, but in the short and prevailing prayer of "God be merciful to me a sinner," I had poured out my heart before the Lord, and showed unto him my trouble, therefore none of these things of theirs moved me. I was informed that one poor young man was so strong in the

vain imaginations of his heart, as to believe that he could walk on the water; and, at a deep part of the river close to the Old Bridge, in the presence of several spectators, he attempted his presumptuous performance; at his first step he sunk to the bottom, and contrary to the usual appearances in the act of drowning, where a person comes up twice or thrice, he was not seen again until after several days he was found a floating corpse. Another man, whom I knew, not accustomed to public prayer, suddenly rushed into the men's prayer meeting, burst forth into prayer, and, as they termed it, was so wonderfully "drawn out," that all were astonished; but very soon his great zeal abated; he fell into open sin, and finally he withdrew from her ladyship's connexion, and joined another body of professors. Another poor man had been a flaming professor, without going into soul travail as a preparation for the Christ of God, and without feeling the actual need of him. All he had, made its appearance suddenly, and sprung up with joy under a single discourse of one of her ladyship's preachers. This poor man went forth with his hymn book in his pocket, and taking it out to sing from in any and every society of persons, particularly in public houses, as a stony ground hearer, for lack of moisture and depth of earth, his false joy soon withered away; he then went back again, and committed iniquity with greediness, insomuch that his poor wife became a victim to his crimes. In this state the judgment of God stopped his career, by visiting him with consumption; he took to his bed, and was in constant and unmoved despondency. In Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a man is represented in the cage of Despair; this poor man's state was precisely like it; for his countenance was ghastly and gloomy, his head hung down, and his conscience was completely seared. A person who knew of the suffering state of my soul, and my wonderful deliverance, requested I would go with him and see the man, and I went; but I, knowing nothing of the scholastic teaching of men, could only tell of what the Lord had done for me. I related all my soul-troubles, and how I had sought and obtained mercy; but to every thing

## THE YEAR BOOK.

I spake at that time, and two or three other times, he answered nothing. And at last his wife informed me he had departed without a sigh or groan to lead her to suspect he was dying. Thus "the wicked have no bands in their death."

At Bristol, in May, 1779, I married Frances Maria Stawell, daughter of my widowed landlady, the wine-cooper; and at Bath, the 3rd of June, 1780, my wife brought forth our first-born, whom I named, after myself, "William." The word signifies "a conqueror;" this was verified by my being made, by divine grace, a conqueror over Satan, the foe of God and man, and being turned from darkness to light. Oh! that the like conquest may be verified in William my son, who, by an unexpected appearance of the hand of God towards him, was favoured with great deliverances, and triumph over Lord E——rough, by verdicts of acquittal on his three days' trials for libels, at Guild-Hall, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of December, 1817. Herein was the signification of his Christian name "William" answered; and as "Hone" signifies "a stone," may he be a lively stone built up in the spiritual house of God!

Soon after I had married I quitted the law, and became clerk and superintendent to Mr. Moody, a coach proprietor and corn factor in Bath. Mr. Moody stated that he had observed me for some time as a person likely to suit him well, particularly in discovering and correcting various frauds which had existed in the colleague of his clerk with many others. He said, "You will find them out;" and he made to me great overtures, first, by a considerable increase of salary after a short period, and next a partnership in the concern. These allurements won me, and such generally prevail with young beginners in life. I believed every word, and by trusting to the arm of flesh, I was fitly served; for I was altogether deceived when I wanted a friend. Lessons obtained in this way are, by the gracious teaching of God, profitable and lasting.

During my continuance in Bath I much needed a spiritual companion for consolation in a time of much affliction. I also needed the hearing the word of

the Lord to profit, from a preacher who had experienced the blessed Spirit's gracious work, by a teaching of terrible things in righteousness, whereby God wounds the soul, to prepare a way for the coming of the Lord Jesus to heal its wounds according to his saying, "I wound and I heal, and I kill and I make alive." This description of spiritual things from the pulpit is very rare, and I heard it not for several years; but safety is of the Lord, and of the Lord's kindness I found all without a spiritual friend to consult with, or the work of man to teach me. For the word I heard preached did not open and explain the Scripture of truth as wrought in the soul of an elect vessel, which good work is manifestly described there, and to that the blessing of God is confined. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law, that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked." One person who knew of my soul's experience, strongly urged that the Lord had some work for me to do; and therefore advised me to wait upon Lady Huntingdon, who had certain places for raising up and sending forth young men from, as preachers of the gospel. Being ignorant of Satan's devices, and of heart deceit, this opening appeared to be wonderfully great, especially as I should have an opportunity of declaring what the Lord had done for my soul, and have numerous converts and a great congregation. Then I imagined the good figure I should be in the pulpit with my trapping of a gown and powdered head dress. Thus puffed up, I started off to her ladyship's house, by the chapel, on Vineyard-walk, where I saw her; and after having declared to her what the Lord had done for my soul, she directed me to two of her "boys," as she termed them, who were in an adjoining apartment. From these I expected a cheerful acquiescence in my experience, and that their conversation, as young ministers of the gospel, would be so heavenly and angelic, that it would far exceed any thing that I could speak of in things that make for peace, and accompany salvation. Alas! herein I was quite deceived, for as I was very young, a

Christian but a few weeks old, I knew not then the difference between men-made preachers, as ministers of the letter, and ministers of the Spirit as taught by the power of God unto salvation. I was ignorant of their way, and they of mine. After I had related to them what the Lord had done for my perishing soul, by having compassion on me, and unveiling to me Christ the hope of glory, they appeared to be panic-struck, and for a short time were quite silent. Then, instead of rejoicing with me, they started wholly away from my subject matter, and inquired of me whether I had read certain authors whom they named; I answered, "No;" for all the work wrought in me, had been between God and my own soul; I was turned to destruction; therefore, with the sentence of death in me I wanted nothing in my terror but the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost. The supplicating cry of "God be merciful to me a sinner," had brought to me his great salvation. Whatever her ladyship's "boys" were unto others among whom they preached, in the way of training, their gifts ministered nothing unto me but darkness and barrenness, the contents of mount Sinai, which gender to bondage. Jesus saith, "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven;" and "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many marvellous works? Then will I say unto them, Depart from me, ye that work iniquity, I never knew you." These are they, in my view, who commit spiritual wickedness in high places, a work of unlawful strife, with an awful end. When I had answered the young students that I had not read the authors in their body or divinity, they glanced significantly at each other, and were silent: I felt disappointed, hastily departed, and visited them no more. As soon as I had left them, and in my way home, I shall never forget the gracious appearance of my God towards me, in a charming visit of his lovely life-giving and enlightening power, by which he kindly and gloriously entertained me with a view of the teaching he gave to his disciples of old.

Thus the matter of my visit to her ladyship ended, except that I saw Mr. T—lor, a preacher in her connexion who received me kindly and gladly, heard me describe what the Lord had done for my soul, and gave me good counsel, by advising me to continue in the calling wherein the Lord had placed me. The young ones advised me to apply to Mr. Wesley for tuition in his College. What a strange view they must have had of the release of my burdened soul, and of the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which had delivered me from the law of sin and death, and of my triumph in Christ, my merciful deliverer! But what can we expect from the teaching of nature? there is nothing but death in that pot, yet they love to have it so, and the posterity of nature approve their sayings. Surely, the Lord says by Isaiah l. 11, "Behold all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks; walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow." Mr T—, poor man, fell into a dreadful snare, which brought a sad disgrace upon him, and as I was informed death soon separated him from the ministry; for which I was truly sorry.

In the enjoyment of my first-ripe fruits my cup was running over, therefore I delighted in declaring what the Lord had done for my soul; but instead of confining my declaration to those who feared God, I fully expected that all who heard my voice would believe me and be converted to God: therefore, contrary to the voice of Christ, I cast my pearls before swine, and met with much sneering, contempt, and mockery, but none of these things moved me; more especially as I was so highly favoured of my God as to be removed from Bath to London, and was there led to feed under the ministry of the word in the spirit of it. Then my trials increased, and my faith grew exceedingly.

During my stay in Bath, the Lord constrained me to speak of his loving-kindness in having compassion on me. One person, the wife of a waiter in the old assembly rooms, who frequently took tea with my wife, was always attentive to my voice, which, by college-

## THE YEAR BOOK.

taught gentlemen, would be termed cuckoo preaching, for it was repeatedly the same as to my piercing soul travail, my violent and incessant cry for mercy, and then my triumph in Christ, my gracious deliverer, wherein was nothing but power, and the glorious majesty of the kingdom of God. I spoke truth of the Lord of truth, because I knew nothing of the letter of truth, for I had not searched the Scripture, nor did I know any thing of the enticing ways of preaching in the wisdom of man, by the arts of logic and rhetoric, which my poor and needy soul was no more looking after than a helpless creature in an acute and desperate disease with nothing but death in view, looks for an effectual cure from warm water and sugar. The genteel flatterer is not sought after in either case. Having freely received by the Lord's mercy the knowledge of salvation by the remission of my sin, I freely gave it unto her just in the same way, with gladness of heart. The command of the Lord is, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," and the promise is, that "it shall be found again after many days;" and thus it appeared in this case in more than a common way. Her health had become much reduced, and by my being removed through strict attention to my business to some distance from the spot where I resided, the opportunity of our seeing each other was prevented. However, by what I had formerly spoken to her, and by what the Lord had farther to do for her, through words from my mouth, his purpose appeared in his own time. It being summer, I rose early, so as to let the men into the corn lofts at five o'clock, and before I went, in my broken way, I knelt down at my bedside, and approached the Lord in prayer for his gracious blessing. One morning, while I was thus on my knees, this woman was suddenly brought to my mind, when, as the Lord was pleased to give me utterance, for I found that I could do nothing without him, I was constrained to pray for her fervently. At that instant the door rattled, and the fanlight over it shook, by which, with a suggestion that, if I did not cease praying for her, the devil would come, I exceedingly feared and quaked, but prayer continued as long as I had words

to speak. Thus far the matter ended, and I went and let in the men to work, and continued with them until the breakfast hour at eight o'clock, when as usual I returned home to my breakfast. I had been in the house but a short time before her brother came in greatly agitated, and informed me that his sister was dying, and had been talking about me all the night, and he earnestly requested that I would come to her as soon as possible. Then I knew that the powerful impression in my prayer, and the words then given to me, were from the Lord. I was constrained to go to her speedily, and found her in great anguish of soul, under a piercing sense of her sinful state, and the wrath of God revealed against her; therefore, as I had first been severely pierced by those arrows when in the place of deep waters, and had been delivered from all with a triumph in Christ, I again declared to her what the Lord had done for me in the time of my soul trouble. This plain twofold message without any thing superfluous, although it might be deemed cuckoo preaching, was in due season received by her with gladness. I visited her as often as I could, and the power of my gracious God was abundant in me. Satan wrought powerfully to get the parish clergyman to visit her by the entreaties of her husband, who had been persuaded by his associates that I should drive her out of her mind. This visitor being mentioned to her, she instantly rejected him, declaring that she would have no one but me. The husband was exceeding wroth, insisting that I should come no more, and to prevent me said, that he and one whom I knew, a man of Belial of the baser sort, would be on the stairs to throw me down and break my neck. These tidings were brought to me, but the strength of God being with me, I was in no wise terrified by the report of my adversaries, therefore without a fearful thought I went as usual; and so far from there being any one on the stairs, not a dog of Egypt was, in my hearing, permitted to move his tongue against me. This poor woman's grief of soul and fearful lamentation having greatly increased, I wanted to get the Rev. Mr. Sheppard, a preacher of Lady Huntingdon's, to visit her, on account

## THE YEAR BOOK.

of his having, as I imagined, such a vast deal more to speak of as to divinity; but God regardeth not a multitude of words. "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." My preaching was all of the power, both in the condemning and saving part of it, and as my hearer would receive nothing else, therefore I could not prevail upon her to have Mr. Sheppard by my recommendation, so that I wholly declined speaking to her about it, and daily, twice or thrice a day, I repeated my visits to her. In less than a fortnight God graciously blessed my words by mercifully turning away her captivity, and visiting her soul with life and peace. Then did her soul with mine exceedingly rejoice in God our salvation, and in a few days after this deliverance, with a constant rejoicing and triumph, she fell sweetly asleep in Jesus. Afterwards the voice of her husband was changed towards me, and although I could not attend her funeral, he sent me a silk hat-band and gloves. In the salvation of this poor and needy sinner, all the reputed deficiencies in her preacher, his want of college tuition and acquirements in the art of speaking by scholastic rules, were no bar to the appearance of Christ for her. She wanted the gospel of grace, and the power of God unto salvation, and that the gracious Lord favoured her with.

During my stay in Bath, my trials multiplied, but as my affections abounded so my consolations also abounded. The word of the Lord was precious unto me in those days, and was so quick and powerful, that whether by a passage sent to strengthen me before a trial, or by a passage for comfort under a trial, it was effectual to the end for which it was sent. Yet one temptation prevailed against me. Often a sudden drowsiness so powerfully seized me when I took up the Scriptures, that I fell asleep, or was ready to drop the book out of my hand; also in hearing the word preached, a like drowsiness overcame me, and when I stood up to resist it, I was in fear of falling, or of speaking some horrible words suggested to me. Thus the adversary pursued me daily, and as I had heard nothing of these and the other devices of the enemy,

they worried me greatly. The glorious salvation of my soul was always very precious to me, but I had such strong walls and bulwarks thrown up around my soul, that all my trials from that time forward to the present, for more than six and forty years in my appointed lot, were no more to me than the railing curses of Shimei were to David after he had slain the lion, and the bear, and Goliath of Gath. Often the word came to me as the sound of the wind in the tops of the mulberry trees. At one time, previous to a body of trials, these words were very forcibly impressed, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and when through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shall not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." My Christian reader! the Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble: tribulation is our narrow way, and therein promises are obtained, and are possessed by and confirmed to them, who are counted for the seed that shall serve Christ. A multitude of professors speak of and treat the promises of God as swine would pearls, make a great noise over them, and rout and tumble them about without knowing their value; and thus a promise is treated by an unregenerate professor of Christ. Promises to the children of God appear very seldom, yet they always come so admirably suited to the case, that the well and tried waiting soul is the most emptied of self, and the most ready to be filled in times of the greatest need. And thus Christ, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working, does all things well.

When the set time drew nigh for my departure from Bath, I mean the time appointed of God, all the promises of the man whom I had served began to take flight. I had depended on him by trusting my own deceitful heart; but before I departed God gave me something more to do. On a Lord's-day evening, while I was hearing the word of God then preaching in Lady Huntingdon's chapel, a sudden and very powerful impression assured me that my nurse, the person who had attended me in my soul-travail and conversion, was then ill and confined



to her bed. My mind being thus arreared, I was fully persuaded it was real, therefore I went to her house and found her, as I expected, on a sick bed. She expressed great joy at my coming, and the strong desire she had felt to see me before, but she had been ashamed to send for me on account of her manifold backslidings through the entangling snare of inordinate affection for her husband, who was a great hypocrite, a lying and drunken character. I visited her continually till the day of her death, or rather until she fell asleep in Jesus. Her soul-travail was of short duration, and daily she was favoured with a delightful walk in Christ, and fervent love to him. Her temporal wants were many, through great poverty, so that she was constrained to live on Christ by faith, for daily bread for herself and children: and according to her faith and humble fervent prayer even so it was unto her, agreeably to the promise of our ever loving and never forsaking God, who says, "I will abundantly bless her provision, and satisfy her poor with bread."

Shortly before I left Bath, I was severely exercised by great darkness, and by being without any sign or token for good as to when and where my future situation would be. I made my requests daily before my gracious God in prayer; and the first communication as to when and where I was to go, was through my infant son William, who, scarcely able to speak plain, one morning as soon as he came from his bed-room, said he had been dreaming of our going to London, and mentioned the time when. The time soon arrived, and then I was further spoken to for my departure in a way quite as unexpected. This was by a powerful and irresistibly repeated application of these two promises:—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"—"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." My mind was then fully impressed that I must leave Bath and go to London on that day. It was early in the morning, and with overflowing joy and transport I mentioned it to my wife, who made not the least resistance. Mr. Moody, the person whom I served, was astonished, and

asked if I had been sent for from London; I replied, "I have not;" and after reproving him for deceitful dealing towards me, I concluded by asking for "a free conveyance to London." He said he could not refuse it. Indeed I was fully persuaded of it before he replied, for when I made the request it was with an air of godly triumph over him, and by the transporting power of my gracious God. I then took a final leave of him and of Bath on that day. My leaving that city was somewhat like the departure of Abraham from Uro of the Chaldees, who "went out, not knowing whither he went."

Thus I quitted Bath for London; but to what part of London I was to go, and why on that day, I knew not. On my journey, I had manifold temptations, but I had also the light, life, love and liberty of my gracious God through the promises, speaking peace to me. I alighted at Hyde-park corner, and then a horror of great darkness fell upon me. The adversary had gained the advantage by tempting me to look back at my wife and two children, whom I had left in Bath, and by questioning as to what I was come to London for; and where I was going? But the Holy Ghost had inspired me to prayer for his gracious counsel and direction, and I went on walking and praying until I came to a solicitor's office in Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, where my brother was. I fully expected to see him with a cheerful countenance at my appearance, and that he would greet me with a hearty welcome. It was quite the reverse. My poor brother gave me such a cool reception that he frowned upon me, and spoke roughly. This was a time of adversity, when I was constrained to stand still and consider where to go next. I suddenly recollected, that I had written to an old acquaintance, a gentleman in the law, a few weeks before, to look out for a situation for me, and as I had received no answer I went on to him. He received me very kindly, and expressed much sorrow for neglecting to write to me, adding that he had applied to a gentleman in Pudding-lane, who was going to get a clerk that afternoon, and therefore requested I would go immediately. I did so, and was instantly engaged by him. Here was a clear

explanation of that seemingly strange impression which was so much upon me to leave Bath that very day; for unless I had, I should not have come in time for the vacant situation of which my friend had omitted to inform me. Earthly friends make a poor believer in Christ highly prize and praise him who never leaves nor forsakes his people; "His eyes are over the righteous, and his ears are open to their prayers."

I took up my lodging at the Swan inn; Holborn-bridge, and the next morning attended in my new situation, and for a time all was well; but I soon quitted that, by the advice of my friend, for more salary, in the office of Mr. Sudlow, in Monument-yard. There I had more growth by much tribulation

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[The manuscript of the deceased was left by him unfinished, and ends here.]

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### POSTSCRIPT.

The preceding Narrative is printed, with a few verbal corrections, from my late dear Father's handwriting; and I add a short preface by him, which may be read in this place with advantage.

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### "PREFACE.

"CHRISTIAN READER,

"As I am not inclined to make a long preface to the following little work, which I humbly hope the Lord will be graciously pleased to bless unto thee, I would observe, that after enduring a state of uncommon darkness and barrenness for nearly eighteen months, so as not to have a jot of spiritual meditation, nor one passage of the Scriptures of truth brought to my remembrance by reading of the word, I was so far from being able to recollect it, as to be wholly bereft of it as soon as I read it. This trial continued until about ten days before I began this work, when a passage of the word often flowed in from James v. 11, thus: "Behold, we count them happy which

endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." Should my reader know what it is to be long empty, and to be so favoured as to be kept waiting in prayer night and day, until the gracious, needful supply comes forth from his God, he will understand my overflowing gratitude and thankfulness. Something of this appears now in my own case, and having freely received, for a sweet revival, what is contained in the following work, I am constrained to freely give thereof; and that it may be abundantly blessed of my gracious God and Father in Christ Jesus unto thee, is the fervent prayer of thy willing servant in Christ,

"WM. HONE."

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In July last, I went, with my dear wife, from our then residence in London, to Richmond, and while there for a few days, visited Ripley, and saw Homewood farm, where my father was born. The Rev. Mr. Onslow the minister, Bonsey the parish clerk, and other elders of the parish still remember him. I had never been in the village before; it was to me lovely, from its peaceful aspect, especially endeared by the occasion of our visit to it—and was animated to my mind's eye, by my father's fancied form, and farm dress, when a child, as he had, more than half a century ago, described himself to me, then also a child. Now he was no more, and I, the only one in England of his descendants, had become old. I hurried back from Ripley to Richmond, where a friend from London advised me to go to Tottenham, without stopping in the metropolis, which had few charms to attract me, and I accordingly came hither direct, with hurried views and strange feelings, to live for the short time allotted to me on earth, after a life of perplexity and turmoil. I have only one dear brother, who is a Barrister, holding various offices at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, whither he went in 1824 with a Government appointment under the King's Seal.

## THE YEAR BOOK.

The "two children" mentioned in "My Father's Narrative," as having been left by him in Bath with my mother, were myself, and a sister who died soon afterwards. My mother and I were then sent for by my father, and we came to London accordingly, bringing with us the will of my mother's late father, "William Stawell, of the city of Bath, in the county of Somerset, Cooper," dated 3rd September 1759, with other papers of the Stawell family; also an agreement between John Brabant and my father, dated 17th June, 1782, for letting to him, for a year, from Midsummer then next ensuing, "a house on St. James's parade, being the corner house there, next to Wine-street, late in the possession of Messrs. Steeres and Roberts." We arrived in London in June, 1783.

Of the origin of my father's family I know nothing more than I learned at Ripley—that my grandfather came from Woking, a few miles distant. But among my father's papers I find the draft of a lease, dated 1st September, 1759, for twenty-one years, at the yearly rent of £63, from John Hone, of the Excise Office, London, gentleman, to John Stedman of Bisley in Surrey, husbandman, of a house and farm in Bisley, called Lavender. I also find the draft of a will dated the 15th of October, 1760, which commences thus: "I, John Hone, of the Excise Office, London, gentleman, and now living in Red Lion Street, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, and county of Middlesex, being (I bless God) of sound and disposing mind and memory, do humbly and cheerfully submit myself and posterity to the good providence of Almighty God, whose mercy is over all his works." He afterwards says, "I give unto the Honourable Augustine Earle, Esquire, ten guineas for a ring, and desire he will be pleased to accept the same, as a small but grateful remembrance of his and his family's long friendship. I give, devise, and bequeath unto John Trendley of Doctors' Commons, proctor, and to John Hoan of Limehouse, gardener, all my freehold estate, called Lavender, at Bisley in Surrey, and all my freehold and copyhold estates at Malden and Esher, also my estate at Denham, in Bucks, and all other my real estates whatsoever," to their use

upon trust, for his grandchildren, as therein specified. And he further directs "That all and every person or persons coming into the possession of, or being entitled unto the said estate called Lavender, *which Estate hath been in my Family for several Ages*, shall take and bear the surname of Hone, and for ever thereafter be called by that name." In default of any of them taking the name of Hone, the estate of Lavender to go as he directs; and he recommends persons who enjoy Lavender estate, to see that "the profits of Broach Mead be duly applied for the repairs of Bisley church, according to Mrs. Campion's will, which appoints the owners of Lavender estate trustees for that purpose for ever." The late Rev. Richard Cecil was incumbent of Bisley.

When I was just stepping into the stage running through Ripley from Guildford, I learned that in Bisley churchyard is a large tomb to a person named Hone, but whether my father was related to him, or how these papers came into his possession, I know not. Bisley, I am told, adjoins Ripley.

My father's father lived away the produce of Homewood farm, died broken-hearted, and his family were dispersed. I remember his widow visiting my father in town when I was a child, and that shortly afterwards he went down to Ripley to bury her. Soon afterwards he printed, and pasted within her snuff-box, the following lines:—

### AT THE BOTTOM.

"A trying path the owner trod,  
My sister she and mother too;  
Her hope was in the living God,  
Who kept her all her journey through.  
This legacy she left to me,  
In love I took the little prize;  
Lo! now she lives entirely free,  
With Christ her Lord above the skies."

### WITHIN THE LID.

"My friend, if blest with filial fear,  
Take heed, lest like to dipping here,  
You dip to sin the flesh to please,  
And thus sink into carnal ease;  
'Gainst which one Thing I'd recommend;  
Cleave close to Christ the sinner's Friend:  
Lo! Christian's all's in safety there,  
And all's obtain'd by Faith and Prayer."

On my father's arrival in London, he attended the ministry of that remarkable man, William Huntington, S.S., who was preaching, and preached, at

## THE YEAR BOOK.

Margaret-street Chapel, Cavendish-square, until Providence Chapel, in Little Titchfield-street, was built. I went with my father to both places, and sometimes on a Tuesday to Monkwell-street, from three until I was thirteen years old. Mr Huntington's power over his hearers was great: my father revised several of his works for the press, and some were copied by me. His people made him an idol, and the self-will they engendered engulfed him. As a textuary, he showed great genius, by wonderfully adapting to his purposes plain scriptural passages; whence he deduced hidden meanings, which seemed naturally to belong to them. His hearers listened to him breathlessly; he spoke oracularly; often with an emphatic declaration, "as God liveth;" enforced by the only action he ever used—a twitch down of his coat in front by the right breast.

My father's kindness was shown by his attachment to the broken-spirited son of his old unkind master, Freeland. He was ever kind to all. His honesty, love of truth, and integrity, were inflexible. In difficulties, he left all to God, and in all he was marvellously helped: he literally lived a life of faith, and while counted a fool, was wise. It often seemed that he would be overwhelmed, yet he never suffered from distress. He had great domestic affliction; walked about with his children dying in his arms, and smiling through his tears; was poor, yet never wanted; wearied heaven with his prayers till they were answered; and read one book only—his Bible.

About 1803 my father managed the business of the lime works at Harefield, near Uxbridge, in Middlesex. The proprietors of that concern afterwards became owners of the Old Lime Kilns at Hammersmith, where for many years my father resided, and carried on the business under the firm of Hodder and Hone, Lime-merchants, until the Company of the West London Water-works dispossessed my father, and he was driven into the wide world, to live as he could. He had many years before managed the parochial business of Clerkenwell, under Messrs. Rhodes, Cook, and Handley, the vestry clerks, and clerks to the different boards. In 1813, the person who had held his situ-

ation destroyed himself in a fit of intemperance, and my father re-occupied his original post, and afterwards held it under Mr. Selby, till disabled by infirmity. In December, 1826, he had a paralytic attack, and from that time was unable to dress or undress himself. His infirmity increased with his years. On the 20th of October, 1828, my father's brother, Mr. John Hone, died of paralysis, at his house in Islington. My father and mother attended his funeral. All his property he left to his widow and their three grand-children. In August, 1829, Mrs. Johnson, my dear wife's mother, who lived with us on Newington-green, died. My father on that occasion says, "Our" (his and my mother's) "health is good, but the weakness in my ankle-bones, feet, and legs, is the same. I am, thank God, able to walk a small distance, by your mother's arm, for a little exercise, which I esteem a great blessing from the gracious Author of all good. Many thousands of poor mortals are in a far worse bodily plight. I beg for more gratitude, love, thanksgiving, and praise daily to my gracious God. I am daily growing older and weaker. All things are possible with my gracious God, and with him I leave all my case." As death drew nearer, his weakness increased, and he kept his bed, wholly powerless. I saw him in that state, and his eye anxiously spoke to me while he laid speechless. I could not receive the pressure of his hand. He died early in February, 1831. In January, 1833, I was attacked myself by paralysis, and under its effects I still labour. In the following April my dear mother died. My father and mother I caused to be buried in Bunhill-fields, where several of their children lie, and where I had buried Mrs. Johnson.

In Guildford, and the villages around, were scattered many poor and despised people of God, to whom he occasionally made preaching visits; for which purpose he took the oaths, and held a licence from the magistrates. He left two hundred and thirty-seven hymns, fairly copied out.

---

And here something respecting myself may be expected. I therefore

## THE YEAR BOOK.

subjoin an extract from Mr. Simpson's New Edition of his father's "Plea for Religion."

"There is a delicacy to be observed in referring to living individuals; and, without infringing on it, a slight allusion may be made to Mr William Hone, whose name, a few years ago, stood associated in the public mind with profaneness and infidelity.

"It is but justice to Mr. Hone to state, that the object of his parodies was *political*, and that they were not composed for the purpose of bringing religion into contempt, although, that was their unquestionable tendency. While, however, this is admitted, it must also be admitted, that, if the promotion of infidelity did not enter into the plan of the parodies, yet, that no person could have aimed at a political object by such means, whose mind was not at the time under the complete influence either of infidelity or indifference—of opposition to religion, or carelessness about it.

"Mr. Hone, in early life, was led to reject Christianity, and to adopt sceptical if not atheistical opinions. At the time of his celebrated trials, his opinions may have been less extravagant, but neither his intellect nor his heart had submitted to the authority of *revealed* religion. After that period, he became convinced of the truth of the Bible, as a communication from God, but satisfied himself with something like Unitarianism. This, however, he found would not satisfy the heart. About six years since, his conscience was awakened to a just sense of man's condition, as a sinner, and the need in which he stands both of an atoning sacrifice and a sanctifying Spirit. After many painful exercises of mind, serious examination of the Scriptures, prayer, and attendance on the preaching of the Gospel, he came fully to accept the faith 'which once he destroyed,' and to acknowledge that Saviour whom he

had formerly dishonoured. The change in the minds of his family was equally remarkable. One after another was brought to 'the knowledge and belief of the truth,' though at first contented, and resented; till, at length, in the close of the year 1834, Mr. Hone, his wife, four of their daughters, and a son-in-law, were received to Christian communion by one of the congregational churches in London; and three of his children and three of his grand-children were baptized. The interest excited by the circumstance was intense; the scene was felt to be one over which angels might be supposed to rejoice, and which demanded the thanksgiving of Christians on earth.

"The substance of this statement is communicated on the best authority, and is purposely brief and general, as there is reason to hope that Mr. Hone will give to the public, from his own pen, some account of the change which he has experienced."

The preceding note was written by a very dear friend, who knows me intimately, and for the present it must suffice. The history of my three days' trials in Guildhall, may be dug out from the Journals of the period;—the History of my Mind and Heart, my Scepticism, my Atheism, and God's final dealings with me, remains to be written. If my life be prolonged a few months, the work may appear in my lifetime.

I add the name of the village where I reside with my dear wife, and our two youngest daughters, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," and bid the reader Farewell!

WILLIAM HONE.

3rd June, 1841,—My Birth Day.  
Now entering my 62nd year.

CHURCH ROAD,  
TOTTENHAM

## GENERAL INDEX.

- A. B. C. & c., Alphabet for Beginners, 708  
 Abelard and Eloisa, their tomb, &c, 248  
 Account keeping, use of, 96  
 Acre, the landlord's, 776  
 Adam and Eve, tea gardens, 24, 159  
 Addison, leader in a barring-out, 654  
 Aders, Mr. C., on his Paintings by old masters, 178  
 Advent in Normandy, 716  
 Advertisements, curious, 363, 365, 440, 524, 548, 691.  
 Advice, to a son, 598; for public conduct, 585; on the edge of the grave, 550; how to give and take, 96; general, 806.  
 Age, 94  
 Aikman, W., artist, 347  
 Aitken, John, Jack the Painter, 225  
 Alarm at the last service, in St. Michael's Crooked-Lane, 242  
 Albemarle, duke of, on his account of his sea battle with Van Tromp, 325  
 ——— earl of, his death dreamed of, 743  
 Alchemists and Alchemy, 16, 71, 115  
 Alchemy and Chemistry, 95  
 Alder tree, a remarkable, 216  
 Alderman, lines to an, 669  
 All Fool's Day, origin of, 201  
 All Saints, All Hallows, 644  
 ——— College, Maidstone, 187  
 All Souls, 653  
 ——— College, Oxford, 44  
 Allan, James, the Northumberland piper, 674, 687  
 Alliterative advertisement, 548  
 Almanac makers, 59  
 Almanacs, old, their absurdities, prices, &c. 682, 809  
 ——— clog, 44  
 Almond-tree and bees, 204  
 Alma-houses, old, 298  
 American Indian chiefs, in England, 244  
 Ancient Yew-tree at Windlesham, 369  
 Ancients, 21  
 Ancre, Marshal d', his wife executed for a witch, 783  
 Anderson, Dr. Patrick, 62  
 Andrews, Dr., Dean of Canterbury, anecdote, 461  
 ——— of Royston, almanac-maker, 59  
 Anecdotes, first English collection of, 254  
 Angels singing, 114  
 Angling, fish-hooks, the best, 154; Rev. H. S. Cotton's curious angling book described, 801  
 ——— Song, 804  
 Anglo-Saxon art, 22  
 Animalculæ of frost, 92  
 Anne's, queen, farthings, 536  
 Another Year, 808  
 Answering letters, 128  
 Apelles, 21  
 Apothecaries' Garden, Chelsea, 37  
 Appetites and pursuits, 94; indulgence, 260  
 Apple Florentine, 798  
 April Fool-day, 199; verses, 199  
 ——— shower, 249  
 Apropos of rain, 111  
 Arbuthnot, Dr. John, 124  
 Arch, coronation of James I., 529  
 Argyle, duke of, his tailor, 355  
 Armorial escutcheon at Croydon palace 361  
 Armour worn by sergeants-at-law, 63  
 Arms, royal, 662  
 Arthur's round table, 81  
 Artist's Card, an, vignette upon, 721  
 Arundel, earl of, temp. Henry VIII., 30  
 Ascot-heath, 655  
 Ash Wednesday, 77  
 Aspects, 5  
 Ass story, 96  
 Assumption day, court ceremonies; 12  
 Atkinson, Paul, imprisoned in Hurst castle, 197  
 Attornies, limited by act of parliament, 63  
 Aurora borealis, 15, 150  
 Austin, his landing place, 761  
 Autumn characterised, 642  
 ——— evenings, 514, 572, 582  
 ——— close of, 642  
 ——— gale! a song, 580  
 ——— departure of exiles in, 538  
 Ayleston, Leicester, exemplary minister 462  
 Babies in the eyes, 448  
 Bacon, Roger, epistle of, 214  
 Bagshot, manor, Surrey, 369, 370  
 Bailey, Mr., manager of the Norwich company, compiler of a Directory, 770  
 Baker's, Mrs., comedians, 770

## GENERAL INDEX.

- Ballard, old bookseller, 567  
 Balloon Ascent, Garnerin and Sowden, 380  
 Balls, Mother, 740  
 Band, clerical, and falling, 85  
 Bandy-ball, 724  
 Banff Superstitions, 678  
 Bank of England, 709  
 Bannockburn, battle of, 370  
 Barbers, Cambridge, 754, last Windsor.  
 — bason, 377  
 Bargains in witch-making, 781  
 Barlow, maker of repeating watches, 157  
 Barnes church, Surrey, 602  
 Barons, their usurpations, 90  
 Barring out at school, 653  
 Bartholomew fair, curious tract, 492  
 Basing-house, Hants, siege of, 593  
 Baskerville, Thomas, traveller, 250  
 Batchelorsing, 179  
 Bath prophecy and solution, 191  
 Baxter, W., linguist and antiquary, 320  
 Bay-tree, repels thunder, 776  
 Baynards, Surrey, account of, 460  
 Bear the bell, 549  
 Becket, Archbishop, outwitted, 88;  
 death of, 403  
 Beckford, ad., penury and profusion of,  
 95  
 Bed, going to, rule on, 64; charm, 736  
 — straw, ladies, 407  
 Beef, to be stolen, 127  
 Beer-flip, 31  
 Bees, best method of ordering, 130, 204  
 Bell, the, a prize for horse-racing, 549  
 Bell of Arragon, by Collins, 359  
 Bella, at Worcester, &c., 226, 744  
 — Lequacious, 227  
 — music of, 114, 274  
 Beltan, or Beltein fires, 436, &c., 790  
 Ben Tyrrell's pies for the assizes, 134  
 Bended bow, the, 762  
 Berghem and Both, painters, 722  
 Berkley castle, Gloucester, Edward II.  
 murdered in, 558  
 Bermudas, emigrants for conscience sake,  
 604  
 Bernard, Father, 55  
 — S. French financier, 48  
 Bernardi, J., state prisoner forty years,  
 559  
 Berners, Lord, translator of Froissart, 581  
 Beryl for conjuring spirits, 780  
 Betley, Staff., window there, 263  
 Betrothing customs, 525  
 Bible and key, a divination, 127  
 Bickerstaffe, Rev. W., philanthropist, 462  
 Bigg, John, the Dinton hermit, 250  
 Bigotry and tolerance, 413  
 Billet sawing, 38  
 Bindley, Mr., book-collector, 222  
 Birchington church, Kent, 728  
 Birding, 515  
 Birdmeadow, Walter of the, 145  
 Bird-month, 268  
 — song, 557  
 Birds of passage, 141; high flight, 207  
 — flown in honour of the French king,  
 628  
 — eggs hung up, unlucky, 127  
 Birmingham, old coaches, 524, glass  
 vase, 497  
 Bishop, a drink, 57  
 — in the pan, 58  
 — and his clerks, 612  
 Black's the white of my eye, 445  
 Blackbird, the, to rear, 374  
 Blackwall, plough tavern, in winter, 113  
 — prince of misrule at, 175  
 Blandy, miss, poisons her father with  
 love powder, 720  
 Blase, bishop, 601  
 Bleeding, gratis, 366  
 — of the murdered, 590, 592  
 Blencowe, decypherer, 390  
 — Sir John, judge, 390  
 Blindness, 250, 617; Milton's, 571  
 Blood-letting at spring and fall, 629  
 Bloomsbury church steeple, 656  
 Blunham, Beds., wheat-sowing custom  
 and gooding, 798  
 Boar's head song, 750; ancient carol, 752  
 — tavern, Eastcheap, 711  
 Bohemia, expulsion of the Baptists from,  
 537  
 Bois de Boulogne, May trees, 264  
 Boleyn's, Anne, Lament, 616  
 Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, 606  
 Bonner, bishop, 521  
 Bonnivard de, patriot of Chillon, 210  
 Books, licensing, 33  
 Booksellers, old, 341; of Little Britain,  
 567  
 Boots, Oxford, D.D., made in, 57  
 Border-gathering, a, 687  
 Bothwell, earl, kills sir W. Stewart, 447  
 Bottle, great, 48  
 — conjurer, 47, 415  
 Bowman, Robert, of Irthing, in Carlisle,  
 long liver, 362  
 Boxley, Kent, visit to, 312; abbey, 120  
 Boy of Egremont, 606  
 Bradbury, rev. Thomas, dissenter, 533  
 Braithwaite, rev. Mr., of Carlisle, long  
 liver, 743  
 Braunton and Wright's wood engravings,  
 32, 618  
 Bread-making charm, 775  
 Bridal colours, 527  
 Bridhurst, Kent, 314  
 Briefs, 382  
 Briony, used in witchcraft, 784  
 Brighton character, 105  
 Bristol, 149; Black John of, 107  
 British Museum, 37, 719  
 Britton, T., musical small coal man, 542  
 Bromfield, Camb., shrove-tide sports, 76

GENERAL INDEX.

- Bromley, Kent, James II. proclaimed at, 85  
 Brown, Tom, 124  
     — of Bland's regiment, 363  
     — Betty, a drink, 267  
 Brownies, 766  
 Bruce Castle, Tottenham, 56  
 Buccleugh, bloody hall of, 395  
 Buckstone's pound, 603  
 Buckingham, witty duke of, 574  
 Bullfinch, the, to rear, 109  
 Bungay, friar, 214  
 Bunyan, John, preacher, of Elstow, 459  
 Burgoyne, Sir Roger, lands bequeathed to, 799  
 Burns, R., his snuff-box, 315 ; tavern, 561  
 Busby, Dr. R., schoolmaster, 217  
 Business-letter, 102  
 Butter charms, 775, 777  
     — of witches, 782  
 Buz, 758  
 Byron's death-place at Missolonghi, 737  
     — farewell to T. Moore, latinized, 738
- Cade, Jack, beheads the lawyers, 63  
 Calais, ships furnished at the siege of, 615  
 Calmer, M., a Jew presents to a living, 607  
 Calstock Church-yard, Cornwall, epitaph, 412  
 Camberwell, trees at, 217; effigy at, 457  
 Cambridge, 133; bookseller, 341; barbers, 754; custom, 807; mayor of Cambridge proclaims Stourbridge fair, 773  
 Camden, W., 268  
 Candlemas Day, 12, 70  
 Canning's tomb at Bristol, 149; ships, 614  
 Canons, Middlesex, account of, 461  
 Canterbury cathedral, 22; ancient mulberry tree, 461  
 Cardinal, a drink, 58  
 Carew, T., poet, 107  
 Carey, Harry, dramatist, 582  
 Carnation and insects, 390  
 Carnival, 25  
 Carrera, chess-player, vision of, 281  
 Carter, Mr., bookseller, &c., Exeter, 735  
 Carving, 634  
 Castles described, 89  
 Cascades in summer, 451  
 Catacombs of Paris, 218  
 Cats mewling and coughing, 126  
 Cattle, charms against bewitching them, 189  
 Caxton apprenticed, 669; his Book of Chess, 283, 292  
 Celtic worship, 435  
 Chain-links of pot in chimney, to charm, 777  
 Chairs, 72, 73, 126, 682  
 Chancellor's mace stolen, 148  
 Chancery-suit for a tobacco-box, 788  
 Chandos, great duke of, 461
- Chappel, John, clerk of Morley, 91  
 Characters in almanacs, 5  
     — of four nations, 695  
 Characta, 793  
 Charades, riddles, &c., 214  
 Charity, 64; and wealth, 461  
 Charles I., divination by, 726; his death, 61  
     — II., revels, 25; his death, 80; profigacy of his court, 80, 82; witty dialogue with Rochester, 84; his character, *ib.*; dress, 87; dogs, *ib.*; sings with D'Urfay, 123; purchases Oliver's pictures of his widow for an annuity, and stops it, 278; patronizes Gibbon the sculptor, 454  
     — V., emperor, at Winchester, 82  
     — Lewis, prince, of Bohemia, 639  
 Charlton church, Kent, 569  
 Charms, 108, 189, 775, 793  
 Charter-house, 732; allowances, *ib.*  
 Cheeks burning, a sign, 126  
 Chelsea, Botanic Garden, 37  
 Cheltenham conjurer, 415  
 Chemistry, historical article on, 95  
 Cherry-pasties, 602  
 Chertsey, Surrey, and its farthing, 536  
 Cheshunt, Herts., old oak, 799  
 Chess-play, players, and authors, 136, 280 to 297  
 Chester stage to London, old, 134  
 Chetham, Humphrey, 40  
 Chichester, earthquake at, 722  
 Child reading, and children, 113  
 Childhood and manhood, 177  
 Children, our likeness to, 249; their meditations, 452; are near to nature, 721; what if they do not cry when christened, 127  
     — in the wood, 32  
 Chillon, castle of, and its prisoner, 209  
 Chinese tea-man's shop-bill, 792  
 Chiromancy, 760  
 Chouans, origin of the term, 92  
 Christ's birth day, time of, disputed, 756  
 Christening, sumptuous, 139; charms, 307; a mock-christening, 772  
 Christian IV. of Denmark, revels and intoxicates with James I., 416  
 Christianity, 637  
 Christmas customs, merriments, and other usages, verses, &c., 18, 28, 64, 555, 706, 730, 731, 747, 748, 798  
     — wolves, 755  
 Chrysal for conjuring spirits, 780  
 Churches, cost of, built by Wren, 123  
 Churn, shouting the, 533  
 Charges Street, building of, 582  
 Clay, Hercules of Newark, 161  
 Cement, St., festival of hatters, 693  
 Clock, a curious, 478  
 Clophill, Bedfordshire, 392  
 Cock's stride, 112



GENERAL INDEX.

- Cock-fighting challenge, alarming, 192  
 Coffin, use of a bit of, 127  
 Coin, lost in a purse, 127  
 Coke upon Littleton, verse, 591  
 Cold, 38; feet and heart, 64  
 Cole, Rev. W., his MSS., 435  
 Collins, William, poet, 356  
 Collop Monday, 75  
 Colt, a charm for healing, 775  
 Combe Abbey, Warwickshire, pictures there, 540  
 Come to me, my Love! 688  
 Commons, house of, order excluding lawyers, 63; the speaker rebuked, 108; members' fees, 252, 378  
 Complaint, a strange, 182  
 Conjugal felicity, 528  
 Conjurors, 779  
 Conscience, 533; rights of, 537  
 Contented man's morice, 426  
 Contentment, 343, 532  
 Convivial sayings, 757  
 Cooke, Henry, profligate artist, 686  
 Corns, to cure, by sympathy, 117  
 Cornish Midsummer fires, 790  
 Cornwall, last earl and countess of, 615  
 Coronation stone, 717  
 Corpse-candles, 640  
 Cotton, Rev. Henry S., his angling-books, 803  
 Covington, lord of session, Edinburgh, 350  
 Counting hobnails, cutting sticks, &c., in the Exchequer, 575  
 Country life and manners, 53, 60, 317, 327, 470, 659; fairs, 586  
 Courteney, Abp., his tomb, 187  
 Cowper, his walks at Olney, 745  
 ——— earl, lord high chancellor, 591  
 Cows, charms for, 775, 777  
 Cradles, 201  
 Cranes, 10, 579  
 Creation of the sun and moon, 384  
 Creeling, 528  
 Cromwell, O., petition to, and answer, 446  
 ———, Richard, compliment to, 591  
 Crosby Hall, prince of misrule at, 174  
 Crow defeats a hawk, 267; a mock cantata, 777  
 Crown jewels temp. Charles I. sold, 425  
 Croydon-palace, 361  
 Cuckows, 258  
 Cudgels, 763  
 Cumberland, Christmas in, 746  
 Canning men, 213  
 Cups, 18  
 Curiosities, unheard of, 246, 716  
 Curtis W., botanist, account of, 393  
 Custom, the oldest, 6  
 C——n, W., lines by S. H. S. to, 499  
 Czartoryska, princess, 73  
 Da'sies, 380  
 Dance on the Green, 559  
 Dancing, village, 543  
 Dapifer, 10  
 Davenant, 8  
 David's, St., Day, 133, 796  
 Days, lucky, &c., 306; names of, 691  
 Decyphering, 390  
 Dead body, to prevent dreaming of, 127  
 Death, preservations from, 541, 699, 723  
 ——— watch, 412  
 Dee, Dr., his stone for consulting spirits, 780  
 De Foe, Daniel, account of, 253  
 Deckers' Raven's Almanacke, quotations from, 809  
 De la Motte, W. A., of Sandhurst, art. 721  
 De la Place, M., schoolmaster, 251  
 Deptford, Kent, 568  
 Derby, earl of, died of supposed witchcraft, 783  
 Desaguliers, Dr. J. T., natural philosopher, 126  
 Dettingen, a soldier's exploit, 363  
 Devil's seat at Yarmouth, 127  
 Dey of Algiers assassinated, 726  
 Dictionary, anecdotes of Johnson's, 523  
 Didsbury Wake, Lanc., 479  
 Disenchantment of a sorcerer, 784  
 Distaff-spinning, 657  
 ———'s St., day, 29  
 Diversions at court, temp. Charles II., 444  
 Divination, several species of, 759  
 Divining Rod, 794  
 Dobson, W., painter, account of, 455  
 Doctor, a drink, 57  
 Doddridge, judge, 659  
 Doggerell inscription near Potton, 799  
 Dogs howling, a foreboding, 126  
 Dole-bread on All-hallows day, 644  
 Don, a pointer, 625  
 ——— Saltero's Museum, Chelsea, 720  
 Dore, Mary, parochial witch of Beaulieu, 784  
 Dorking Church, Surrey, 273  
 Dorrington Play-Garths, Lanc., 492  
 Dorsetshire customs, 586  
 Dowle's Tavern, Edinburgh, 561  
 Dream, a, realized, 743  
 Dress, 60, 61; extravagance in, 343  
 ——— in England, temp. Eliz., 46, 181; James I., 190; Charles II., 85; W. and Mary, 229; Anne, 233; George I., 355  
 Drumlanrig castle, 396  
 Drinking, 57, 84; customs in Edinburgh, 561 to 566; excessive, 703; fatal effects of, 613  
 ——— Song, 566; vessels, 18  
 Drunkards in Chancery, 613  
 Dublin, munificent benefactions to, 134  
 Duel, Jeffery Hudson's, 9; D'Urfev and Bello's, 124; Lord Mohun's, 678  
 Dumb creation, a word for the, 310  
 Dundas, lord president, 352

GENERAL INDEX.

- Drnstan, lady, relict of Sir Jeffery, 661  
 D'Urfev, Tom, 123  
 Dwarfs, 9, 33, 739  
 Dyer, sen. and jun., booksellers, Exeter, 735  
 Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, Pollok's birth-place, 545  
 Ear-rings worn by men, 544  
 Ears tingling, a sign, 126  
 Earthquakes in Sussex, &c., 722; Radnorshire, 59; Syria, 476  
 Eastcheap, Roman remains found near, 440  
 Easter, 180; Monday, 180, 181  
 East Hempstead, Berks, manorial custom, 661  
 — India Company, origin of the, 614  
 Eclipses in 1652, 255  
 Economy, 806  
 — and epicurism, 99  
 Edgar, John, remarkable deliverance, 271  
 Edinburgh, king's birth-day celebration, 332; fatal rencontre, 447; lords of Session, 350; Lamiters, 524; golf match with the duke of York, 724; fuddling, 523; old taverns and their customers, 561; drunken lawyers, 562; old houses, 62; Queensberry house, 396; booths, 575; goldsmiths, 576; an old M.P. mode of lodging his family, &c.; old houses in the West Bow, 680; W. Geikie, artist, 433; &c.  
 Editorship, 240  
 Edmund, St., king and martyr, 691  
 Education, early mode of, 492  
 Edward the confessor's arms, 50  
 — II. murdered, 558  
 Eglesham, Wells, printer and author, 342  
 Egg-dance at Utrecht fair, 481  
 — flip, posset, 31  
 Eggesfield, founder, Queen's college, Oxford, 343  
 Eight years, a remembrance of, 731  
 Elephant exhibition, 484  
 Elf-shots, 767  
 Elizabeth, queen, coronation, 46; visited by a prince of misrule, 176; at Wanstead May games, 264; death, 181; supposed to have been bewitched, 783; curious portrait of, 182  
 — queen of Bohemia, 537  
 — princess of Bohemia, 539  
 Elstow church, Bed'ors., 488  
 — fair, flies at, 798  
 Eltham, walk to, 31  
 Embracing, 559  
 Enchanters, 779  
 English, the, character of, 679  
 Engravings of animals, 519  
 Enoch, book of, 38  
 Ephemeron, the, 549  
 Epiphany, 22  
 Epitaphs, 412, 458, 566, 702  
 Erasmus, 633  
 Eton Montem, accounts of, 299 to 304; king's birth-day fete, 334; election Saturday, 447; shrove Monday, 74; eccentric laureate, 673  
 Evans, a harper, temp. Charles II., 83  
 Evelyn, J., his tomb and inscription, 472; his diary preserved, 672  
 — R., his seat in Surrey, 465  
 Evergreens, 114  
 Every-day lesson, 317  
 Evil speaking, 687  
 Eugene, prince, 226  
 Example, good and ill, 96  
 Exchange, royal, gates shut, 61  
 Exercise and recreation, 704  
 Exeter custom, 318; William III. stays there on landing, 658; countess Weir, 677; manners, &c., fifty years ago, 733  
 Extravagance reprov'd, 122  
 Eye-itching, a sign, 126  
 Face-painting, 85  
 Facers, 566  
 Fairies, 763 to 768; charms against, 777  
 Fairy-rings, 767  
 Falconry of the French king, 617  
 Familiars, imps, &c., 781  
 Fandango, a Spanish dance, 418  
 Farthing-loaf day at Kidderminster, 373  
 Farthings, 536  
 Fico, the, 543  
 Fig-tree, planted by cardinal Pope, 459  
 Fillan's (St.) Bell, 744  
 Finding and losing, 800  
 Finiguerra's Pax, 161  
 Fire-engines, 500  
 Fish, huge, 501; occult virtues of, 717  
 Fishing spiritualized, 802  
 Fitzosborne, William, 10  
 Fitzwilliam, lord, bequest to Cambridge, 78  
 Flagellation, 403  
 Flaxman's chessmen, 280, 296, &c.  
 Fleet marriages, 298  
 Flips, 31  
 Flitton, Bedf., poem and topographical notes, 474  
 Flockhart's Mrs., tavern, Edinburgh, 563  
 Flowers, 380  
 Flying Dutchman, 479  
 — witches, 782  
 Fools, 33; of the morris-dance, 425  
 Foote, Samuel, 48  
 Fobbing parsonage, E-sex, 100  
 Fonthill abbey burnt, 96  
 Form and formality, 96  
 Fortune tellers, 780  
 Fountayne, rev. John, schoolmaster, 251  
 Fox, right hon. C. J., 591  
 — hunting, first day of, 603  
 Frampton, W. T., sportsman, 305, 622  
 Frank, Dr. Johnson's man, 522

GENERAL INDEX.

- Fransham, John, mathematician, Norwich, 645  
 Franklin, Dr. Benj., one of his tricks, 239  
 Frederic, king of Bohemia, 537, 539  
 ——— Henry, prince of Bohemia, 539  
 Froissart's Chronicle, 581  
 Frost, animalcules in, 92  
 Frosty weather, a walk in, 53  
 Fuller, Will, impostor, 367  
 Funeral customs, 429  
 ——— of an eccentric farmer, 78
- Gainsborough, 347  
 Garden, its uses, 260  
 Gardenstone, lord of Session, Edinburgh, 352  
 Gardiner, D. D., Samuel, description of his rare "Booke of Angling, 1606," 802  
 Gargrave, Yorks., post and parish-clerk, 807  
 Garlands, 355, 602  
 Gassendi's adventure with a sorcerer, 784  
 Gay, J., at Edinburgh, 398  
 George I., his economy, 95; death, 355  
 ——— II., his statue at Greenwich, 746  
 ——— III., birth-day, 332; sayings of, 351; death, 60  
 ——— IV., patronage of an old woman, 106  
 German masters, 178  
 ——— watch-songs, 328  
 Ghost story, 51  
 Gibbon, verses written in his history, 591  
 ——— Grinlin, sculptor, account of, 454  
 Gibson, Richard, martyr, 522  
 Gypsies, 740, 781; funeral, 458  
 Gluttony, 155  
 Goat, he, at the mast-head, a charm, 777  
 God, 723  
 Goldfinch, the, to rear, 556  
 Golf, 724  
 Good Friday, 178  
 ——— sense, 64; living, 388; life, 585  
 Goose, 574  
 Gracechurch-street, coronation arch in, 529  
 Graham, George, watchmaker, 157  
 Grass, strewed in churches, 298  
 Gray's Inn, revels, 25, 164 to 176  
 Grenadiers, 381  
 Groom porter, 13, 25, 30, 279  
 Grotto in a London cellar, 97  
 Guildford, lord keeper, 189  
 Gwinnett, R., 237
- Haarlem, 344; organ, 345  
 Hackney-marsh mill, for boring cannon, 154  
 Hagbut, harquebuse, 515  
 Hailes, lord of session, Edinburgh, 352  
 Hair, 85; hair-cutting puffs, 764  
 Hairy people, what born to, 126  
 Hale, sir M., his rules, 749  
 Half-holiday, a, in Kent, 567  
 ——— penny, 536  
 Halters, collection of, 253  
 Halves, 800  
 Hamper, William, antiquary, 689  
 Hamp-tead, private weddings at Sion chapel, 525  
 ——— road, 24  
 Handel, anecdote of, 251  
 Hand fasting, 525  
 Handsel, 477, 763  
 Hand-wheel spinning, 665  
 Hanging judge, the, 307  
 Harneas, armour, 64  
 Harrington's sir John, new-years' gift, 11  
 Harris, organ-builder, 90  
 Harrop, Joseph, bookseller, Manchester, 342  
 Harvest-home supper, &c., 533, 535, 586, 798  
 Hassel, Phebe, "a jolly old fellow," 105  
 Hastings, Warren, his presents to the queen, 201  
 Hats, 693; ladies', 85, 86  
 Haunted houses, 780  
 Hawkins, sir John, 603  
 Hawks and hawking, 138, 267, 305, 617, 623  
 Hawthorn cultivation, 267  
 Hay-making, 586  
 Hazlitt, William, notice of him, and his memoirs by his son, 551  
 Health in old age, 631  
 Hearne, Thomas, antiquary, 353, 791  
 Heart-breakers, 85  
 ——— of Mid Lothian, fascination of the work, 113  
 Helmets to funeral effigies, 457  
 Henry II. outwits Becket, 88; flagellated, 403  
 ——— V., his cradle, 201  
 ——— VII., his coronation processions, 637  
 ——— VIII., licenses learned clerks to see and command spirits and build churches, 213; died, 60  
 Henry, prince, son of James I., 8  
 ——— IV. of France, flagellated by proxy, 404  
 Herba clavorum, 775  
 Herbert, judge, his bad advice to James II., 378  
 Herculaneum, 11  
 Hereford morris-dance of old men, 418  
 Herman, John, donor to Sutton Coldfield, 267  
 Hermetic science, 71  
 Heston, Middlesex, shrove tide, 76  
 Herwy, Eliz., abbess of Elstow, 489  
 Hicke, Dr. Geo., 592; John, *ib.*  
 Hiffernan, Paul, anecdote of, 432  
 Highworth, Oxfordshire, gipsy funeral at, 458

GENERAL INDEX.

- High Jinks, 566  
 Hind's-head inn, Ascot, 660  
 Historical pictures unsatisfying, 721  
 History of England, published gratis, 342  
 Ilob or nob! 757  
 Hobby-horse of the morris-dance, 425  
 Hocus-pocus, Hiccius-doctius, 739  
 Hogarth ornaments a tobacco box, 786  
 Hollar's View of Basing-house, 597  
 Hollymore, capt., his death foretold, 670  
 Holt, sir John, 108  
 Homes of England, 384  
 Hommecastle, Worces., treasure found there, 430  
 Hone, William, his early life and conversion, written by himself, 821  
 Honthorst, G., painter, his pupils, 537  
 Hooke, Robert, his improved watches, 157  
 Hooping-cough, cures for it, 127  
 Horace, stanza of, sung at a funeral, 270  
 Horne, bishop, 142  
 Horse and lamb, Inner Temple, 57  
 — man, advertisement, 191  
 — diseases, charm for, 775  
 — manship, 269  
 — racing established, 549  
 — fair, Stourbridge, 772  
 — shoes, 476, 763  
 — to make them fall off, 776  
 — shoeing, to help, 775  
 Hour glasses in coffins, 352  
 Houseleek on cottages to repel lightning, 776  
 Howard, lady Mary, 631  
 Howe's, lord, victory, 310  
 Howell, L., nonjuror, his cruel sentence, 429  
 Howitt's Book of the Seasons, 130  
 Hucks, W., M.P., brewer to the household, 656  
 Huddleston, Father, 8, 520  
 Hudson, Jeffery, 8, 500  
 Hull festival, 201  
 Hunter's song, 603  
 Huntsmen, bewitched, 784  
 Huntingdon's, earl of, new year's gift, 10  
 Husband and wife, parting epistles, 104  
 Hush! hush! awful sounds, 152  
 Hutton, William, antiquary, 557; extracts from his unpublished MSS., 558; his visits to places in London, 709 to 712; 719 to 720  
 Huygens's improved watches, 157  
 Hydon Hill, Surrey, 470  
 Hyena, his wonderful properties, 247  
 Hypochondria, 607  
 Idleness, 31  
 Ill May-day, a garland, 262  
 Illumination, for peace with France, 234  
 Images of persons, for bewitching them to death, 783  
 Imagination, dangers of, 360  
 Inchbald, Mrs., at Stourbridge fair, 770  
 Indecision of character, 107  
 Indiscretion, 755  
 Indolence, 96  
 Insects, 383, 390, 549  
 Invisibility, to effect, 716  
 Irish servant's dialogue, 111; inventory, 128; customs, 155, 156, 804  
 Isaiah, Book of the Ascension of, 38; martyrdom of, 39  
 Jacklin, John, poet and shaver, Cambridge, 753  
 Jackson, a murderer, the charm he wore, 793  
 James I., his cradle and chair, 201; how addressed on his accession, 215; frightened, 25; revels and intoxicates with the king of Denmark, 416; his daughter Elizabeth married to the elector palatine, 537; his death, 190  
 — II., omens concerning, 702; his decline and fall, 378  
 Jefferies, lord chanc. a musical umpire, 91  
 — E. W., finds treasure, 430  
 Jennings, Sir John, admiral, 746  
 Jew, a, ceremonies on executing, 692  
 Jews' harp, played by fools, 33  
 Jewel, bishop, preaches against witchcraft, 783  
 Joan of Arc, honours to her kindred, 319  
 John, king, his palace near Toten-hall, 24  
 Johnson, Dr. S., his dictionary, &c., 522  
 Jones, Thomas Mount, immortalized, 155  
 Jordan, Abr., sen. and jun., organ builders, 90  
 Jordane, Margery, the witch of Eye, 783  
 Kames, lord of Session, Edinburgh, 351  
 Keith, Rev. George, Fleet and May Fair wedding-parson, 298  
 Kellerman, Mr., alchemist of Lilly, Herts, 115  
 Kenn, bishop, 80  
 Kennet, White, 592  
 Kent, John, parish clerk of St. Alban's, 540  
 Kentish customs, 181, 188  
 Ker of Kersland, J., a spy, 404  
 Kern-supper, 533  
 Keyson church, Bedfords., fall from steeple, 703  
 Killigrew, Tom, 82; made king's jester, 83  
 King, Cromwell's saying of the title, 446  
 — of the fairies, 764  
 —'s evil, touching for the, 400  
 —, Dr., physician to Charles II., unpaid, 80  
 —, Erasmus, coachman and lecturer, 126  
 —, John, printseller, 221

GENERAL INDEX.

- Kingsthorpe, Northamptonshire, 584  
 Kingston, duchess of, 502  
 Kippis, Dr. A., author, 585  
 Kirk of Scotland, general assembly of, 609  
 Kissing in France and England, 543  
 Knives, razors, and scissors, 126  
 Knockers, mine-spirits, 767  
 Knots, 528  
 Knowledge and judgment, 96; and ignorance, 755  
 Knox, Dr Vicesimus, on War, 634
- La Butte, René, printer and linguist, 342  
 Ladder, a, to cure passing under, 127  
 Lady in the straw, 407  
 — in a garden, 460  
 — of excellent conversation, 617  
 —, a, rides for a wager, 269  
 — and nightingale, 366  
 —'s song, 521  
 — Day, 188
- Ladies sawing, 38; riding-habits, 86  
 Laguerre, Louis, artist, 245  
 Labontan, in France, ruined by law, 63  
 Lake, bishop, 75  
 Lameters, the, of Edinburgh, 524  
 Lamb, Charles, sonnet to, 688  
 —, Miss, "Mrs. Leicester's school," by, 114  
 Lambeth palace garden, Surrey, 459  
 Lanark Marches, riding of, a custom, 348  
 Laud, dedicated to Satan, 776  
 Landscape-paintings, 721  
 Languages, character of, 500  
 Landlords and tenants' new years gifts, 12  
 Languet, rector of St. Sulpice, 48  
 Lantern and candle-light, 12, 806  
 Lanthorn, a new years' gift, 11  
 Largess, 534  
 Lark, the, to rear, 519  
 Lating the witches, 638  
 Laud, Abp., 32, 33  
 Laurel, repels thunder, 776  
 Laurence, Dr. R., Abp. of Cashel, 38  
 Law and lawyers, 62  
 — notice of the profession, 625  
 — pleasantries, 694  
 — suits on New Year's day, 14  
 Laws, old, 727, 794  
 Lawyers, drunken, and their clerks, 562  
 Lawless-day at Exeter, 318  
 Lawn-aleeves, a drink, 58  
 Lawrence, Rev. J. L., horticulturist, 308  
 Layer, counsellor, his head parboiled, 524  
 Lectures, the first in London on experimental philosophy, 126  
 Lee church, Kent, 602  
 — John, overseer, light-horse volunteer, &c., 787  
 Leeds, Yorks., great battle, 48  
 Leet, 5:5  
 Leicester custom, 269
- Leigh, Samuel, bookseller, 58  
 Lent crocking, 800  
 Letters, old, 103  
 Lewis, Mr., chess-player, and writer on the game, 284  
 —, W., great drinker, 703  
 Library, public, at Manchester, 41  
 Licensing books, 33  
 Life, mixed conditions of, 235  
 Light, inward, 492  
 Lightning, charm against, 776  
 Lincoln's Inn, prince of Mirule, 15  
 Lincolnshire drainage, 506  
 Lingo, whence derived, 265  
 Lion, a, annual sermon for deliverance from, 678  
 — Office, and lions in the Tower, 518  
 Lions and leopards, bearings in the royal arms, 662  
 Literary blunders, 212  
 Little Britain, old booksellers in, 567  
 — John, a miser of old clothes, 179  
 Lloyd, Roderic, prothoutary, N. Wales, 310  
 Loaf, censuring, 22  
 Locks, charm to open, 776  
 Lofting, J., inventor of the fire-engine, 500  
 Logan, poet, 774  
 — stones at Paris, 220
- London, city of, royal processions through, 529; Register office in 1658, 444; the city burnt, 517; its charter signed, 365; old grotto in a cellar, 97; London-stone, 575; Mansion-house, 731; swearing in of sheriffs, 575; Pinner's hall sermon, 252; artist's society, 224  
 — dealers at Stourbridge fair, 774  
 — suburbs, 169, 160; Raine's Charity-school, May-day wedding portion, 267  
 — Bridge, suicide there, 234  
 — new bridge, St. Michael's church, Crooked Lane, demolished for the approaches, 241; Roman remains found, 440; Further, see Hutton.
- Londonderry, siege of, 389  
 Lonely funeral, 715  
 Longevity, 105, 362, 418, 423, 743  
 —, how attained, 93  
 — of hawks, 137
- Loose, in Kent, curious tree at, 216  
 Lord Mayor's-day, 668; a lord mayor made a LL.D., 669; not compellable to be one of the twelve company, 634  
 Lords, house of, first case of imprisonment beyond the session, 702  
 Love-charms, 720  
 Lou Bouldidou, near Montpellier, 111  
 Louisa, princess, of Bohemia, 540  
 Luck of Eden-hall, 265  
 Lumley, Jane, lady, 274  
 Luther, Martin, 107

GENERAL INDEX.

- Mace, the, 297; stealing, 660  
 Mack-Intosh stone, Arran, 777  
 ——— of Kirani, a curious book, 246  
 Magic tile to expel weeds, 776  
 Magicians, 779  
 Magnus, St., organ and church, 90  
 Maiden's portion, 266  
 Maidstone and church, 183, 188, 311  
 Malcolm III., king of Scotland, 603  
 Mallard-day at Oxford, 44  
 Malton, grave-digger, Yorks., 408  
 Man accused of robbing his wife, 308  
 Manchester College and library, 40;  
 publisher, 342  
 Mandrake, used in witchcraft, 784  
 Manesse, Rudiger von, his MS., 143, 328  
 Manger in churches at Christmas, 790  
 Manners, French and English, 542  
 Manors, origin of, 90  
 Maps of Oxford, 341  
 Mar, earl of, escape from prison, &c., 297  
 Margaret, St., and St. John's, Westmin-  
 ster, past overseers' society tobacco  
 box, 785  
 Marian, maid, 417, 423  
 Mark Lane, effigy on 1st March, 173  
 Marlborough, great duke of, 363  
 Marrying day, 38  
 Marks, witches', 781, 782  
 Marilmasse day, 671  
 Marylebone gardens, 250  
 Masque, drunken, at court, 416  
 Mathematical problem, 447  
 Matrimonial oracles, 586  
 Mattinson, Rev. Mr., Patterdale, West-  
 moreland, 806  
 Matthews, bookseller, 58  
 Maunday Thursday, 157  
 Maurice, prince of Bohemia, 539  
 May and May-day verses, 258, 268, 306,  
 322, 366, 367  
 ——— day sports, &c., 261, 278, 585, 797  
 ——— Fair, marriages, 298  
 Maynard, judge, 590  
 Mead, Dr. R., his death and collections,  
 106  
 Mel-supper, 533  
 Memory Garlands, 14  
 Men, how they become wolves, 755  
 Mezzotinto engraving, origin of, 153  
 Michaelmas-day, 574  
 Mickleham, Kent, account of, 472  
 Middleton, Ireland, custom, 804  
 ——— Lanc., parish officer outwitted,  
 431  
 Midsummer-day, court ceremonies, 12;  
 and eve, 586; fires, 436, 790  
 Milkmaid, a fair and happy, 256  
 Miller's Tomb, Highdown Hill, Sussex,  
 689, 696  
 Mills, old bookseller, 567  
 Milton, a letter by him on his blindness,  
 571  
 Mince pie, 708  
 Minnesingers, Lays of the, 142  
 Minster church, Thanet, Kent, 761  
 Mirage described, 450  
 Mitchell, William, tinklerian doctor,  
 Edinburgh, 681  
 Mock Prince and his court, 164  
 Mohun, lord, killed in a duel, 678  
 Moles, 739  
 Monbodo, lord of Session, Edinburgh,  
 351  
 Money, breaking a piece of, 525; how  
 to have it always in your pocket, 127  
 Monument, untrue inscription erased, 517  
 Montague, Ralph, duke of, lines on, 316  
 ——— insane duchess of, 489  
 Montaigne's opinion of lawyers, 63; his  
 reason for studying in old age, 94  
 Montem at Eton, 299—304  
 Moore, Francis, physician, 692  
 Moon, its phases, 6; how charmed for  
 good luck, 127; for husbands, *ib.*  
 ——— wort, a herb, for a charm, 776  
 Morant, rev. P., author, 445  
 Moravia, extirpation of Baptists from, 537  
 Morley, near Leeds, history of, by Mr.  
 Norrisson Scatterd, 91; the chapel  
 clerk, and singers, *ib.*  
 Morris dancing, accounts of, 417  
 Moseley, Thomas, of Walsall, 28  
 Mourning court, 87  
 Mugwort, a herb, for a charm, 775  
 Mulberry-tree, remarkable, 461  
 Mumping-day, 740  
 Murray, Lindley, dialogue on, 400  
 Musical wager, 346  
 My little dog Bobb, 128  
 Nail-pairing on Sunday, 112  
 Nails, herb of, 775  
 Name, change of, 244; punning mottoes  
 on noble ones, *ib.*  
 National renovation, 198  
 Nativity, B. V. M., court ceremonies, 12  
 Natural beauties, 39  
 ——— history, collections, 36  
 ——— rustic, philosophy, 112  
 Nature, rejoicings of, 132; music of, 583  
 Neale, a speculator in building, 582  
 Needle and thread, Oxford custom, 343  
 Neville, Grey, M.P., dissenter, 252  
 New Potatoes! an Irish story, 441  
 New Year's-day, court ceremonies, 12;  
 in France, 13; lawsuits, 14; gifts, 8,  
 10; without work, ominous, 127  
 Newark penny-loaf day, 151  
 Newcastle, siege of, 604; witches, 188;  
 feast of Crispin, 447  
 Newspaper generosity, 342; a particular  
 order for one, 102; early one, 405  
 New Testament, read by Collins the poet,  
 359  
 Nichols, Sutton, his view of Vauxhall, 438

GENERAL INDEX.

- Nicholson, John, Cambridge, bookseller, 341  
 Night-born people, how fortunate, 126  
 — time, commendation of, 679, 693  
 Nightingale, the, to rear, 239; haunts, &c., 331  
 No man can be good to all, 558  
 Noise habitual, an effect of, 682  
 North Shields, philanthropist, 109  
 Nose-itching, a sign, 126  
 Nosegays to Queen Elizabeth, 19  
 Notre Dame, symbols on the church of, 71  
 Nottingham, old travelling to London, 135  
 — lord chancellor, 148  
 Novello, Vincent, composer, 78
- Oak in the wall of Boxley abbey, Kent, 120; Chesnut oak, 799  
 — Royal, 318  
 Oakham, Rutlandshire, custom, 476  
 Oath, Chinese, ceremony of, 693  
 Oc and No, lord of, 215  
 Old Nick, 664  
 Oliver, J. and P., artists, 278  
 — John, Sussex, miller, 689, 696  
 Olney Bridge, Bucks., 745  
 Omens, 664, 702  
 Orchestra, performance described, 254  
 Organ of St. Magnus church, 90  
 — at Haarlem, described, 345  
 — builders, 90; contest at the Temple, 91  
 Orphan boy's tale, 581  
 Otham church, Kent, 632  
 Ointment, witch, 782  
 Owen, Lewy, a clown, 770  
 Owl's concert and ball, 512  
 Oxford Nightcaps, 31, 57, 133; mallard, 44; egg feasts, 74; founder of Queen's coll., 343; D.D. made in boots, 57; bookseller, 341; old travelling to London, 135  
 Oxford, Aubrey de Vere, earl of, 151
- Pack-horses, 135  
 Paddlesworth, Kent, old chapel, 504  
 Page, Sir Francis, merciless judge, 307  
 Palace of worldly felicity, 473  
 Palatine Family, 539  
 Pall-mall, 18  
 Palm Sunday, 155, 752  
 Palmistry, 755  
 Pancake bill, 74  
 Panel of noble names for a jury, 659  
 Paris, Goldsmith's May-day pageant, 262; Guild of the assumption ceremony, 477; St. Foix, 500  
 Parisian-English bill of performances, 691  
 Parish-clerk, office of, in rhyme, 80,  
 Parish law and parishes, 807  
 — priest, a good, 463
- Parker, Michael, of Malton, grave-digger, 408  
 Parkhurst, Charles, epitaph on, 274  
 Parliament and usages, 377; publication of debates, 405  
 Parrhasius, 21  
 Parting, and invitation to return, 560  
 Passage, passe dix, a game, 25  
 Patches, ladies' 85  
 Patrick's, St., day, 155  
 Patronage without law, 539  
 Pax, the, its forms and uses, 162  
 Peace with France in 1814, 586  
 Peaches, fondness of George L. for, 95  
 Peacocks, 247  
 Peers' new year's gifts, 11  
 Peg Tankards, account of, 241  
 Pelicans, 247  
 Penn, W., corresponds with princess Elizabeth, 540  
 Penny, Anglo-Saxon, 536  
 — loaf-day, at Newark, 151  
 Penhurst, 72  
 Pepys', Mr. Sam., and his wife's dress, 85  
 Perambulations, 586  
 Percy, origin of the name, 605  
 Peridexion, a marvellous tree, 246  
 Periwigs, 85, 583  
 Perpetual motion, 793  
 Pett, Thomas, miser, 330  
 Phillips, Sir R., his Personal Tour, 115  
 Physicians, old, prescriptions, 106  
 Pickle-eating, 485  
 Pie, dwarf in a, 8  
 Pied Piper, of Hulberstadt, 686  
 Pied-poudre court, Stourbridge fair, 770, 772  
 Pierson, S., churchwarden of St. Margaret's, Westminster, 787  
 Pigmies, 9  
 Pigs, sharp-sighted, 126; predilection for, 352  
 Pilliwinkles, for extorting confession, 782  
 Pinner, Middlesex, shrove-tide, 76  
 Pinner's hall, annual sermon, 252  
 Pitfour, lord of sessions, Edinburgh, 350  
 Pix, the, 163  
 Plague, the, affects wig-wearing, 87  
 Planets, 5  
 Plantagenet, Richard, son of Richard III., 490  
 Plants, 22  
 Pleasants, Mr. T., Irish philanthropist, 134  
 Plough Monday, 29  
 — inn, Lordship lane, Camberwell, 151  
 Poet, and the Summer, 459  
 Political adversaries, 375, 592  
 Pollok, Robert, and his birth-place, 545  
 Pondering, 96  
 Pont notre-dame, fall of, 628  
 Poor-boxes at inns, &c., 298

GENERAL INDEX.

Poor man's life, a virtuous, 256  
 Pope, Alex., advertises he was not whipped, 363  
 — a drink, 58  
 Porter to Charles I., 9  
 Porteus, captain, hanging of, 523  
 Portland, Richard Weston, earl of, 156  
 Portrait painter, the first who required advances upon sitting, 456  
 Portsmouth dock-yard fired, 225  
 Potter, John, 47  
 Potton, Beds, Christmas custom, 798  
 Poverty, 706  
 Poultry, charm to preserve, 775  
 Powder, witch, 782  
 Power, desire for, 64  
 Preaching covered, 559  
 Prepossession, a, fatally realised, 670  
 Presepio, the, 790  
 Preston burgesses, 378  
 Pretender, the, in London, 510  
 Priestley, Peter, parish clerk of Wakefield, 152  
 Primrose, 381  
 Prince of misrule, 13; at Gray's inn, 179  
 — Daniel, Oxford, bookseller, 341  
 Private judgment in matters of faith, 107  
 Proverbs of the weather, 150  
 Prynne, Will., and Laud, 33  
 Pudding pieing, Kent, 181  
 Pulver Wednesday, 77  
 Punchbowl and ladle at Jesus college, Cambridge, 133  
 Punishment of death, 700  
 Punning notice, 602  
 Puny epistle to the kirk of Scotland, 610  
  
 Quails, alleged origin of, 716  
 Quare, Daniel, watchmaker, 157  
 Queen of the fairies, 764  
 Queensberry house, and family, Edinburgh, 396  
 Raffaele, painter, 224  
 Rain, 222; monthly averages, 66  
 Rainsford, Mr., justice, 189  
 Ramsay, Allan, 398  
 Ratcliffe, Dr., 106  
 Rats, the town guard, Edinburgh, 333  
 Raven inn, at Hook, Hants, 225  
 Raven's Almanacke, curious particulars, 809  
 Rawlinson, Dr. R., his wig, 85  
 Read, Mr. J., overseer, differs with his parish on quitting office, the consequences  
 — Nich., sculptor, 406 [788  
 — Sir W., quack doctor, 316  
 Reading and knowledge, 687  
 Records, Prynne's, 35  
 Reddish, Mr. comedian, his widow, and his father, 774  
 Regalia, the, 711  
 Reinagle, Mr., his account of the Royal Clarence Vase, 499

Religion under Cromwell and Charles II., 83  
 Rembrandt's Jacob's Dream, 721  
 Remember! 148  
 Restoration-day, 318  
 Results of machinery, 576  
 Revenge and retribution, awful instances of, 703  
 Reynolds, Sir J., account of, 117  
 Richard I., died, 215; the first royal pluralist, *ib.*  
 — II., lands in Ireland, 580  
 — III., killed, 490; his son, *ib.*  
 Riches, 518  
 — of poverty, 140  
 Ring-finger, 39  
 — in the mire, near Honiton, Devon, 677  
 Rising and falling in the world, 157  
 Robbing detected by reflection, 570  
 Robin redbreast, 32; an emblem, 207; nest on board Lord Nelson's ship, 581  
 Robin Hood, a little geste of, 401  
 — King John, and Maid Marianne, 402  
 — Le morte de, &c., 403, 423  
 Rochester castle, Kent, plants, 460  
 — lord, cuffs Killebrew, 83; witty dialogue with Charles II., 84  
 Rocker of the royal household, 201  
 Rogers, C., antiquary and patron of art, 454  
 — H. criminal opposer of the law, 500  
 Rome, carnival, 25  
 Rosemary, 19; for remembrance, 234  
 Roses, 602  
 Rothsay castle steam vessel, 613  
 Rousseau, Sam., printer and author, 715  
 Royston, Herts., 69  
 Rue, a charm against witchcraft, 776  
 Rum-fustian, a drink, 31  
 Rupert, prince, 310; invents mezzotinto engraving, 153  
 Rural charms, 775  
 — description, 470  
 Rushbearing, in Lancashire, 552; Yorkshire, 553; in Norfolk, 555; various, 556  
  
 Sabbath, witches', 782  
 — bells, 114  
 Sabre de bois, 543  
 Sacheverell, Dr. Henry and John, account of, 338  
 Sadler, Mr. T., M.P., an anecdote, 253  
 Saddle, the fairies', 265  
 Sailing fish, 764  
 Sailors' friend, 109; wife's petition to Cromwell, 446  
 St. Alban's, Herts., parish clerk, &c., 546  
 — Barnabas-day customs, 355  
 — Bartholomew, festival of, 493



GENERAL INDEX.

- St. Catherine Cree church, Leadenhall-street, 678  
 — Crispin's feast at Newcastle, 447  
 — Foix, historian of Paris, 500  
 — James's Palace, 709  
 — John, festival of, 493  
 — John baptist, beheaded, 506  
 — Katherine's dock, London, 377  
 — Martin's little summer, 672  
 — Paul's cathedral, music, 269  
 — Thomas's day customs, 798  
 — Ulric's festival, 395  
 Salis, cardinal de, 93  
 Salt, a morris-dance in jewels, 428  
 Salter, Gen., rose from the ranks, 456  
 Salvington, a retired village, near Worthing, 689  
 Sand-glass, court of session, Edinburgh, 352  
 Saracen's head, eaten by Richard I., 751  
 Sarjant, serjeant, account of, 456  
 Saw, the, 38; Isaiah martyred by, 38  
 Sawing billets, 38  
 Sawston hall, Cambridgeshire, 520  
 Saxon deities, 268, 691  
 Scene of happiness, 337  
 Schnebbelie, J., artist, 110  
 School, Bruce castle and Hazelwood, 56  
 — books, early, 494  
 Schools, public, 251  
 Schrider, organ-builder, 91  
 Scissors, knives, razors, &c., 731  
 Scotland, Candlemas-box, 70; Valentine's day, 100  
 — General Assembly of the Kirk, 309  
 Scots' pills, 62; a union anecdote, 724  
 Scottish ploughing in Sussex, 656  
 Scott, R., old bookseller, 567  
 Sea-monsters, 501; serpents, 502  
 — song, to ladies on land, 15  
 Seal's-skin, checketh lightning, 776  
 Seasons, divisions of, 69  
 Second sight, 696  
 Selden's cottage, Salvington, Sussex, 689  
 Self-interest, "nothing like leather," 250  
 Sennahoi, Roger Bacon's epistle to, 214  
 Sepulchre at Exeter, 178  
 Serge-manufacturers, Exeter, 734  
 Serjeants at law, plead in armour, 63  
 Serpents dislike a certain tree, 246  
 — knee, 10  
 Servant, memorial to a faithful, 191  
 Setters, 515  
 Seven Dials, 582  
 Seymour, queen Jane, 616  
 Shakspeare's chair, 73  
 — monument, performance for, 254  
 — works, error in reprints of, 163  
 — lines from, latinized, 738  
 Shamrock, 155  
 Sharp, Abraham, mathematician, 743  
 Shark, a rescue from, 271  
 She-dog, lord Kames used the term implying, 351  
 Sheep-shearing, 373, 407  
 Shenstone, W., his death and character, 94  
 Sherlock, Dr. W., death of, 365  
 Ship, to hinder its sailing, 716  
 Ships, great, 149, 613  
 Shippen, Will, account of, 330  
 Shoe-buckles, 85  
 Shooting, first day of, 515; flying, &c.  
 Sporting, character of a pointer, 625  
 Shorediche, R., juryman of the seven bishops, 429  
 Shotley-bridge, Durham, German sword-cutlers, 670  
 Shovel, sir Cloudeley, shipwrecked, 612  
 Shoulder-knots, 85  
 Show Jamie, an Edinburgh character, 433  
 Shrovetide, 73, 269, 796, 800  
 Shroud, a man executed in, 742  
 Sickness from fairies, 767  
 Sidney's sir Philip, chair, 72; his death, 73; his father's epistle to him, 598  
 Silver-mine, in Cheshire, 691  
 Sin-eaters, 429  
 Singer during a century, 743  
 Single-stick, 763  
 Sinkum the Cadie, Edinburgh, 351  
 Sitting cross-legged, 720  
 Sky-lark, the, to rear, 235  
 Slave-trade, origin of, 603; abolition, 271  
 Sloane, sir Hans, 36  
 Smith, the organ builder, 90  
 Smuggling, brutal, 746  
 Snow, verses, 66; burial of a Swiss family, 78  
 Snuff-box, Robert Burns's, 315  
 Songs for the Nursery, 505  
 Somerset, duke of, and bad roads, 135  
 — the proud 475  
 Son, what to do with a, 96; advice to, 585, 598  
 Sophia, princess, of Bohemia, 540  
 Sorceress, 779  
 Sorcery, 781  
 Sortes Virgilianæ, 729  
 South, Dr. R., 218  
 Spain, king of, difficult journey in England, 135  
 Spanker, a race-horse, 548  
 Spark in the candle, a sign, 127  
 Spearing G., seven days in a coal-pit, 541  
 Speech from a tree, 122  
 Sphinx, the, riddle of, 214  
 Spinning, 657; by hand and machinery, 665  
 — Jenny, its invention, 666  
 Spirits, petition for permission to see, and command them, 213  
 — evil, charms against, 775, 779  
 Sporting-month, 453  
 Sportsmen, blind, 309

GENERAL INDEX.

- Sprat, Dr. Thomas, bishop of Rochester, 574  
 Spring, 131, 140  
     —birds and insects, 203  
     —walks, 182, 311  
     —verses, 99, 131, 140, 154, 192, 194, 196, 255, 269, 279, 307, 316, 320, 322  
 Squinters, to avert ill-luck on meeting, 127  
 Stage-coaches, deemed mischievous, 135  
 Straines, Sir William, alderman, 669  
 Stanzas, by Harry Stowe, Van Dyk, 103  
 Steele, Sir Richard, author, 515  
 Steeple-flying, 739  
 Steeps, Mr., parish Law, 807  
 Stephen's (St.) day, 756  
 Stevenage, Herts, farmer's funeral, 78  
 Stewart, Mrs., temp. Charles II., 86, 87, 99  
     — Sir W., killed at Edinburgh, 447  
 Stockhose Robert, Eton laureate, 673  
 Stockings, wrong put on, a sign, 126  
     — hung cross-wise, a charm, 127  
     — green, 86  
 Stokes, Rev. Edward, a blind clergyman, 309  
 Stone charms, 777  
 Stones, perforated, 719; sleeping on, *ib.*  
 Storke, curious account of, 246  
 Storm, great, on the western coast, 693  
 Story, Robert, poet, Gargrave, Yorkshire, 807  
 Stourbridge Fair, Cambridgeshire, 769  
 Stowe, old, the elder, his will, 806  
 Strong, J., blind mechanic, 125  
 Stuart, fatality of the family, 508  
 Stukeley, Dr. W., antiquary, 139  
 Style, change of the, 518  
 Subtilties, confectionery, 27  
 Summer wanderings, in Kent, 121  
     — glories of, 450, 458  
     — morning, and sun-rise, 386  
     — verses, 379  
     — and winter, a custom, 264  
 Sun in autumn, 514, 573  
     — rise beautifully described, 256  
     — beams, a token, 53  
 Sunday, fevers on, 306; breaches of, 310  
 Superstitious beliefs, and practices, 126, 306  
 Surgeon, female, 524  
 Surname, 191  
 Surrey, earl of, poet, 49  
 Sussex Roads, old, 135  
 Sutton and Potton, Bedfordshire, manors of, 799  
     — Colefield, Warw., bequest to, 267  
 Swallows, migration of, 207; marvellous virtues of, 247  
 Swarbrick, organ-builder, 91  
 Swig, a drink, 83  
     — day at Cambridge, 133  
 Swindells, printer, Manchester, 42  
 Sword dance, 29  
 Swords charmed, 156  
 Sympathies of Nature, 141  
 Table clock, a curious, 122  
     — diversion, 26  
 Taborer of the morris-dance, 425  
 Talbot family tomb, 273  
 Tallis's Litany revived, 269  
 Tarring, near Worthing, Sussex, 690  
 Tasso and his sister, 360  
 Taylor, H., North Shields, philanthropist, 109  
     — Sir Robert, architect, 570  
 Tea, bubbles on, 127  
     — chop, 792  
 Tears of Old May day, 306  
 Teignmouth, Devon, fish cast ashore, 500  
 Temple-church, organ, 91  
     — gate, 57  
     —, revels at Christmas, 751, 752  
     —, Mr. John, drowned, 234  
 Tennis, 18  
 Tenth egg, 16  
     — wave, 222, 223  
 Terms, law, 62, 659  
 Teutates, worship of, 435  
 Texts, origin of, 612  
 Thame, Oxfordshire, account of the vicarage house, 353  
 Thaw, in a village, 60  
 Theatres, Drury-lane, first play-bill, 207  
     — Haymarket, bottle conjurer, 47  
 Thermometer, change in the, 363  
 Thomas, bishop, account of, 413  
     —, Mrs., account of, 237, 312  
 Thoth, 436  
 Thriving and unthriving, 431  
 Thrush, the, to rear, 430  
 Thunder, charm against, 776  
     — quakes, 60; storms, 320  
 Thurlow, lord chancellor, 148  
 Time, employment and division of, 96  
 Tindal, Rev. Nich., historian, account of, 445  
 Toads in stones, 310  
 Tobacco-box of the past overseers' society of St. Margaret, and St. John, Westminster, 785  
 Tollett's, Mr., window, 263, 417  
 Tom the piper, 425  
 Tompion, Thomas, watchmaker, 157  
 Toot-hills, and names of places in England derived from them, 435  
 Tortoiseshell Tom cats, 364  
 Totten-hall, 24  
 Totness, Geo., Carew, earl of, 179  
 Tottenham, Middlesex, 56  
 Toulouse, count of, flagellated, 404  
 Tower of London, 711  
 Townley, C., 16  
 Townsend, Ald., 56; H. Hare, *ib.*  
 Trades, effect of, on health and life, 629  
 Tragical occurrence at Edinburgh, 397

GENERAL INDEX.

- Transmutation of metals, 16, 71, 95  
 ——— of men, 755  
 Travelling, old, 49, 134, 524, 726, 800  
 ——— facilitated in Holland, 436  
 Treasure-finding, 430; fairy treasure, 766  
 ——— of the deep, 613  
 Trevor, Sir John, law judge, 309  
 Troubadours of Germany, 142  
 True-lover's knots, 526  
 Tryon, Thomas, author, 490  
 Tuam, Ireland, meteorological phenom-  
 non, 15  
 Tuck, friar, 424  
 Tuddenham wake, Norfolk, 575  
 Tuns'all, W., Scottish Jacobite, 375, 515  
 Turner, organ-builder, 91  
 Turnpenny, John, a generous economist,  
 570  
 Turks in the household of George I., 644  
 Turtle feasting, 259  
 Twelfth-day, 22, 25; court ceremonies, 23  
 Twenty-ninth of February, mem., 126  
 Tyrrell's, Ben, Oxford pies, 74
- Valentine's-day, and Valentines, 98, 101  
 Vandermyn, portrait painter, 489  
 Vander Werf's chessmen, 283  
 Vandyek's method of painting, 347  
 ——— patronage of Dobson, 455  
 Van Eyck, painter, 22  
 ——— Somer, painter, 21  
 ——— Tromp, Dutch admiral, 325  
 Vase, Birmingham, 497  
 Vauxhall gardens, 434  
 Vendéans, 92  
 Ventriloquism, fatal, 543  
 Vernal extasy, verses, 368  
 Victory, brief announcement of a, 479  
 Village child, a, 53  
 ——— church, described, 463  
 Vincent, Dr. N., his wig offends Charles  
 II., 85  
 Viner, air Thomas, his funeral, 86  
 Vineyards in England, 362  
 Violets, 224  
 Virtue, active and retired, 490  
 Vogelweide, minnesinger, 145  
 Voice, human, a machine with the, 682  
 Under the rose, 758  
 Underwood, J., his singular funeral, 270  
 United States, equity jurisdiction of the,  
 613  
 Upcott, Mr. W., saves John Evelyn's  
 diary from chance of destruction, 672  
 Uwick, Herts., Valentine's day, 161  
 Utrecht fair, 481
- Wade, marshal, 154  
 Wake, abp., corresponds with T. Brad-  
 bury, 533  
 Wakes, 479  
 Walker, George, defender of London-  
 derry, 389
- Walking fast, charm for, 775  
 Walsall Dole, 27  
 Walton, admiral, 479  
 ———'s, Isaac, Angling, first edition,  
 fine copy, 804  
 Wandering Jew, 607  
 Wanstead May games, 264  
 Wants, few real, 96  
 War, 234, 364, 633  
 ——— sign, old British, 762  
 Ward, Ned, 237  
 Ware-Hawk, 267  
 Warton's, T., ludicrous account of Tom  
 Hearne, 791  
 Wartzburgh, bishop of, flagellated, 404  
 Watches and Watchmakers, 157  
 Water, to preserve fresh, 111; inhabi-  
 tants of, *ib.*  
 ——— snakes' stone, 717  
 Watering-pot, old, 377  
 Watkins, John, 107  
 Waxwork exhibition, 493  
 Weather prognostication, 150  
 Weathercocks in trees, 188  
 Weavers, hand-loom, 666  
 Wedded love, 617  
 Weddings, days lucky and unlucky, 301,  
 knots, 306; favors, 527; spoons, 676;  
 rings, 38; losing or breaking rings  
 ominous, 127; rosemary at, 19; bid-  
 dings in Wales, 318; music at, 99;  
 weddings at Whitsuntide, 298; private  
 weddings, 825; a false wedding, 151  
 Wellwyn, Herts., altar piece and cloth, 799  
 Well fairies, 265  
 ——— saying and doing, 461  
 Welsh surnames, 191  
 Whale fishing, 205; and whales, 501  
 Wheat-sowing cakes, 798  
 Whipping Tom, a custom, 269  
 Whirlpool, 501  
 White down, Devon, horses lose their  
 shoes, 776  
 ——— witches, 780  
 ———, James, author, 310  
 Whitehall galleries, 86  
 Whitsuntide customs, 298, &c.  
 Whittlesea, Camb., 270  
 Whittleford Bridge, old chapel, Camb  
 713  
 Wife, qualifications of a, 560  
 ——— a virtuous, discreet, and loving, 528  
 ——— agony of, on her husband's execu-  
 tion, 700  
 Wives, bishop Thomas's, 413  
 Wigs in the Bodleian Library, &c., 85, 87  
 Wild fowl taking, first day of, 589  
 Wilful Livers, 87  
 Wilkes and No. 45—250  
 Will, a remarkable discovery of, 332  
 William I., 10  
 ——— and Mary crowned, 229  
 Williams, Sir W., speaker, 405

GENERAL INDEX.

- Wilson, Bp. T., 142  
 ——— J., botanist, 414  
 ——— Walter, biographer of De Foe, 253  
 ——— of Romford, eccentric butcher, 487  
 Winchester, Arthur's round table at, 81  
 ———, Marq. of ruined by his loyalty, 597  
 Windlesham church, Surrey, 369  
 Windows painted, 278; one in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, the subject of a prosecution, 787  
 Winifred's St., well, 654  
 Winkfield church, Berks, 661  
 Winter, coming in of, 765; arrival of birds, 579; celestial appearances, 730  
 ——— a walk in, 88  
 Wit, a dangerous quality, 582  
 Wise men, 781  
 Witches and charms, 189; anecdote, 108; witch case in 1823 at Taunton, 211; witch-finding, 188; lating witches, 638; alleged marks and mode of making witches, their habits and practices, 781, 784  
 Wivilicomb, Somerset, ignorance there, 211  
 Wolf's eye, its alleged virtues, 717  
 Wolsey, cardinal, 157  
 Wood, Anthony, at Thame, 353  
 Woodlark, the, to rear, 230  
 Woodrove, a herb, 355  
 Woodville, or Wydville, family tomb, 186  
 Worcester, St. Helen's church bells, 226  
 Wotton church, Kent, 472  
 Wren, the, Irish custom, and legend of, 804  
 ——— Sir Christopher, 123  
 Wyndmore, Mrs., 62  
 Wynne family, 406  
 'Xamine your accounts and conduct daily, 709  
 Yarmouth, Plowlick Monday, 29; unfortunate seat in the church-yard, 127; peg-tankard, 242  
 Year, the, last day of, 807  
 York, pancake-bill, 75; inscription on drowned children, 487  
 ——— cardinal, 507  
 Young, Dr., poet, rector of Welwyn, altar cloth for his church worked by his widow, 799  
 Yule-block, 655  
 Zeuxis, 21  
 Zodiacal signs, 6  
 Zoological Society, gardens and menagerie, 518

INDEX TO THE ENGRAVINGS.

- |  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1 Adam and Eve, Hampstead Road, 24         | 21 Chertsey Farthing, 536            |
| 2 Adventures in Sherwood Forest, 401       | 22 Chess Play, the oldest print, 136 |
| 3 Alchemist, 17                            | 23 ——— Queen, by Flaxman, 280        |
| 4 Alder-tree, remarkable, 216              | 24 ——— King, ——— 280                 |
| 5 Alfred and his Mother—Frontispiece.      | 25 ——— Knight, ——— 296               |
| 6 Angling Stream in Winter, 801            | 26 ——— Bishop, ——— 296               |
| 7 Arch in Gracechurch Street, 529          | 27 ——— Pawn, Soldier, ——— 297        |
| 8 Armorial bearing, Sutton, Surrey, 277    | 28 ——— Archer, ——— 297               |
| 9 Arthur's Round Table, 81                 | 29 ——— Knight's leaps: board 1,—289  |
| 10 Banstead Church, Surrey, 276            | 30 ——— ——— ——— 2, —                  |
| 11 Basing House, Hants., 693               | 31 ——— ——— ——— 3, —                  |
| 12 Baynards, Surrey, 465                   | 32 ——— ——— ——— 4,—290                |
| 13 Birchington Church, Isle of Thanet, 728 | 33 ——— ——— ——— 5, —                  |
| 14 Birth-place of Robert Pollok, 545       | 34 Child, a, reading, 113            |
| 15 Boxley, Kent, 313                       | 35 Children in a shower, 249         |
| 16 Bruce Castle, Tottenham, 56             | 36 ——— straying, 177                 |
| 17 Castle, a, 89                           | 37 Chillon, dungeon of, 209          |
| 18 Chair of Sir P. Sydney, 72              | 38 Chinese Chop, 792                 |
| 19 ——— James VI., 200                      | 39 Clophill Church, Beds., 392       |
| 20 Charlton Church, Kent, 569              | 40 Cradle of James VI., 200          |
|  | 41 Distaff-spinning, 657             |

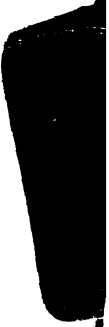
INDEX TO THE ENGRAVINGS.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 42 Domestic Dwarf, 9                         | 81 Morris Dancer, 417                      |
| 43 Don, a pointer, 625                       | 82 ——— Fool, 424                           |
| 44 Dowie's Tavern, Edinburgh, 561            |  |
|  | 83 New Potatoes! 441                       |
| 45 Effigy, Camberwell Church, 457            |  |
| 46 Eistow Church, Bedfordshire, 488          | 84 Oak in Boxley Abbey Wall, 120           |
| 47 Escutcheon at Croydon Palace, 361         | 85 Old Chapel, Whittlesford bridge, 713    |
| 48 Eton College, 673                         |  |
|  | 86 ——— Palace, Eltham, Kent, 233           |
| 49 Fobbing Parsonage, Essex, 600             | 87 ——— Watering-pot, 377                   |
| 50 Fool-dwarf, mocking, 33                   | 88 ——— Yew tree, Windlesham, Surrey, 369   |
|  | 89 Otham Church, Kent, 632                 |
| 51 General Assembly of the Kirk, 609         |  |
| 52 Golden Lion, at Haarlem, 344              | 90 Parker, Michael, Malton, Yorkshire, 408 |
| 53 Grotto in the City, 97                    |  |
|  | 91 Parochial Tobacco Box, 785              |
| 54 Handwheel-spinning, 665                   | 92 Pax, by Finiguerra, 161                 |
| 55 Hawking, 305                              | 93 ——— Framework of it, 146                |
| 56 Hiss! hush!—awful sounds, 152             | 94 Peg-tankard, 241                        |
|  | 95 Phebe Hassel, Brighton, 105             |
| 57 Jacklin, Cambridge shaver and poet, 753   |  |
| 58 Kingsthorpe, Northamptonshire, 584        | 96 Raven Inn, Hook, Hants., 225            |
| 59 Kristau von Hamle, 328                    | 97 Royal Clarence Vase, 497                |
|  | 98 Rush-bearing, 552                       |
| 60 Maid Marian, 417                          |  |
| 61 Maidstone Church, 185                     | 99 Sawston Hall, Cambridgeshire, 520       |
| 62 Manchester College, 40                    | 100 Scene of happiness, 336                |
| 63 Mausoleum of the Talbots, 273             | 101 Show Jamie, 433                        |
| 64 May-pole, 264                             | 102 Stourbridge Fair, Booth, 764           |
| 65 Miller's Tomb, Highdown Hill, Sussex, 689 | 103 ——— Plan, 771                          |
|  | 104 ——— Music, 773                         |
| 66 ——— Emblem, 696                           |  |
| 67 Minster Church, Isle of Thanet, 761       | 105 Thame Vicarage, Oxfordshire, 353       |
| 68 Missolonghi, Byron's death-place, 737     | 106 Tom the Piper, 424                     |
| 69 Months—January,—Farmers regaling, 1       | 107 Travelling Carriage, 49                |
|  |  |
| 70 ——— February,—Milkmaid, 65                | 108 Vignette upon an artist's card, 721    |
| 71 ——— March,—Floods, 129                    | 109 Vogelweide, the minnesinger, 146       |
| 72 ——— April,—The nosegay, 193               |  |
| 73 ——— May,—Lovers' Walks, 257               | 110 Use of the Divining Rod, 795           |
| 74 ——— June,—Sheep washing, 321              | 111 Utrecht Fair, 481                      |
| 75 ——— July,—Mower after labor, 39           |  |
| 76 ——— August,—Reaping, 449                  |  |
| 77 ——— September,—Loaded corn, 51            | 112 Walton-on-the-hill, weathercock, 276   |
| 78 ——— October, Swine-feeding, 58            | 113 West Bow, Edinburgh, 680               |
| 79 ——— November,—A storm, 641                | 114 Wotton Church, Kent, 472               |
| 80 ——— December,—Christmas, 705              |  |

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